Class PN 1993
Book .M5
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Scanned from the collections of
The Library of Congress

Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

MAGAZINE
AUGUST
25 CTS

Priscilla Dean

© 1921 O.-C.Co. All rights reserved. On a series painted by Jeff Grant for Orange-Crush Co.

—like lemon? drink LEMON-CRUSH

A real man's drink—its sparkling tang and icy deliciousness make it the favorite at most men's clubs. Its inimitable flavor is from lemon oil and juice pressed from the actual fruit, purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of the lemon. Remember there is only *one* Ward's Lemon-Crush, *one* Ward's Orange-Crush, *one* Ward's Lime-Crush.

At fountains or in bottles

Guaranteed under all pure food laws, Federal and State.
Send for free booklet, "How the Crushes Are Made"

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co. Plant and Laboratories Chicago. Research Laboratory, Los Angeles

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

MAY McAVOY

May's Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" has brought stardom to her door. We hope that, under the Realart banner, she will go on doing other things, some of them as splendid as her Grizel

Photograph © E. O. Hoppé

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

CATHERINE CALVERT

Perhaps the screen possesses no one more potent with charming womanhood than Catherine Calvert. "Moral Fiber," a forthcoming Vitagraph production, finds her playing with Corinne Griffith. Personally, we cannot imagine any one production worthy of such a generous supply of beauty and charm

There is constant danger in an oily skin

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But *too much* oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion—it actually tends to promote *an unhealthy condition of the skin itself.*

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

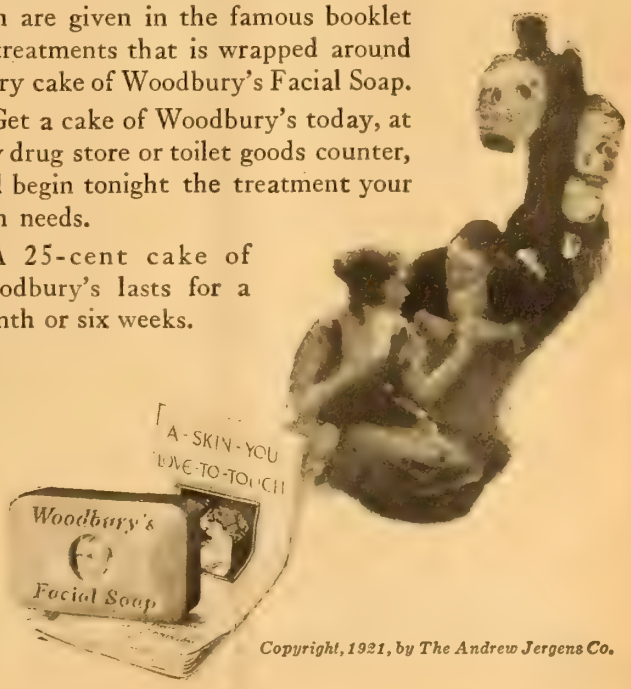
You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.

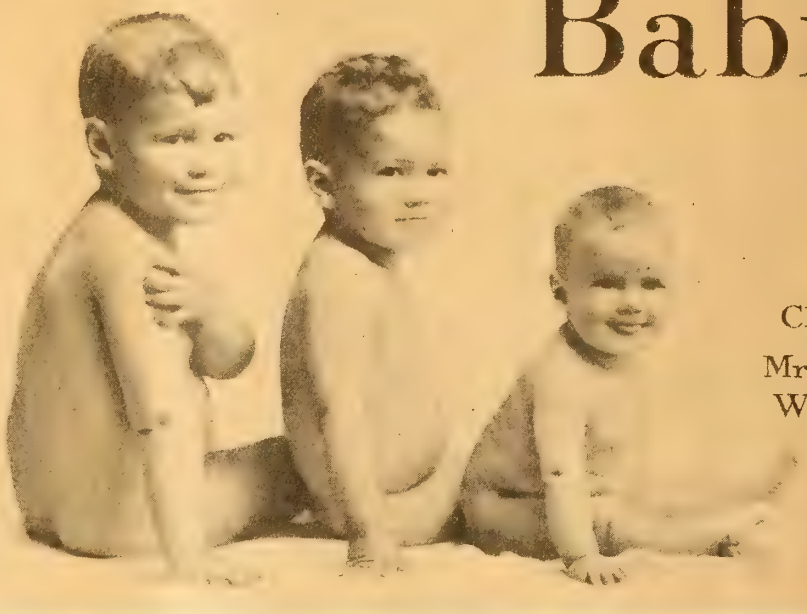


"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1308 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Mellin's Food Babies



Children of
Mrs. Sam Garee
Washington
Penna.

The proper use of Mellin's Food and fresh cow's milk will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin's Food babies.

We will be pleased to send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

MONTE BLUE

Monte Blue prefers honest-to-goodness rôles. In fact, he wont play any other kind. You will be glad to know that the new De Mille creation, "The Affairs of Anatol," will be brighter because of his stellar light

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ALICE JOYCE

Alice Joyce has just completed "The Inner Chamber." She has locked her dressing-room door at the Vitagraph studios and will rest thru the summer months, taking up her work again with the winter snows

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

ANN FORREST

Ann established herself in the heart of her public thru her tears. It was in "Dangerous Days" that she wept her way to fame. Since then she has builded her career with consistently good characterizations. At present she is at work on the George Melford production, "The Great Impersonation"

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

BETTY ROSS CLARKE

When she completed her work in the Griffith production of "Romance" many months ago, Betty journeyed to the land of motion pictures and orange trees. And there she has remained, lending herself to many productions, fulfilling many of the prophecies which were made concerning her

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A

WINIFRED WESTOVER

Not so long ago, Winifred returned to her native heath, Sweden, to make several pictures. She did this—successfully—but immediately upon the completion of this work she returned to her chosen land, and the last few months have found her in the fade-out with the Selznick stars, among them Eugene O'Brien

Photograph by Royal Atelier, N. Y.

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Constance, as almost everybody knows, came to the silversheet by the footlights route. At first she divided her time between the two, but recently the screen won favor and she has been giving her efforts in the one direction only. Her next production will be the beloved story of "Such a Little Queen"

Photograph by Packard Exchange, N. Y

JAMES RENNIE

James Rennie is one of Broadway's favorite matinée idols this season. But between times, when he isn't appearing in the successful "Spanish Love," or keeping a watchful eye on his little wife, Dorothy Gish Rennie, he is playing opposite Hope Hampton in "Stardust"

Photograph by James W. Doolittle

The Tryst

Posed by Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson
in "Lost Romance"

The Folly of 1921

By

Cosmo Hamilton.

THERE is a fast growing section of professional hypocrites in every country in the world, the members of which fasten like mosquitos upon the amusements and relaxations of the public in order to provide themselves with salaries. In this country they thrive exceedingly, and their methods are always the same. With a Bible in one hand and a knife in the other, past masters in the arts of graft and blackmail, they meet and whisper, and then pounce with a newly formed Purity Society behind them, upon the theater, the magazines, novels, paintings or sculpture.

In the pharisaical language of that arch hypocrite Chadband, they organize a campaign for the purpose, ostensibly, of "cleaning up" the arts. They demand that Venus of Milo shall be covered with a bathrobe, that the works of H. G. Wells or Arnold Bennett shall be edited before being permitted to find a place on the shelves of public libraries, and that the masterpieces of the Paris Salon shall be stored away in one of the sheds on Ellis Island. Their great idea, of course, is so to work upon the feelings of the Governors of various States and on the susceptibilities of the gentlemen in power, with cooked-up evidence and hysterical screaming, that Censorship Committees shall be formed with themselves in charge, with fat salaries attached.

They then set to work, utterly ignorant of arts and letters, amazingly illiterate and unscrupulous, and succeed in a very short time in holding the United States up to the ridicule of the civilized world. Their latest achievement is in the field of moving pictures. After a session at Albany, a State censorship of motion pictures was recommended and salaries duly allotted.

Great rejoicing followed and the result of this latest campaign of organized graft and hypocrisy will shortly be seen in bastardized pictures, so cut, altered and maltreated as to outrage the intelligence of every man, woman and child in the country. In the end, as is always the case, the public will revolt and these hypocrites will be kicked out of their salaried posts to find something else upon which to fasten. Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*. But, in the meantime, the writing and the making of motion pictures is going to be a heartbreaking business.

The Eldest of Eleven

By
LESLIE BRYERS

PAT O'MALLEY, hero of many romantic film tales, possesses two magic bids for popularity—his warm Irish smile and his strong right arm.

Everyone who saw him in the rôle of the energetic and lively newspaper reporter in Marshall Neilan's comedy-drama triumph, "Go and Get it," must have been conscious of both these assets which appeared in a super degree, for the smile that won the "girl," and the spirited fight with the rival reporter, lingered in one's mind long after the remainder of the picture became hazy.

"I have been in pictures ten years, yet I believe 'Go and Get it' made more friends for me than any other film I was ever in," replied Pat, cheerfully, when I spoke of this, "and every day letters pour in, commenting on the splendid spirit of comedy the picture contained."

While the young actor arranged comfortable wicker chairs before the open windows of his dressing-room and pushed aside the gay cretonne curtains in true masculine fashion, he told me of the good luck this rôle had brought him.

Marion Fairfax, who was responsible for the

(*Continued on page* 95)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Pat O'Malley is an optimist. That isn't surprising, for who could think of a man bearing his name being downhearted or beaten? Yet he admits that there have been times when he has come near being both

At the top of the page is a new camera study of Pat O'Malley; directly above, his little daughter, Eileen, is shown in a scene from "The Lying Truth," while at the left, Mr. O'Malley is shown in a scene from one of his recent pictures

e Interview the Queen of Sheba

s Queen.....BETTY BLYTHE
Interviewer of the Court
GLADYS HALL
d Interviewer of the Court
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

OCALES are divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. Part One is in the offices of the Brewster Publications, where political intrigue is hatched. Part vo is in the subway, where pri-te matters, such as food, inhibi-ons, etc., etc., are discussed in public. art Three is in the Gotha-, where ie Queen of Sheba is persecuted by 'ublicity.

In the distance, thruout the whole, here should be the sound of fanfare and of trumpeting.

All photographs by Mandeville

Said Betty Blythe in talking of a woman and her loves: "I think there is one love which is greater than all others. One love the roots of which go down to the innermost places. But I think, too, that there are other loves, just as there are other and many friends——"

A. W. F.: Betty Blythe is in town.

G. H.: Who's going to interview her? She is to *be* interviewed, I take it.

A. W. F. (*monotonously, as one repeating a formula*): I am.

G. H.: You *would*. Cant you take down the industry *in toto* at a gulp?

A. W. F. (*with insinuation*): It's too bad I cant have something to cheer me up, after all the bad manuscripts I am compelled to read. Do you want to go with me? Is *that* the matter with you?

G. H.: Well, I have nothing to wear, so——

A. W. F.: What's that got to do with the Queen of Sheba? Do you, or do you not, want to do it with me? A joint interview, so to speak.

G. H. (*aloofly*): No, never mind.

A. W. F.: I thought you *wanted* to. Now I think you dont. One cannot always have tea with royalty.

G. H. (*brightening visibly*): Tea! Did you say tea? Did *she* say tea? That's different. Yes, I'll go.

A. W. F. (*ruminatively*): Editors must know many things. They must know the discriminating time to induce Royalty to the tea-table. They must know the weaknesses of their interviewers—they——

G. H. (*unheeding*): You know that asparagus you had at

Photograph by Mandeville

Betty Blythe is as regal as tho she were indeed in the court of Solomon. She is as good fun as in the old days, when she was interviewed over strawberry sodas at a soda counter

luncheon? I wish I'd ordered some, now you speak of food. Now, do you suppose it would look too funny if I should order it for *tea*——?

A. W. F.: It certainly would. If you're going to order asparagus with the Queen of Sheba, you needn't *go*.

G. H.: What difference does it make to her what I eat? She's not really the Queen, anyway. She's Betty Blythe. *I* know *her*. Once, before she was Queen, we spent an afternoon consuming sodas. Huh!

Part II—The Subway

G. H.: Where did you get those gloves?

A. W. F.: Where one generally gets gloves.

G. H.: Lend me one. Just to carry.

A. W. F. (*mally handing one glove*): late.

G. H.: We al are, anyway. perfectly ridic to go calling or Queen of Sheba the subway. should have ha camel.

A. W. F.: P Signor Barnum.

G. H. (*hopefully*) Are you going take me from t station to the Got am in a taxi?

A. W. F.: Wh should I? To im press the doorman Or do you expec Betty—the Queen, I should say—to be scouting for you on the *sidewalk*?

G. H. (*with a poor show of spirit*): You *said* we were late.

A. W. F.: ? ? ? !

Part III—The Gotham Tea-room

The Queen of Sheba is serving tea. She is as regal as tho she were indeed in the court of Solomon. She is as good fun as tho she were once again Betty Blythe at the soda dispensary. She is clad in severe and charming dark blue, and at her breast there are roses, red as blood.

A. W. F.: Miss Hall was considering aspara——

G. H. (*hastily*): Yes, we did. We loved the "Queen of Sheba." We thought you wore the—the gown with such distinction. The lines were excellent, too. How—how were the critics? What——?

Betty Blythe: The critics were very kind, very. I'm glad you liked my gowns. They fitted to distraction. I hope there was no suggestion of *flesh* to the part. I tried to do it *finely* in the best sense of the word. After all, that is what I have to sell—the ability to be nude rather than naked. I only saw the picture night before last, and I had no idea of the enormity of the production, despite the fact that I was on the set practically all of the time. I was amazed and delighted.

A. W. F.: J. Gordon Edwards produced it with a sure touch. Those chariot races—weren't you terrified?

B. B.: I wasn't, altho they were strenuous, I admit. I held on to the belief that I wouldn't be injured in any way—and I wasn't.

A. W. F.: Those costumes! I cant help thinking of them. Were they authentic, among other things? Do you suppose that is the sort of thing the original Queen of Sheba did wear?

B. B.: They were as nearly authentic as we could make them, after considerable research. They were perfectly fitted, to a bead. And it was quite simple to wear them. Ordinarily, in such an instance, you would have to fuss with adhesive tape and all sorts of things, but not with the Sheba costumes. Really, I felt better clad and more secure in them than I have felt, on occasions, in an evening gown. And, after all, it

Photograph (right) by Mandeville

"The costumes of Sheba were as nearly authentic as we could make them, after consilerable research," said Betty Blythe. "It *would* be rather absurd to play the Queen of Sheba in a Mother Hubbard, wouldn't it?" Above, a new portrait; left and right, as Sheba

is the way you feel which makes for right or wrong—which creates the atmosphere you, in turn, give to the public. It *would* be rather absurd to play the Queen of Sheba in a Mother Hubbard, wouldn't it?

G. H.: Are you going to play Mary Queen of Scots next? We heard——

B. B.: I think not. That would mean Europe. And then, I have just built my new home in California, and there is the garden and the solitude——

A. W. F. (*with her beau-ti-ful philosophy*): After all, if you wouldn't be happy, the glory would not be worth while.

B. B.: That is how I feel.

G. H.: Speaking of the Queen of Scots, do you believe it possible for a modern woman to have as many loves as Mary did?

B. B.: I'd have to answer that in a qualified sense of the word. I think there is one love which is greater than all the others. One

(*Continued on page* 93)

Before You Knew Him

The two pictures of the lad at the top of this page tell their own story. You would know who they were without the recent photograph of Richard Semler Barthelmess below them. The touch of the years in passing has done little else but change the baby boy into a man—there is the same appeal to be found as was manifested in the Yellow Man of the unforgetable "Broken Blossoms" and more recently the country boy in "'Way Down East"

The coming year will be fulfilment for Dick Barthelmess. He has signed a contract which places him at the head of his own producing company. We voice the hope that he will give us other shadow portraits as vivid and as true as the two we have mentioned

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

pacer, flavored with mustaches and the Continent. He looked toward the latter and coughed nervously, then spied me and hurried forward.

"I am looking for Mr. Linder," I said.

Interrupting himself every now and then with that little nervous cough, he poured out a torrent of words, from which I presently collected the facts that he was Albert, pronounced Albare; that he was M. Linder's secretary and interpreter, and that M. Linder was agitated at the moment. If I would but look, I could see for myself! I looked—and listened. The chest-beater, then, was the great Max! It would be better, finished Albare, if I would return to the restaurant. M. Linder would join me there immediately.

But first I wanted to know something. "What is he saying?" I asked. "It cannot be 'I am happy!'"

Albare nodded and coughed. Perhaps, I thought, I had betrayed undue curiosity. But it was just Albare's way. M. Linder rather awes him. He has an air of furtive dejection, as tho at any moment he expected to feel one of those sloping military heels on his neck. But he nodded finally and said, "Yes, that is what he is saying."

"But why does he have to get mad about it?" I insisted.

Albare shook his head. I must have been very stupid. "He is not mad about that," he explained patiently. "He is trying to make himself feel happy. He does that when things are bad."

"A sort of self-raised sublimity he's after," I ventured.

But Albare only eyed me dubiously.

I had traveled perhaps half way back to the lunchroom — about two city blocks—when a luxurious sedan, a monster of yellow and nickel and driven by a black, flashed past me. I caught a fleeting glimpse of M. Linder's black silk hat and mustache. Upon careful inquiry I learned that M. Linder rarely walked—even the compara-

(*Continued on page 91*)

Photograph by
Clarke Irvine

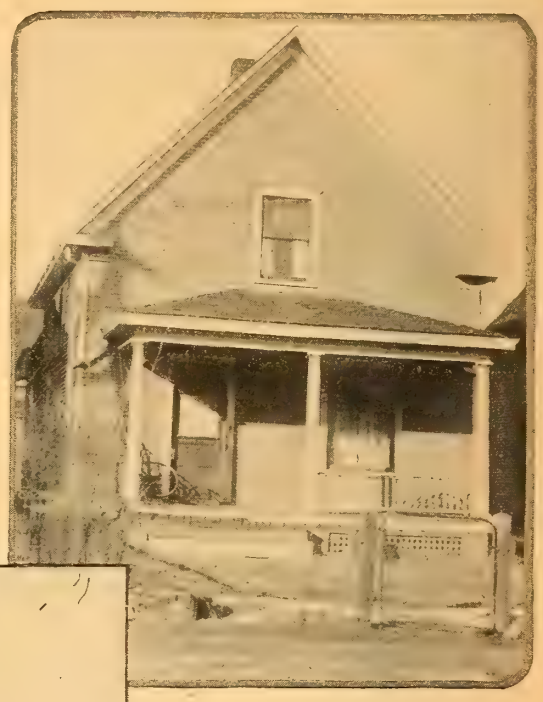
If one can look beyond Max, the autocrat, with his coughing Swiss secretary-valet-interpreter, and his flashing yellow car, in which he rides eternally alone, he will discover a man extremely likable, keenly intelligent, beyond a doubt temperamental and surprisingly generous in his praise of rival comedians

Alias Desperate Jack Dalton

By BESS FURMAN

Photograph by Photoplayers Studio

Life for the children in Omaha was one continuous round of amateur theatricals a few years ago. And these theatricals were staged under the personal, strenuous direction of Harold Lloyd



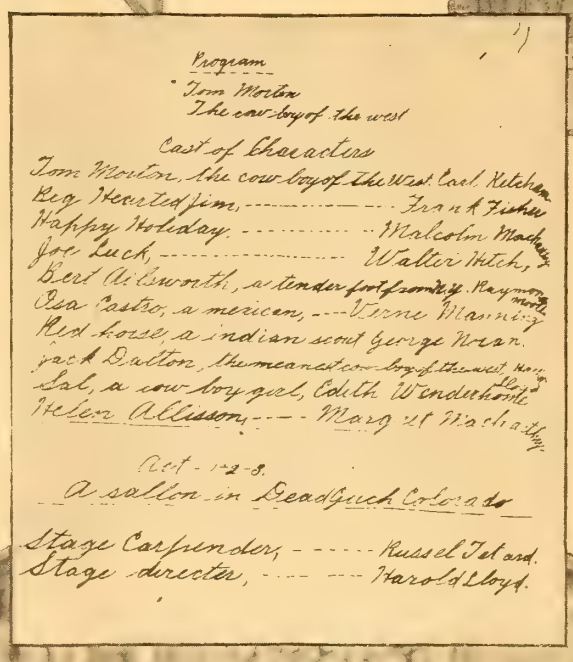
SHADES of Tom Sawyer! What small-boy and little-girl phantoms are imprisoned in attics—and in basements.

It was just a happen-so that I was present when a tiny, tattered doll-trunk, in the attic of a shiny new bungalow in Omaha, Nebr., opened and disclosed—Harold Lloyd. Out came an awkward picture of him, in knee-trousers! Out tumbled a theater program, written in his own boyish hand! Out popped all the prankishness and pep of him, as I conned the original program of a genuine small-boy thriller, "Tom Morton, a Cowboy of the West," of which Harold Lloyd was producer, stage director, business manager, playwright, program printer, and last, but by no means least, "Jack Dalton, the meanest cowboy of the West."

"I dont think any other children ever had more wonderful times than we had!" said the Little-Girl Villainess, now mistress of the shiny new bungalow, with a reminiscent light in her deep blue eyes.

"And it was all because of Harold!" said the Little-Girl Heroine, displaying deep dimples, and forgetting the trials of teaching Spanish and French in her enthusiastic account of how a group of Omaha children romped thru a wonderful

(*Continued on page 89*)



Program

Tom Morton
The cow boy of the west

Cast of Characters

Tom Morton, the cow boy of the West. Carl Ketcham
Reg. Hearted Jim, ---------- Frank Fisher
Happy Holiday. ---------- Malcolm Mackay
Joe Luck, ---------- Walter Hitch, Jr.
Bert Allworth, a tender foot from the East. Raymond Hoyt
Dea Castro, a mexican, --- Verne Manning
Red horse, a indian scout George Nolan
Jack Dalton, the meanest cow boy of the west. Harold Lloyd
Sal, a cow boy girl, Edith Wendelhoff
Helen Allisson, --- Margaret Machatty

Act - 1-2-3.

A saloon in Deadgulch Colorado

Stage Carpenter, ------ Russel Tetard.
Stage director, ---- Harold Lloyd.

Upper left, Harold Lloyd as the popular bespectacled comedian of today, and right, his boyhood home in Omaha

Center, a reproduction of one of the programs, and left, Harold Lloyd and his father in Hollywood. His father calls him "Foxy"

Photograph by Gene Kaanman

Pola Negri

Cerline Boll Sketches the Vivid Polish Actress

Fifty-Fifty

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Miriam Cooper frankly confesses that she was never swept by an all-absorbing ambition to be either a stage or screen star. In fact, she insists she has been *pushed* along her career and does not take the credit for winning her laurels thru her own initiative. Above, a new camera study, and right, in a scene from one of her productions

CHERISHING memories of the serious "big" sister in "The Birth of a Nation," the tragic helplessness against fate of the Friendless One in "Intolerance," the courageous Edith Holt in "The Honor System," and the warmth and glow of constancy of Evangeline, I wondered a little just what Miriam Cooper would be like in real life.

I soon discovered that being a motion-picture star is merely another rôle for Miriam; she is really at all times the *wife* of Raoul Walsh, director-producer, and she has little ambition to be anything else.

There is an atmosphere of something very quaint, very womanly, very charming, about her. Her dark, exotic beauty is even more alluring off the screen than on, and, as I watched her leaning against the high-back chair in her dressing-room at the Brunton studios in Hollywood, I found myself definitely attracted by her calm poise.

Her small hands lay quietly in her lap, except when gently caressing Patsy, her beloved airedale, who hovered close to her mistress, and there was none of the nervous tension and wearying haste which characterizes so many women.

Miss Cooper frankly confesses that she was never swept by an all-absorbing ambition to be either a stage or screen star. In fact, she insists she has been *pushed* along her career and does not take the credit for winning her laurels thru her own initiative. Not that she hasn't worked. Everyone who seriously acts before the camera works, but she has merely been responsive to the big motive-power supplied by another.

By
MAUDE
CHEATHAM

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"We pull beautifully together," said Miriam Cooper, in speaking of her husband-director, Raoul Walsh, "yet we are one another's severest critics." Above, another camera study

First, it was D. W. Griffith, for she was one of this director's early "finds," and then Mr. Walsh, who have urged her on until she has won an enviable place among film luminaries.

Several times, so Miss Cooper told me, she has decided to retire to private life, but the devotion of the couple is so great—they are ideal pals, working and playing together—that Miriam is easily induced to return to the studio in order to be with her husband.

"When we were married, five years ago," she said, "I really planned to give up my work. However, just at that time Raoul began his first big production, 'The Honor System,' and after trying to find the type he wanted for the *girl,* he grew discouraged and asked me to play it. This has happened several times, and now that he has formed his own producing company, and will release thru First National, I am to be his leading woman in all the pictures. This brings a new enthusiasm and a new determination, for I realize what this means—the better my work, the more honor for him.

"Raoul is completely wrapped up in his pictures—his interest never palls. I look at him in wonderment, and sometimes almost envy the whole-hearted consecration he puts into his work.

"We pull beautifully together," she continued, demurely, "tho we are each other's severest critics. I cant rehearse a scene repeatedly and keep the spontaneity. Mr. Walsh sees this and allows me to interpret it as it seems natural to me. Then, if there are mistakes, he corrects them, but is careful never to quench my own feeling."

This, perhaps, explains the charm of Miriam Cooper's film characters. They always suggest the glow of fresh emotional depths, with a touch of classic tragedy in their poetic appeal. Her quaintness, her gentle seriousness, lends an added force and makes her an adept in winning sympathy and understanding for her rôles. Untrammeled and with the spring of spontaneity given full play, she brings the reflection of her own natural expression to the screen.

A little later, over on the set, Miss Cooper became a Spanish señorita, wearing a short full skirt, round-toed slippers and with a red, red rose tucked in her dusky hair. In the new picture, an original story written by Mr. Walsh and tentatively named "Serenade," she plays the rôle of a daughter of old Castile, transplanted into the fastnesses of Mexico, where she makes a terrific sacrifice to save her lover. George Walsh is playing the lover, so, as Miriam says, it is quite a family affair.

The next production will be the film version of "Kindred of the Dust," in which the little actress assures me she has a "darling part." With the completion of the third picture, they will return East, where a new studio is being erected at Flushing, L. I., which will bear Mr. Walsh's own name.

"Raoul enjoys working in Hollywood. He finds conditions very favorable, but I was sorry to leave New York,"

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Farm's Loss---

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

IT was more a matter of chance than design that David Butler became an actor.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I thought that I wanted to be a farmer."

He even took up agriculture at college, studying seriously. But he studied football seriously, too. And, anyhow, he could never have been a farmer—his environment opposed it.

The elder Mr. Butler was stage manager of the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco for thirteen years. And from the Alcazar has come more than a score of famous players. His mother, Adele Belgarde, had an unusual career as leading woman for the great Italian tragedian, Salvini, and also for Frederick Warde.

David Butler was born a member of the theatrical profession, and endowed with all the restlessness, hospitality, fatalism, open-hearted generosity and care-free "can happen" philosophy that belong so peculiarly to the true "trouper."

"But the stage had no appeal for me," he said. "I was too close to it, and in order to be really alluring, a thing should be half unknown. So I decided to be a farmer.

"It's a curious thing, but just to show you what tricks Fate will play, when I was in San Francisco last week, I met one of the boys I knew in 'cow-college' and he certainly *is* a farmer from the word go!

"I got side-tracked playing professional football.

"One day my father, who believes in having his stage effects as realistic as possible, sent for me and told me that he was putting on a football play called 'The Full-back.' He thought it would be a good plan to have a real team on the stage in order to make the game in the last act an exciting one.

"I got the team and we played ball. Just to show you how exciting that act was, when the curtain went down on the last performance, three of the boys went to the hospital with broken ribs."

David Butler tells a story of how, after that first appearance, he said to his father:

"Well, Dad, now that you've seen me, what do you think of my future?"

And his father answered: "My boy, I love you, but I'm going to tell you the truth. Your future is all past; you'll never make an actor."

However, young Butler was so

David Butler studied agriculture at college, but his environment opposed the farm. With his father the stage-manager of the Alcazar Theater of San Francisco, it was not long before David, too, was numbered among the "troupers." Left, a new portrait, and below, with Mrs. Butler

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

successful that then and there the stage reached out and claimed her own. He continued at the Alcazar with an occasional try at moving pictures.

"My first picture part was particularly disagreeable," he said, "the director put me under an automobile with the exhaust in my face, by way of comedy, while he shot scenes of the leading man and leading woman from every possible angle. When this was over, I decided that I was thru with pictures for life, and went back to the Alcazar."

In the meanwhile, Elsie Schulte, at the Alcazar, had started rehearsing "Madame Sherry."

"David's father kept saying to me, 'I have a great big blue-eyed boy, wait until you meet him,'" said Mrs. Butler. "So when we did meet, the match had practically been made."

They are living now in a little four-room apartment, overlooking one of Hollywood's most famous bungalow courts. The apartment itself is famous, too. Many a prominent star has lived there; most recently before the Butlers, Gloria Swanson.

They are an unusual looking couple. Mrs. Butler is slender, dark, rather exotic looking, with large almond-shaped brown eyes and black hair.

"Dave"—everyone calls him Dave—Butler rather reminds one of an overgrown boy. His ability to like people and make people like him, amounts to genius.

He believes that the significant events of life are all more or less pre-ordained; that it is even possible, sometimes, to foretell future happenings. You wouldn't speak of him as a mystic, but still such things interest him.

He and his wife like to have people around them all the time, a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care bunch—very young, very successful and, with all their love of fun, very much in earnest.

"I cant remember when we've had dinner alone," he said.

It will be remembered that David Butler's first big screen opportunity was the part of the French boy in "The Greatest Thing in Life," who, when dieting said: "It is better so. To me, a chicken is only a chicken, while to her it is a beautiful sun bird." "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" was another picture he made with Griffith. There were "The Other Half," "Better Times," and, more recently, "The Sky Pilot," with King W. Vidor, "Up Stairs and Down," with Olive Thomas, and at the head of his own company, "Sitting on the

He believes that the significant events of life are all more or less pre-ordained; that it is even possible, sometimes, to foretell future happenings. You wouldn't speak of him as a mystic—but such things interest him

(*Continued on page* 90)

That's Out

by Tamar Lane

Gladys Walton in "The Man Tamer"

WHEN Thomas Edison conceived his XYZ intelligence test he started something. Suppose he were to draw up an XYZ test for movie fans. Imagine how intelligent we would all appear. Here are some of the questions Mr. Edison would ask:

What are the dimensions of an eternal triangle? Bound it.

What is a movie star? How do you get that way?

How many flickers are there in a five-reel feature?

How many curls does it take to make an imitation Mary Pickford?

Who is the best dressed woman on the screen? Prove it.

Who discovered the custard pie? What is it made of?

How many extras does it take to make an all-star cast?

How long are a censor's ears? What animal does one remind you of?

If all the punk pictures made last year were placed end to end, how would this affect the price of peanuts in Alaska?

Answer to Daisy Dewdrop, Pa. It is said that Charlie Chaplin's favorite pastime is coin collecting.

Reports state that because of bad business conditions motion picture salaries are receiving large cuts. Screen stars that formerly got a million a year are now no doubt forced to accept $800,000 or $900,000.

If she keeps up the good work much longer, it looks as tho Mae Murray's name will have to be added to the Big Four.

Why all the controversy as to who should be Peter Pan on the screen? There's only one person who could possibly do the part full justice. That is Mary Pickford.

A telephone booth is one place where you can spend less and kill more time than in a picture show.

Being poor ourselves, we naturally favor the poor man. However, we feel that there must exist somewhere a man who is rich but honest. If so, will someone kindly put him on the screen. The poor-but-honest man has had the screen long enough.

REELISM

Seen Only on the Screen

Honesty among thieves.

Mothers who cry when their daughters are led to the altar.

Happy endings.

The successful paying off of the mortgage.

Now that the curley-haired ingénues are beginning to leave the screen, we have the bobbed-hair babies to take their place.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

Ora Carew, a good actress.

Reeves Eason, a good actor and a better director.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CENSORS

Cut out the scenes showing policemen on their beat. People will expect to find them there.

Cut out scenes showing couple after ten years of married life. It isn't being done.

"Passion" and "Deception," both German pictures, are so superior to the average American picture that American producers are up in arms to have all German pictures

PAGE

And so the day ends perfectly—

A GOOD vacation means above all else *change of scene.* The city-dweller longs for the country or shore.

The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life.

Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to in town.

The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere: take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is a million dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community is exhibiting Paramount Pictures.

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures.

The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment.

—entertainment conceived and interpreted by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians.

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last.

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, "It's a Paramount Picture," park your car, motor-boat or canoe and *go in,*

—because if it s a Paramount Picture it's the best show in vacation-land!

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

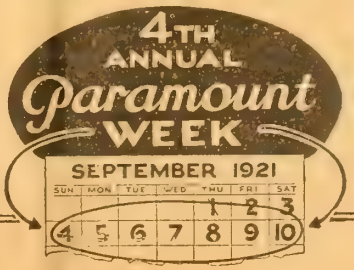
Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release

June 1, 1921 to September 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce
Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.
Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain.
"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp Production.
Made in England. With David Powell.
Thos. H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance.
Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.
Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.
George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest
Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.
Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty by Byron Morgan
"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell
From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.
William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.
Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."
William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.
Cosmopolitan production
"Get Rich Quick Wallingford"
George Randolph Chester's world famous
character brought to life in a
spectacular picture.
William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production—A Western story with
an unforgettable punch.
"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by
Cosmo Hamilton.
A Donald Crisp Production.
Douglas MacLean in
"Just Passing Through"
Thomas H. Ince Production.
Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.
Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.
A Wm. D. Taylor Production.
Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"Crazy to Marry," by Frank Condon
From the hilarious
Saturday Evening Post story.



Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew"—a First National motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Is your complexion fair and charming during August's hottest days?

Or does the burning summer sun redden and coarsen your skin?

BATHING—will your complexion stand the hot rays of sun on the water? Can you enjoy a dip secure in the knowledge that your complexion will be as clear and delicate at dinner as it was before your swim?

Motoring—out for hours in the scorching sun and dusty air—can you be certain that your face will be free from an irritating roughness at the end of the trip?

You can be sure of a fresh, dainty complexion always—even in the trying heat of summer—if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram's Milkweed Cream *protects* the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements—more than that, it *preserves* the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that constantly works to "tone up"—*revitalize*—the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its *continued* use will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you want it to be.

Read this booklet of hints

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind—how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark —50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that i stays on. Furthermore, a powde of unexcelled delicacy of textu and refinement of perfume. Fo tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brune —50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.
Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghunzee Street, Wellington.
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet o exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the co below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand

heir beat

of marrie

n pictures, ar that Americar erman picture

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please s Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample p Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Such a Little Queen

By GLADYS HALL

"COSACO," said her small and gracious Majesty, Queen of Herzogovina, "Cosaco, in the words of the well-known Vicar, 'let us remain inflexible.'"

Cosaco, Prime Minister of Herzogovina, and nearing, rather feebly, the biblically allotted three-score years and ten (or is it four?) bowed with what ceremony his rheumatic condition permitted.

"Yes, your Majesty," he said.

The tiny Queen cast a humorous eye about the three small and exceedingly shabby rooms, the two front windows of which faced, humbly and very unmajestically, St. Nicholas Avenue. The remaining windows, of kitchen, bedroom and bath, gave upon what is popularly known as a "court." The Queen had endeavored a pun when she discovered that she slept upon a court, but poor old Cosaco had wept at the facetiousness, and the Queen had foreborne.

"Nevertheless, Cosaco," said the Queen, "I think you had better just call me plain Queen while we are in our present—ah—predicament. It strikes me that if the worthy lady, who is called janitress, overheard our etiquette or, perchance, one of the wrathy gentlemen to whom we owe coin of the realm in exchange for the greens and other edibles they have sent up the dumb shaft, they might—well, they might even think us" (she bent forward and whispered in the withered ear) *"crazy,* Cosaco."

Bimbi, the royal canary, fluttered in his gilded cage, and his small mistress patted the bars, with reassurance. "At least, Bimbi," she said, "we are freer than you are."

The erstwhile Prime Minister sighed prodigiously. "Sometimes I think we must be crazy, your Majesty," he said, "for we come, forsooth from a country——"

"Hush!" said the Queen of Herzogovina, imperiously Her Prime Minister bowed, cracklingly.

"Hush!" she said again. "We know that my country is given over to revolution and unceasing internal warfare but we are not here to criticize, who cannot seem to mend Let the Regent do what he can, and when the day of peace dawns, perchance, we shall return and regain the throne My poor people——"

Cosaco sighed again. His old fingers fumbled with the strings of the wallet he drew from his doublet. It had been replete when, desperate, he had taken the small, endangered Queen out of the country.

"We shall go back beggared," he sighed.

"There is no disgrace," the small Queen said, "in honest poverty. I shall find something to do in order to keep us. I know."

Cosaco shook his old feebled head. "We have come to a pretty pass," he said, sadly, "when a queen must work that her prime minister may live."

The Queen of Herzogovina laid her small hand on the old man's shoulder. Her voice was very tender. "A prime minister I know of," she said, "has worked long and oh, so faithfully that one vain little Queen might live, and, after all, dear old friend, here on St. Nicholas Avenue, in the City of New York, there are neither queens nor prime ministers. They are just men and women, the weak and the strong. That is how it is going to be with us." Cosaco kissed the li

e erstwhile Prime Minister hed prodigiously. "Some- ies I think we must be izy, your Majesty," he l, "for we come, forsooth, from a country——"

hand. Never had she seemed to his devout and faithful heart so royal a little sovereign. Never had the long and faithful years of his service of which she had spoken seemed years so well and fully spent.

was being paid for it all in a coin more golden than r Herzogovina or this stupendous New World could er offer him.

Then he said: "There seems not to be a King of Hepd in New York, either."

The Queen laughed out. "You sentimentalist!" she ed out on him. "Hear him, Bimbi, my golden one, my etty! He thinketh that because the Regent, my Uncle, th formally betrothed me to Stephen of Hepland that that ntleman and monarch should take at once a romantic erest in me and come flying over the seas to win me k, a second Argonaut in est of a second Golden ece. Oh, Cosaco, Co- o, I have ceased dream- at my age, and at yours u have just begun!"

here was a silence, and n, some of the sunshiny eetness in her gay ung voice tempered, the le Queen of Herzogovi- said, soberly, "Stephen Hepland probably loves dly some little maid of commonwealth who is hing her heart away beuse, for reasons of state alliance, he must wed the Queen of Herzogovina. You see, Cosaco, Stephen of Hepland does not know that he is wedding *me*, the 'me' you and Bimbi know, and love, methinks. Stephen thinks only that he weds the Queen of Herzogovina, and, oh, I know, I know, how utterly he rues the day that placed a crown upon his head!"

"And you, your Majesty! What do you think of Stephen of Hepland?"

The little Queen sat erect in her mission chair. Her eyes grew dreamful. "*You* know, Cosaco," she said, "that I am not in love; that I do not know what love is—save as I dream it under the most golden sun or, by night, under the full-blown moon. And yet, and yet, Cosaco, when I dream, it is always of some particular one. This one is tall and fair and fine. He carries a lance in his spirit, shining and clean. His laugh rings out like an accolade, and he is not ashamed of his tears when they fall for the pain of the world. His hands are long and tender, and his walk is strong and free. I have seen him, I have seen him!"

"Where?" the old Prime Minister bent toward his Queen. "Where?" he said.

His old heart beat painfully. He had thought to have guarded her against chance arrows, until she should be twenty at any rate; until the state of Herzogovina was at rest and her crown secure upon her head. One could not tell when or upon whom a

SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Realart production of the scenario by J. Clarkson Miller and Lawrence McCloskey, based on the play by Channing Pollock, and directed by George Fawcett. Starring Constance Binney. The cast:

Anne Victoria of Herzogovina	Constance Binney
Stephen of Hepland	Vincent Coleman
Baron Cosaco	J. H. Gilmour
Bob Trainor	Roy Fernandez
Adolph Lawton	Frank Loosee
Elizabeth Lawton	Betty Carpenter
Mary	Jessie Ralph
Boris	Henry Leone
Sherman	J. R. O. Perkins

young girl's fancy would alight. What a responsibility to have undertaken!

"Where?" he repeated again.

The little Queen chirped merrily at Bimbi before she saw fit to reply, then, leaning toward the old man, she said, playfully: *"In the likeness of Stephen of Hepland, sir."*

Cosaco emitted a sigh that was like a groan. "I thought," he said, "it might have been——" he paused, running over in his mind the various male persons they had encountered upon their hasty flight from Herzogovina. There was, for instance, that young man, Trainor, who did wholesale things in this country and made liberal moneys. He had looked too long and too intently into the eyes of the Queen.

Humbly, Cosaco voiced his fear, lest it might have been Trainor.

The Queen laughed and shook her head—a little. "It might have been worse," she said. "He is tall and free and fine. He has many, oh, very many of the requirements of my dream. I think he holds a lance, clean and shining, in his spirit; or mayhap—and this is nearer truth, Cosaco—mayhap it is the Golden Eagle there. But the dreams, my friend! Poor Trainor—he has not had the time to dream, and his tears would fall only when his own heart were hurt. No, it was not Trainor——"

Three days later Cosaco admitted the persistent ringer of the bell in the hall beneath them. The Queen of Herzogovina could not be disturbed or she might very likely have run to open the door herself. She had obtained, with some difficulty, the rather underpaid position of addressing envelopes, so much per hundred, for a mail-order house, and was waging brave battle with scrivener's cramp and other slight disabilities attendant upon her first step into the economic world. With her first cash payment she had bought for Bimbi's cage a handful of red roses, the kind he had been used to in the palace at Herzogovina. The golden bird among the roses eased some of the ache at her heart, for it did ache, now and then, despite her cheeriness.

Her people wrangling, forgetful of their Queen. Her family dead. Stephen of Hepland — where was he?

And then, like a major-domo in a musical comedy wherein the long arm of coincidence reaches most perfectly, the bell ceased its clamor, and, quiveringly, Cosaco announced: *"His Majesty, Stephen, King of Hepland!"*

The Queen of Herzogovina jumped from the table, upsetting her ink-well and demolishing three hours' work. Bimbi chattered shrilly. The tiny room seemed suddenly radiant and spacious with promise, with youth.

"Oh, it's you——!" she cried out on [illegible] "Then you did come

Stephen of Hepland stared at her. He had the effect of rubbing his eyes as tho, in a dream, he was not quite sure he was seeing aright. Then he straightened and advanced to greet her Royal Highness with court convention, but before he could bend to kiss her hand the little Queen laughed and held hers out to meet his.

"We aren't doing that—here," she said. She looked about her, and he did the same. Then, mutually, ringingly, their young laughter smote the air. Together, they saw the absurdity of their involved ceremoniousness.

"It *would* be a rum go," he said, inelegantly, *"here,* you know," he added, as he took the chair she motioned him to. *"I* think it's a bally waste of time *anywhere* myself. All the bowing and the scraping and kowtowing and pow-wowing. I never can get over the impulse I had when, as a kid, I looked on at it all and longed to cry out: 'Ah, come on, be natural!'"

Cosaco, very pale, had repaired to the kitchenette for liquid refreshment. His court-saturated soul was stunned at the sacrilege he heard coming thus glibly from Stephen, meeting thus fully, with the approbation of the Queen of Herzogovina. Actually, these two young people, crowned heads as they were, seemed to be quite as much at home, and happier if anything, on two mission chairs on St. Nicholas Avenue than they had been when wielding the royal scepters in their respective kingdoms.

Then he heard his Queen say: "But what are you doing here?"

"Same thing as you are, I imagine," said Stephen, "all but that"—waving a dubious hand toward the multifarious envelopes; "Hepland is like an upset kettle of fish and I was exiled, so to speak. I came to America, having heard that you were here, and feeling lonely without my—my throne. Also, it is nearly time for the wedding, you know?"

The Queen of Herzogovina blushed and smiled. "We dont need to think about that now," she said, then glancing up at him. "At least—you dont."

Stephen of Hepland didn't take his eyes from the face he

She had obtained with some difficulty the rather underpaid position of addressing envelopes—so much per hundred—for a mail-order house

It became a part of the scant ceremoniousness of their lives that he should come with his floral tribute to lay at the shrine of a Queen—and that she should accept the tribute with a courtesy

found quite the loveliest he had ever seen. "I didn't know you were like *this*," he said, suddenly. "I *do* want to think about it. I've had the most diplomatic time you ever heard of trying to trace you. I'm as adept at wire-pulling as an expert now."

Then Cosaco came back and, informally, as tho they were indeed the scions of St. Nicholas Avenue rather than of thrones, they began to discuss the possibilities of concocting a full-grown meal from the larder, as it stood, and the further possibilities of their continued existence with the royal treasury in its highly anemic state.

"Obviously," said the Queen of Herzogovina, "I shall have to do the providing, and you and King Stephen the protecting, Cosaco."

It never occurred to either Stephen or the Queen that they would part again for the present. Their kingdoms, so to speak, had allied, and they would stand or fall—together. How much that depended on politics and how much on personalities was, for the moment, beyond them.

"The immediate need," said the Queen, "is for dinner. It is my royal pleasure to don my coronation robes and prepare the feast. You and Cosaco shall help me, Stephen. Later on, we shall discuss future plans."

Stephen, King of Hepland, and the little Queen of Herzogovina had banqueted in many a festive hall and been waited upon by lords and ladies with service of silver and gold, but nothing had so finely pleased them as the simple meal they fixed themselves in the kitchen on St. Nicholas Avenue with old Cosaco hovering over them and endeavoring to take from their royal hands the humble pot and pan.

Later on, it was decided that Cosaco and Stephen should share an apartment above the small one occupied by the Queen, and that they should banquet (so they called it) *en famille*.

"I shall hunt me a job," proclaimed Stephen, with some difficulty. The vernacular of the land was

"The immediate need," said the Queen, "is for dinner. It is my royal pleasure to don my coronation robes and prepare the feast"

coming to him slowly.

"I shall keep me the one I have," laughed Anne Victoria. She had doubts as to Stephen's taking orders from such foremen as he would, perforce, have to deal with. His democracy, she felt, was not so elastic as her own. It had not been so long put to the test.

The little Queen was far more right than she had been wrong. There seemed no one willing to employ the tall young man who, with the air of conferring a royal favor, applied for the privilege of work. "Where does *he* get off at?" and "how did he come by it?" were some of the remarks hurled at Stephen of Hepland's proud retreating back.

The small trio resolved themselves into culinary experts and envelope addressers. The change in their fortunes fluctuated according to envelopes. There were times when Bimbi's golden song and the scratching of pens formed orchestral melodies hour on end. Now and again the eyes of Stephen would meet the eyes of Anne Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina, and writer's cramp and depleted larder, royalty and revolution would alike be forgotten.

Just as twilight touched the city to tranquillity, Stephen quite unceremoniously, came in . . . He took the impoverished Queen of Herzogovina in his arms. His lips muttered tenderness so deep as to be incoherent against her hair

There came the day when Stephen of Hepland attended solely by Cosaco, Prime Minister of Herzogovina, slept upon a park bench, canopied only by the immemorial stars. Neither cared very greatly. Cosaco knew, blessedly, that his Queen still lay in her court bedroom, unaware of the plight of her companions, and Stephen knew blessedly —ah, blessed, indeed, the knowledge that Stephen hugged to his threadbare breast; the sweet knowledge that lay against his lips like flame and wine; that lay against his heart like balm. For on that night Anne Victoria had told him of her love, begun in dreams and sealed, most sacredly, by friendship, fellowship and work. "I love you," she had told him, "my King!"

Nor royalty nor revolution, nor famine nor feast could ever matter to the King of Hepland again, for on St. Nicholas Avenue, with the pinch of poverty hurting at every angle, love had come to him and remade a world for him.

"Cosaco," he said, "behold your King! Keep looking at me, Sir, for I am King, indeed!"

And the old man seeing the transfiguration of his young companion, the glory everlasting in his hunger-bright eyes, sighed and said, softly: "Yes, sire—yes, sire," thinking, "the poor young King is feverish tonight. This will be the end of him, I fear!"

But the end was not yet come. And, probably, Cosaco alone suffered keenly from the pinch of hunger and the strain of fear.

The King of Hepland and the Queen of Herzogovina had entered into a kingdom he had long since abdicated, where there is little hunger, neither is there any thirst!

Then there came help, succor and hope in the stalwart form of J. Trainor. He had heard of the young Queen's plight and had traced her. He was slangy and sincere. He said he had never heard of such a predicament. He glared somewhat at Stephen, King of Hepland. It was patent that he had hoped he would find the Queen alone with her retainer.

He offered to do all manner of things for them, possible and impossible, but what he finally did do was to obtain positions for Cosaco and Stephen in his employer's office, and a post as translator for Anne Victoria. Then he promptly completed what had been begun for him on the

(*Continued on page* 92)

Too Much Protest

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

"You wont print it," said May Collins. "You must not—that I am only seventeen. They wont believe it. They never do. No, you must not print it"

IT was quite an interesting luncheon.

At the table in the studio restaurant, May Collins, Jackson of Goldwyn publicity, and I were doing our best to be nice to each other. May, in a gallant effort, was expostulating with me on the importance of making her older.

"You wont print it," she said, "you must not—that I am only seventeen. They wont believe it. They never do. No, you must not print it."

I made a brief attempt at argument—my attention wandering now and then to the waves in her hair, piled high on her head. I was perhaps a little vague. She insisted again—emphasizing with little taps on the tablecloth.

I thought: It doesn't really matter. She *is* young or she wouldn't repudiate youth. I had best agree with her.

I did, and I'm telling you now she is seventeen, dynamically so, charmingly so, pertly so—but seventeen for all that. And her eyes are grey—sweetly so.

We found huge chunks of conversation in the fact that May's tongue wasn't red—the tongue she had ordered for luncheon, I mean—decided gravely in the end to abandon it for roast pork with apple sauce, and contemplated Elinor Glyn as a possible tangent for our train of thought.

May grew ecstatic, not *over* Elinor—*because* of her.

"She visited Charlie at his studio—Charlie Chaplin. It went something like this." (May dropped into a flood of English mannerisms. She is a delightful mimic.) Her interpretation of Elinor went in this wise—she holding Jackson's hand in lieu of Charles':

"So you are Mister Chaplin?" (Stroking his hand.) "Ah! You are a gr-reat artist, Mister Chaplin, a great artist, and you know, Mister Chaplin, you are not half so freakish as I had imagined, Mister Chaplin. Ah, yes! A great artist! But you are nervous, Mister Chaplin, very nervous. Let me soothe you, Mister Chaplin—so!" (Strokes his hand again, tenderly.)

It was marvelous—enormous. I wanted to

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

bellow my appreciation—but one doesn't do that on interviews. One is subdued, interested, intrigued in a detached, observant way—polite.

Jackson, perhaps a little worried that I was not acquiring information, asked Miss Collins her birthplace. She gave it, together with a whole raft of amazing data about her career.

"It's all true!" May was in constant horror of being doubted. "I'd never been on the stage and I'd never done one bit of professional work—anywhere. I just knew a girl who'd done some theatrical work and got a list of the New York managers—I've lived in New York all my life—and, because I liked his name, I called first at the office of Winthrop Ames. They were casting Maeterlinck's 'The Betrothal,' and decided to try me as an understudy for one of the six leading ladies. I learned my part, and when I read it for them the next day I was given the part itself. That was my first engagement. And," she added as an afterthought, "it's all true."

In rapid succession—"The Betrothal" lasted for but a few months—she played in "The Man Outside," and "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer."

It was John Emerson and Anita Loos who brought her to California to play in their own production, "Wife Insurance"—her first picture.

"It is quite remarkable," said May, "how fortunate the six girls who played in 'The Betrothal' have been." She ran thru the list of them. To me Gladys George stood pre-eminent. Perhaps, because she is the only one who—apart, of course, from May—has achieved any great fame in films. The others that May mentioned have escaped me. They have all remained true to Broadway—New York.

She is small. Almost plump. But not quite. She is poised. But it is not the poise of *ennui*. She is alert—alive. But she has "manner"

Clayton Hamilton and Samuel Goldwyn came in, paused a moment at our table to chat with May. I watched her as she talked with them and was charmed with the quick play of her features, the length of the heavy lashes that fringed her eyes, and her smile—her smile most of all. It was wide—but not too wide. Frequent—but not too frequent. There was breeding in it—but not the breeding which smothers spontaneity.

(*Continued on page* 101)

The clinging negligée, which it was Wanda Hawley's good fortune to wear, was of a pale grey chiffon, pearl-beaded, with its wide panel first banded with cerise and then with a dull blue. And it was rich in beaded ornaments of the pastel shades that caught the folds here and there

At an afternoon function at her home, Gloria Swanson, as the young wife, was charming in an afternoon frock of écru georgette, heavily hung with ropes of pearls, while pearl bands held her slippers

Who Said Imported Models?

A black satin evening gown is quite the thing for those who can carry it with regal poise. Gloria Swanson proves her ability to do this with little difficulty. This particular gown was lined with jade satin and, like the afternoon frock, it is pearl banded. However, every line of this creation is banded—but with single strands

Hollywood has come to rival the Rue de la Paix. The bewildering creations which are worn by the ladies fair in "The Affairs of Anatol," for example, were designed and executed right at the studios. Jeanie MacPherson kept the costumes well in mind as she prepared the scenario. Then she conferred with Cecil de Mille and his designer, Miss Claire West. After each gown had been discussed, with the player who was to wear it taken well into consideration, water-color sketches, some of which are reproduced on these pages, together with corresponding scene stills showing the players wearing the particular gowns, were made. These sketches were correct both in color and detail. The colors were those with the best photographic possibilities and, at the same time, artistic in themselves, for the psychological effect of costumes upon the players wearing them is admitted. The wardrobe department then undertook to execute these designs, and, in truth, the results prove that the Rue de la Paix, long the Parisian fashion center, had better keep a watchful eye on its laurels

Above, Wanda Hawley endows an evening gown with her blonde personality. Jade color was made for golden hair, and this gown is of jade chiffon and flesh satin, fringed with rows of tiny and glittering gold beads. It is an achievement. At the left is one of the most alluring boudoir robes ever seen. Gloria Swanson wears it with her exotic charm. It is of pearl-grey chiffon with an overdress of shimmery and brocaded blue satin, caught here and there with bands and balls of soft grey fur

Cerise Pajamas and Antiques

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

HAVE you at some time looked at an old piece of furniture which has come across the sea to us, cherished thru generations, and wondered what it would say if it could speak? We did, recently, when we looked at the long table, its wood mellowed by the touch of time in the passing of hundreds of years. And the desk which stood to the side of the same room with curious carvings upon its quaint lid—perhaps it would tell a tale of a sad queen and her love-letters—letters which never reached her lover—the low bed, flanked behind by a tapestry of knights a-mount—has it held aching or happy hearts for the most part? There was a great mirror hung above the dresser, and we wondered if that had reflected many heads as lovely as the gold-crowned head which smiles into it today.

It was Anna Q. Nilsson who was showing us the rare pieces about her apartment. She stood before the tall fireplace of stone and looked into its depths.

"I wonder," she said, "if letters of intrigue, letters which have had a hand in the making of history, have turned to ashes inside of that stone arch?"

And we wondered too.

It was morning and a light spring rain was falling outside. But behind her soft curtains there was a warmth which seemed to find its birth in the cerise of her lounging pajamas and the gold of her hair, pervading remote corners, causing you to linger, loath to leave it all for the wet outside.

"And these books," Miss Nilsson was telling us, "they are old French novels, probably very interesting if you could read them." She took one between her hands. "Maybe," she said, "this holds a story which would be lovely upon the screen. Who can tell?"

She curled up in the great jade chair before the fireplace.

"In October I shall have to give all of this

"I like comfort much too well for my own good," said Anna Q. Nilsson. "That is the trouble with me. It's always too great a temptation to do the thing I want to do—the thing it is the most comfortable to do, regardless of whether it's *the thing* to do or no." Left, a recent camera study of Miss Nilsson, and below a snapshot taken while she sojourned at Palm Beach

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

up. The very thought of it makes me ill. I have rented it furnished and I'm afraid there will be no renewal of the lease."

We assured her that she was fortunate to have had it even for a time.

"I suppose so," she said, flinging her arms over the chair-back. "I suppose I am, but how will I ever live in the hotel suite or the average apartment, with its stereotyped furnishings, after this. I love the feel of all these old things about me. It gives me an air of well-being.

"That is the trouble with me, I like comfort much too well for my own good. That's why I'm not further than I am. It's always too great a temptation to do the thing I want to do—the thing it is the most comfortable to do, regardless of whether it's *the thing* to do or no.

"Oh, I'm a frightful business woman," she despaired. "Really, I am."

We asked her whether she meant stardom when she said she should be further than she is—whether or not she didn't think that it was better, much better, to create worth-while characterizations than to star.

"Stardom," she said, "I have refused that often, I assure you. Stardom in itself is not especially difficult to obtain if you have done well in any wise, but stardom with a definite assurance of the stories you wish to do, that is different.

"I think it's the hardest work in the world," she went on, "to play a part which you do not feel, which you think untrue to life. Really, when I get such a rôle, and it has been so now and then, I'm worn out when I leave the studio and I'm forever annoying the director by asking when we're going home."

She laughed at some memory.

"But when I like the story, nothing is too much trouble. I

(*Continued on page 87*)

Photograph by Royal Atelier

Anna Q. Nilsson does not quibble. She has her own standards and she is not afraid to face facts, whatever they may be. Life does not alarm her and she undoubtedly expects to enjoy it, every bit. There is something about her which interests you—a contradictory something within her which you seek to understand, but in vain. Above, another photograph, and left, an informal picture of her in her home

The Kid

By
LILA WESENER

At the left, Jackie Coogan takes to the plutocratic golf ball and sticks. At the right, he is seen in the title rôle of "Peck's Bad Boy," while below, his father reads a little friend and him the story

St. Peter, old and dull of pate,
Not having much to do,
Broke off a pearl from heaven's gate
And let a star slip thru.

The star lit on a rainbow,
And the rainbow made a skid;
The star dropped down to earth, and lo!—
It was "The Kid."

Untouched by Ennui

By ALINE CARTER

ENNUI could never touch Kathlyn Williams—she is so keenly alive with a diversity of absorbing interests.

Most of us might be tempted to believe that being beautiful—with lovely blondehair, deep blue eyes and exquisite coloring, as well as being one of the most finished actresses on the screen today, were quite enough distinctive characteristics, but Miss Williams has added several others to her credit.

She is domestically inclined and makes a real home for her husband, Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio, and her young son, Victor. Recently she finished a course of aeronautics, winning her pilot's license after working steadily for two whole months learning the art of managing an aeroplane. She reads the best French literature in the original, and has written several successful scenarios. She designs her own lovely frocks and hats, and as she is conceded to be one of the most smartly gowned members of the local film colony, this is some achievement, and—she always seems to have time to devote to her family and friends.

At the present moment her new home, an Italian villa, perched atop a high point in Hollywood, holds first place in Miss Williams' thoughts, and she has

Photograph by Carpenter, L. A.

"It is the human rôle I love to portray," Kathlyn Williams told me. "The real woman, with her temptations, development and regeneration—like a rôle I had lately, of a frivolous society butterfly who, later in the face of a crisis, proved a true woman"

Photograph (left) by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by Carpenter, L. A.

proved herself as much of an artist in building it as she has in creating some of her well-known screen characters.

The house is of perfect architectural design, of soft grey plaster, set in a picturesque grove of olive trees. With its winding stairways, high ceilings, balconies and broad terraces, it suggests an atmosphere of the romantic that is seldom encountered.

Thru the open doorway, as we chatted, we could see Hollywood stretched at our feet, glistening in the morning sun. In the background lay the city of Los Angeles and beyond were valleys and mountains—the farthest peaks white with snow—all forming a panoramic view of enchanting beauty.

The world with its crowded Broadways, its triumphs and applause, its mad rush and useless hurry, all seemed far removed from this peaceful spot.

"That is one reason why I love it," remarked Miss Williams, when I spoke of this. "I feel so close to life's activities yet detached from its annoyances.

"Hidden in that clump of shrubs and trees," she continued, pointing down the sharply sloping lawn, "are fifty quail which we protect from the hunter's gun. That is indicative of seclusion, isn't it? We have built them a spacious bathing pool, and they believe they are miles from any dangers. I find it hard to finish dressing in the mornings while I watch them proudly strut about their domain."

It is in this serene quiet, a few blocks from the Lasky studio, that Miss Williams studies the film rôles that have made her known to all the motion picture public as a genuine artist. She possesses a rare capacity for identifying herself with her characters, while her work is always finely tempered, subtle and well balanced.

She has recently returned from a seven weeks' stay in New York, where she played a leading part in a Selznick production, "A Man's House."

"New environment always acts as a spur to me and I thoroly enjoyed the change," Miss

(*Continued on page 99*)

"However, I will not play a really vicious part. I do not want that wave of thought turned against me that necessarily follows the portrayal of a character in which there is no saving grace. And, most of all, I do not want my son to see me in such rôles." Thus spoke Kathlyn Williams

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

Presenting - - -

Gareth Hughes, who has brought J. M. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy to the screen in all the charming wonderment and whimsy with which the Scot endowed him in the written word

Marion Fairfax, Inc.

Marion Fairfax has a strong mentality and superb concentration. Therefore, she has retained all her womanly charm, and while she carries responsibilities which would test the ability of most men, she is whimsical in her sense of humor, with a winning cordiality and a gay little laugh

WELL might Marion Fairfax echo the famous declaration of Sarah Bernhardt, "Work is my life," for this also seems to be the keynote of the brilliant dramatist who after scoring a half dozen signal successes with her plays on the New York stage has brought her talents to motion pictures with the result that she is now at the head of her own producing company.

Thus, in one brief paragraph, one may span the efforts of many years, but the Marion Fairfax Productions is not a sudden whim nor a plan made over night, it is the inevitable rounding out of a career unique even in the fascinating annals of American dramatic life.

With her marvelously strong mentality and superb concentration, Miss Fairfax has retained all her womanly charm, and, tho carrying responsibilities that would test the ability of most men, she is always a delicious bit of femininity with her whimsical sense of humor, winning cordiality and gay little laugh.

Marion's eyes are very brown and—very eager. In fact, it is her vibrating eagerness that first impresses you, she is so tremendously alive, so thrilling with the joy of it all, that she raises everyone who comes near her, to her own height.

When I told her that various members of her company had said that she was keeping their enthusiasm at high pitch, she laughed, happily, saying:

"A successful picture is the combination of good team work. The public deserves the best and the best comes only when all pull together in harmony—you cant do good work when discontented or indifferent."

At the noon hour, Miss Fairfax laid aside her diminutive megaphone and dark glasses, and we drove to a quiet tea-room on Hollywood Boulevard, where we lunched and interviewed, both according to schedule.

"I live by the hands of the clock," she explained. "I love it, yet there are times when I envy the woman who has time for two marcel waves a week, this being my present idea of leisure.

"My new venture? My theories? The new home? Dear me," and again Miss Fairfax laughed as she checked off my questions, "these are weighty questions to be disposed of in so short a time.

"Well, the new venture is new only in the mode of expression, for you remember that I directed several of my own plays for the

"I live by the hands of the clock," Marion Fairfax explained. "I love it, yet there are times when I envy the woman who has time for two marcel waves a week, this being my present idea of leisure." Below, Miss Fairfax is shown on "location"

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

New York stage. While motion pictures have the awkwardness of youth they hold the charm of future greatness. At first they were purely mechanical but they are slowly growing in power and dominating the mechanics. Years ago the stage realized that 'the play's the thing,' but motion pictures have just awakened to this idea. No amount of mechanical perfection, good photography, faultless acting and elaborate sets will take the place of an absorbing story, and this is, I believe, the next step in their development — bringing literary effort to motion picture production. The author's place in the presentation of a film is just as important to the screen story as to the drama on the stage.

"Every life," said Miss Fairfax, "is interesting and holds a story. No matter how cloistered or uneventful it may appear, thru the power of imagination it can be clothed with raiment that brings out its lights and shadows, while the undercurrents develop into smashing drama." Above, Miss Fairfax is shown with her husband, Tully Marshall

"In my first release, an original story, 'The Lying Truth,' I am trying to push the drama presentation a step farther than ever before, always, of course, keeping in mind the camera demand, for we must remember that the audience sees only what is on the screen. I rehearse the scenes with as much care and sincerity as I would for a Broadway opening of a stage play.

"Naturally, I lean to comedy-drama, there is so much fun all about us, no matter how deeply flow the emotions. Take a rattling good story with a punch, mingle a few tears and a heart throb with the laughs, inject a generous amount of charm and distinction—intangible but very necessary qualities—and you have a picture that is bound to win.

"Every life is interesting and holds a story. No matter how cloistered or uneventful it may appear, thru the power of imagination it can be clothed with raiment that brings out its lights and shadows, while the undercurrents develop into smashing drama.

"Life never ends, it merely flows. Therefore, it is unethical to have unhappy endings to a play unless it is wholly consistent with the story's development. Humanity yearns for reward and happiness rather than punishment and tears as the climax of effort.

"Of course, there must be lights and shadows in every drama, just as they mingle in life itself. If we lived in a continual blaze

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Editor's Page

We Need Film Competition

We dislike to note a tendency in certain quarters to ban foreign-made motion pictures, and German productions in particular. We know of nothing more un-American or injurious to the advancement of the photoplay.

The truth of the matter may be condensed in one sentence: The few German-made film dramas offered in this country thus far have been of unusual excellence. "Passion," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Deception" were notable celluloid offerings. Frankly, we suspect that certain motion picture men would gladly eliminate such keen competition.

Let us not forget that art is international, beyond racial and national limitations. Let us also not forget it is only by competition that real advancement comes in any field of activity. We welcome these oncoming German screen dramas, just as we stand ready to welcome any of photo-dramatic excellence hailing from France, England, Italy or any other land.

Let us study the products of Europe, and profit thereby. Above all, let us not be provincial. Let us keep an open door to the photo-drama of any land.

The Revival Idea Starts

Recently S. L. Rothapfel, that master film showman, who now directs the destinies of the New York Capitol Theater, startled Broadway by playing "The Birth of a Nation."

More power to these film revivals!

What could be more interesting than to see the Griffith epic with Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Donald Crisp, Ralph Lewis, Raoul Walsh and a score of other present-day notables, all in one cast, just as the drama was first produced.

Let us hope that Mr. Rothapfel revives other celluloid classics, and that fellow-exhibitors thruout the land take up the idea. Why should notable screen dramas lay shelved just because they were produced last year or the year before? The better speaking dramas enjoy frequent revivals. Yet how much more satisfactory is a film revival, with the original cast intact, the old thrills and the old beloved moments.

Thanks to Mr. Rothapfel, the seed of the revival idea is planted.

Notorious People Not Welcome as Stars

There was a time when anyone who had figured in a sensational divorce case or something of a similar nature, thereby becoming the first page scare-head feature of the press day after day, might feel more or less assured of a motion picture contract, a contract for one production at any rate. And nine chances out of ten, this production would deal with a story written along lines parallel to the incidents which caused curiosity concerning this newly-made star.

Such a state of affairs did not place the cinema upon a higher plane. Undoubtedly, it did much to invoke the wrath of public opinion and indirectly provide a reason for censorship—and, finally, it did not give any great art to the silversheet.

But it is to be hoped that this day is over. Several people who have been the subject for news photographers and "sob" writing, recently, have not been invited to bring their scandal to the shadows, to sign on the dotted line and accept a small fortune for their untalented performance in a lurid and unsavory tale. This is cause for rejoicing.

As a matter of fact, Clara Smith Hamon desired to make a celluloid record of her "past" career in Oklahoma, and the villain of the plot was to be characterized as the slain Jake L. Hamon. No encouragement was given her plans. The studios in Los Angeles, where she wished to work, refused studio space, altho this was during the recent depression and there was plenty of space available. Rene Guissart, an expert cameraman, refused his services even in return for many dollars, and other obstacles, too numerous to mention, were put in her path.

With the members of the screen taking a concerted stand on such questions, it is not difficult to believe that past performances of such a nature are regretted.

It now remains for the public to put the ban on any production which is released with an untalented but notorious star in an unpleasant tale.

By
JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

"he was a thief," and lets it go at that. Your motives must always be adequate. That is what most amateurs forget. A man sees a pretty face in a window—a rose drops at his feet—and forthwith he goes thru fire and water for the lady, altho he never really speaks more than two words to her until the final close-up. This might happen; but you would first have to explain the ardent nature of one who would act so rashly without even inquiring as to whether the lady was married or whether her hair was her own. Douglas Fairbanks' modern musketeer, for example, did things of this sort, but that was justified by the fact that he was born during a Kansas cyclone, which exercised a singular pre-natal influence over his character.

In the same way, many stories depend for their motivation upon the elemental passions of hate and revenge. Both hate and revenge are pretty well out of date today; one seldom finds people who carry a grudge thru a period of years, or who put themselves to any great personal trouble to secure a revenge—they are all too busy with other matters. It *might* happen, tho, provided the reasons are strong enough. But to show a man insulting a beggar in the street, and then to show the beggar following him thru thousands of feet of film, in order to stab him in the back, is ridiculous.

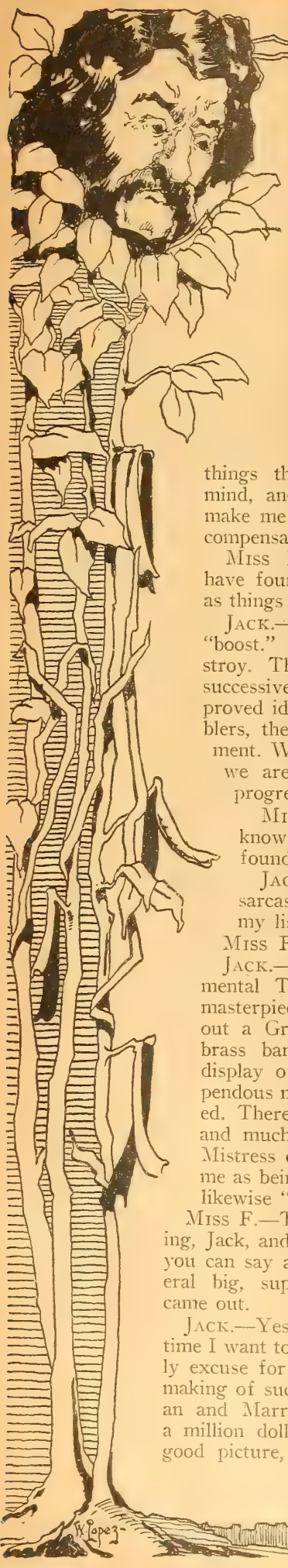
This phrase, "it might happen," is very much overworked by scenario writers, anyway. One may take a certain license with the logic of a plot; but this license more frequently becomes a liberty which ruins the story. Try to convince yourself that you would act the same way under the same conditions that your plot people labor under, and you will come nearer to hitting it right. And if you are going to introduce some unlikely element—such as the prenatal influence caused by the cyclone—be sure you show the actual causes in a well-planted episode, that is, by showing the cyclone itself at the time the modern musketeer is born, as was done in the Fairbanks story.

Chance and coincidence are not very good substitutes for motives in a plot. Writers are prone to find an easy way out of a difficulty

(*Continued on page* 111)

All photographs by Puffer, N. Y.

Above, John Emerson and Anita Loos (Mrs. Emerson, really, you know) examine some new subtitles; and left, they are seen studying the plans of some "sets" to be erected. The technical director of the studios is seen consulting with them



Dialog Imaginary

Jack the Giant Killer and Miss Motion Picture Fan

MISS FILMFAN—Good morning, Jack. If not too indiscreet, might I inquire if you have anything special on your intellect requiring release?

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.—You are very kind to inquire. Yes, there are a few things that disturb my peace of mind, and also a few things that make me think of the wise law of compensation.

MISS F.—You mean that you have found things to boost as well as things to knock?

JACK.—Dont say "knock" and "boost." I want to build, not destroy. The world advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideas. Were there no grumblers, there would be no improvement. When we point out defects, we are preparing the way for progress.

MISS F.—I am curious to know what you have at last found to admire!

JACK.—I will overlook your sarcasm if you will look over my list——

MISS F.—With pleasure—shoot!

JACK.—Well, first of all, "Sentimental Tommy." Here is a real masterpiece. Without a star, without a Griffith, without a publicity brass band, without any reckless display of gorgeous sets and stupendous mobs, it came and conquered. There is little ill to be said of it and much that is superfine. "The Mistress of Shenstone" also struck me as being excellent and beautiful, likewise "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

MISS F.—This is deliciously refreshing, Jack, and I am curious to know if you can say anything nice for the several big, super-pictures that recently came out.

JACK.—Yes, I can, but at the same time I want to say that there is no earthly excuse for spending fortunes in the making of such pictures. "Man, Woman and Marriage," costing about half a million dollars, is far from being a good picture, and I can name half a dozen seventy-five thousand dollar pictures that are twice as good. "Forbidden Fruit" was much better, but if it cost four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, as stated, it cost about three hundred thousand dollars more than it should have cost and than it is worth. I am told that one set alone cost fifty thousand dollars, and was made "to give the production class"; yet we see that set on the screen for only a brief moment. "The Four Horsemen" is different. Here is really a super-production, and there is no evidence of reckless extravagance. It is not without faults and not beyond criticism, but it is a great and worth-while production.

MISS F.—Pray tell me what difference does it make to you and me whether a picture costs a million or a thousand? What business is it of ours?

JACK.—Aye, there's the rub! Somebody must pay. Who? Why, the exhibitor, and finally the public. Furthermore, the whole picture business has been in a chaotic condition, and everybody claims to be losing money. They tried to abolish the "star system" to save money, and they have inflicted us with many super-bad productions to make up their losses. Again, driven to extremities, they have been putting out a great many sex pictures of a highly immoral nature, which is bringing down the wrath of the reformers and censors upon their heads.

MISS F.—Then you blame the producers themselves for the threatened official censorship?

JACK.—Certainly! It is their own fault! I knew that the much-dreaded official censorship would come. Too bad, but it is in the air. It will take a long time to restore confidence. The picture producers have been too greedy and short-sighted. Now, we shall *all* suffer for it.

MISS F.—You are called Jack the Giant Killer. Now, if you could only kill these censorship bills——

JACK.—Too late! Let them come. They may do some good. Certainly *something* had to be done, and since the producers themselves would not stop putting out rotten films, let them taste the bitter draught that they have caused to be concocted. It wont last long, because it is fundamentally wrong.

MISS F.—Isn't it true that the good producers suffer equally with the bad producers?

JACK.—Yes, but that cant be helped. The good producers should long ago have gotten together to protect their interests.

MISS F.—Do you make it a point to see all the pictures that are shown at the big theaters on Broadway?

JACK.—I used to, but never again. Merely because a picture is shown at the Capitol, or Strand, or Rialto,

(*Continued on page* 90)

Would-Be and Will-Be Stars

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for August presents four Honor Roll winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest. Please note that one of them is a MAN. Perhaps, after a while, men will stop writing to ask if their sex is eligible to enter the contest.

The Honor Roll is as follows:

Alexander Gray, Woodward, Oklahoma, has already won honors in another contest. And here are further laurels for this young chap's head. But take a good look at his picture. He is well worth it. He has four years of amateur stage experience to his credit. He is a brunette, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and is five feet ten and one-half inches in height.

Photograph by Alben

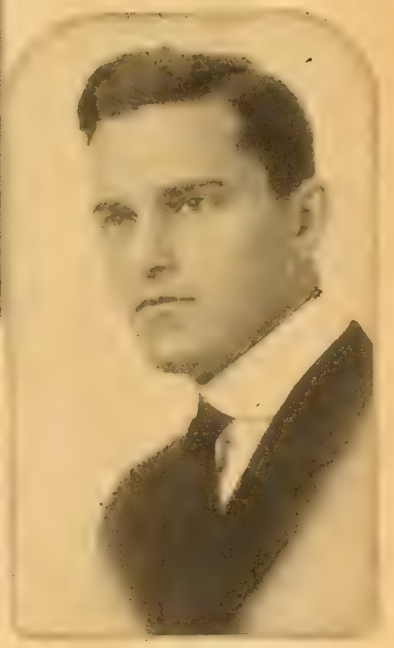
Above, Doris French of Lynbrook, L. I., New York; center, Claudine Fitzpatrick of Verona, N. J.; and at the bottom of the page, Kathleen Devine of Troy, New York

Kathleen Devine, 254 Ninth Street, Troy, N. Y., is a regular Irish type. She has black hair and blue eyes and the clear red and white skin that goes with it. There just aren't any prettier little "colleens" than this one, in the glory of her nineteen years.

Doris French, 12 North Broadway, Lynbrook, L. I., New York, is just twenty-two years old. Her birthday is the same as George Washington's, and we hope her ultimate fame, as a daughter of the screen will rival his, as the "father of his country." Anyway, it's a pretty picture, isn't it?

Claudine Fitzpatrick, 94 Claremont Avenue, Verona, N. J., is very young and very blonde. She has twice been an Honor Roll winner in the Fame and Fortune Contest. Her picture breathes youth and purity and innocence, a very lovely type.

Photograph by Davies



Photograph by Morrison

Above, Alexander Gray of Woodward, Oklahoma

The most important announcement for this month is the close of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest.

It closes at midnight on September first. That is, any picture postmarked September first, before midnight, will be accepted in the 1921 Contest. Any photograph postmarked later than September first, midnight, will not be accepted in the 1921 Contest. This must be understood.

The Honor Rolls, however, will continue to be published in the three magazines up to the December issues, when the final winner

(Continued on page 98)

Are We Immoral?

By
SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

Being the second of a series of articles on the morality of the screen

IT has been said that the real immorality of the screen lay in the sugary type of photoplay, with its specious philosophy of life, its gilded untruth, its false values, etc. And it has been said further that the real menace of immorality was not in the phase of things called salacious.

Now, this inspired confounding of right and wrong is practically unassailable, because it does contain a modicum of truth; but this is for the cogitation of the esoteric, and that it should be mistaken for the whole cloth is truly lamentable. Such ethical abstractions, such metaphysical morality, such lofty and intangible precepts are entirely without the realm of people who inhabit the earth. Immorality means to most of us, who have our feet on the ground and our heads approximately six feet away, breaking the Ten Commandments.

Practically the whole ten are broken nightly on the screen, with apparent impunity. Thievery is made attractive by a pretty young star. Adultery is rendered inoffensive in the same manner. Murder is forgiven and condoned. Parents are betrayed and ignored. Vice is shown in all its irresistible glitter. Goodness is made drab and dull. Sin, in the person of a beautiful half-nude woman, has ten times the drawing power of morality in a shirtwaist and skirt. But they dont show many good ones.

The real, tangible, comprehensible and present immorality of the screen lies in the needless stressing of primordial lust, the calculated subversion of the moral sense, the persistent portrayal of life in the raw, the grim, terrific realism of loathsome habits and habitations, and the ubiquitous sex appeal.

It is scarcely necessary now, to say that there is nothing intrinsically immoral about the sex impulse. It exists. It must be recognized and accepted, but it need not be stirred up and aggravated out of all proportion to its relative importance. Does a mother stuff her child with candy, because it has a natural craving for sweets? Certainly not. Does a father, with the welfare of his son at heart, urge him to drink, tempt him in every way in his power to form the habit of alcoholism? Certainly not. Does the moving picture industry, with the upbuilding of a nation in its power, pander to the lowest nature of humankind; does it try to make the sex instinct the despot of a man's mind; does it make *libido* reality? Let us see.

Individual producers, lacking the requisite daring to make their pictures actually indecent, often inject enough suggestiveness into their titles to draw a crowd. A staggering preponderance of moving picture titles are suggestive. I quote several of the more flagrant offenses, to say nothing of those that are coarse and banal:

Passion Fruit, His Naughty Night, A Pajama Marriage, The Married Virgin, Dont Blame the Stork, Up in Betty's Bedroom, What Women Will Do, Why Change Your Wife, Male and Female, Sex, His Temporary Wife, The Invisible Divorce, White and Unmarried, What's Your Reputation Worth? Free Hands and Love, The Truant Husband, Nobody's Wife, The Love Slave, His Pajama Girl, and so on, *ad nauseum.*

No individual, no enterprise, no nation, ever came into its ultimate greatness without ideals. If you deliberately set about destroying a people's ideals, you will also destroy every element for good that there is in them. If the screen persists in showing life's sordid side, its degeneracy, its pollution, its ugliness, its iniquity, it apathetic grey despair, why then, it will succeed in inculcating in an extraordinarily receptive people the devastating pessimism of German philosophy, which has just now reaped its own bitter reward; the *laissez-faire* policy of pre-revolutionary France, which likewise reaped its own reward, and the deplorable cosmic indifference of this century, which in time must inevitably reap its. It will have created, like Frankenstein, the monster which will destroy it. In truth, this danger is imminent.

The eternal seekers after distraction are already tired of the spectacle of a woman dressed—save the mark!—with a wisp of silk tied around her breasts, a mildly exaggerated breech-clout and a pair of high-heeled slippers. It has long since ceased to titillate a sense surfeited with too many such. We are no longer shocked by it—merely bored. Vice itself has grown dull. People are sick of indecency, and with true human perversity have begun to anathematize what they once acclaimed. The pendulum IS on the way back.

I am forced to admit that it has generally required a higher degree of skill to attract and hold an audience, without the sex allure. But it can be done. Has anyone ever seen Mary Pickford half-undressed on the screen? Has anyone ever found her guilty of a single immodest gesture, costume, or act? No. And yet, strangely enough, Mary is the most popular actress in the movies.

Weed out the hundreds of actresses whose only appeal is a pretty face and visible body. Let genuine ability and histrionic verity determine their stay. Some of them can act. Let the unnecessary bulk of dim, synthetic stars take subordinate parts—or quit. Give those who can act material worthy of their talents. With the flood of distinguished authors now turning their attention to the cinema, this should not be difficult. Besides that, there is the vast realm of dead authors, scarcely touched. And I cannot forbear remarking, that where they have been touched, it usually meant desecration. Why anyone should have the un-

(*Continued on page 97*)

Hands and Harmony

"Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell . . ."

By
CORLISS PALMER

IT is impossible to write about the hands without quoting, now and then, some favorite poet, for the human hand is beloved of poets—of artists and sculptors, too, the world over.

This is because hands are expressive of character and personality. They harmonize with their owner's individuality. Lips may lie and eyes may deceive, but hands tell a straight, honest tale.

There is something about the hand that catches the fancy. It is so vital a part of the human body, so nearly a part of the mind.

Slender fingers, tapering at the tips, bespeak the possession of a highly developed esthetic sense and an appreciation of the artistic and the musical. However, they may not be so shapely and yet express many admirable qualities, such as good nature, determination, will power, gentleness, business acumen.

And no matter what shape nature has given to one's hands, if they are not well kept, they declare their possessor lacking in the culminating qualifications of a lady or a gentleman.

One reason why the care of the hands is so important is, the handclasp is first and frequently the only physical contact two human beings have with one another. If the contact is unpleasant, there is a strong probability that you will never be friends. The shock of encountering a rough, hard surface causes a feeling of repulsion for the owner of the offending hand. But if, on the contrary, the hand in one's clasp is smooth to the touch, and firm, there is an immediate feeling of approval, as expressed by John Lyly in Apollo's song:

"Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt."

Immaculate white hands with well-groomed nails are the surest sign of fastidiousness in the modern world. In some countries today the ladies paint their finger-nails with henna. It is considered as necessary to their appearance as their clothing. Unlike these people and the aristocracy of China where the noblest mandarin wears the longest nails, we have a horror of being conspicuous in any way, and the best taste is shown in wearing the nails not so long and pointed but of medium length and following the curve of the finger, or if the finger is too blunt the nail may be curved slightly, giving the finger the appearance of curving.

Neglect andagequickly make their imprint on the hands. After washing the hands with a pure soap rinse them thoroly, first in warm water, then in cold. Never use hot water on the hands as it makes them red and puffy. Dry them well with a soft towel, rub-

(*Continued on page* 100)

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

CORLISS PALMER
A new camera study

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review

"Passion," the story of Louis XV, is supposed to have been produced to show the frightful conditions which existed at the French court. "Deception" is said to have been chosen, dealing as it does with Henry VIII and the establishment of the Church of England to prove that the court of England, too, was filled with treachery and the ways of the wicked. There are some who even go so far as to say that presently another film will come from the German studios extolling Bismarck, thus proving that Germany, after all, is the finest country.

THE last month or two has heard a great hullabaloo over the German films which are being shown in this country. In the majority of cities where they were shown, they excited argumentative talk only, but in Los Angeles public demonstration made it unwise to show "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in the theater where it had been scheduled for exhibition. All manner of wild tales are circulated about these films. It has been said that they were German propaganda. Perhaps they are. If we know them to be such, they can do little harm. We may take their art and let their propaganda go.

Top, Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel in the William de Mille production, "The Lost Romance"; center, Colleen Moore in a scene from "The Sky Pilot"; and right, Henny Porten as Anne Boleyn in "Deception"

We think these theories pathetic. At any rate, incidents chosen here and there in history prove nothing. And the French court of another century and the English court of a generation long given to history prove nothing. They have nothing to do with the French Republic of today and the English Government of today, And the German people are far too clever to think that they have, or to think that the American public will be hoodwinked into thinking that they have.

Others say that German products should be taboo. There can be no argument there. It is simply a matter of opinion as to whether or not they should, and it is again simply a matter of opinion as to whether or not the silversheet is to be considered an art or a com-

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

mercial product such as toys, dye-stuffs, etc.

But one fact remains: the Germans have given us productions which are artistic. The German producer has not been afraid of facts—he has not gilded everything until there is a deadly monotony to all things.

And it is the inferior American producer who fears this excellence, who is probably indirectly responsible for the present hullabaloo. The better producers—and they are in the great majority—have welcomed the imported film, accepted it, and studied it. They have simply asked that imported films be admitted to this country on the same basis upon which American films are admitted into the country from which they come. Surely this is fair.

Then, too, it is possible, if these imported films have been produced with the sole purpose of opening a film trade where they feared such a trade would be tabooed, that the very resources of the country and the official coffers themselves have been called upon. With this the case, there is no reason why the productions should not be exceptionally fine.

First of all, this last month there was "Deception," the story of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. "Deception" is as vivid and artistic a picture of the English court as "Passion" was of the French court. Ernst Lubitsch is again responsible for the perfection of detail in direction, and Emil Janning is again cast in the monarchical rôle. Henny Porten plays Anne Boleyn with a conviction and quiet charm, but she has not the spontaneity of Pola Negri.

The story might have been taken from an English history, and as it runs its course it proves that fact is often stranger than fiction. The coronation ceremony which unites Anne

(*Continued on page* 88)

Above, Pola Negri as Carmencita in "Gypsy Blood"; and left, Mary Pickford in "Thru the Back Door"

At the left, Marjorie Daw and Pat O'Malley in the Marshall Neilan production, "Bob Hampton of Placer"

G-r-r-r

Gladys Walton

DID you ever keep an appointment in a den of lions? I never wanted to, either. But when I went to Universal City to see Gladys Walton, whom you'll remember as the star of "Pink Tights" and "All Dolled Up," they told me, "you'll find her over in the lion's cage," and further added, "she is waiting for you, you can go right over." Needless to remark, I felt more like returning to the serenity of my hired taxi and saying, "Home, James."

When I reached the cage my qualms abated somewhat. I found that Miss Walton was merely being introduced in an informal way to the lions. At least, I'd call it that, altho I'm not exactly familiar with jungle etiquette. She was watching her cavorting extras from outside the cage, while

All photographs by Freulich

Said Gladys Walton, "I hadn't any intention of going in the films. I wasn't even interested. I was visiting my uncle when he suggested that I work in the movies for a day—just for the experience—so I could tell the folks back home about it. You know the result"

they roared their displeasure at being made to show off under the gentle, if convincing, lash of "Curly" Stecker, cotillion-leader of the wild animal parties at U City.

I was glad Miss Walton wasn't yet understudying a lion-tamer's daughter or anything like that, and in view of the tiny figure she made, expressed the hope that she wouldn't ever have to. "Well, I dont kn-now," she replied with a brave little tremulo. "They want me to go in the cage in this picture, but I'm not just sure that the lions would like me. Of course, Mr. Stecker would be there. But then——"

The snarls of the jungle kings were, to my mind, sufficiently positive to obviate further argument on her part. Particularly, as one beast disengaged himself in an irate manner from the motley crowd, and approaching our side of the enclosure, let out a disapproving "G-r-r-r-r," and then a "Groo-oo-oof," which seemed rather more emphatic.

"They have a nice tame lion, tho, which they say I can pet," Miss Walton continued. "They think I can even lead him on a chain thru the streets in a circus parade, which they are planning for exploitation. But I think I would like one of the cubs better," she reflected, glancing around at the cage of lionlets nearby.

By
EDWIN SCHALLERT

Photograph by Freulich

"Occasionally I'm told that I'm a good little actress, even if I am a 'kid' and a 'baby,'" said Gladys Walton. "And while I dont know anything about acting, I hope some day they'll say I'm good without mentioning 'the kid' or 'the baby' part," she concluded with a wistful little look in her eyes and a vague smile around her mouth

I noted, as she turned, what a cameo of childlike beauty she was. Brown eyes, hair half-wavy, half-curly, that hung about her ears, and strayed a trifle beyond at times to her cheek. She was an old-fashioned child and yet she was a charming woman-like girl, in her tailored blue suit, her smart little black hat, and her brogues.

You failed and you recovered, and you recovered and failed, in your estimate of her personality, because there was seemingly so much hidden away, beneath the girlish external. Somebody dismissed her to me once with—"Oh, yes, she's a cute little flapper"—but that somebody only saw her on the screen in some picture like "Risky Business." No one could talk to her long, without placing her on a pedestal of more significance.

The grumbling of the lions spoiled my meditation, and brought us back to the subject in hand, or rather in the cage. Miss Walton told me, as I had already surmised, that this was the first time she'd had anything to do with wild animals—that her picture was called "The Man Tamer," but that it included several other kinds of taming besides, and that when it came to lions it didn't make much difference whether they were man lions or lady lions, they all growled about alike.

"My only other circus picture was 'Pink Tights,'" she said. "The nearest I could come to lion taming in that was in the minister's house, reading about Daniel."

"But I understand you played in the Lyons and Moran pictures," I remarked flippantly, and then bit my tongue for the cheap pun, which she apparently hadn't noticed.

"Yes, that is how I started with Universal. Before that I was in the Fox comedies.

"When I came down from Portland"—means Oregon in the West—"I hadn't any intention of going in the films. I wasn't even interested. I was visiting my uncle, and I had just about finished my stay, when he said to me, 'Gladys, why dont you go out and work a day in the movies? You'd enjoy the experience, and then when you go back North you'll be able to tell the girls at school all about it.'

"I didn't feel very excited, but after he had talked to me several times, I thought, well, I might as well try it just for fun. I did not imagine it would matter much, even if they didn't give me anything to do. And I really did not expect that I'd get a chance, because I had heard about how hard it was to start in pictures."

And now comes the part of the story that is like a fairy tale. You'd hardly believe such a thing could happen unless you'd met this wonder child. And veritably, in view of her sudden success, without special previous training, she *is* a wonder child. A lustrous, fetching, subtly magnetic little per-

(*Continued on page* 106)

California Chatter

Douglas Fairbanks and Fred Niblo confer as to locations, costumes and other more or less important details of the production of "The Three Musketeers." Mr. Niblo is directing this production

A GENTLEMAN called on me the other day, and I promptly lost my heart to him.

No scandal! It was little Ben Alexander, and he was properly chaperoned by his charming young mother. Perhaps you will remember Ben best as the "littlest" brother in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Ben is now eight years old. He is unspoiled and has the most charming manners. Of late he has been doing more stage work than pictures, having played Penrod in most of the Coast cities.

Of course, you heard that the Robertson-Cole studio closed down the other day—which probably was the reason for Pauline Frederick's departing for a trip to New York. I understand that Polly's $7,000-a-week salary continues, so——

And now the news comes out that Gladys Walton, the Universal find, who has made good as a star, is married. The lucky man is Frank Riddell, and he is the son of a Los Angeles capitalist.

Every actress and some actors seem to have a hankering to play Peter Pan. In fact, I am becoming so used to the phrase, "and you know *I* am to play Peter Pan," that it goes in one ear and out the other. However, at the present inning, it does look as if Betty Compson would be awarded the plum.

The birth of new stars goes on, despite many prophecies that the star system was doomed. All an actor has to do is make a popular hit in *one* picture and, presto, some company grabs him as a star. Said company takes into consideration not at all the fact that the actor had a good story to work with, a clever director and good scenes. The latest star is May McAvoy, who played Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy." Realart is sponsoring little Miss McAvoy. She has already finished her first feature picture. Chester Franklin directed, while the story was written and supervised by Hector Turnbull.

Above, Gloria Swanson visits with two little Indians while on location for her forthcoming picture; and right, Betty Compson is snapped at the Famous Players-Lasky studios shortly after her arrival from the East

Mildred Harris is building a house for herself and her mother on King's Road in Hollywood. It is colonial in design. Miss Harris will have as neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald. Mrs. MacDonald is the charming young actress who is known professionally as Doris May.

Dame Rumor whispers that Barbara Bedford and Irvin Willat are engaged to be married. I am

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Personally, we shouldn't think anyone would have to be shown how to kiss Helene Chadwick——

sorry that I am unable to say as to the truth or falsity of her gossip.

I saw Wheeler Oakman out at the Mayer studio the other day, all made up for the lead in Morosco's "Slippery McGee." He was wearing a red-bronze make-up and a dress-suit. One was as startling as the other, for he was strolling about the park in broad daylight. Saw also Anita Stewart's dressing-room bungalow. It is quite the most prominent object on the lot. And quite as lovely as it is photographed.

Going across to the Selig studio, which is right next door, I was introduced to "Snowy" Baker, the famous Australian athlete, who has made serials in Australia and contemplated making one here. He is one of the most daring men I have ever met and is absolutely fearless. Taming a lion or a wild horse is all in the day's pleasure to him.

Elinor Glyn was not content with merely being the author of Gloria Swanson's first starring picture, but donned the grease-paint and appeared in several scenes before the camera. She says she is determined to know the business from every angle—beg pardon, "art," from every angle.

George Loane Tucker, famous because of his direction of "The Miracle Man," has been seriously ill for several months. For a time hope for his recovery was almost given up, but his physician said yesterday that Mr. Tucker has greatly improved during the past month, and he expects a complete recovery within a few weeks.

Louise Glaum is vacationing in Mexico City. She chose Mexico because she felt she wanted to visit a country entirely different from her own. She felt that she would be refreshed by hearing a new language and seeing new people. She even expects to meet Villa. She has her maid and her cameraman with her. A cameraman should be more useful than a press agent on this sort of trip.

Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope are engaged! In fact, they hope to be married either in June or July. As is customary, they have purchased a lot in Hollywood and are planning to build.

Another happy film family who are moving into their new home is the Vidor family. King and Florence have completed a beautiful home on Selma Avenue, Hollywood. One unusual feature is a tiny Japanese tea garden.

(*Continued on page 99*)

The gentleman at the right is a director (note the puttees) and the gentleman at the left is Harold Lloyd, lest you fail to recognize him without his glasses; and left, Ann Forest shows her father about the studio and explains the "call board" where the names of the players needed by directors the next day are listed

Greenroom Jottings

Perhaps this last month has brought no better news than that which tells us that Richard Semler Barthelmess is to head his own company. Mr. Barthelmess has desired to do this for some time, and all those who have witnessed his artistic performances under the D. W. Griffith banner, especially in "Broken Blossoms" and "'Way Down East," have been equally anxious for this event. He signed a contract making his dream a fact, recently while confined to the hospital, threatened with mastoiditis. However, the good news effected a cure, for he is again about, getting things into shape for his first offering of Inspiration Pictures. The story is "Tol'able, David," from the book by Joseph Hergesheimer. It is a story of the West Virginia mountains, and offers Mr. Barthelmess a splendid rôle.

Larry Semon, the popular Vitagraph comedian, was injured not long ago while performing some feats for a forthcoming production. He lost control of his acrobatic feet, so they say, and injured himself seriously enough to make a stay in the hospital necessary. However, it is not expected that he will suffer any serious effects.

Bryant Washburn is again going to play in pictures like "Skinner's Dress Suit." Everybody remembers his work in this production. It gave him a great boost along the road to fame, and when you learn that he is to be directed by Harry Beaumont, who produced this production, you will hold high hopes for their efforts.

Mae Marsh (Mrs. Armes, really) has signed a long-term contract for her appearance on the stage. She is under the management of John D. Williams, and her first play is to be a comedy by Robert Deering, entitled "Brittie." It will open in New York in the early fall, after a time on the road. This is not Miss Marsh's first appearance on the stage, as she knew the land of footlights and curtain-calls before venturing into the movies. Nor does this announcement mean that she will leave the screen. Far from it, and, as a matter of fact, it is rumored in reliable sources that she is to return to the Griffith fold. We hope so—then, perhaps, there will be another performance as wistful and delicate in shading as the Little Sister of "The Birth of a Nation."

Naomi Childers, the screen's patrician figure, is to be seen in "Courage," a Sidney Franklin production. For the last few years Miss Childers has been with Goldwyn, but she will be seen under the banners of the various companies in the future.

It is not unlikely that Mrs. Stillman, who has been featured on the front page of every newspaper recently, due to her sensational divorce case, will be starred in motion pictures. Everyone knows the accusations made by her husband, for the details of the case have furnished food for yellow journalism for months. We wonder just what quality Mrs. Stillman will have for the silversheet. Undoubtedly, she has been unjustly accused and irreparably wronged, but that would not seem to make her a cinema celebrity.

Charles Ray, himself an artist, stops to admire a painting he has purchased, by Eugene V. Brewster, and discovers that the artist is the Brewster of the Brewster Publications

They do say that Pauline Frederick may remarry her ex-husband, Willard Mack. At any rate, when Polly was in New York, they were seen together, but whether there is to be another wedding-ring is difficult to say, since Miss Frederick herself will not confirm the story.

Gloria Hope is to wed Lloyd Hughes.

Anetha Getwell, one of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winners, has just completed her first independent production, entitled "On the Back Lot." Vincent Coleman plays opposite her and Charles Miller produced it.

Anna Q. Nilsson has finally made good her threat and sailed for Sweden. Miss Nilsson has wanted to visit her family for some time, but she declared that you had to pay your income tax up to the day of sailing, and by the time you did that there was no money left for transportation. However, she must have arranged it, for she is now on the other side and will travel thru England and France before returning.

The cast for the Famous Players-Lasky production of the successful stage play, "Peter Ibbetson," continues to boast of names popular on the silversheet. Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are to be starred and the remainder of the cast includes such well-known players as Elliott Dexter, Montague Love and George Fawcett.

"Justice," the John Galsworthy play in which John Barrymore was so very effective on the stage a few years ago, has been purchased for screen purposes by Selznick. There is much gossip as to who will play the rôle made popular by Mr. Barrymore, but it is not unlikely that William Faversham will be chosen for it eventually.

Justine Johnstone announced her plans for her future, cinematically speaking, the other day, when she sailed on the *Aquitannia*. It is her intention to star in and to produce her future pictures. First of all, they will be feministic in theme—and she will consult with Ellen Key, the distinguished feminist writer, and she also plans to request Gabriele D'Annunzio to write stories for her. Miss Johnstone believes that the modern woman has been misrepresented. She declares that the modern woman has been shown as a pattern of nobility or as a vampire—never is she a happy medium, lovable in her humanness. In her productions, she hopes to portray the modern woman as she is—intelligent and independent. The title of her first picture is "Fifth Avenue."

"The Shulamite," the play of Edward Knoblock, is to be done on the screen. Gloria Swanson is to head the cast and the latest word has it that Mahlon Hamilton is to appear with her.

Octavia Handworth, who has long held her individual place in the hearts of movie enthusiasts, is to be seen in an Elsie Ferguson production in the near future.

Opinions of Ideal Cast Differ

Contest Wherein All Players Share in Glory Wins Popularity Beyond Expectations

The last month has watched the votes for the Ideal Cast Contest flood into the Magazine offices. Undoubtedly, the idea of this contest, which is, really, when all is said and done, the only fair contest, wherein all players share in the glory, has met with great favor. Many letters have accompanied the coupons, commending us upon the idea, and everyone who has made a study of the screen, the players and directors, has long wished to express his opinion on this subject. There could be no better opportunity than this, in which the majority rules.

The prizes—generous to a degree—have stimulated a vast interest in the second part of the contest. As we explained before, the readers are invited to send in their guess as to which players will eventually comprise the ideal cast. You are invited to make out a ballot similar to the one printed at the bottom of this page, which reads: "I, the undersigned, desire to name those I think will win the Ideal Cast, as follows." You will then list the players and director in the order in which they appear on the voting ballot. All these ballots on which you guess as to the Ideal Cast must be mailed not later than August fifteenth.

The voting end of the contest will continue until November. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly the winning casts.

The day when the star only was well-cast, and the star not always cast in an appropriate rôle, so far as that goes, is past. The producer today gives the rôles in his production to those players who he feels typify these rôles—to the players who will create them most artistically. At any rate, the director of today realizes that he must have more than a capable star. He realizes that every player has some moment in the play, and that if he fails in that moment, the suspense is impaired. Therefore, the subject of an ideal cast is timely.

And, aside from the director recognizing the importance of well-cast players, the producer realizes the primary necessity of a capable director. A director must have a vast knowledge of life, every phase of life, and a knowledge of psychology as well.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules of the contest, which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these rôles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded.

VI. All ballots must be addressed:
IDEAL CAST CONTEST EDITOR,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the final Ideal Cast, are as follows:

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	100
Third Prize	75
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Cut out the ballot that follows. Fill it out and mail to the above address. We prefer that you use the printed ballot, but will accept a similar ballot of your own making.

The Ideal Cast, taking into consideration the votes which have arrived to date, is as follows:

	VOTES
Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	132
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	152
Villain—Lew Cody	94
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	114
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	106
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	32
Comedian (Male)—Charles Chaplin	101
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish	152
Child—Jackie Coogan	180
Director—Cecil B. de Mille	147

Leading Woman

Gloria Swanson	54
Mary Pickford	51
Katherine MacDonald	14
Dorothy Gish	14
Agnes Ayres	7
Ethel Clayton	6
Marjorie Daw	6
Bebe Daniels	5
Corinne Griffith	5
Anita Stewart	5

Vampire

Theda Bara	80
Louise Glaum	50
Pola Negri	20
Gloria Swanson	13
Nita Naldi	8
Mona Liza	7
Betty Blythe	6
Rosemary Theby	6
Marcia Manon	4
Estelle Taylor	4

Comedian (Male)

Harold Lloyd	72
Buster Keaton	31
Fatty Arbuckle	28
Douglas MacLean	12
Wallace Reid	12
Ben Turpin	11
Douglas Fairbanks	11
Larry Semon	9
Charles Ray	8
Walter Hiers	7

Director

D. W. Griffith	129
Marshall Neilan	19
George Fitzmaurice	14
Thomas H. Ince	8
Tom Forman	4
William B. de Mille	3
Allan Dwan	3

(Continued on page 113)

AUGUST MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman .....
Leading Man .....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man .....
Character Woman .....
Comedian (Male) .....
Comedian (Female) .....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

Greenroom Jottings

Charles Meredith has been cast in "Hail the Woman," the forthcoming Thomas H. Ince production. Others in the cast are Florence Vidor, Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, Theodore Roberts and Tully Marshall.

Louise Huff has decided that screen work can be combined with a domestic career, and she is at present playing with George Arliss at the Whitman Bennett studios in "Disraeli."

For a time it was thought Jackie Coogan would devote his talents to the vaudeville stage—follow in his daddy's footsteps, as it were. However, all is now changed. He will remain faithful to the screen and the next few weeks will tell just which contract he will sign. The Kid will be under his father's management and probably go in for the sort of rôle which gave him his *nom de plume*.

There are rumors and rumors—especially along the Rialto, where the folks of the land of make-believe congregate—and no rumor was more persistent than that which told of Mme. Nazimova and her return to the stage. However, they are false—all of them. Nazimova has returned to California, the land of motion pictures, where she will complete the cutting of her last Metro production, "Camille," and then venture forth on her own responsibility — venture forth, cinematically, that is.

Barbara Bedford is the latest member of the film colony to succumb to Cupid's dart. She is engaged to marry Irving Willat, the producer, but as yet no date has been set for the wedding.

The Rudyard Kipling story, "Without Benefit of Clergy," has been completed, and those who have seen it say that Mr. Kipling will be delighted with his shadowed brain-child when it is shown to him over there in England. James Young directed this film, while Randolph Lewis was responsible for its general supervision. Everyone is most enthusiastic over the result, and the highest praise is awarded little Virginia Faire, the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winner, who was entrusted with the leading feminine rôle of Ameera.

May McAvoy, who proved her charm and ability in the rôle of Grizel of "Sentimental Tommy," has been chosen to head the cast in the next J. M. Barrie story to be transferred to the shadows, namely, "The Little Minister." And Penrhyn Stanlaws, who has served his apprenticeship with the Famous Players, will direct.

Hobart Bosworth is the latest to add his name to the rapidly-growing list of independent producers. The former Ince star is now head of his own organization and busily at work on the first of his pictures, "The Sea Lion." Bessie Love and Emory Johnson will be seen in support of Mr. Bosworth.

D. W. Griffith has started rehearsals for his next offering. It is the tale of "The Two Orphans," and Lillian Gish is cast as the older sister, while Dorothy Gish will be seen as the little blind girl. This is the first time the Gish sisters have played together since "The Hearts of the World," and undoubtedly they will add to their laurels in these rôles. It is practically certain, too, that Charlie Mack, who was seen as the weakling brother in "Dream Street," will play the cripple, and Joseph Shildkraut, the well-known Continental actor, who is now achieving great success in the stage play, "Liliom," in New York, is also prominently cast. "The Two Orphans" has been done on the screen before, but Mr. Griffith's production will be awaited with interest and pleasure.

Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH—A CAMERA STUDY

Marie Prevost is the latest nautical beauty to place her bathing-suit in mothballs and go in for other things. She has signed a contract with the Universal Film Company, which calls for her appearance in comedy-dramas, in which the bathing-suit will have no place.

Anita Stewart has purchased a new home in Hollywood. It is of colonial construction, containing twenty rooms and it is surrounded by an acre of improved grounds, laid out in velvety lawns and sunken gardens, with many rare flowers and shrubs. Anita spends her winters in California and the warmer summer months in New York, and she feels that a home in both places is necessary.

Peggy Hyland was offered all sorts of things by the British producers if she would but remain on her native heath and make pictures, but Peggy was homesick for the California sunshine and their pleas were to no avail. She is now in Hollywood, and, while she is glad of the year she spent in England and the pictures she made over there, she declares that it is not likely she will leave California again.

"Rip Van Winkle," the tale dear to the heart of every American, is being brought to the silversheet. Thomas Jefferson, who made the lovable rôle of Rip famous for years behind the footlights, interprets this same rôle in the screen version, and he is supported by a splendid cast.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale during the middle of May. Mrs. Hale, as you may know, was Gretchen Hartman before her marriage, while Mr. Hale, now a proud daddy, essays villain rôles upon the screen.

What happens when you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal it frayed and raveling—like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Mary Nash—*who believes in adding to natural beauty the charm of perfect grooming—posed for this charming photographic study of her lovely hand because she is a Cutex enthusiast. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."*

See what cutting does to the cuticle

NO matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin.

Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. Just a dab with Cutex Cuticle Remover about the base of the nails, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simple wipes away.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails looking always lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c.

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept 808, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Northam Warren, Dept. 808,
114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

First, the ***Cuticle Remover.*** Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the ***Nail White.*** Cutex Nail White will remove stains and give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.

Finally the ***Polish.*** For a delightful, jewel-like shine use first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of the *Liquid Polish.*

Cutex Traveling Set, $1.50

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

When in doubt about addresses of players and companies, send your mail addressed to the person you want to reach, care of this office and we will forward it.

GLADYS.—Glad to hear from you. Mary Miles Minter at this writing expects to go to Europe with her sister and mother. They will visit France, England, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. Wish I was in Mary's boots. Kay Laurel in "Lonely Heart."

PEG.—Your poem on "Beautiful Snow" was excellent. If you have one on ice, I would like to see it. Margaret and Janet Beecher are not sisters. Margaret Beecher is a granddaughter of the famous preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. She is playing in "Sunshine Harbor."

FLAPPER.—Dont be absurd, and dont make me absurd. Such questions as "How many lumps of sugar do you take in your coffee, who irons your soft collars, do you drink beef tea, how do you keep from swallowing your whiskers when you eat soup, and how do you look in a full-dress suit?" are not conducive to the uplift of the community. Colleen Moore is playing opposite John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eater."

NUT.—That's some football team you selected for next fall. Fatty Arbuckle as left guard and Bull Montana as left tackle ought to strengthen the team considerably. I am sorry for you. The most we can do is to hope for the best till we know the worst, and to make the best of the worst when it comes. Fatty Arbuckle is playing in "The Traveling Salesman." Muriel Ostriche is still alive. She is playing in "The Shadow." Write me again.

B. E. E.—Yes, I write all my answers on a typewriter, and I dont use the H. M. C. (hunt, miss and cuss) system, either. I am modern and use the touch. Deucedly good stuff in your letter. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? Why, George Larkin is being starred in a series of two-reel Northwestern Police stories. He is just as athletic as ever, and is living in California with his charming wife.

NUT.—Are you the same nut as the one answered above? Seems to me there are a lot of 'em. Have no fear, I never will disclose my identity. I lost my name eleven years ago, and I have been known as the Answer Man ever since. Last time I measured my beard it was a yard and three-eighths. Of course, my picture up above slightly exaggerates it. You mean Ethel Terry in "The Penalty." When you feel in the mood, write me again.

ANITA MC.—I fear I cannot answer your question authoritatively, but I can give you the result of a canvass of twenty-eight leading American novelists who were asked to name the best six novels in the English language, which were as follows: *Vanity Fair, Tom Jones, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, Lorna Doone, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Tristram Shandy*. I think I would be inclined to name Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* in place of the last, and I would call *Les Miserables* the greatest of them all. However, let me know what you think. They do say that Lyons and Moran have had a quarrel and will not play together again. I hope it wasn't over a woman, as most quarrels are. Your letter was interesting.

TALL BEAUTY.—The shorter you are the better for the screen. I am afraid that player is only an extra. Her name does not appear on the cast. Well, Charlie Chaplin's famous shoes are insured against fire, theft, loss or damage, and have been worn by the comedian since his first appearance before the camera. They are size 14.

HAPPY DOROTHY.—I will expect you between June 20 and 30th. I have a little surprise for you! Your letter was wonderful.

DUSTY T.—You say, "Archimedes said, 'Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the world.' Why didn't he stand on his head; or better still, on his mountain of personal ego?" I think the gentleman was perfectly correct. He was very wise. He meant he could move the earth by means of a lever. Your letters are always so literary and scholarly. Write me soon again.

BE-TECHA.—You write so well that you could go into the business of writing patent medicine advertisements. All you have to do is, first, convince the reader that he has the disease and, second, that it is curable. So you want to be a teacher. You must have a lot of patience for that. Walter McGrail is playing opposite Anita Stewart in "The Price of Happiness." They are in California.

CLAIRE B. A.—Doubt if you will see Theda Bara in pictures right away. I am sure she will answer if you write to her. I will not discuss the Bible or argue about religion. The Bible is the greatest book we have, and it is sure to do everybody good who reads it. James Kirkwood in "The Great Impersonation."

HORTENSE.—Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches tall. You're welcome.

SIS HOPKINS.—Peaches Jackson at four, May Giraci at eight, and Lila Lee at eighteen in "The Prince Chap." Your letter was a smiling one, and since a smile is the whisper of the laugh, I smile out aloud.

STELLA A. D.—Why, the present copyright laws do not recognize scenario manuscripts and, as such, they are subject to copyright. However, completed films and titles may be copyrighted. You can file your manuscripts with the Secretary of State. A fee of $5.00 is charged, and a manuscript thus recorded is considered competent evidence in courts of that State. Earle Williams is in California and he is married to Miss Walz.

G. T. R.—Glad to hear you have been in pictures. Dont you feel like Wallace Reid now? Yes, Griffith was going to do "Faust," with Lillian Gish as Marguerite, but that has been postponed and he is doing "The Two Orphans," with the Gish sister. Write me again.

LOUISE S.—Write to our Circulation Department for back issues.

ERCELLE M.—Horrors, no! Lon Chaney didn't have his legs amputated. It's a trick. Ethel Clayton has no children. Buster Keaton is twenty-five. He has black hair and brown eyes.

ELSIE R.—"S. O. S." was selected as the wireless distress signal because of the ease with which this may

America's biggest maker of yarns tells how to wash knitted things

FOUR out of every five women who knit use The Fleisher Yarns. Beautiful in color, uniform in size, weight and finish, these yarns are used for every type of garment that can be knitted of wool.

Because knitted garments usually receive such hard and constant wear, they must be laundered frequently. Read this letter from the makers of The Fleisher Yarns. They tell you here the method of washing they have found to be safest and best.

Send today for ***"How to Launder Fine Fabrics"***

Fourteen leading manufacturers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses and frocks give their own tested recipes for washing fine fabrics in this comprehensive new laundering booklet. Expert and full washing directions for every kind of garment. Write for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-8, Cambridge, Mass.

How to keep knitted garments shapely and fluffy

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring.*

Colored Woolens. Have suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone won't cause to run.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature, that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out.

Sweaters will not retain their shape if put in a bag and hung to dry. Pull and pat them into shape being careful not to stretch them. Spread on an old towel to dry.

THE FLEISHER YARNS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Knitted garments can be washed as safely and as satisfactorily as cotton if the proper methods are used. The wrong methods will ruin them in the very first laundering.

We are suggesting to women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. A harsh soap would shrink woolens.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. This means that there is no possibility of bits of solid soap sticking to the soft wool and yellowing it.

Rubbing cake soap on wool, or rubbing wool to get the dirt out makes its scale-like fibres mat up and shrink. We recommend Lux particularly because its thick lather eliminates rubbing of any sort. The dirt dissolves in the suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunken.

Our wool is so pure and so well spun that it will remain soft and fluffy after repeated launderings, provided the washing is done in this safe way.

We are glad to say that we can trust yarns of the most delicate color and weight to Lux with the assurance that the result of the washing will be entirely satisfactory to our customers and to us.

Very truly yours,

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

The Answer Man

be picked up, even under adverse atmospheric conditions. The Lee children are going back in pictures soon.

A. L. C.—Poor child. You say you are all at sea. Some people say that Corliss Palmer is the most beautiful girl in America, others say Katherine MacDonald, and still others say Corinne Griffith. You will have to figure it out for yourself. You say it isn't your needs that keep you broke, but your wants. That's just it. Our wants are always greater than our needs.

Fluff.—Your letter was a corker and very interesting.

Anna M.—Never mind, Ann, the slower you climb the surer your footing. George Fitzmaurice will direct "Peter Ibbetson," with Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson. All the players you mention are in California.

Marie L. M.—That's right, Marie, being on the square helps make the world go 'round. Pauline Bush was married to Allan Dwan, but now they are not. Martha Mansfield and Eugene O'Brien will play in "The Last Door." Oh, yes, Vera Gordon has been on the screen in Universal's "Sorrows of Israel," before doing "Humoresque."

Patience.—You're right about Milton Sills.

G. T. R.—Always glad to get your letters. Write me again.

Ima Vamp.—I should say you are. William Farnum has been in pictures for eight years and he is thirty-six years old. That's what his charming secretary told me the other day. Agnes Ayres and Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks."

Cotty Cutie.—Garage is derived from the French verb *"garer,"* to put aside or apart under shelter. The correct pronunciation is not gar-ahje. Both a's should be pronounced alike. So you liked Madame Petrova much better than you did Theda Bara on the stage. Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Secret of the Hills."

Lila F.—Harold Lloyd played the rôle of "Lonesome Luke." Yes, Viola Dana, Ethel Clayton, and Mrs. Sidney Drew are widows. Your opinion coincides with mine precisely in regard to the killing of animals in the pictures. Even if it is only a snake, I do not like to see any living thing killed unless it is plainly a danger. You refer to Mahlon Hamilton in "Daddy Long Legs."

C. M. Bride.—Why, Douglas Fairbanks, Pauline Curley and Tully Marshall in "Bound in Morocco." Wanda Hawley and Harrison Ford in "Food for Scandal." Yes, Tully Marshall is married to Marion Fairfax. All right, I'll be waiting for you.

Psyche.—You ask "How much greater than 3/4ths is 4/4ths. I would not bother, but I happen to know the answer, which is 1/3rd (of 3/4ths). Justine Johnston was abroad this summer.

Doris.—You say you cant understand why Elsie Ferguson is never shown in Australia. Funny, isn't it? Why dont you speak to your manager about it? Rip Van Winkle is being filmed again, with Thomas Jefferson, jr., in the lead. You think I ought to play the part of Rip. I'd break the camera, sure.

Iad Oru.—Congratulations. So you think I am about forty-one, after reading the last issue. Before that you thought I was about twenty-four. That would mean that my education was improving. You just bet, this is the right time for buttermilk, and I have a quart of it every day. I find it rather pleasant in my hall-room these days, but would enjoy a little home in the country. Who wants me?

Wild Cat Billy.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess was troubled with mastoids, but he has fully recovered now. He is being starred with the Inspiration Pictures, released thru the same Associated First Nationals, as is Charlie Ray. Easter Walters in "The Tiger's Trail." Huntley Gordon in "The Dark Mirror." Marie Dunn in "A Double-Dyed Deceiver." Well, we all ought to strive for plain living and high thinking.

Eleanor.—He is a very ambitious sort, and ambition is merely the hope of success. Well, all I can say is that a man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one. Martha Mansfield played in that Barrymore picture. She is with Selznick now.

Miss Chess.—No, Fatty Arbuckle is not trying to reduce. His fat is his fortune. Dont make light of the fat man who is trying to reduce; he's only trying to mend his weighs. So you think Corinne Griffith should wear more clothes. Do you mean variety or quantity? Lila Lee is playing with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Gasoline Guss."

Fair and Cooler.—Some picture of you. Was it a tintype?

Iris.—Thanks for them kind woids. Raymond McKee is playing in "Kathleen Mavourneen." Why, I am delighted to be of service to you, come again, any time. Douglas MacLean is twenty-eight. Katherine MacDonald in "Her Social Value."

Trail.—Did you know that the ostrich is the biggest bird on earth and has the smallest brain?—so you can go by what you say. Hobart Henley and Gertrude Selby in "The Sign of the Poppy." Miriam Cooper and Monroe Salisbury in "The Silent Lie."

Cutie.—Yes, Houdini is married. He is working on "Terror Island." He has just published a book called "Miracle Mongers and Their Methods." William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married. William Desmond and his wife, Mary MacIvor, are playing in "Slippy McGee." You sure are fond of Harrison Ford.

Janet Rochester.—That was a pretty lengthy letter of yours. Charlie Chaplin was born in Fontainbleu, France, April 16, 1889. You must be another letter like this one.

Brooklyn Girl.—I fear I should be a poor judge as to the ten great events in the Old Testament for your proposed scenario, but I suggest the following, which are the same as those represented on the famous "Gates of Paradise" in Florence, Italy: The Creation of Adam, Noah's thank-offering after the Deluge, Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah, Esau's renunciation of his birthright, Joseph and his Brethren, Moses in the presence of the Lord at Sinai, Joshuoa before Jericho, David and Goliath, and the Queen of Sheba at Solomon's court. The last has been filmed with Betty Blythe. "The Deerslayer" has been done in pictures.

Marcella.—Thanks, but perhaps that question was written some time before it was published.

Pearl R. N.—Cant tell you who said, "The woman who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything," and "A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes, the hell of the soul and the purgatory of the purse." He must have been a disappointed lover frozen into a woman-hater. Yours was very interesting, and I should say you are a bit sentimental. Bill Hart at the Hart Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Write me again.

Merides.—You say that only a few can have their faces on coins, and that most people are contented to get their hands on them. George M. Cohan played in "Broadway Jones" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" on the screen. Yes, "Jane Eyre" is being done by Hugo Ballin.

Fluffle.—*Coup de grace.* I dont weigh 200 pounds, nor am I married. Max Linder is boomed as the "Man of a Million Laughs." He has been in pictures since 1903, and is now playing in "Seven Years' Bad Luck." Richard Travers in "The White Moll." Walter Lewis in "The Sparrow." Cullen Landis in "Pinto."

Helen B. D.—How is anyone going to make a fortune on $10.00 a week? I do not crave fame nor fortune and will never have either. Gloria Swanson in "The Sea Bridge." Yes, Madge Kennedy played a double rôle in "The Girl with the Jazz Heart."

Dr. F. L. N.—Hoquiam.—Howdy, Doc. I read every word of your long and very interesting letter. You call me "Uncle Grouch." I'm far from being a grouch. You say you think you will set in and take a hand, if it's a square game, and I deal from the top. I take it that this is the first time you have played with me or you would not suspect me of stacking the cards. You want to know why "the powers that be" want Mary Miles Minter to grow up. You also want to know who is to take her place after she does grow up. Search me, but the woods are full of candidates. You must write to me again.

Puellae.—You refer to Richard Barthelmess. Grace

(*Continued on page* 104)

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn star, whose beautiful hair has helped her to success

In your hair lies hidden charm

So says dainty Helene Chadwick

An interview by Dorothy Davis

"OUT of every hundred girls, there may be one or two who can qualify for moving pictures, and they are the ones who have learned that in a girl's hair lies her biggest asset."

Miss Helene Chadwick was talking on her favorite topic, for she is a firm believer that it is possible for even the plainest woman to have more than usual attractiveness.

As she arranged her own lovely, radiant hair, I could see that it had been one of the stepping-stones to her success.

"In every woman's hair," she went on, "there is extra charm, extra beauty, which can be brought out by a new, simple treatment—a hairdresser's discovery.

"This treatment is more than just shampooing. For while shampooing with the proper preparation does make hair clean and soft—it can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely."

The hairdresser's way

These simple directions will change your whole appearance:

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic, wipe your hair, one strand at a time, from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at all drug and department stores, barber, or hairdresser, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Liquid Shampoo *and* Hair Tonic

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC.,
Dept. MP 8,
Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's Address.....

The Beauty and Becomingness of Your Hair

depend largely on just three things—the result of the shampoo, the effect of the waving and the protection of the net.

WEST HAIR NETS
Three Brands
Beach and Motor 15c
Tourist, 3 for 50c
Gold Seal, 25c
Gray and White —Double Price

WEST

SOFTEX SHAMPOO
ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS
HUMAN HAIR NETS

Provide these three requisites to a pleasing and perfect coiffure.

10c Package

West Softex

The Shampoo Exquisite

A thorough cleanser and beautifier imparts a wonderful lustre and leaves the hair soft, fragrant and easy to manage.

Softex is prepared with just enough Henna to produce those shimmering tints so much admired. Softex is also prepared natural and is especially adapted for gray and white hair and for children's.

West Electric Hair Curlers

are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature's own.

Wave your hair in fifteen minutes by this simple little device, *without heat.*

Card of
2—10c
5—25c

West Hair Nets

The last touch to the coiffure which insures absolute confidence in the lasting effect of the careful hair dress.

Made by hand from the finest, strongest human hair, doubly sterilized. Free from knots.

All shades, including gray and white.

AT GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Write For Free Booklet
"Guide to Hair Dressing at Home"

West Electric Hair Curler Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Canadian Distributors:
H. B. Holloway & Co., Toronto, Canada

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Since the ending of a picture must be the natural, logical outcome of the events of the story, there must be a variety of endings, just as there is a variety of plots, as this reader aptly suggests:

DEAR EDITOR:—In the May issue of your magazine I have read a very interesting editorial, entitled "And They Lived Happily Ever After." It interested me very much.

I agree with the writer of the editorial that films should not always have a happy ending. One gets tired of always seeing the hero and heroine in the final and happy "close-up." It would be much better if the producers would make a few pictures with sad and dramatic endings.

The American public seems too young to appreciate the sad and dramatic ending. They are still children wishing to have everything happy. They impatiently sit and wait for the "big scene," where the hero kisses the heroine.

But these children must be taught that life is not always a rosy path—they must be shown that life is frequently thorny. They should be taught that all troubles do not end with a kiss, therefore the films should not always.

Motion pictures should be based on real life, not on fairy tales. Therefore I am sure that if the producers will make more pictures with sad endings the public will get used to them.

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY G. DESSAU,
569 Eleventh Ave., Astoria, L. I.

And here is another reader on "endings." Certainly it is an important subject and the opinion of the motion picture fan is the one that turns the scale:

DEAR EDITOR:—I beg to differ with the letter on "happy endings," written by Walter I. Moses, 920 University St., Dixon, Ill., in the May issue.

He tells us the conclusion of a picture is the part which is most likely to linger the longest in the minds of those who see it. If that were the case, what would be the use of going to pictures if one knows in advance that they are going to end with a kiss, a future vision of the hero and heroine sitting by the fireplace with children playing on the hearth, or the reliable moonlight "fade-out"? Many people leave before the close because they know how it will end.

In "'Way Down East," the triple wedding was a usual ending and an unimpressive scene. Speak of the picture to some one and the first scene to be mentioned is that of the ice-break. That was the most impressive but not the last scene.

"Passion" was one picture in which people could not foresee the end. Altho it disappointed many, the finale was one of the most impressive I've ever witnessed. I hope in the future we will see more European-made pictures.

I would like to say a word about Elliott Dexter. He is a dandy actor and capable of playing better rôles than the one he had in "The Witching Hour."

I also hope that Gloria Swanson will not listen to those who say she is only a puppet, because she can act, and her gowns and headdresses are distinctive and beautiful.

I should be pleased to hear from other readers interested in the movie world.

Thanking you for reading my letter and wishing every success to your most interesting magazine, I am,

Yours sincerely,
VIVIAN MARTIN,
1826 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

Tho some favorite stars have been shining in the screen heavens for many years, they do not dim in luster and their admirers are loath to consider the possibility of losing them.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the April issue of your most interesting magazine I found among the "Letters to the Editor" one from a movie fan of Norfolk, Va., who says "we foresee the gradual decline of our beloved stars, namely, Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young and Alice Joyce."

Not so you could notice it here in California, especially our lovely city, San Francisco! Recently some of the stars acted as the city's guests in a campaign to boost San Francisco, and, judging by the crowds who turned out to welcome them, one would say they must be popular, and there were many cheers for them, which means that they must be well liked here.

Miss Young, being the most prominent, was presented with the key to our city, and it was the lovely Clara who led the grand march with our beloved mayor. The ballroom was sparkling with other stars, some of whom were mentioned as failures. Pauline Frederick scored as Madame X in a play by that name, in which she was wonderful, and her splendid acting will not be forgotten very soon.

Now for a word about pretty Alice Joyce. It is for the lack of good story material that Alice is disappointing us. Take, for instance, "The Prey," a very, very poor story, but let us hope that we may soon see something better starring the beautiful Alice.

Here's wishing all the actors and actresses, who try so hard to please us, lots of success and happiness, God bless them!

Sincerely,
CALIFORNIA MOVIE FAN,
285 Clara St., San Francisco, Calif.

On the contrary, this reader thinks that the old lights have shone long enough and wishes them replaced by the new. For Nazimova's future, hope is entertained—on condition:

DEAR EDITOR:—I have just read the May issue of your magazine, in which a letter from Jule D. Stolz appears. I do not agree with her views concerning Norma and Constance Talmadge. I am *for* them. I'd give my last dime to see either of them, and I've done it, too. I dont see anything remarkable about Syl-

via Breamer. Corinne Griffith is beautiful, of course, but that is about all.

I must say, I cant see Mae Murray. She's such a fizzle, such a freak. Nor do I care for Gloria Swanson. She's just a bit too odd for me.

Where is the Nazimova of "Revelation" and "Out of the Fog"? And where is the director who knows how to handle her? I wish she would quit striving for those weird effects and "play the game."

Mary Pickford has had her day. Likewise Pauline Frederick, Clara K. Young and Alice Joyce.

I saw Wallace Reid in "The Charm School" last evening. It is always a little hard to believe in Wally's beauty, isn't it? He does look as tho it was the hand of the artist rather than his Heavenly Father who made him.

By the same token, one does not take much stock in the so-called "fashionable school" to which the young man falls heir. However, it was very amusing and very faithful to Alice Duer Miller's story.

It is to be hoped that Ina Claire will interrupt "The Gold Diggers" many times to make more moving pictures.

"Polly With a Past" was light stuff on the stage, and it is light stuff on the screen. But the very graceful, piquant, thoroly nice Miss Clare is excuse for both. Her unique charm is as much in evidence in the picture as it was in the play.

That generally misapplied word, "chic," belongs by rights to Ina Claire, whether she is wearing a maid's apron or stunning gowns that several reels permit her.

I am glad to see that Lillian Gish is "getting on." Her beautiful portrayal of Anna Moore, as delicate as the tracery of frost on the window pane, was unforgetable. What will Griffith's pictures be without her? I'm crazy about Dorothy, too, and never miss her pictures.

Went to see Wanda Hawley in "The Outside Woman" recently. The picture was advertised as containing just one laugh, starting at the beginning and continuing to the end. Maybe my sense of humor is deficient, but I must say I hardly smiled.

That is all, excepting that I think the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE grows better and more interesting each month.

Sincerely,
J. E. FINNIGAN,
Frazee, Minn.

After the foregoing letters we think we are entitled to publish this one, which is all praise!

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I am notifying you that I am one of the enthusiastic readers of your well-known and widely read magazine. It was just last year that I began reading this famous paper, and I have never failed to possess one copy monthly.

What is in this paper that I admire and delight to see is the portrait, the unfading beauty of my cherished movie star, Miss Elsie Ferguson, whose winning personality and admirable but sad smiles I was fortunate to behold, when from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, she came to the metropolis of our dear Filipinos for, as I supposed, recreational purposes.

On reading your issue of November of this year, I was deeply sorrow-stricken when I learned from your "Enthusiasm Marks Grand Finale" that my dazzling star, Miss Ferguson, only stood eleventh on the list.

Sincerely yours,
DANIEL V. DOMINGO.
The Philippine Law School, Manila, Philippines.

Have *You* Seen

How this test beautifies the teeth?

Millions of people have accepted this offer—have made this ten-day test. They have found a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

We urge you to do likewise. Watch how your teeth improve. Learn what this new method means to you and yours.

Remove the film

Teeth are tarnished by film. By that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old ways of brushing do not end it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It mars the beauty of millions. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It forms a breeding place for germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people who brush teeth daily escape these film-caused troubles.

How to fight it

Dental science, after long research, has found ways to fight that film. Authorities have amply proved those methods. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

They are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other most important factors are included with them.

New protections

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in ways considered essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Twice a day, Pepsodent is bringing millions these much-desired effects.

The test is free

Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will realize then that this way means a new era in teeth cleaning. And we think you will adopt it. Send coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 634

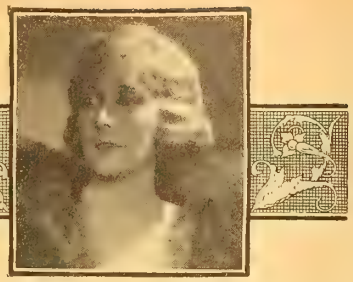
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 831, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family



Pretty Mae Busch, Universal Film star, adores Garda Face Powder

A smooth, clinging quality, truly unusual—a dainty *new* odor distinctly *Garda*—delight you in

Watkins
GARDA
FACE POWDER

Garda toilet necessaries — and 130 other Watkins products—are delivered direct to your home, city or country, by over 4,000 Watkins Retailers. Watkins service, and Watkins Quality (known over 50 years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see you are supplied

How to Get a Sample

Send 2c. stamp and receive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also an attractive booklet about Garda, the mysterious Spirit of Health and Beauty.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO., Dept. 24Z
Winona, Minn.
Est. 1868 The Original

Wanted

Desirable territories, city and country, open for responsible men and women to sell Watkins 137 products. A real opportunity. Write today for plan.

30 Watkins

TRUE BEAUTY
AND POWER TO FASCINATE
come only with health. Bring out all Mother Nature's charms by using a delicious, strength-giving malted food
HEMO
to make new red blood.
Samples and booklet "Beauty and Health" sent free upon request
THOMPSON'S MALTED FOOD COMPANY
DEPT. 31 Waukesha Wisconsin

Keep It 10 Days Free

Wear a LIZNITE GEM RING and be the envy of your friends. See if you can tell it from a high priced diamond. Send your Name, Address and Number of Ring you select, and one of these wonderful LIZNITE GEM RINGS, with all the fire and sparkle of the finest diamond will be sent you by return mail.

Solid Gold Mountings

And all rings are hand engraved, set with full carat weight LIZNITE GEM.

Select the one you like best:
No. 1—$18.50 2—$16.50 3—$15.50
No. 4— 15.50 5— 12.50

Size must be included when ordering. When your LIZNITE GEM RING comes, pay the mail man $4.50, balance $3.00 monthly until paid. Money back any time within 10 days if not perfectly satisfied.

Get a Liznite Gem Ring Today
THE LIZNITE GEM COMPANY
"The House of Quality and Price"
Dept. 835, 128 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

"Masterpieces" I Have Met

By the Photoplay Philosopher

Well, here I am back again. Readers of this magazine of ten years ago will remember me. I used to write "scholarly editorials and learned criticisms" of the plays and players at a time when great critics were few and far between. For ten years I have not been heard from, but I have done a lot of seeing and thinking. I have seen great stars come and go. I remember when Marion Leonard and Mary Pickford were the two top-notchers. The former lasted only a short time, but Little Mary, the Wonderful, goes on forever. Then came Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, one of the most popular teams that ever graced the celluloid. Also charming Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence of the old Lubin company. Then there were Alice Joyce and Carlisle Blackwell, of the old Kalem Company, and Mary Fuller of the old Edison. Them was the good old days! Now, I see a new lot of stars and favorites; some genuine, but many of them made to order by shrewd producers and publicity writers.

But that is neither here nor there—I was going to write of "Masterpieces" I have met. That is, plays that have so pained me that I had to return from my innocuous desuetude and rise to a state of spontaneous eruption. I can no longer boil within, so I boil over. Among the "Masterpieces" I have met lately was Doug Fairbanks in "The Nut." Here's a fine example of a modern top-notch production, released by a top-notch producing company! How long, oh, how long, must a suffering public put up with such stuff? No doubt, Fairbanks can act, if he wants to and tries hard enough, but he ought to *try*. He perhaps thinks that his name and vivacity are sufficient to carry a play thru and "put it over." What excuse can the great motion picture industry offer for handing us such things as this? And what are we to do about it? Nothing. We can do nothing. The next "Masterpiece" I wish to praise is Nazimova in "Billions." Dear me, Nazimova! Why, I remember, once, hearing people say that the Bernhardt of the screen had at last arrived—and it was Nazimova! "Revelation" gave her that title, but, lords! look at her now. "The Devil" is another "Masterpiece." Few plays have been more advertised, and we were led to believe that this was to be the greatest of the great. The name of George Arliss alone seemed to be a sufficient guarantee, but alas, alack! It only goes to show that a great stage play and player may make a very bad screen play. In this case at least, 'twixt the movies and the speakies, give me the speakies!

I would not mention "Mamma's Affair" as a "Masterpiece," because it was hardly a play—it was a series of dialogs. It was a play of titles, not of pictures, and I was sorry to see the fair name of Constance Talmadge linked with this poor affair.

I once admired Mabel Normand, but after seeing "What Happened to Rosa," I have me doots if even Mack Sennett can bring her back. Then there's our dear old friend, Clara Kimball Young. There was a time, not far distant, when Clara was looked upon as one of our most beautiful and talented young stars, but things have changed, as witness her in "Hush." "Hush" is a capital story and effectively told, but Clara fails to shine. It is really unfair and uncalled for to say a player is getting old, or fat, but when a thirty-year-old lady gets that way it is usually her own fault. In grand opera we are accustomed to hearing forty-year-old Marguerites in "Faust," but, on the screen, there is no excuse for ladies who look "fair, fat and forty" playing child parts, as some of them try to do. Elsie Ferguson is no kitten, altho she is still a young woman—yet she makes a mistake in choosing plays like "Sacred and Profane Love" for her screen vehicle. The talented and charming Elsie can no longer play eighteen-year-old parts. Then there's Petrova, but since she is not now before us, nothing need be said. She is in the same class with Nazimova—great, once, and possibly great now—if they will make the acquaintance of a director. As for Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden, the less said the better.

Eight or ten years ago, as I remember it, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, the Gishes, Lillian Walker and Ford Sterling were just beginning their careers. I remember them well. Norma has risen to the topmost heights and stayed there. Anita has fallen by the wayside. Charlie has had his ups and downs, but it requires only one "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid" to make him immortal. The Gish girls have steadily progressed, while Lillian Walker and Ford Sterling have sorter got lost in the shuffle. I could mention hundreds of others who were once popular stars and who now are all but forgotten, and an equal number of "Masterpieces," but space forbids. What amazes me most now is the ever-increasing number of new stars that have no right to be, and the ever-increasing number of "Masterpieces" that are disgracing the screen and the motion picture industry. Of this, more anon.

A FAILURE

By Wright Field

Once upon a time there was an author
Who wrote a real story,
And a continuity writer
Who made a real scenario of it,
And a casting director
Who knew which part was really suited to each actor,
And a camera-man
Who knew his business,
And didn't take a single close-up
Of a weeping heroine,
And an ingénue
Who didn't act like an idiot,
And a vamp
Who kept her clothes on all thru the action,
And a female star
Who had both looks and the ability to act,
And a male star ditto,
And a press-agent who *told the public the truth!*

. . . . . .

The play fell flat.
People who went
Never went again,
Except a blind man
And three old maids
And a school-teacher.
Why sit thru
Five reels
When you couldn't find a flaw?

Moral:
People
Are all born critics,
And perfection bores them!

Cerise Pajamas and Antiques

(*Continued from page 51*)

hate to leave the studios at night, and I'm the first one there in the morning. Especially if the director's a good sort. When I was with Allan Dwan I fairly lived at the studios. We worked the story out together, all of us. He's splendid. I love working with Allan."

She said that she preferred New York to California because it permitted one to get away from oneself.

"In California," she said, "there are no theaters to speak of, and the result is that you fall back upon dinner parties, teas and luncheons at one another's houses. No one has seen anything, so you all immediately proceed to talk about yourself, your last picture and your next picture. You bore others as much as they bore you, and there you are. I love the out-of-door life out West, but I would not care to remain there constantly for three years, as I did the last time. No, sir-ee."

Of her last picture with John Barrymore she was enthusiastic. She said that her part had been exceptionally fine, but that it had probably suffered to some extent in the editing.

Certainly she does not quibble. She has her own standards and she is not afraid to face facts, whatever they may be. Life does not alarm her, and she undoubtedly expects to enjoy it, every bit. There is something about her which interests you—a contradictory something within her which you seek to understand, but in vain.

And if, by any chance, the antiques in her rooms could speak, we doubt if any of them could find among their ghosts of dead memories any queen of earlier years more charming than Anna—Anna with her cerise pajamas, her gold hair piled high, nestled there in the great jade chair.

THE SPINSTER'S ROMANCE

By Wright Field

I, who have never been loved,
  Sit enthralled by the love of another,
And feel, in the depths of my heart,
  Things stir I had managed to smother—
Feel the glow and the flutter that thrills
  The breast of the maiden pursued,
The alternate fevers and chills
  Of her mood!

I, who have never been kissed,
  Feel the lips of my lover on mine,
And into my wakened veins pours
  A flood of intoxicant wine!
My indifference falls like a cloak
  That had hidden my womanhood's charms,
And I shiver with sudden delight
  In his arms!

I, who was robbed of my youth,
  Grown prim by necessity's laws,
Who dared not emblazon my hopes,
  Who never gave any man pause;
I am come at last into my own
  By the silver screen's magic—and live
Vicariously, all that I've lost,
  And forgive

Life, that has cheated me so,
  Since a fairy wand brings to me all
I had dreamed of and longed for, as came
  Cinderella's own prince at the ball.
Night after night I sit, prim
  And colorless, here in my seat,
But, ah, for the moment, at least,
  Life is sweet!

Furnish Fun for the Evening

Be in the center of the gayety and good times! You can quickly learn to play a Washburn mandolin, banjo or guitar because *they are built for easy playing.*

The "easy feel" of the finger-board, the accurate frets which *insure correct scale in all keys* (seldom found in inexpensive instruments), the full, round far-carrying tones, and fine workmanship have made the WASHBURN the standard for 35 years. Ask your dealer.

Washburn Mandolins as low as $18

Washburn Banjos as low as $20

Lyon & Healy WASHBURN

Mandolins, Banjos, Tenor and Tango Banjos, Guitars

Special Trial Offer

We will arrange for a week's trial of any Washburn instrument you select. This permits you to judge the superiority of the Washburn in your own home. Then pay on easy terms—a little each week. Mention instrument you are interested in. Take advantage of this offer today.

LYON & HEALY
Everything Known in Music
66-82 Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO

Write for this FREE BOOK!

80 pages—describes each model in detail with prices. Send for Book today and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

Washburn Mandolins Guitars & Banjos

LYON & HEALY
66-82 Jackson Boulevard
Chicago

Please send me Free Book, Price List, and details of Easy Purchase Plan on your Washburn stringed instrumen ts.

Name.....

Address.....

Motion Picture Stars

Beautiful and artistic photos (3 1-2 x 4 1-2) of the world's leading moving picture stars ---both men and women. BATHING BEAUTIES too! Just the thing for your room or den. Now offered at only 6 for 25c; 25 for $1; 200 for $10. Any assortment desired; postage prepaid. Order today enclosing money order or currency.

EGBERT BROS.,
Dept. M, Buena Vista & Temple Streets,
Los Angeles California

YOU don't have to know a note of music to
WRITE MELODIES

Melody writing has now been reduced to a few simple, easily mastered principles. You can learn these secrets in your own home, in a short time, without a piano. We train you to compose complete melodies, ready for the publisher.

Write for literature

First National Conservatory of Melody Writing
1416-I Broadway - - - - New York

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.
Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S
Toilet Preparations

ESTABLISHED 1865

Our Preparations are Distinctive. Known the World over.

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 35c.

LUSTROLA A new finger nail paste. Gives a brilliant and unequalled polish. Lustre is not affected by water. Easy and economical to use. Jars, 65 cents.

ONGOLINE bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 65c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 35c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

DR. LAWTON'S *Guaranteed*
FAT REDUCER

will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor, and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th St. Dept. 58 New York

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops, the most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week.

Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet $2.00; Romaza, our very latest Flower Drops, $2.50. Send 20 cts. stamps or silver for miniature bottle.

Flower Drops Toilet Water, 5-oz. bottles, $1.50; Talcum glass jars, 50c; at druggists or by mail.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour per ounce $1.50; Garden Queen $2.00; Alcazar $2.25; Parfum Rienzi $2.50; Honolulu Boquet $1.00. At druggists or by mail. Nothing finer.

Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors

PAUL RIEGER & CO. (since 1872) 312 First St., San Francisco

Send $1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

Fifty-Fifty

(*Continued from page 37*)

Miss Cooper told me, between scenes. "We have a lovely new apartment, which I spent three months in furnishing, and I almost wept when I had to close it up. We've taken a house here, next door to Charlie Chaplin's, up in the foothills, and it seems like being out in the country.

"I will be so busy that the summer will quickly pass, for, besides my work at the studio, I am studying dancing at Denishawn, and French. We golf, ride and swim whenever possible. Raoul is fond of all outdoor sports, and, of course, I have learned to enjoy them, too. You see, we do everything on a fifty-fifty basis," and Miriam dropped her seriousness long enough to laugh, girlishly.

Miriam Cooper was born in Baltimore, and all during her school days at the Visitation Convent and later at the Sacred Heart in New York, she dreamed of a career as an artist, perhaps a portrait painter. With this in view, she attended the Art Students' League and the Cooper Union, fascinated with mastering the principles of designing and illustrating.

One day she accompanied a friend to the Fourteenth Street studio, where she met Mr. Griffith and had her first glimpse of motion pictures. Meeting the director again, some weeks later, he asked her to come to Los Angeles to play a part in a new picture he was to make, and he outlined the rôle with such vividness that she felt the spell.

"It was probably the adventure of a Western trip more than the desire to shine upon the screen that induced me to come," declared Miss Cooper. "I still wonder how I ever gained my mother's consent. She is Southern, and you know how they regard a girl's stepping out of the home. If you are poor, you can starve, but you mustn't *work*.

"What fun we had in those days. We didn't take anything seriously, and were much more interested in getting a day off from the studio to play than we were in the picture or our work. I can hear Mr. Griffith in despair saying, 'Oh, you girls, what *artists* you are!' There were Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, later the Talmadges, and, of course, Mae Marsh. Mae and I were pals all during 'Birth of a Nation' and 'Intolerance.' She and her husband, Mr. Arms, you know, dined with us last night, and we had a great time recalling the old days."

It was while filming "The Birth of a Nation" that Miriam first met Raoul Walsh, who was Griffith's assistant director, and by the time "Intolerance" was completed the two were engaged to be married. Miriam gave up her budding career and went to New York to visit her mother, and six months later, accompanied by her brother, Gordon Cooper, himself a director, she started for Los Angeles. The impatient Mr. Walsh, however, met her in Albuquerque, N. M., and they were married, continuing the journey westward an hour later.

There is a genuine bond of sympathy and affection existing between the Walshes that sets them a little apart in a beautiful world of their own. Their public life may be considered a collaboration of talents that promises well for future achievements—Raoul the dramatist and director, Miriam the inspiration and interpreter.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 71*)

Boleyn and Henry, after his first queen, Katherine, is exiled from the court on the grounds that a male heir is greatly desired, was stupendous, as were the scenes showing the combat of the armored horsemen, and the Spring Festival.

Emil Jannings in particular gives a splendid performance as the King of many wives, the king who finds it quite impossible to resist the fair charmers of his court.

But for that matter, all of the players offer worth-while characterizations, making the famed crowned heads and royal personages far more human than our history books ever permitted us to believe them to be.

"Deception" is vibrant with all the romance, intrigue and pleasure-loving for which the court of Henry VIII was noted.

GYPSY BLOOD—FIRST NATIONAL

"Gypsy Blood," as almost everyone knows, is the imported version of "Carmen." And the Carmencita of Pola Negri is not the Carmencita we have known. Her Gypsy cigaret maker sparkles with a vivid touch of the hoyden—her appeal to men is not a subtle one—it is entirely direct.

It is difficult to remember that the Pola Negri of "Gypsy Blood" is the Du Barry of "Passion." There is such a very far hail between them. Pola Negri has made Carmencita the unscrupulous Gypsy girl—cruel—unmoral rather than immoral—you feel constantly the primitive instinct of her—you find it in your heart to understand the men who do not quite trust her, yet who love her in spite of themselves—who give up their homes and beloveds to follow her.

Everyone knows the story of Carmen and her lover, José—the soldier lover who sacrifices everything, even his honor that he may be with her—and how Carmen finally meets Escamillo, the famed toreador who, for the moment, at any rate touches her heart.

The atmosphere of this work of Prosper Mérimée's French tale is perfect—there is the rugged coast where the smugglers live by day; the dilapidated shanty quarter of the Gypsies; the rambling Inn where all sorts of diabolical plans are hatched, and then the arena where the bull-fights are staged—and, incidentally, Director Lubitsch has managed to give these scenes a real thrill.

We do not know the ulterior motive in the producing of this story—perhaps it was to show the frightful ways and manners of the Gypsies—but whatever the reason it is extremely worth seeing.

LOST ROMANCE—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

William de Mille has a great faculty for transposing the romance of every day to the screen—the romance of a window opening onto a garden; of children's hour at the library; of the family gathering before dinner, and a child's scrawly drawing in an engagement book—Mr. de Mille takes these same little things we pass unheeding every day, and shows us how they make life worth the living.

Therefore, it was altogether fitting and proper that he should bring Edward Knob-

(*Continued on page 102*)

Alias Desperate Jack Dalton

(*Continued from page* 34)

land of make-believe under the leadership of a wiry, imaginative lad with snappy black eyes and wavy black hair.

Life, for them, was one continuous round of amateur theatricals, staged under the personal, strenuous direction of Harold Lloyd. None other than Harold Lloyd of the horn-rimmed spectacles and hair-breadth escapes; of the waving pompadour and waggish pranks, of the roguish smile and rapid action, who somehow satisfies all the devotees of movie comedy-land.

Of all the juvenile performances, which were none of your namby-pamby girlie-girlie affairs, but real blood-and-thunder stuff, the most complete and pretentious was "Tom Morton, the Cowboy of the West."

With a boyish disregard for orthography, Harold staged his bronco-busting, poker-playing, six-shooting story in "A Sallon in Dead Guch, Colorado." But tho he spelled "carpenter" with a "d" and the names of his playmates in a fashion not sanctioned by the city directory, all essential elements of a successful Western story were there, including an Eastern heroine and a Western hero, a fat bartender and skinny gambler, a tenderfoot, a Mexican, an Indian scout, a cowgirl and a bad, bad man, who was quick on the trigger—Harold Lloyd himself.

"Do you remember how we sneaked rings from our mothers' portières for those gunny-sack curtains?" giggled the Little-Girl Villainess.

"And how we cut off all the tag-ends of clotheslines in the neighborhood to hang them?" laughed the Little-Girl Heroine.

"But we would have done just anything Harold told us to," said both in a breath.

"Why, we used to fence with the boys till our sides were sore, because we knew if we didn't Harold wouldn't let us play!" said the blue-eyed matron.

"Our swords were made of laths which Harold had confiscated from some houses that were going up in the neighborhood," contributed the girl with dimples. "He had smoothed them with his knife until they were white and slick—and dangerous!"

"The play's the thing!" I interrupted rudely.

"I was just coming to that," propitiated the Villainess. "The boys built the stage in Harold's basement, and we girls sewed the gunny-sack curtains. We carried down boxes to put boards across——"

"I dont see how Harold's mother ever stood it! But she never said a word about the muddy floors!" cut in the Heroine.

——"for the audience to sit on," calmly concluded the Villainess, "and we made the stage setting for the saloon scene with boards and more boxes and dad's chopping block.

"We usually charged pins, but this time we charged real money—three cents for the first row, two for the second and one for the third. Most of the spectators were in the third row.

"That play! I have never seen one that could compare with it for thrills. From the minute when the curtains opened, displaying Big-Hearted Jim, the saloon-keeper, and Happy Holiday, bartender, dishing out the drinks (tea), to Tenderfoot Bert, while Joe Luck, the card-shark, and Tom Morton played poker, there wasn't a dull spot.

"With his hand on the gun at his hip, Jack Dalton, the meanest cowboy of the West, swaggered in and ordered drinks. Spying the newcomer from New York, he threw back his head and laughed, whipped out his gun, a cap pistol, and exclaimed, *'Dance, you tenderfoot!'*

"'Poppety-pop!' went the little cap pistol, as fast as Harold could load in the caps.

"Helen Allison, the leading lady (Marguerite there took her part), was kidnapped by Castro, the greaser, who bound and gagged her and tied her to a post in the Dead Gulch saloon in the night-time. A wild chase by the cowboys in search of her was realistically portrayed by Harold, who pounded back-stage in imitation of horses galloping swiftly by, their hoof-beats gradually fading away in the distance. How the rest of us did envy Harold that trick!

"I starred in the third act. Creeping stealthily into the dark saloon, with upraised dagger (a paper knife), I stood over the helpless Helen, of whom I was insanely jealous.

"'I'm going to kill you!' I muttered.

"I heard galloping (Harold again) and raised my hand to do the foul deed quickly!

"And I kept it high in the air!

"Harold, entering behind me just in time to save the lovely heroine, was supposed to shoot me in the wrist. No shot came.

"I waited, dagger still poised!

"At last I heard, in a hoarse stage whisper, 'For gosh sakes! Drop that knife and pretend you're shot! These darned caps wont work!'

"I wildly clutched my wrist and staggered back, amid uproarious laughter from the audience!"

"But we came out with flying colors," said the Little-Girl Heroine.

"Just ask any of the grown-ups!" invited the Villainess.

I went to Mrs. George W. Ketcham, mother of Earl Ketcham, who played the part of Tom Morton, the Cowboy of the West. "Did Harold Lloyd put on such wonderful kid-shows?" I inquired.

"That he did!" she declared with great positiveness. "Many's the time that I've paid twenty pins to see one of his performances. It seems but yesterday when he and my boy, Earl, came coaxin' for dimes so that they could buy cocoa butter to make greasers of themselves!

"I can just see his merry black eyes shine when I sized him up, and sized him down, and told him that he made a fine cowboy!

"Often he would take me to one side and ask, 'Do you think my teeth are getting along all right?' (He was having them straightened.) And when I told him that they were, he'd show me some new 'stunt,' if I'd promise not to tell the other boys.

"Oh, but he was a fine lad, but you could never guess what he was going to do next!"

And she threw up her hands at the very thought of it.

Out in Culver City, Calif., Harold Lloyd himself took time, between comedies, to add a little to the story of his early stage career.

"Yes, I lived in Omaha between the years of 1906 and 1912," he wrote. "Those were my school-boy days, the best ever! But school wasn't my chief interest in life. From the time I was a very small child I had a 'show and circus' disposition, which isn't a good disposition, nor yet a bad disposition, but when a small boy has it, look out!

"I created a theater in the basement of

Before Your Dip

You should remove unsightly hair from any part of the exposed body with DeMiracle, because it is the safest, nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

When you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original, sanitary liquid and it is gone.

Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes War Tax

DeMiracle

Dept. 28-C, Park Avenue and 129th Street, New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

60c. and $1.00 at druggists.

Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

You Can Have

Strong Arms

Powerful Back and Chest, Military Shoulders, Shapely Legs and a HEALTHY STOMACH

All of the above can be obtained by following the instructions in my book, Strong Arms, which contains a complete course in physical culture that will develop all parts of your body to perfect proportion. The exercises are illustrated with 20 full page half tone cuts and require no apparatus. Send 25c in coin.

300,000 COPIES SOLD

Send your order today before you forget.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER, D. C.
Studio 1340
865 Sixth Ave., New York City

Wash Away Hair

Every woman knows that hair-free skin is absolutely essential to her daintiness. She will want El-Rado because it is a ready-to-use liquid which will remove undesirable hair quickly and easily from the underarms, neck, arms and limbs. It is delightful to use—no messy mixing. El-Rado cannot injure the most tender skin. Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 60c and $1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Send your order for $1.00 size to us, enclosing stamps or money order, if your dealer is out of El-Rado. It will be mailed to you promptly.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. 1268,
112 East 19th Street, NEW YORK

Canadian Distributors:
Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., Dept. 1268, 66 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

El-Rado SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

Reduce Your Flesh

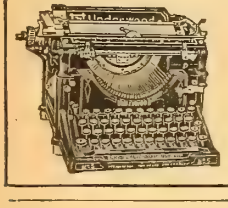
Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Ave., New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50



All Makes Typewriters

Remingtons, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co.,
58 W. Washington St.,
Dept. 38, Chicago.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

our home, and used our large back yard for a circus and Wild West grounds. I found plenty of material for Indians and cowboys among my school friends.

"Those were certainly the days that brought all kinds of joy, and gave me the excited feeling of being an actor. Not a cowboy, nor an outlaw, nor even an Indian, but an honest-to-goodness actor.

"At the age of fourteen, my opportunity came for climbing before the footlights, thru a chance meeting with the leading man of a local stock company.

"We were both standing on a street corner, listening to one of those wise phrenology ginks as he doped out the future usefulness of his fellow-men by the bumps on their heads. I had lots of bumps on my head that didn't grow there, but I knew how they got there.

"I was quite short and could not see thru the crowd, but was getting an earful just the same, when the gentleman at my side said, 'Young man, what are you going to be when you grow up?'

"Quick as a flash I answered, 'An actor!'

"'But actors dont amount to much, do they?' he asked.

"He laughed as I shot back at him, 'I wouldn't be one unless I could be a good one!'

"That seemed to make a hit with him, and our friendship was established right there. After an appointed meeting, he made arrangements with the stock company to give me a tryout in a boy's part in a play they were rehearsing for the next week, 'Tess of Durberville.' My success in playing Tess's little hard-headed brother won me a home in the company.

"I went to school daytimes, cutting on matinee days, and played kid parts nights, my craze for grease-paint growing all the time. When the stock company shut down for the season, my daddy was making arrangements for a change from Omaha. It was a toss-up between New York and California, and the West Coast won. And that's how I happen to be in the movies!"

Exactly! Given the Western Coast, and Harold Lloyd, the inevitable result is action, ACTION, ACTION! Nothing less strenuous than the movies would suffice for the quondam Jack Dalton, meanest cowboy of the West. And far away, in Omaha, Nebr., his former playmates cherish, in doll-trunks and keepsake boxes, mementos of childhood thrills which he so unceasingly gave them.

The Farm's Loss—

(*Continued from page 39*)

World," "Smiling All the Way" and "Girls Dont Gamble."

I almost forgot to say that this was a rather flighty interview. It began in his house, was continued on Hollywood Boulevard en route to a tea-room, where, with Mrs. Butler and Charles Meredith's younger brother, George, just out of college and into moving pictures, we had a delicious tea. Then back to the Butler's house, and then downtown after tickets for the California-Ohio football game.

In conclusion, David Butler told me that he would probably co-direct with his father, as well as act.

Dialog Imaginary

(*Continued from page 66*)

or Rivoli, is no guarantee of its merit. Some of the worst pictures are shown there. Take Mabel Normand in "What Happened to Rosa." Imagine a poor picture like this being shown at one of the world's greatest theaters on Broadway, New York City, for an entire week! It is an unfortunate state of affairs when the producing companies own controlling interests in our leading theaters! *O tempora! O mores!*

With Tennyson at the Movies

NAOMI CHILDERS
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."
A Dream of Fair Women.

VIOLA DANA
"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."
The Princess.

HOPE HAMPTON
"Touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."
In Memoriam.

ROBERT HARRON
"But, oh, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
Break, Break, Break.

WILLIAM S. HART
"One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I—
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie."
Maud.

BESSIE LOVE
"Love is love for evermore."
Locksley Hall.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN
"Man dreams of fame, while woman wakes to love."
Merlin and Vivien.

MARY MILES MINTER
"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."
Launcelot and Elaine.

TOM MIX
"I myself must mix with action lest I wither by despair."
Locksley Hall.

EUGENE O'BRIEN
"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where."
The Two Voices.

MARY PICKFORD
"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."
Idyls of the King.

CHARLES RAY
"Common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Molded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man."
The Palace of Art.

NORMA TALMADGE
"Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me." *Idyls of the King.*

Je Suis Content!

(*Continued from page 33*)

tively short distance to the restaurant. No, no one in the studio was ever invited to ride with him.

At lunch the mental suggestion business seemed to have worked. Max was smiling, gesticulant, despairingly courteous. He spoke English only brokenly, relying upon the hesitant Albare for his interpretations. In Europe, where he is hailed as "the greatest," his comedy was of the kind that depends to a degree upon acrobatics.

To me there was something almost pathetic in the eager way he told me that he possessed a photograph at home of Charlie Chaplin upon which the great English comedian had written "from a pupil to his master," or something to that effect. He lingered upon the subject, as tho he would impart his unquestioning acceptance of its truth, that he *was* the master, to me and so on to thousands of readers. I think it is not to be questioned that the man has his spark of genius. I watched him at work after lunch, and what he did he did with the confidence, the skill and ease of a master. I have never seen a face or a pair of hands more expressive, more mobile. Why his comedy, "Seven Years' Bad Luck," was no more than fairly successful is a little puzzling. But he seems not to have caught the note that appeals to Yankee humor. Strange as it may seem, I believe that much of it may be laid to the naïveté evident in his productions. The American film public, unlike the French, is thoroly worldly, terrifyingly so at times. In France it is only the stage that is *risque* —because it is patronized by the upper strata of French society. Max assured me that the De Mille pictures could not be shown in France. Bathrooms! *Horreur!*

He has some fascinating tales to tell of his life in Europe, of his experience at Madrid, in Spain, when he slew his first bull; of his presidency of the Lisbon arena and his consequent downfall when, urged by a rabid mob, he descended from his chair to engage with a mad bull which had already gored two toreadors to death and maimed the rest—and was himself hurled into two weeks' oblivion and the hospital. And of his war service, which ended with several medals and a dose of poison gas.

If one can look beyond Max, the autocrat, with his coughing Swiss secretary-valet-interpreter, and his flashing yellow car, in which he rides eternally alone, he will discover a man extremely likable, keenly intelligent, beyond a doubt temperamental, and surprisingly generous in his praise of rival comedians. He had witnessed, the night before, a Mack Sennett comedy, featuring Ben Turpin and Louise Fazenda, and he was enthusiastic as only a Latin can be.

Max has recently finished his second comedy since coming to this country to make pictures for Robertson-Cole, and has entitled it "Who Pays My Wife's Bills?" Whether he has managed to inject into it that quality necessary to a general American success remains to be seen. Since talking with him I have read hints in the papers that he is to return to France—where he can expect proper appreciation.

Perhaps, that will prove the wiser course. With his adoring audiences, his recognition on the boulevards, his own theater, his certain success, he will be able to work as he never can in the colder American atmosphere. His cleverness will redouble itself. His temperament demands public attention. It is to be sincerely hoped that in no matter what country he may make his pictures, he will get it!

"Keep These Men"

"Brown, I've been putting the axe to the pay-roll. I have cut out a lot of dead wood—unskilled men we can replace tomorrow if necessary.

'But—keep these men whose names I have checked. They draw big pay but they know their work. They are the men who looked ahead and trained themselves to do some one thing better than any one else. We can't afford to lose one of them."

ARE you one of these skilled men who will be kept? Or is the Axe of Unemployment hanging over your head this very minute?

Thousands of men are idle right now for just one reason—*they are unskilled!* They work at any kind of job they can get, and when a slow-up comes, they are the first to be dropped.

You can climb out of the ranks of the unskilled if you really want to do so. You can get the position you want by spare time study in the evening hours you now waste. *Yes, you can!*

For thirty years The International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women to win promotion—to earn more money—to get ahead in business and in life. More than 2,000,000 have taken the Up-road To Success with I. C. S. help. More than 130,000 are training themselves for bigger jobs right now.

Would you like to be a first-class Mechanical, Electrical or Civil Engineer? A Chemist? An Architect? A Building Contractor? Hundreds of thousands of men have climbed into big jobs in the technical professions through I. C. S. help.

Do you want to advance in Business? In Advertising? In Salesmanship? Many of the country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers have won success through I. C. S. training.

Accounting? Commercial Law? All over America bookkeepers, accountants, office managers, private secretaries, are reaping the rewards of time invested in I. C. S. training in these subjects.

Don't let another priceless hour go to waste. Let us prove that we can help you to turn your spare time into money.

Without cost, without obligation, tear out and mail this coupon. It's a little thing that will take only a moment of your time. But it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it right now!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6622 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.
☐ Electric Wiring
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Toolmaker
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Ship Draftsman
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ CHEMIST
☐ Pharmacy
☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Railway Accountant
☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Show Card and Sign Ptg.
☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Poultry Raising
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
☐ Mathematics
☐ Navigation
☐ Spanish
☐ Teacher
☐ Banking

Name _____
Present Occupation _____ Business Address _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

3-1-21

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your **"looks,"** therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Shadowland for August

SHADOWLAND is the book of Romance, Beauty and Art. It believes in the gospel of beauty, in the cultivation of art.

It brings to its readers the interpretation of the best writers and artists.

It is becoming a literary creation that will satisfy the most fastidious and discerning of critics.

This is especially true of SHADOWLAND for August.

In this number **Babette Deutsch,** the famous poetess, writes on "The Poetry of Modern America," discussing the influences at work in our verse.

Benjamin de Casseres contributes another brilliant essay, this time on "Flaubert: Chemist of Illusions," dealing with the achievement of this famous French writer.

Max Reinhardt, the famous stage creator who has done so much for the modern theater, is the subject of an article by **Kenneth McGowan,** the well-known dramatic critic.

The August Issue

of

Shadowland

Such a Little Queen

(*Continued from page* 45)

steamer and fell rather violently in love with Anne Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina. He said, ruefully, that he didn't know why he had to fall in love with a *Queen.* Sure, he hadn't meant to; but oh, what a Queen she was!

Anne Victoria, regal in her shabby gown, felt her heart go out to him in sympathy. Just so might she have felt had Stephen of Hepland come to her with his heart in another's keeping. She, who knew love, could feel for Trainor.

It was impossible not to like him. During office hours it was pleasant to see him efficient and capable, going about the job he took so healthy a pride in.

At night, on St. Nicholas Avenue, they all welcomed him when he came in, laden with roses for the Queen, full of plans for the next day, infectious in his gaiety and exuberance.

It became a part of the scant ceremoniousness of their lives that he should come with his floral tribute to lay at the shrine of a Queen, and that she should accept the tribute with a courtesy she would have awarded him in the full regalia of the imperial court. And none of them suspected how wholly he laid his heart at her feet along with the petal-bleeding roses.

One evening Stephen was late. Cosaco and the Queen waited and warmed dinner, and then waited and warmed it again. Still he did not come.

When he did, it was impossible for him to conceal the agitation stirring him. He had worn poverty lightly and regally. He wore worry heavily, wearily.

"I received an Embassy from Hepland today," he said, without preamble. "They have made formal request that I resume my throne. There is a stipulation."

The Little Queen stared at him, her eyes afire. The blood of her royal ancestry, rulers all, was in her ringing voice: "Stephen, how splendid!" she cried out. "Your people need you so! Ah, I am glad, I am glad!"

Stephen shook his head. His eyes had not left her eyes since he had entered the room.

"I have refused my throne," he said, simply.

Cosaco uttered an exclamation. The Queen went over to him.

"You—," she began, then, acutely, "what was the stipulation?"

Cosaco noted that with the question her hand sought her heart. It was as tho she would shield it from an impending blow. At this moment the old Prime Minister stole from the room. From a little distance they could hear him, softly and repeatedly, blowing his nose.

Stephen said, "You were the stipulation—my Queen."

"I? Ah——!"

"You. My Embassy informs me that I may resume my throne on the stipulation that I sever my betrothal with the—with the——." His anguished eyes sought hers for help. He wanted to get it over with. He wanted to get to the great moment where he could tell her that of course it didn't matter, all this hocus-pocus. He had always told her it didn't. Now he could prove to her that it didn't by the divinest action of his life.

She helped him, saying gently, "With the impoverished Queen of Herzogovina."

Stephen nodded. Then he raised his head and laughed at her. Stephen's laugh. The accolade of her dreams. Ringing, metal—true.

"What does it all matter?" he said. "Here you are and here I am—happy—on St. Nicholas Avenue. If we do not obey their paper-doll dictates they will have none of us. Well and good! Then they will forget us! The throne forgetting by the throne forgot! I cannot dream a sweeter fate, my Queen. What say you? Oh, little one, my love——?"

The Queen of Herzogovina rose slowly from the chair she had been holding onto. She slowly tore her eyes away from the steady eyes of the King of Hepland. Someone in the doorway made a move and the odor of red roses stained the air. The Queen nodded to Trainor, and then said, in a voice that sounded curiously ceremonious.

"I am glad you are here. It is necessary for you both to hear what I have to say." She turned to face Stephen. "Stephen," she said, "how is it that you have not seen—all along? You and I have been exiled royalty and good comrades in distress. But I—but my love—you see, I *love* Mr. Trainor."

The Little Queen forgot the ensuing details. Two things leaped out at her as from a darkness. And one was the white erasure of all the life and love in Stephen's eyes, and the other was the sudden, radiant unbelief in Trainor's face. Then she was alone with him, and he was trying to take her into his arms.

She roused to actuality. Her face, white like Stephen's, was raised to his.

"Please dont," she said, "and please forgive me." She dabbled at her eyes with a handkerchief which, opportunely, Trainor had thrust into her small hand. "Queens," she said, sobbing still, "have done strange and cruel things to save thrones. I have done a cruel thing tonight—to save the throne of the King of Hepland. You see—you see, I *love* Stephen. I love him—oh, my dear, good friend, I love him even better than you love me; even better than you can conceive of love. I love him so much that I know he is the King and must be. His country has refused him his throne if he consummates his alliance with—with the Queen of Herzogovina—with me——"

Then, dismally, not at all like a Queen, she was sobbing on the American's broad and solid shoulder.

And he was patting her hair and murmuring to her, tenderly, like a mother, and saying, "Such a little Queen; such a little, little *Queen.* There, there, dont cry, dear, dont cry. We'll see the stern and fearful Embassy and fix it up with 'em. You've no idea, honey baby, what the American dollar can do with these foreign embassies from your cute little, musical-comedy countries. First thing you know the King of Hepland and the Queen of Herzogovina will be sailing back to their little golden thrones and then, every summer, old Trainor'll be coming over to see them, and all will be merry as a marriage bell.

"You wait until tomorrow—just wait. And, little Queen, I'm awfully grateful to you. You told me once that I had never dreamed. But I've dreamed now, my dear, and that I owe to you."

He bent on his knee and kissed her hand. Still sniffing, she swept him the courtesy of the Queen, and he was gone.

The next day was a long one for the Little Queen and her Prime Minister. Stephen did not appear and there was no word from him. Trainor had telephoned her not to come to the office today, but

to await word from him. He would, he said, send an ambassador, in whom he knew she would place full confidence.

Even Bimbi fluttered as tho his expectations were too much for his small breast.

Just as twilight touched the city to tranquillity, Stephen came, quite unceremoniously in. One glance at his face and Cosaco slipped again from the room. Stephen awaited for no preliminaries. He took the impoverished Queen of Herzogovina into his arms. His lips muttered tendernesses, so deep as to be incoherent, against her hair. Out of them all she made out that Trainor had seen the Embassy from Hepland and had so diplomatically prevailed upon them, so warily had cajoled them that they had decided to accept the return of Stephen upon his stipulation rather than their own—which is, Stephen said, "that I marry without further delay, here and now, the little Queen of Herzogovina."

The only sounds in the small apartment were old Cosaco's nervous coughs and a hand-organ grinding out syncopation on St. Nicholas Avenue.

We Interview the Queen of Sheba

(*Continued from page 25*)

love the roots of which go down to the innermost places. But I think, too, that there are other, and many, loves. We may have many different friendships, and from each one we may receive a different quality—yet they are all of them *friends* worthy the title. So with our loves, they are possessed of different elements.

A. W. F.: It is fitting and proper to talk of love with the Queen of Sheba. And, speaking of love, of loves and the qualities of love, what quality is it which a man most wishes for in the woman he cares for?

B. B.: I think, first of all, a man wishes to *revere* the woman he loves. He wants to feel her of finer clay than he. He wants to be able to erect the pedestal and worship from the ground. He wants to be able to raise his head and turn his gaze toward the stars; to feel, in that woman, something immortal. He wants to strive for Olympus. And I think when a man does feel this for a woman, she is assured of his love forever. Not only the first whirlwind, but the great and deep regard which comes when life takes the bloom from romance.

G. H. (*this being over her head*): What does it feel like to be a queen?

B. B. (*smiling. She is one of the few women who smile subtly and laugh wholesomely—a fascinating anomaly*): Not a bit like *Betty Blythe*. I'm having rather a regal time of it. When I came on from the Coast my friends and General Advisory Board (self-constituted) threatened me with anathema if I did not act like a queen every minute of my stay. It is years since I have been in New York, and I told them I was simply dying for a ride on a 'bus. They told me not to *dare* to think of forsaking my queenly dignity by mounting the spiral stairway of the 'bus. But (she bent toward us and whispered, the hushed words issuing from a mouth shaped like a cloven rose, or we've never seen a cloven rose) I've had my 'bus ride. I wore some ancient garment and a pair of smoked glasses, and rode from one end of the line to the other, and then back again. U-m-m . . . being a Queen is not the most comfortable thing in the world. (Pensively) I can see only the *best* plays. I can read only the *best* books. I can meet only the *best* people.

(Interviewers of the First and Second part register discomfort, gather up briefcases, fountain pens and other paraphernalia of their trade.)

B. B.: Oh, must you go! I've felt quite *regular* this afternoon. You've no idea how lonesome I felt the first week. Everyone has been so kind. Good-bye—good-bye. (She extends her gloved hand. Interviewer of the First Part shakes it, feebly. Interviewer of the Second Part glares ferociously at her, and presses upon the Shebian right a ceremonious salute. They exeunt.)

ON THE WAY HOME

A. W. F. (*frigidly*): You dont know how to act before royalty, do you?

G. H.: I suppose *you've* been presented at court, with your pow-wowing and kow-towing?

A. W. F. (*somewhat abashed*): What did *you* think of her?

G. H.: Just what I always have thought: which is the greatest tribute within my humble province to give. She's *real*. Do you think she's beautiful?

A. W. F.: Yes—and more than that, alluring. She did look for all the world like a Queen, in that high-backed, carven chair, behind the tea service. It is an achievement to wear clothes as she wears them, and not to wear them as she wears them. In the "Queen of Sheba," I thought she was as exquisitely and impersonally beautiful as marble.

G. H.: And not a bit impersonal, in fact. Wasn't she funny about the 'bus? You know, she's honest-to-goodness human, and that's a rarity.

A. W. F.: I'll bet there never was a queen so human. I'm for her.

G. H.: For once, I agree with you. Here's my station.

A. W. F.: Give me my other glove. S'long.

A REEL SURPRISE

By RHEINHART KLEINER

The flashing reel revolved, and all the world—
Mountains and plains and cities—flickered by;
Captains and kings and troops with banners furled,
Loomed dark against an ever-changing sky.

But listlessly I gazed, and all the art
Of this fair temple of the shining screen
Could not beguile the sadness from my heart,
The longing for a face but lately seen.

And suddenly, an old-world street appeared,
Decked for some revel in a distant land;
And then—amazed, delighted, strangely cheered!—
Amid the watching throng I saw her stand!

Dearest, could you have dreamed, could you have guessed,
While waiting in that old Parisian street,
That I, within a playhouse of the West,
Looked down and saw you from my lonely seat?

Bobbed Hair Strikes a New Note in Your Appearance

Ruth Roland, motion picture star, says, "The NATIONAL BOB is not only smart but it makes you look artistic and beautiful"

IT falls in dainty little curls around your head making you delightfully lovely and saving your own hair too. The two little combs on the inside of the Bob and a few invisible hair-pins attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy.

Send us a strand of your hair and $10. The National Bob will be sent you at once, postpaid.

Ask us about **anything** *in hair goods—we handle* **everything.**

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.

Dept. O.A., 368 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

Buy them by the dozen or half-dozen in BOUDOIR BOXES—or send 85c. and your dealer's name for Boudoir Box of 6—each net guaranteed perfect and extra large size. State color and style.

Full box with each order for Bob.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3023 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets Now Yours!

Find out how fortunes are made in Beauty Work. Crying demand everywhere for skilled Manicurists, Hair Dressers, Dyers, Marcellers, Permanent Wavers, Chiropodists, etc. We can make you an Expert in every branch in just a few weeks' spare time at home. Money-Back Guarantee. Splendid income giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or start a Beauty Parlor.

FREE BOOK Write NOW for Free Illustrated Booklet. See how easy it is to become a Beauty Specialist and make big money in this fascinating work with our help.

Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 58, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago

Originators of the famous Oriental Preparations

BUY TODAY

10 MONTHS TO PAY

7½% Yearly Increase Guaranteed

SPECIAL TERMS—Ten months credit on any article selected from the SWEET catalog. **No money in advance.** Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled.

Sweet's Cluster

7 fine Diamonds, set in Platinum. Looks like 1½ carat Solitaire. **Price, $62.50.**

If not what you wish return at our expense. ***Any diamond bought of us may be returned for exchange at an increased value of 7½% more than you paid.***

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Every Transaction Confidential. You don't do justice to yourself and your dollars unless you inspect our **unusual values** in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, etc. Send TODAY for SWEET De Luxe Catalogue. Write NOW to Dep't. **311-N**

Capital $1,000,000

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

L. W. SWEET INC.

1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Play By Ear

Be a Jazz Music Master

Yes, you can, even if you have never touched a piano. The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play all the popular song hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—only 20 lessons, which you can master in a little while—will enable you to transform the tune which is running thru your head into actual JAZZY music on the piano. ALL BY EAR.

It Is Easy To Learn

Many masters of Jazz and Ragtime music don't know a note. Be a Music Master yourself. It is easy—the lessons interesting and simple—no tedious ding-dong daily practice with the do, re, mi, until you think you will go crazy; not at all. Just 20 brief, entertaining lessons and you have a musical ability at which your friends will marvel. YOU SIMPLY PLAY BY EAR.

Hum the Tune, Play It By Ear

Hear a new popular song hit, hum the tune, play it yourself. All by ear. Just think how many dull hours this easily acquired ability will make happy, how many friends you will make happy, how popular you will be when you JAZZ the newest song success of Broadway after hearing it. All done by ear. Be a JAZZ MUSIC MASTER.

SEND COUPON FOR DETAILS AND **FREE BOOK**

NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 388, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Without obligation to me, please mail to address below your booklet, "THE NIAGARA METHOD."

.....

.....

Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances *in your own home* by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.

New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

Write for Special Terms. Send *today* for FREE information and surprisingly low offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Room 125 4737 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

The Burlington

21 Jewels

$5.00 a month

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only $5.00 a month—no interest. You are under no obligation to buy. Send for full information. A letter or post card will do.

Burlington Watch Company, Dept. C126
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

Banish YOUR Ailments

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Get rid of your ailments and physical defects. Banish the weaknesses that make your life a wretched failure. What good is life anyway, when one day of misery just follows another with no relief in sight and big bills to pay for dope and drugs that can never help you and may seriously injure you.

No matter what your condition is or what caused it you can aid Nature in overcoming your nagging complaints and fit yourself for the joys of life with STRONGFORTISM, the Modern Science of Health Promotion.

A lifetime's experience and research is contained in my free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It will tell you the truth about your physical condition and show you how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital magnetic manhood. Mention the subjects on which you want special information and send to me with a 10c piece (one dime to help pay postage, etc. Send for my FREE book Right Now—TODAY.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
DEPT. 420, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Regeneration Isle

(*Continued from page* 31)

had asked her to marry him, had offered her assurance of living, at least, and such poor protection as he might be, she had done him the final service of refusing.

Well—the boy shrugged his shoulders. It was just like him. Doubtless he would fall head over heels in love with some dusky native maid and complete the circle of deterioration from which he was being temporarily curtailed.

That night Ginger went away.

It was, perhaps, the first time she had succumbed to instinct rather than to reason. She felt that she must go because she loved him and because his offer of marriage was the one temptation she might not be able to withstand. She realized, too, that the greatest wrong she could do to Clifford Standish would be to marry him. A loveless marriage, turning as all of life had turned, to ashes in his mouth, would complete his disillusionment as no other thing could possibly do. The most that she could hope for would be to keep him in health and spirits until, God willing, the woman would come to him who would infuse meaning into his world. Then, and only then, would he be safe—safe enough for her to go on. To go on! Broken, that was what she would have to do, and keep doing. Going on! Making from her broken heart a song. A song so powerful and sure and clear that other hearts, hearing it, would beat again to a proportionate measure. Well—that was what she had planned to do. It was so that she had ordered her life. Healing! Over her own heart she held both hands, tightly together. How would healing ever come from the agony she was enduring? There in the deep profundities of the jungle might there not be isolation sufficient? Out there where the surf shook the shore, moaned and then shook it again—wasn't there oblivion there? Or far above her head where, ineffably remote, the Pleiades smiled down on her——. Ginger stumbled on. She shook her head in negation of her wild thoughts. The pain would persist, but so would she. And after a while, after a great weary while, it would grow dim, like a dream; it would grow faint, like a sob, and then she would live with it as one lives with the ghosts of one's dear dead.

At the Planters' Club she encountered Frederick Kent and several of his coterie. In a blazing moment of anger, she told them what she thought of them for their scurrilous interference, and when, later on, Kent pursued her and tried to make love to her, she tore at his face with the ferocity of the tigress.

Kent pushed her from him with a loud laugh.

"Rave on," he said to her. "No harm's been done to you, anyway. There'd have been no place for you to live with your lover after tonight—unless in the jungle."

Ginger sensed something of ill-omen in this. "What do you mean?" she cried.

"I mean that the natives have been stirred up sufficiently about the competition your precious Standish has been giving them with his—and your—efficient methods, and they are up there at this moment demolishing his place, and him along with it, like as not!"

"You fiend!"

Ginger turned and jumped from the nearest railing of the porch. Then back, back the way she had come, all thoughts of self and self-pain lost in the wild terror, wilder than any terror she had ever before glimpsed, of hurt coming to him. Ah, better *anything* than that! Far, far better that she take her broken heart and life out of his than, by such a method, have him go forever out of hers. Why had she left him? Why hadn't her instinct served her rightly? What might be happening to him, even now? Upon what horror might she not arrive?

Her heart and her fears outraced her feet. Fears for him. She knew how much more terrible they can be than fears for self.

The place was quiet as she neared it, but to her nostrils came the terrible stench of smoke, of ruin. *What ruin?* Before she came within eyeshot she was calling his name, crying out on him, pleading with him—she didn't know why. And then, dramatically, almost the central figure of the desolation about him, she saw him, fingering with a sort of desperate haste, his gun. She cried out on him again, and then she was with him, restraining him, quieting him. He gave a loud laugh, unlike him.

"I'd like to die here and now," he told her. "This is the fitting climax to my life. I like fitting things. I've always had a sense of the fitness of things, even tho I've never demonstrated it. Demolition—waste—that's my life. I want it to be death. All this gone—you gone—." He looked down on her and seemed to see her for the first time. He choked down a sob and drew her roughly over to him. "Oh, I didn't know," he said, "until you had gone. That was what I needed—to call you and not have you answer. To look for you, and be unable to find you. To call your name—and meet with silence. You, who always answered, no matter when, no matter where. But now you are gone. Now, that I want you——"

Ginger crept closer to him. Her heart beat against his own, her arms crept about him and she drew his sooty, smoky, broken face to her shoulder. "You shall never call me again, my darling," she said, "in vain."

Standish raised his head and something entirely new lit his eyes. He dropped his gun and waved his hand at the outside view of criminal destruction. "Then," he said, "then I can rebuild again. I can rebuild this—my love! I can rebuild an empire!"

Ginger laughed. Here, here at last, was the ring his voice had always lacked. Here was the fire his eyes had never glowed with. Ah, she had known that when the right woman came his world would come right, too. How beautiful that the woman should be herself!

Standish was speaking of the morrow, of how they would be married, and then, when, with an effect of dramatic anti-climax impossible to describe, his father and mother appeared on the scene.

Clifford gaped at them. They stared at him, not altogether pleasantly. Ginger stepped back and her wide eyes took in the abyss across which they regarded their misunderstood son. What an hour for them to have selected for their arrival! A week ago all had been thrift and order! Today——!

Clifford spoke first. His voice was wry. He said, "Isn't this just about what you'd expect of me, father?"

The older man nodded. "It is," he said, "and even worse."

Clifford said, "There isn't much use for me to explain. After all, I've been ex-

plaining all my life, and you've never accepted an explanation yet."

"They have never been even partially satisfactory," his father said. "However, a Mr. Frederick Kent met us at the wharf and told us something of your—er—household arrangements here."

The older man looked at Ginger as he spoke, rather than at his son. Clifford's mother bore the excessively pained mannerism of the delicate woman into whose range of sight or hearing unpleasant topics are introduced.

Clifford straightened up. "Then, I am sure you must be as pleased," he said, "as I am."

"I should like a few words with the young lady," was his father's unenthusiastic rejoinder.

Clifford made a sign of interference, but Ginger, for the first time, spoke. "Please, Clifford," she said, "I want to hear what your father has to say."

The elder Standish preceded the girl from the room.

"Cliff," his mother said to him, holding out her arms to him, "while I've been standing here, I see that you have changed. Something came over me that makes me know it is all right with you, somehow and at last. Tell me——"

"It's the girl, mater," Clifford said; "it's Ginger"—and then he told his mother his side of the story, and also the story Ginger had told to him.

In the room adjoining, Standish senior was finishing what had been a harangue. "So, you see, Miss Ginger," he concluded, "while we appreciate your services in behalf of my son, and while I regret exceedingly that you will not be sensible and practical, as any sane woman has a right to be, and allow me to reimburse you, still your help is certainly at an end if you have his interest at heart. Clifford must come home and settle down with—ahem—a woman of his own world. I am glad you see things my way. You had better leave now—before he sees you again. It will be less unpleasant—all around."

"It will be still *less* unpleasant," a grim voice said at the doorway, "if *you* leave first, father."

Ginger started, and the elder Standish drew up his head.

Clifford came across to the girl standing, poised, uncertain, on the doorsill. He took her into his arms and buried her head against his heart. She could feel, and she thrilled to the measured steady beat.

"Good-bye, father," he repeated. "Ginger is in her own home. She will remain."

And then—the everlasting stars——!

A week later Frederick Kent grew exceedingly drunk and regaled the members of the Planters' Club with tales of the romance of Ginger and Clifford Standish.

"They shaled away today," he said. "Glory, glory, you should 'a' sheen her facsh! It looked like kingdom had *come!*"

The Eldest of Eleven

(*Continued from page 22*)

Marshall Neilan scenarios during the past two years, has written an original newspaper story, "The Lying Truth," for her first independent production, and Pat O'Malley will play the rôle of the editor and will again have a chance to demonstrate the power of the right arm, and, of course, the smile.

"I'm tickled to pieces to be associated with Miss Fairfax; she's a wonder," declared Pat, warmly. "She gives one a feeling of confidence, and I know with her

No Underwear is "B.V.D." without this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

It is your Guarantee of Value and Satisfaction

© THE B.V.D. CO.

"B.V.D." Underwear developed an entirely new principle which completely revolutionized summer underwear.

The foundations of the world-wide popularity of "B.V.D." Underwear are value and satisfaction.

The "B.V.D." ideal of service is expressed in the durable fabric, made in our cotton mills, and in every successive stage of manufacture — the result: proper-fitting, comfort-giving, long-wearing Underwear—"B.V.D."

Quality Ever Maintained

"B.V.D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) for Men and Youths

The B.V.D. Company
New York

"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

Free Trial

YOU may have any instrument with complete musical outfit, for a week's free trial at home. No obligation. Return it at our expense after trial if you wish. Outfit includes velvet lined case, self instructor, music and all accessories at factory cost. A tremendous saving.

Convenient Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and outfit if you decide to keep it. Wurlitzer instruments are known all over the world for artistic quality.

Send Coupon for Beautiful New Catalog

Every instrument known illustrated with price, easy terms and free trial blank. Catalog absolutely free. No obligation. Send this coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept C-152
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.—329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me your new catalog illustrated in color with full details of Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and free trial and easy payment offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(State instrument you are especially interested in.)

Trade Mark Registered
WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Copyright 1920 Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Violet Rays Insure Perfect Health,

Learn the Secret!

Write Today for Free BOOK

The Only Real Foundation for

Dazzling Beauty

Yours for the Asking

Do you admire beautiful contours—delicate texture of skin—radiant, rosy glow of health—the charm and vivacity that springs from perfect health? Violet Rays will tone up your muscles, clear your blood, give you sparkle and radiance of countenance! Vi-Rex Violet Rays will benefit your hair, too, promoting its growth and adding to its beauty. Easily used in the privacy of your home; each treatment a delightful experience!

Ten Days' FREE Offer!

We want you to see for yourself what this treatment will do! We want you to take advantage of the TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL which we are offering for a limited time. Write today for the wonderful FREE BOOK, telling all about the value of Violet Rays for HEALTH and BEAUTY, and the details of this great FREE OFFER.

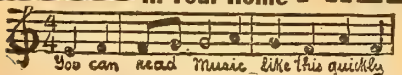
VI-REX ELECTRIC CO.,
Dept. 1218. 326 W. Madison St., Chicago

The Corker

It corks the cork. No worry about the cork slipping out. Made of pure gum rubber. Two sizes—will fit any bottle. At your druggist's or send 25c for two large and one small; or the same amount for one large and three small.

M. E. SCHELLBERG
Dept. A, 38 E. 23d St.
New York City

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



You can read Music like this quickly

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Note the remarkable improvement in the same eyes

You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two shades, *Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes*, 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-13 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

back of me I could reach any height. You must come out when we stage our big fight," and he chuckled in anticipation of the mix-up which will enliven the story. "From the way Miss Fairfax has written it, you would be positive she knew the art of pugilism from start to finish. Gee, it's great. There's fun, too, sparkling thru every scene, with plenty of speed, romance and thrills."

I smiled involuntarily at his ardor. He seems to bring a zest to every moment of living, both on and off the screen, and typifies that pulsating, vital romance of youth produced by the power voltage of a distinct personality and an intense enthusiasm.

"We must be interested in our work, or we lose out," he went on. "One or two pictures will not save us, either, and the higher up we climb, the harder we must work. Each picture should be a step upward, and this demands constant effort and concentration."

Pat O'Malley is an optimist. This isn't surprising, for who could think of a man bearing his name being downhearted or beaten?

"There *have* been times," began Pat, "when I came near being both, but somehow I managed to weather the storm," and his voice was a bit rueful; the experiences are still very vivid in his mind.

"We are always hearing about troubles developing us, making us stronger and teaching us to appreciate our blessings," he continued. "Well, all this made little impression on me until I tasted the dregs.

"I was drifting serenely along, a featured player with Edison, when they decided to shut down. This threw several hundred people on the market, and for nine months I couldn't get a thing to do. I didn't take it seriously at first—was sure some one would send for me; I had never had to look for a job in my life—but when weeks, then months, went by and my money was gone, I realized I was up against it good and hard.

"This was in 1917. Believe me, I'll never forget the date. It stands out like a panic year or the black plague or something equally as bad. No work, no money, and our baby was coming!

"Finally, in desperation, I decided to try for work down at the docks, but that very afternoon Famous Players phoned they had a part for me in a new Pauline Frederick picture, to begin the next week.

"I cannot begin to tell you what this meant to me. I drew the first good breath in weeks and took a new lease of life. The first scene we made was a fire-thriller. I had to climb a ladder to reach a window three stories high; carry the girl down thru the smoke and fire that was so realistic that the girl fainted dead away, and I was so badly burned that we had to stop five days while I healed up. Bad as this was, the money was so necessary that I didn't mind the scars.

Following a few engagements, Pat was sent West by Universal and played in "Hearts of Humanity," and was then to be featured in a serial.

"I'm no coward," said he, "and I'm willing to take any chance anyone else will, but do you know, when I found there was a fire scene, I couldn't go thru with it. I balked, so they killed me off in the seventh episode, and I was out again.

"I made 'The Blooming Angel,' with Madge Kennedy. She was a trump; she seemed to know that I felt much depended on my getting over in this picture, and she generously gave me every chance in all my scenes.

"I had once worked for Marshall Neilan in 'Hit the Trail Holliday'—played a German with a twirling mustache—and he told me he had a story in mind that he was going to produce some day, and there was a rôle for me. Seems he had seen me in 1914 in 'The King of the Wire,' and never forgotten it. Well, just as I finished the Edgar Lewis picture, 'Sheery,' Micky called me up, saying, 'Hello, Pat; I have that rôle for you,' and it turned out to be the reporter in 'Go and Get It.' Funny how things work out. Then we made 'Dinty,' and later, 'Bob Hampton of Placer.'"

Pat is next to the eldest in a family of eleven children, six of whom are boys, so one can well imagine that the O'Malley home back in Forest City, Pa., was a lively place. Both parents had belonged to the theatrical profession, and Pat early exhibited a talent for acting, appearing in all the school and neighborhood entertainments. One of his early stunts was rope and wire walking and he tells how he spent his play hours learning to balance himself on the back fence, the clothesline and finally mastered the slack wire.

At twelve he was so proficient that he went with a road show, the manager being a friend of the family. Later, he was in stock and also had a fling in vaudeville, and at seventeen, ten years ago, he joined Gene Gautier's company, spending several years making pictures in Ireland and France in the summers and returning to Florida each winter.

"I've never played the rôle of a weakling and never shall," remarked the robust, broadshouldered Pat. "I wont have tears, either. I believe in fighting, not giving in, and tears mean weakness to me. I like situations that call for tenseness, but it is the controlled emotions that grip, that make you catch your breath."

Five years ago, after a whirlwind courtship lasting all of three weeks, Pat O'Malley married Lillian Wilkes, who was then appearing in vaudeville.

"We're disputing the old saying about marry in haste and repent at leisure," and the warm smile beamed, "for we are about as happy as they make 'em. Lillian has red hair, and I'm pretty quick, but we never let our tempers go."

Mrs. O'Malley has given up her dreams of a career and is devoting her entire time to the lovely little daughter, Eileen, who has inherited the talents of her parents, being a natural-born actress. She has been in motion pictures since she was nine months old, the late Joe Kaufman having directed her first scene, which, alas, proved to be his last.

Eileen has appeared in many films. She played several scenes in Miss Fairfax's new picture, being Marjorie Daw as a child. Her work was so exceptional that she has been promised a larger rôle in a later production.

Yesterday, so the proud father informed me, Eileen finished a two-reel comedy, "Too Many Keys," at Universal, in which she played the leading rôle. Pat's brother, Charles, has recently joined the film ranks, and he declares he has learned much in watching this three-year-old work before the camera. Her natural interpretation seems unerring, so it is easy enough to predict a future for this wee girlie.

Profiting by their experiences, the first thing the O'Malleys did when fortune smiled on them, was to purchase a beautiful home on Beachwood Drive, in Hollywood, and here Pat indulges his great fondness for animals, having collected a veritable menagerie. It is, however, his fine dogs, which number a half dozen good breeds, that interest him most.

So, after the dark days comes the sunshine of success and prosperity, which Pat O'Malley believes will always come if we *fight* with a *smile!*

Are We Immoral?

(*Continued from page 68*)

warranted assurance to alter a work of art that time has hallowed and generations acclaimed, to fit the limitations of his own feeble imagination, I am at loss for a single legitimate excuse.

The world isn't all bad and wicked and unregenerate. Some of us still say our prayers at night. Some of us, in our quaint old-fashioned way, still believe that it is better to do good and be good and to avoid evil and even the appearance of evil. Some of us enjoyed "Pollyanna," even tho our mental development was sufficiently advanced to know that "it just couldn't be true." Some of us can still enjoy and profit by a film without a shred of *life as it is*, in it.

Going to the movies is largely a matter of habit, anyway, and habit is the greatest motivating force in the world. Destinies are determined by it. People will always go to the movies. Their going is rarely objective. Very few people actually go to see a specific movie. They go, merely for something to do. A movie is fundamentally the last resort for the inherent restlessness of the American people. Rather than stay home seven nights a week, and since they are within the price of practically all people, the movies will continue. That is all there is to it.

If producers could be made to realize that people will go to see the innocuous movie rather than no movie at all, perhaps they could be induced to omit from their pictures the thirteen kinds of impropriety agitating the composite mind of the International Reform Bureau.

The present objectionable, or at least questionable, features which I have adduced, in their aggregate, epitomize the sort of immorality the censors and blue law-ers, or should one call them "blue lawyers," are after. It is the only kind they are able to recognize, and the only kind of which the vast movie following has any ken.

Producers must stop showing us so much of the criminal and lascivious aspect of life and, perforce, the silly sop of the last reel reform will just naturally end its futile and unconvincing life.

The necessity for instigating and making operative these reforms, ourselves, is unmistakably obvious. Let us so conduct our own business as to keep its exploitation in our own hands, and out of the pragmatic grasp of blundering politicians.

(*To be continued.*)

Marion Fairfax, Inc.

(*Continued from page 57*)

of sunlight, we could never appreciate its full value—it is contrast that brings balance."

Marion Fairfax was born in Richmond, Virginia, but early moved to Chicago to live. She was sent to Boston to school, and there on a certain Easter Sunday she met Charles Frohman at the home of a mutual friend. When he asked her if she wanted to go on the stage she replied that she did, tho she declares she had never given the subject a moment's thought before.

Shortly after this she received a wire from the great producer, asking her to join the company to play the ingénue rôle, that of a French convent girl.

Miss Fairfax relates with high glee how confidently she set forth tho she knew nothing of the stage, had never been in France nor seen the inside of a convent. Luckily she made good with her rôle and soon the company went to Chicago where it settled down for a long run during which time the family of the youthful actress was won over to her stage career.

Several years slipped by and just when Marion was listed among the leading ingénues of talent, her health suddenly gave way. It was during this period of invalidism that Miss Fairfax turned her thoughts to play writing, creating "The Builders," the first of a series of successful plays which she wrote and also directed for their stage production.

"The Builders" was followed by "The Chaperon," the comedy selected by Maxine Elliott to open her beautiful new theater, then came "The Talker," "A Modern Girl," "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters," and others, all notable for their spritely humor and sparkling dialog.

"Anyone can write the first act of a play," remarked Miss Fairfax, "it is the second and third that staggers them. It requires a stern mental training to drive yourself on after the first enthusiasm passes, that is the reason there are but six Class A dramatists in each generation."

It was when William and Cecil de Mille felt the need for a dramatic understanding in motion pictures that they sent for Marion Fairfax to come to Los Angeles and assist them in developing a technique for scenario writing, and the result of their efforts is the technique generally accepted today by scenarists. She has also been responsible for many successful Lasky films, among them "The Clown," regarded by critics as an exceptionally fine example of dramatic construction, while her scenarios for the Marshall Neilan productions during the past two years have won wide favor. Mr. Neilan has recently completed one of her adaptations, "The Lotus Eater," in New York, with John Barrymore in the leading rôle.

"Micky is a wonder, he is a natural born comedian, his sense of humor is bubbling and always delicious," is her tribute to the young producer.

Miss Fairfax is the wife of Tully Marshall, so well known among stage and film fans, and Mr. Marshall says, with keen pride, that not once during their twenty years of married life has he ever known Marion to lose her temper, which, with her spirited nature, speaks royally of her self control.

The Marshalls are completing a very beautiful new home perched high among the Hollywood hills and commanding a view of unexcelled grandeur in every direction, with the Pacific glimmering in the western sun.

The architectural design of the house was suggested by a home in Palestine, and the Syrian idea has been carried out in detail even to the terraced lawns and cascade fountains which convert the spacious gardens into a dream of romantic beauty.

"My only trouble now," mourned Mrs. Marshall, "is that I haven't time to move into the new home, I must finish my picture first."

Once again at the Hollywood studios, Miss Fairfax became the director, rehearsing Noah Beery and pretty Marjorie Daw thru a bit of amusing action, while her well-trained eyes appraised each light and shade of the scene before her.

Then, raising her megaphone to her lips, she called, *"Camera!"*

Two Inches in One Month

That is my Guarantee

I will increase the size and development of your chest at least two inches in 30 days. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Well, come on and make me prove it. And what's more, I will enlarge your arm and your neck at least one full inch in the same length of time.

Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Seek Proper Guidance

By following my instructions you are bound to receive these benefits and a thousand more. Anyone can give you a series of movements to go through every day. But will it get you anywhere? I have made this my life work. As a doctor prepares himself in the study of medicine and its effect on the vital parts of your body, so have I studied the human anatomy and the benefits derived from various forms of exercise. I do not promise to cure disease, but I absolutely will prevent it.

The Man Who Knows

Tex O'Rourke is one of the best authorities on physical culture in the world today. He has trained more world champions than any other. He knows every training device worth while, and he says, "Earle Liederman has absolutely the best." Charles Atlas, known throughout the country as one of the strongest men ever produced, gives full credit to Earle Liederman for his present condition.

Is The Best Too Good For You?

What you want is a perfect physical development and you want it in the quickest time possible. That is what you get from my course. And with it you build up a condition of health which makes you fit for any position in life. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, develop your arms to an enormous proportion. But I will also strengthen every vital organ so that you will feel the vim and pep of youth and have the buoyant spirit and flash of eye which shows a clear active brain and a perfect functioning body.

Come Then—Let's Get Busy

I've got it. It's yours for the asking. Don't hesitate. Join the army of strong men who are doing the big things in life. It means both business and social success to you. It means self-confidence, abounding health and the full pleasures of life. Make me prove it! I like it.

Send for my New Book—

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT" It is FREE

It tells the secret and is handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent to you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 308, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 308, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Improve your Figure

Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments

How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.

KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

Wear it 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

EASY To Play To Pay

BUESCHER TRUE-TONE

(None genuine without this trademark)

True-Tone Saxophone

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to greatly increase your income, opportunities, popularity and pleasure. Easiest of all wind instruments to play—you can learn to play the scale in an hour and in a few days be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free Tells you when to use Saxophone — singly, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You can order any Buescher instrument and try it six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (26)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2126 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots

ZIP

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT.

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."
Faithfully,
Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated *Book:* "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
Dept. M, 562 Fifth Ave.
Ent. on 46 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

Would-Be and Will-Be Stars

(*Continued from page 67*)

or winners will be announced. What a wonderful Christmas present that will be for someone!

The final winner is guaranteed a screen engagement and a year's publicity in our three magazines. She will have her expenses paid, from wherever she may happen to live. There may be more than one winner and there will be a final Honor Roll as well.

The Fame and Fortune Contest is now so universally known and talked about, that any winner of any of the honors it has to bestow will be benefited materially in his or her search for a screen career.

Literally, from all over the world we receive pictures of would-be screen stars: the German fräulein, the French mademoiselle, the Italian signorita, the high-caste Hindu, Russian princesses, Chinese ladies of high degree, whatever they are called, mystic Orientals, grande dames of Spain, and so on, to say nothing of the American beauty.

The contest is the chance of a lifetime, and some 50,000 wise people are of the same opinion.

We will repeat once more the announcement made in previous issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that: Anyone who has submitted a picture to the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest is invited to come at his or her own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publications, Inc., at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July first, for a personal inspection before the Judges' Committee.

Those found eligible for a screen test, will have one made the following days at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the Judges, will not have one made.

The second day for a personal inspection before the Judges' Committee will be, Friday, September second.

One more plea! Please dont wait any longer to submit your photograph. The work is daily growing heavier, and the confusion and the delay toward the close of the contest is simply indescribable. Dont realize too late what a wonderful opportunity is open to you. You have read in our magazines of the success that our winners are enjoying. It might be coming to you, but you cant win without sending us your photograph, and, of course, not all who do send their photographs can win, but isn't the glorious chance worth trying for, at any rate?

THE SMALL-TOWN PICTER SHOW

By OLIVE WHITE

John Henry Hoke of Perkinstown
Decided he would go
One evenin' to his place of dreams—
The teown-hall picter show.

Outside the posters read like this:
"Our shows are new, and greatest—
May Murphy in 'The Purloined Kiss'—
This fillum is the latest."

Love entered into John's young heart—
He sure did fall for May.
At home that night he penned his love
To her—'twas mailed next day.

This answer came, I hate to state:
"Dear Sir: We're sorry to relate.
May Murphy died in 1908"——
We'll say that fillum was—quite late!

HIS OPINION

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Little Fred, aged five, came running to his mother recently very much excited.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I saw Uncle John this afternoon, and he took me to the movies."

"What did you see?" inquired his mother.

"The Inside of the Pup," replied the youngster.

THE DIFFERENCE

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

He talked about his crops, while far away
I sailed across a moonlit tropic bay.
He talked about his work, and I in dreams
Was lost amid the rush of mountain streams.

He talked about his car; on coral strands
I watched some shy brown maidens wave their hands.
He talked about his wife, and all the while
I saw some bathing beauties nod and smile.

He talked about his dogs; I watched a fan
Beneath the cherry trees of old Japan.
He talked of everything while I kept still
And wandered over valley, plain and hill—
For we were at the movies with their gleam,
And he had come to talk and I to dream.

THE FELLOW'S HEAD IN FRONT OF ME

By RAY HOPPMAN

The fellow's head in front of me—
A murderer I yet will be,
I always miss the vital scenes,
The thrilling climax on the screens.
When most obstructed is my view,
I twisted my head—then he does, too.
I quickly shift far to the right
But there's his head right in my sight.
Then to the left I squirm and stare
But all I see is head and hair.
I twist and wiggle—so does he,
He simply will not let me see.
They say I stare at people's faces
In trolley cars and other places—
But what of that? In movie shows
My optics view naught, goodness knows,
Than backs of people's heads in there—
I'm tired of seeing heads and hair.
Why, when I try, should it be strange
To get a front view for a change?
Some day I'll bring along a sword
And then a headpiece will be floored.
And if they call that "Moviecide"
I'll take my punishment with pride.

HAPPINESS

By ALFARATA BOWDOIN

Yes, happiness depends on many things—
The warmth of sunlight and the whir of wings;
A happy heart responsive to your own,
Joyous romance that waits in the unknown;
The stinging glow a freshening eastwind brings.

Yes, it depends on thrilling work at hand,
The strength to carry out the thing you planned;
The busy stir of people to and fro,
The quiet of the twilight, and the slow
Pound of the ocean upon firm, cool sand.

Yes, happiness depends—and it is found
By hearth-fires, and near the pleasant sound
Of friendly voices. Sometimes it will stray
Across a lawn where moon-made shadows sway;
Sometimes it lies in peace beneath the ground.

Untouched by Ennui

(*Continued from page* 54)

Williams said. "I had a splendid rôle, that of a frivolous society butterfly, who, later, in the face of the crisis, proved a true woman. It is these human rôles that I love to portray—real women with their temptations, development and regeneration.

"I had many interesting experiences while East, and it seemed good to be in New York again. I rushed madly every minute, for besides my work at the studio I was trying to visit the shops, see all the new plays as well as meeting many celebrities.

"One night at a director's dinner, I saw Dr. Frank Crane and was delighted to find he was just as I had pictured him. I have always enjoyed his writings so much, and particularly last summer when my boy was ill it seemed as if his messages were meant especially for me. I was tempted to tell him this, yet hesitated—he probably has many admirers.

"Then, one afternoon, while at tea at the Claridge, I met Rex Beach for the first time. Rather odd, for tho I have played in several of his stories on the screen, and he had frequently been in Los Angeles, I had to go to New York to be introduced. As I had been told that his wife suggested the description of his Cherry Malotte, I was naturally interested in seeing Mrs. Beach. I found them both charming."

We all recall Rex Beach's epic making film, "The Spoilers," which created a sensation a few years ago with what has since proved to be an all-star cast, and Kathlyn Williams is possibly more vividly identified with her famous rôle of Cherry Malotte than anything else she has ever done in motion pictures. She made this dance-hall girl of the North so splendidly human, so superbly alive, that it still stands out as one of the big rôles seen on the screen.

"The last time I saw this picture," laughed Miss Williams, "I was amused to see how hopelessly old-fashioned the clothes had become even in this short time. That is one thing in favor of the costume picture, which the American producers so vigorously taboo, the date would not be screaming at you from every gown and hat as it does in the modern drama."

Kathlyn Williams is a western girl, having been born in Butte, Montana. She began her stage career as a child, and early became the protégé of Senator W. A. Clark, of whom she speaks with much admiration as a man who is ever ready to help talent in its development.

She attended the Wesleyan University, then studied at the Empire School of Acting in New York, later appearing in a number of well-known stage plays, both in the city and on tour.

Coming to Los Angeles, Miss Williams became a member of the famous old Belasco stock company and was also with Willard Mack in Salt Lake City for a time. These two stock experiences she considers to be the most valuable of all her stage training.

"Pictures came along just then, I joined the Biograph Company under Mr. Griffith, and have been playing before the camera ever since," and she took up the story. "I love the work now even more than at first, for there have been such remarkable strides made in every phase of this great art.

"It offers many advantages over the stage, one of the most interesting being that we can *see* our own acting. I make it a rule to have the rushes shown each night before leaving the studio, and this keeps me from repeating my mistakes or permitting little mannerisms to creep in. It also shows how to improve our make-up. You would think after all my years in pictures I would know all about make-up, but the continual advancement in the lighting methods keeps us changing our methods too, and I learn something new in this direction with each picture."

Doubtless, much of Kathlyn Williams' success is due to her own charming womanliness, her beauty and her dignity, but it is her rare intelligence that gives her the power of discerning the dramatic values of her rôles no matter in what social realm they may abide. The whole-hearted manner in which she interprets the woman who has made a mistake, the shallow society leader, the demi-moral of the early West, all display her splendid understanding of the feminine mind and heart.

"I enjoy what we call a sympathetic heavy," went on Miss Williams, "there are so many good-bad women—you know what I mean—and they are very human. However, I will not play a really vicious part. I do not want that wave of thought turned against me that necessarily follows the portrayal of a character in which there is no saving grace and most of all, I do not want my son to see me in such rôles.

"Victor is growing up so fast—" she added, happily, while I tried to realize this radiant young woman was the mother of a strapping boy. "He is learning to dance and we practise all over the house, tearing up the rugs and bumping the furniture against my precious walls—" and she laughed, indulgently.

So, again we say, ennui can never bring its blight to Kathlyn Williams.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 75)

There is one theater which is going to stand up for the exclusion of the German films which the critics have so enthusiastically applauded. When Miller's Theater in Los Angeles tried to show the German-made "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a mob of wounded soldiers and members of the American Legion stormed the place and created such a riot outside the theater that the management gave up and showed an American-made film instead.

The lovely May Collins may spend her evenings dancing with Charlie Chaplin, but her days now belong to the Universal Film Company. She has signed to appear in a rôle cryptically announced as the Flame Flower in "The Shark Master." Frank Mayo is the star and many of the scenes will be taken at Santa Cruz Islands.

Richard Dix, who is quite a matinée idol in Los Angeles, scored a hit in his first picture, "Not Guilty." Whereupon Goldwyn promptly signed him up as leading man under a two years' contract.

Kathleen Norris is the latest author to be added to the Goldwyn roster of famous authors. She and her husband, Major Norris, have been traveling in Europe, but have now sailed for home and cabled that they will start for Culver City immediately upon landing in New York.

Women are creatures of fads and fancies. Little Leatrice Joy, however, certainly takes the cake, for she confided to me that her favorite material is gingham and that she owns three dozen dresses made of that fabric.

Mary Miles Minter just hesitated long enough to finish "Her Winning Way" and

(*Continued on page* 102)

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION

WITH

CUTICURA SOAP

This fragrant super-creamy emollient for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion tends to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health if used for every-day toilet purposes. Largest selling complexion and skin soap in the world. Sold everywhere.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Everywhere for 25c. Sample each free by mail. Address postal: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. AA, Malden, Mass.**

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

From "Where Knowledge Means Happiness" Copyright 1921

SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in **"Where Knowledge Means Happiness."** Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says: *It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.*

Sent in plain cover, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.

Dept. S, **Counsel Service, 246 W. 76th St., New York**

YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU USE

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

Play Cards?

Five-hundred? Bridge? Whist? You do? Well, we have a few sets of STAGE PLAYING CARDS left. 52 cards and joker, daintily painted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged and highly flexible.

Each card bears the photograph of some well-known player. Only 65 cents (postpaid) per pack. Order your set today.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband—to help your children—to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 24,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 396 BAY CITY, MICH.

We have been in business here for more than 26 years

Hands and Harmony

(*Continued from page 69*)

bing gently. A skin whitener may be applied if the hands are inclined to be red or dark, or they may be dusted lightly with talcum powder. If the skin is rough or cracked or chapped, a good cold-cream should be used before applying powder or whitener.

Some soaps are more than cleansing agents, containing a medicinal value as well, and may go a long way toward softening and refreshing the skin. Dont be so foolish as to try to get along with substitutes instead of soap. It cant be done. Use plenty of soap, but be sure it is a good soap.

If you have menial tasks to perform about the house you should wear rubber gloves, and at night, before retiring, draw a pair of loose-fitting kid gloves over the hands, having first moistened them with cold-cream.

If the nails break easily it is a sign they are brittle and need special treatment. It is frequently a sign of nervousness or ill health and can be materially remedied only by removing the cause.

In caring for the nails the following procedure should be observed:

1. After the hands have been washed and thoroly dried, the dirt should be removed from beneath the finger-nails with an orange stick, not a file.
2. File the nails to the proper length and shape them—not long or pointed.
3. Smooth off all roughness with the emery board.
4. Wrap a piece of cotton tightly 'round the blunt end of the orange stick, dip it in the preparation for removing cuticle and apply, both beneath the nail and at the base of each nail, pressing the clinging skin back and allowing the little white crescents to show. Continue to rub gently, until all surplus cuticle has been removed.
5. Now rinse the hands and dry them.
6. If you wish the nails to have dull white finish use a small amount of white powder or cake polish, rubbing the buffer briskly, but gently, over the nails. If you would like a rosy glow to the nails—which nature may not have bestowed on them, use a small amount of the pink or red paste, spreading a little on each nail with the tip of the finger. Then add the white polish and use the buffer, or better still, the palm of the hand, as there is less danger of bruising the nails.
7. Now, as a finishing touch, apply the nail white under the nails. For this, use the orange stick, rubbing the paste back and forth until there is an even white crescent at the tip of every finger.

If you have not a complete manicure set it would be the wisest thing, and the most economical in the end, to purchase a set at once and keep it where you can use it daily, for the care of the nails is as necessary to the toilet as brushing the teeth or the hair. The buffer needs to be used only about twice a week.

There are certain nail enamels that give a brilliant finish to the nails without the use of a buffer. They are usually in liquid form, are applied with a brush and allowed to dry. They stay a long time and will not wash off.

If the cuticle feels irritated after the manicure, cream may be applied to the irritated parts, but this should be done before the buffer has been used, as the cream will dull the bright finish.

Do not cut the cuticle. Heavens, how painful it is! And how really harmful, too. You know there is a reason for everything, and the purpose of the cuticle is to protect the base of the nail where it grows out from the fold of the skin. Of course, as the nail grows out, the cuticle clings to it and is not pretty to look at, hence we push it back, and use the cuticle remover to get rid of what is left on the nails.

Now a drop of your favorite perfume on the palms, and your hands are ready for any function—dinner, office, luncheon, tea, theater, home.

One of the surest signs of an individual's poise and self-assurance is the manner in which he uses his hands. Dont close your hands tightly in a nervous fashion, or keep them pressed against your side, or hidden in a fold of your dress.

Some hands are so expressive that the owner's personality seems to extend all the way to the finger tips, so that every movement of the fingers declares individuality:

"Her little hands are soft, and when
I see her fingers move
I know in very truth that men
Have died for less than love."

Of course, there is also the person who talks with his hands. One should make one's vocabulary sufficiently large to express every shade of meaning. But the hands are full of nerves and it is natural for them to respond in certain ways to various emotions. Sometimes, a relaxed hand lying quietly in the lap is more expressive of perfect ease than in any other way.

But you will never have poise and self-assurance until your hands are immaculately groomed. No matter how elaborate your coiffure or how entrancing your gown, you will still be uneasy and nervous, if your hands are not smooth, white and trim.

Every artist loves to paint the hand. Every sculptor loves to fashion it according to his ideas of beauty. If you have been thru the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York you have noticed this, I am sure. If not, you must have noticed it in statuary and portraits. Naturally the artist's ideal hand is a slender one with long tapering fingers. But some people have not that kind of hand and never will have, a fact they may regret but can do much to remedy by careful attention to details in the grooming of the hands.

Anyone can have shapely, irreproachable nails, with a delicate fragrance clinging to the fingers as to the petals of a flower. You can. Have you?

PICTURES IN MOTION

By Howard Grant Cogsdill

I hail the imagery unheard,
That moves the world before our eyes,
A recompense for hopes deferred;
Enabling those to visualize,
Who live in villages and towns,
Far, far away from busy crowds:
The whirl of cars, the lure of gowns,
The mysteries of winding shrouds,
The mask of wealth, the lights that glare,
With strangers milling to and fro,
And struggling genius in despair—
The crucible of high and low.

And those, impounded in a mass
Of brick on brick, the sordid prey
To things material and crass,
Drink in the wonders you portray.
In realms of fancy and romance,
One half, the other comes to know:
The storm at sea, the game of chance,
The woods where scented flowers grow,
The passion play of heartless vamp,
The treasure hunt, the mining camp,
The villain hanging from a tree,
The care-dispelling comedy.

The medal pictured above was the first award of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. It was presented to Corliss Palmer

Too Much Protest

(*Continued from page 47*)

She is small, almost plump, but not quite. She is poised, but it is not the poise of *ennui*. She is alert—alive. She has "manner."

Presently—when she had consumed the roast pork—she announced that she must be returning to the set. She is working on "The Bridal Path," her latest picture.

Gossip has lent itself eagerly to spreading rumors which link May's name with Charlie. But she spoke little of him: that anecdote, and an enthusiastic outburst over "The Kid." She has a wholesome, if unexpressed, awe of genius.

I watched her go thru a scene's rehearsal. There was a slight tendency to be "stagey," felt by the greatest legitimate actor during his first screen experience, but it was instantly smoothed by E. Mason Hopper, famous for his directing and his passion for cook-books. Her eyes, quailing a little under the light, were narrowed again, not unpleasingly.

She was much concerned, when two faulty lamps gave her a moment with us, with the possibilities of "Pygmalion and Galatea" as a screen production—the titles, you know. They'd be wonderful!

I asked her, presently, whether she preferred the stage or the screen. She looked at me, mockingly aghast.

"How original!" she bantered.

There was a moment—just a moment—when I reflected amusedly upon the intolerance of seventeen. Perhaps she noticed it. At any rate, she offered finally the statement that she would undoubtedly like the screen until she got tired of it, and that after that she would no doubt want to return to the stage!

Jackson, apparently worried, was relieved when I remarked that it was unique to find a woman of the screen with the courage to repudiate platitudes.

But you'd say of May—as, frankly, I did—"She's a dear!" Above all, she is intelligent—and she is a gentlewoman. I should not be surprised one day to see her accomplish rather big things. Clever at seventeen, a few years of maturity should find her brilliant. But there is an English writer of some faint renown who penned an immortal line, "He doth too much protest!" May, as yet, is just—seventeen.

Miriam Cooper

Starring in the

R. A. Walsh Production

"THE OATH"

THE First National Trademark is the sign of exceptional pictures.

They are exceptional because they are made by independent stars and producers in their own studios. Their independence enables them to seek out exceptional material for stories, exceptional talent to support them and to put their exceptional ability into their work.

Their pictures are accepted for exhibition by First National strictly on their merits as the best in screen entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theater owners who are banded together for the purpose of fostering the production of more artistic pictures and bettering screen entertainment.

Look for First National's trademark on the screen at your theater.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC AND SHADOWLAND

Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phrenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strikes, Profiteering and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 230 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of $1.25.

The Brewster Publications

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York

$100 FOR ONE DRAWING

Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists make big money. You can earn $25 to $100 a week and more. Learn at home in spare time under personal direction of Will H. Chandlee, famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artist of 30 years' successful experience.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART Inc.
Room 1645, Marden Bldg.
Washington, D. C.

Send me particulars of FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT Offer and free book, "How to Become an Artist."

Name .....
Address .....
City .....State.....

BE AN ARTIST

Delightful, fascinating profession. Wonderful new home-study method makes drawing easy! Send coupon or postal today for amazing offer—complete Artist's Outfit given to new students

FREE! to new students. Write for handsome book, "How to Become an Artist." Don't delay—write, or send coupon at once. Address

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.,
Room 1645
Marden Bldg.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
Lester Park-Edward Whiteside
Photoplay Productions
214 W. 34th St., Suite 23, New York, N. Y.

Play the Hawaiian Guitar

Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. **Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.** Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.

Send Coupon NOW—
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete inforamtion, special price offer, etc., etc.

Name .....
Address .....
Town..... County..... State.....
Please write name and address clearly. M.P.M.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 99)

then departed for New York where she expects to sail on the *Imperator* for a two months' vacation in Europe. She will visit London, Paris, Ostend and the battlefields, Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera and Spain. She will be accompanied by her mother and her sister, Margaret.

Cecil B. de Mille is making rapid progress with his new super-production for Paramount, suggested by Leonard Merrick's story, "The Laurels and the Lady." John Davidson has recently been added to the cast, which also contains Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris and Theodore Kosloff.

Marshall Neilan has finished the picture starring John Barrymore and entitled "The Lotus Eater," and has returned to Los Angeles. Mr. Neilan announces that he will confine his activities during the next twelve months to the production of two big pictures. The first of these will feature Colleen Moore whose work in "Dinty" and in the new John Barrymore film proves her to be among the foremost artists appearing before the camera. Because of his production plans which would have left only small parts to Marjorie Daw, Mr. Neilan consented to release her from her contract, that she might avail herself of the splendid opportunities to star that were knocking at her door. Miss Daw is now playing the leading rôle in Marion Fairfax's "The Lying Truth."

Charlie Chaplin was badly burned recently when a flare torch which he was using in a scene for his new comedy exploded. At the time of the explosion the famous comedian was wearing a long-tailed Prince Albert coat, and this caught on fire, which rapidly enveloped the little man. His terrified studio assistants rushed to his aid and beat out the flames, but not before he was badly burned about the limbs. Those who saw the accident say that the only thing that saved Chaplin's life was an asbestos coat which his cameraman had insisted he wear beneath his costume, knowing that the comedian was going to fool with fire.

Two impending weddings in the film colony are those of Wallace Beery to Mona Lisa, and Priscilla Bonner, Vitagraph beauty, to Allen Weymouth, a director at Vitagraph.

I saw George Walsh at the Ambassador Hotel the other day. He had finished the lead in "The Serpent," a special First National production which his brother, R. A. Walsh, is directing, and was full of enthusiasm even if he had to work very hard, for he feels that the rôle, which is that of a Spaniard, is more suited to him and gives him a better opportunity than any of his recent plays. Mr. Walsh has left for New York to sign a new contract, but expects to return West to make his pictures.

May Allison has been busy making speeches for the forthcoming race for Mayor in Los Angeles. Recently, she talked to the women at the Snyder luncheon at the Alexandria Hotel. She wore a quaint little frock of heavy black silk with a standing flare of the silk at the collar and shoulders, and a stunning hat of dull blue.

Mary Thurman is to play the lead opposite Roscoe Arbuckle in his next comedy, entitled "Should a Man Marry."

It looks as if Mildred Harris would next take a try at vaudeville. Altho she has not yet signed any contract, Mama Harris admitted that negotiations were under way with New York agents and that a playlet is being written for her.

Alan Hale, who is villaining in George Melford's picturization of "The Great Impersonation" for Lasky, is the proud father of a baby boy.

Clara Horton has signed with Universal to play the leading feminine rôle in "The Mascotte of Three Star."

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 88)

lock's "The Lost Romance" to the screen.

In doing this, he has entrusted Conrad Nagel with the rôle of Allen Erskine, the young doctor; Lois Wilson with the human characterization of the wife, Jack Holt with the part of the other man, and Fontaine LaRue plays Elizabeth Erskine, maiden aunt of the doctor.

There is a philosophy to "The Lost Romance" which is applicable to the life which seems most humdrum—a sane philosophy which you instinctively accept, and perhaps that is the greatest argument in its favor.

Briefly, the story tells of the young doctor and his wife who marry with the intention of keeping their romance gloriously alive forever and ever, after the habit of young husbands and wives the world over. A baby boy comes to them, there are the tasks and disappointments of every day, until one morning they come to feel that their romance is over: cold—dead. They do not realize that it is still there, living—only covered by the demands of day after day.

Perhaps, the interference of the aunt is far fetched, and we doubt if anyone would have the courage of his convictions firmly enough to do as she did. However, her excuse undoubtedly warranted her action.

It is a worthy business—passing on sane philosophy and the romance of every day. We hope William de Mille will continue along these lines.

PECK'S BAD BOY—FIRST NATIONAL

When Jackie Coogan manifested the budding genius which he so undoubtedly manifested with Chaplin, in "The Kid," it was to be expected that someone would come along and star him in a perfectly impossible story which would demand his doing every cute thing imaginable before the fade-out. "Peck's Bad Boy" does just this—it is a series of jerky incidents, with Jackie playing all sorts of unpleasant pranks upon grown-ups and acting and thinking in a most sophisticated manner.

The art of Jackie is not belied in this production—every now and then there is a flash of the same artistic value which was found in "The Kid," but even this cannot save the production—there is no plot interest and the action is entirely lacking in naturalness and interest.

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER—FIRST NATIONAL

"Bob Hampton of Placer" calls to mind the early days of the motion picture when "thriller" meant a good picture and, at the same time, outposts, warring Indians, and barricades.

Marshall Neilan has for his principal players James Kirkwood, Marjorie Daw, Pat O'Malley and Wesley Barry, and there has been endless time, energy and money expended to make this a splendid production.

The plot starts out to be different in a sense, but the suspense is not well maintained, with the result that the action lags behind most of the time.

Wesley Barry is not seen to good ad-

vantage as the lad who goes about worshiping Bob Hampton—every time anyone fails to hit a mark, Wesley draws and he never fails to make the bull's-eye. One critic said it was a relief when Wesley ceased to be and at the time we resented this, but since seeing the picture we understand how that critic felt.

"Bob Hampton of Placer" is a de luxe western drama—that at least can be said for it, but in his endeavor to cram it with action, Marshall Neilan has entirely neglected the human interest, and that is always a mistake.

REPUTATION—UNIVERSAL

The sole reason for "Reputation" is its star—Priscilla Dean. She plays the road actress who later achieves great fame on the Continent, and also the daughter who, neglected as a baby, grows up and adopts her mother's profession, eventually taking the place her mother's dissipation has forced her to relinquish.

Now almost any star would rejoice in such an opportunity of proving versatility—it permits the star to portray, first of all, the road actress, disillusioned, yet with some humanity left; the favorite of the Continent who eventually frequents the opium dens of Limehouse, where she loses everything, and then again the daughter, rich in hope and youth, who endeavors to fill the mother's place.

Priscilla Dean creates no furore with this opportunity but, on the other hand, she is intermittingly convincing.

The story is like many others which the screen has claimed from time to time, with no unique presentation or unexpected plot twists to help it along.

THE SKY PILOT—FIRST NATIONAL

King Vidor may always be expected to give his tales a human interest; to dwell upon the little things and their relationship to the greater issues—perhaps that is what makes his pictures so worth while.

"The Sky Pilot" is the Ralph Connor story which tells of a young clergyman who arrives in one of the settlements of the Northwest with the purpose of reforming the inhabitants. He has all sorts of difficulties, and before he is able to accomplish his purpose he finds it necessary to win the friendship of the ranch hands. This is no easy task, but John Bowers makes his sky pilot such a likable person that you are not surprised when you find that some of the men prove their desire to listen to his teaching by erecting a church for him.

There is a love interest between the daughter of an atheist, played by Colleen Moore, and a neighboring herdsman, played by David Butler.

King Vidor has been faithful to the action of the written word, but he has interspersed the action with the salt of humanity whenever it has been possible to do so without interfering with the plot construction, and this makes "The Sky Pilot" a pleasing production.

The atmosphere of that country with its great open spaces and its heavy snows is faithfully portrayed, and the cast is pleasing.

SCRAMBLED WIVES—FIRST NATIONAL

Everyone awaited "Scrambled Wives" with interest, for it marks the return of dainty Marguerite Clarke to the screen. Since her marriage, Miss Clarke has devoted herself exclusively to domesticity, but it has not dulled her sense of farce, and in this typical mix-up of husbands and wives, sweethearts and ex-husbands, all trapped at a house-party, she is as delightful as of yore.

(*Continued on page* 111)

For every girl

who spends time out-of-doors, in sports, motoring or boating, The *Priscilla Dean Tam* is indispensable.

The *Priscilla Dean Tam* is distinctive, becoming, cleverly designed, and made of beautiful, soft, serviceable, "Suede-like."

Fashion has sponsored the *Priscilla Dean Tam*; it is the vogue—the stylish outdoor headwear everywhere and for all occasions. No wardrobe is complete without it. The fetching drape, the pliable softness, give it a charm that's distinctive. It's becoming from every angle, and on everyone.

You will look good

in a *Priscilla Dean Tam*. You can get it in your favorite color to harmonize with any costume.

You will wonder how you ever got along without one — you'll find it appropriate for almost any informal occason. And it will certainly enhance your appearance. It's the ideal hat for general wear—and only $2.50.

You can get it at your dealer's; or send the coupon or a letter with the price to us.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.

908 W. LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

the Priscilla Dean Tam

TRADE MARK COPYRIGHT

This trade mark guarantees your satisfaction

The Priscilla Dean Tam comes in one size to fit all heads. This is accomplished by means of an elastic inner band at the back, cleverly inserted.

In ordering, merely specify color. Popular shades for Spring and Summer are:

Bright Red	*Tan*
Jade Green	*Coral*
Silver Gray	*White*
Orange	*Lavender*

Copenhagen Blue and many others.

Use the Coupon or Write Letter

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
908 W. Lake St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is $2.50 (Canada, $3.00) for which please send me a Priscilla Dean Tam in _____ (color) postage paid.

Name_____

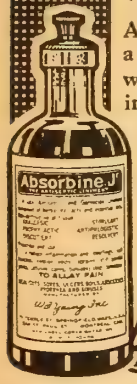
Address_____

Money refunded, if desired.

tired feet

Feet that are tired and sore from long hours of standing soon become rested and refreshed by gently rubbing them with Absorbine, Jr.

A hot foot-bath containing a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. will have a delightfully soothing effect on weary feet at the close of a strenuous day.



$1.25 a bottle at most druggists'.

A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert
Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

10 Buys ¢ 100
Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"
NO PASTE NEEDED
Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums
Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 69-H 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 82*)

Morse in "Hairpins." Texas Guinan is thirty.

Dot 18.—Your letter, too, was interesting. You say, "Love, you know, is very gentle in view, but so tyrannical and rough in proof." You also say, "Do you know your answers have an exhilarating effect upon me. They cast a spell over me and smother me with a faint dream; then I part to slumber merely to awaken and find my dreams all shattered." You wax eloquent and arouse my envy, Dot, for you are only eighteen, what will you be when you are my age?

Herbert H. D.—That much-looked-for letter. You say you have been watching Pauline Starke and you also have been watching Mildred Harris, and you think the former has come out ahead. You say you never can forget Theda Bara's profile, Roscoe Arbuckle's energy, Constance Talmadge's eyes, Marguerite Clark's shallowness, and Theodore Kosloff's posing. And you end by saying, "Hoping you will never grow any older than the years in your heart." Thanks, and I certainly enjoy every line of yours.

Innocence.—That's a bit too old for me.

Ethel Louise.—Thanks for the verse. Keep up the good work.

Frisco Fan.—Hobarth Bosworth and William Santschi and Bessie Eyton played in "The Count of Monte Cristo." William Farnum and Maude Gilbert in "Samson." Hal Reid played in "Rip Van Winkle."

Vivian.—Nothing doing on Margaret Shervin. I do not know of any particular kind of kiss that the censors approve or disapprove, but they want them very short and unimpressive. There are about fifty-seven varieties of the kiss, altho the Bible mentions only eight: the kiss of salutation, Sam. xx, 41, and I. Thess. v, 26; valediction, Ruth 11, 12; reconciliation, II. Sam. xiv, 33; subjection, Psalms 11, 12; approbation, Prov. 11, 4; adoration, I. Kings xix, 18; treachery, Matt. xxvi, 49, and affection, Gen. xiv, 15.

Owen Sound.—Of course, House Peters is playing. I saw him the other night. Yes, Marguerite Clark was just as funny as ever in "Scrambled Wives." I liked the whole picture. I am not so good as you think I am. I have many vices, but my principal vice is advice.

Oklahoma Cherokee, I. Steele, Betty B., Jack G. of Philadelphia, Miss 1921, Euky, Norma-Elmhurst, Cupid's Heart, Lovey-Dovey, M. K., Santa Claus, Little Nell, G. W. R., Madelon D'Arcy, P. J. R., Wm. S., E. V. B., J. LaRocca, Toronto, Anna Q., Edith W., Penelope, Babe, Grayce S., Peggy, Deer, Mary B., I'm Conning, C. L.—Had to put you in the alsorans, as your questions have been answered before.

Kiddooly.—Whow! You say you knew that I was bald, because they dont put ivory knobs on cheap furniture. Now, that's what I call bright. Hope Hampton is still playing. That sound you hear in large seashells is due to the vibration of the air in the interior of the shell, which acts like a sound-box. Hugo Ballin and his wife, Mabel, are doing "Jane Eyre."

Buster Brown.—That's right. Tell us what you want and what you like best in our magazines. We strive to please, and we cant always do it unless our readers let us know what they like and dont like.

M. M. Melbourne, Gladys C., Anita G., Daphne, Betty, R. J. H.—Always glad to hear from you, but nothing doing this time.

Mildred A. C.—Cant see where you need courage to write to me. I am nothing but a mere man, and not very particular, at that. Your letter is received with the other thousand. "The Canterbury Tales" were written by Geoffrey Chaucer. Pronounce coupon "koo-pon," and not "kew-pon." Eugene O'Brien played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Leatrice Joy is the wife of Jack Gilbert. Vera Gordon is now in vaudeville. Write me when you get time.

Amo, Winnipeg.—You write a very interesting letter, and I was glad to hear about your snowstorm in Canada. Sounds mighty inviting right now. Once in a while there comes a flash across the sky, and a great name is born—a star. Jackie Coogan is one. Vera Gordon is another. But, as a rule, it takes years of hard work to get fame or fortune.

Billie.—A well-known French scientist is experimenting with caterpillars as a cure for tuberculosis, believing that in the caterpillar's system is a substance which renders the most dangerous microbes innocuous. You've heard about the inoculations that bring old age back to youth. I'm going to try that some day, but it isn't time yet. Donald McDonald, in "The Yellow Typhoon."

Charles N.—Pretty good, but you can improve upon it.

Jackie.—You seem to have more respect for the opinions of our ancestors than I have. Since they came first, are they not the younger, and therefore the less experienced? Seena Owen, in "The Price of Redemption." Mary McAllister is fourteen and she is playing in a rôle that Nazimova created on the stage.

Mary.—It sure is a grand old name. You refer to Burrell Manly, in "Held in Trust."

Nuisance.—You say we ought to start a bureau here to put children into the pictures. Zounds! Have we not our hands full already? Zipp, Zippe, Zippie! Speaking of children, did you know that more than seven hundred children committed suicide in the United States last year?

George, the Kid.—Thanks for your card.

Frenchy.—Yes, I'm a notary public, not a notary republic, as you say. Notaries public are appointed by the Governor on the recommendation of three prominent lawyers. Richard Barthelmess has his own company, called "The Inspiration Picture Company." Anna Pavlowa is a dancer of international reputation, and she is married to Count Victor Dendre.

Swiss.—Glad to hear from you again. You want to take care of your eyes. Blindness in nearly forty per cent. of cases occurs after the age of forty-five. No, that's my day of rest—Sunday. I refuse to work. Did you know that the preachers here are complaining of so much coughing in churches, that they are going to pass cough-drops when they pass the plate? Fair exchange is no robbery. They look on coughing as competition.

Grace N.—When you come to California, why not come to New York?

Enid.—You wish that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien would play together again, that they were made for each other. So you liked them best in "Poppy." Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Secret of the Hills." Thomas Meighan and Katherine MacDonald, in "The Thunderbolt."

Valentine.—Mary Miles Minter is playing in "Dont Call Me Little Girl," from the stage play, "Jerry," that Billie Burke played in. Gail Kane and Gladden James, in "A Good Woman." Well, the world is a book,

the language of which is unintelligible to many people. But that's not for you, Val.

Frederick Farnum Fan.—The reason I answer such questions is that one of my functions is to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all. It's hard to keep your pep up. Bradley Barker was Paul, Albert Hackett was Charles, in "Come Out the Kitchen." Dont you refer to Milton Sills?

G. T. R.—You certainly belong to the regulars, and not to the volunteers. No, Marilyn Miller has never played in pictures. Where do you get all your information from? Corking good letter.

Ada T.—Little Jacqueline Logan is playing in "White and Unmarried," with Thomas Meighan. Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont are playing in "The Co-respondent." Glad to get your views on the subject, but love without desire is a delusion; it does not exist in nature. Take it from your Uncle.

Your Sweetheart.—I was certainly glad to hear from you, but where are the questions?

Bill.—You say my salary makes you laugh. I assure you, it's no laughing matter. If you are going to say anything about me, say it now. If eminent men whose history has been written could return to life, how they would laugh at what has been said of them. You can reach Ralph Kellard at Rye, N. Y. He has been on the stage.

Phyllis.—So you liked Corliss Palmer and want to see more of her. You can reach her at this office, but she hasn't much time for correspondence, because she is busy making toilet preparations when not playing in pictures.

Just Me.—Well, I fail to see any resemblance between Alice Joyce and Agnes Ayres. Lew Cody is thirty-six. Conway Tearle and Winifred Westover, in "The Fighter." Yes, but if you make money your god, 'twill plague you like the devil.

Elliott Dexter Fan.—Your letter was a gem. You call me "The Bearded Angel of Eighty," and say I am some mystery, almost as hard to solve as Pearl White's mysteries. Norma Talmadge's first picture was "A Tale of Two Cities," with Vitagraph. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1915. He was in to see us the other day with his mother, and he is the most wonderful child I have ever seen in my eighty years. He recited Shakespeare, Dan McGrew, and gave us some imitations of movie expressions. Mr. Brewster took him thru the place and introduced him to all the girls.

Cleo Patra.—All I have to say to you is to keep a safe distance from me. They say there are about 200 stars in pictures, but they say that the star system is gradually waning. Bert Lytell is thirty-five. Pronounce ingénue "on-jen-u." Will Rogers is playing in "Jes' Call Me Jim." Yes, Malvern Polo is the daughter of Eddie Polo. Corinne Griffith is playing in "Moral Fibre." You're welcome. Estelle Taylor, in "The Adventure." I think you refer to Walter Miller.

William Van K.—Monte Blue is in California now. Wallace Beery was once the husband of Gloria Swanson. No, Colleen Moore is no relation to the Moore boys. Yes, "Cappie Ricks" was taken in Boston.

Fluff.—Hello, there! I never did say that I would write you a personal letter. I wish I had the time to. Glad you are having such a good time *tete-a-teting* in society functions. The conversation of women in society always reminds me of the straw used in packing china—it is nothing, yet without it, everything would be broken.

Lloyd M.—Claire Windsor and Eddie

(*Continued on page* 110)

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, and for the benefit of their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy the magazines by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	3.00	3.50	4.00
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	8.50	10.00	11.50

Payable in United States Funds

Date.....

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

No Money Down

Illinois Monarch
19 Jewels

19 genuine Ruby and Sapphire jewels, solid gold center wheel, adjusted to positions, isochronism and temperature. Includes such railroad requirements as double roller escapement, steel escape wheel. Stem set guaranteeing absolute satisfaction. Substantial guaranteed 20-year gold-filled case. Sent without a penny down.

10 Days Free Trial

Wear this splendid watch 10 days free. No obligation. If you decide not to buy return it at our expense.

Chain and Knife FREE

A handsome, up-to-date, gold-filled chain and knife absolutely free. Choice of Dickens, Vest or Waldemar (shown in cut) chain. State which chain you wish.

14c a Day

Just send your name and address. The watch, chain and knife come to you by prepaid express. Give the expressman $8.75. This is merely a deposit. Wear the watch and chain 10 days. Then if you don't wish to keep it return it at our expense and your deposit will be refunded instantly. You are not out one penny. Trial is absolutely free. If you keep the watch, pay $4.00 a month until full price, $40.75 is paid.

Order Today on Trial

The supply is limited. Send your name now. No red tape or annoyance. You take no risk. Take this chance to have this watch for less than 14c a day. Send name.

J.M. LYON & CO. Dept. 1 Maiden Lane C152 NEW YORK

Study Beauty Culture

We teach you Beauty Culture thoroughly and practically by mail in your spare time. Manicuring, Massage, Facial, Scalp Treatments, Hairdressing, etc. Full course $20 on easy payments. Graduates earning $60 upward weekly. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

PARIS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. "E", 911 Garden Street, Hoboken, New Jersey

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310 MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Print Your Own

cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12 Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.

THE PRESS CO., D 44, Meriden, Conn

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building, Yonge & Shuter Streets,
TORONTO, - - - CANADA

G-r-r-r Gladys Walton

(*Continued from page 73*)

sonality—a being of elfin witchery, she just walked into the Fox studio and into a leading part in the comedies, without aught of yes, or no, or interfering, it would seem.

"Before I knew it I had been cast in a picture, and without my knowing it, you might say, they gave me the lead," recounted Miss Walton. "I dont think I was really aware of what had happened to me for several months—how unusual it really was, I mean. I didn't know anything about a studio, nor of studio talk and expressions for weeks and weeks, because I never mixed with the picture people very much, and always hurried home when I'd finished for the day. One day somebody asked me, 'What are you *doing* in the comedies?' and I replied, 'Oh, I'm just playing leads.'

"A good many people thought, you see, right at that time that I was wasting my talents. But I didn't even know I had talent, not until I had been asked by Universal to take part in a dramatic picture, and not even then. I couldn't accept that offer at first, for I was under contract to Fox, but one day the Fox people released me. They said I could stay on in stock if I wanted to and work in comedies, but that for my own future it was better that I should be free. So that was what made it possible for me to take that rôle in the Lyons and Moran picture, 'La-La Lucille.'

"The Universal people did not decide for quite a while after that to make me a star. I worked in another picture between 'La-La Lucille' and 'Pink Tights,' but I was so bad in that—you see, I was miscast—that they didn't think I'd ever amount to anything.

"Still Mr. Bernstein believed in me—Isadore Bernstein, I mean. He said, 'Let's give "the kid" another chance.' They always called me 'the kid' or 'the baby'—" and I noticed that she drawled the last word like a Southerner, altho I suppose that was really just a trace of Bostonese accent, for she was born in the Massachusetts culture center.

"They intended that another star should play in 'Pink Tights,' but she refused. That was when my chance came, but even then I had no idea mine was going to be the leading rôle. They didn't expect to feature me either. But Mr. Bernstein told me it was my opportunity to make good. I tried hard because I felt it was my last chance, and I had really begun to be a little ambitious.

"When I finished and saw myself in the projection room, I came out crying. I thought I looked awful on the screen. I didn't know anything about acting, and couldn't tell whether I was good or not in that respect. But I felt terribly disappointed in the way I photographed.

"Everybody seemed very much pleased with the picture, tho. It was sent on to New York, and they liked it so well in the East that they decided to feature me.

"I've finished nearly six pictures now, and I'm about to start on my seventh, and occasionally I am told that I am a good little actress, even if I am 'a kid' and 'a baby.' And while I dont know anything about acting, I hope some day they'll say I'm good without mentioning 'the kid' or 'the baby' part," she concluded, a wistful little look in her eyes, and a vague smile around her mouth.

The only suspicion she ever had of her talent before she got in pictures, she related, was one day in elocution class in school——

"The class had been going on for quite a while, and I had always managed to find some excuse for not reciting, because I was really a little frightened about it. Finally, after I'd wiggled out of it several times, the teacher said, 'Now, Gladys, you've been avoiding your pieces regularly. Now we want to hear from you.'

"I was scared as could be, but wobbled up to the platform and somehow started. As soon as I began, the class room and everything vanished and all I knew was that I was saying something and feeling it. When I woke up and realized where I was I noticed there was an absolute silence in the room. After the class was over the teacher asked me whether anybody had ever told me that I had dramatic talent, and if I had ever wanted to go on the stage, and I said I hadn't thought of it. But, you see——"

And I was left to draw my own conclusions as to fate's designs on the career of this young lady. I decided that fate hadn't made any mistake when it deflected her course out to the Fox studios on the eve of her departure for the North, and even tho the compass now pointed to the lion's cage, I felt she would survive that hurricane of excitement quite as successfully as she had her seemingly circuitous yet remarkably direct excursion toward fame.

One thing I concluded later on, and that was that I was perfectly right about a lot being hidden away beneath the surface of her personality. At the time I met her I didn't know she was married, nor did anyone else; that is, any but a very few. Who'd think that she was, anyway, such a child as she appears to be at home with her girlhood curls falling over her shoulders as in a beautiful little cascade?

It all came out, tho, not long ago, how she'd been wed some three months previously to the son of a retired capitalist of the East, who had been wintering in California. And she's kept it a secret for professional and feminine reasons, and perhaps—just for fun.

The Golden Snare

(*Continued from page 63*)

Her face was turned to him, and Raine saw that there was only unease in her child-like eyes and a vague distress.

When Black Dawson laid his great, hairy paw on her she shrank pitifully, but she was too innocent to be afraid of what was coming. Philip Raine, knowing only too well the black and evil things that lay in the hearts of men, struggled again more fiercely with his thongs and swore aloud.

Then Black Dawson turned in his chair and clapped his great fist on his knee in huge enjoyment. "Will you drink to the health of my bride, Mr. Mounted? I hope there's no hard feelings because I helped myself to the lady you wanted? However, you will soon get over them, get over the habit of feeling at all!"

The crew laughed in drunken merriment and shouted ribald jests that made Philip look at Celie in agony. But the words meant nothing to her. She was stifling a yawn with one small hand, like a weary child. Grimly the man worked at his bonds till they were wet and slippery with blood, but they would not give by the fraction of an inch, and now his frenzy grew, for he saw that Black Dawson was tired of sharing his victim with his companions.

"Good-night to you all!" he said bluntly, then his roving, bloodshot glance fell upon the trussed officer and he burst into a roar

DONT MISS THESE PLAYS

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION

With Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, supported by Edwin Markham, the great poet, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, Dorian Romero, the Cuban actor, Octavia Handworth, favorite screen star of a few years ago, and thirty other players, in a

Five-Reel Feature Drama of Intense Interest.

FROM FARM TO FAME

A Two-Reel Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer.

First-Prize Winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Also showing the other winners, Gold Medalists, and Honor Roll girls of that memorable contest.

THE ETERNAL TWO

A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Rôle and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the caveman type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eilene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

Every reader of the Brewster Publications—and there are about 4,000,000 of them—is interested in these plays, and if your theater manager knows it he will book them. If he does not know it, you should tell him.

Send him a postcard or a letter enclosing the announcement, or speak to him personally. He will thank you for calling his attention to it. Be sure to tell him that these plays are released and distributed by

The Clark-Cornelius Corporation
117 West 46th Street, New York City

This is one of the most reliable organizations in America on the State Right basis. This company will inform your theater of the nearest exchange where the plays can be secured. The Brewster Publications stand back of these plays and your theater can make no mistake in booking all three of them.

ANNOUNCEMENT

For various reasons, it has been found necessary to change the title of

"Ramon, the Sailmaker" to
"The Eternal Two"

Ask your exhibitor to show "The Eternal Two" at your theater, featuring Corliss Palmer and Orville R. Caldwell.

of laughter. "You shall stay, Mr. Mounted—as my guest! The rest of you get out and envy me my bride!"

Philip Raine spoke hoarsely. "What will you take to spare her?

Black Dawson closed the door behind his last guest, grinning. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for her! What's money in the Northland! And I can never go back where money will buy women.

He was willing to play with his triumph, to torment this man who was the sworn enemy, by virtue of the uniform he wore, of him and all his furtive, unclean kind. "Isn't she pretty? Come! I'll wager you're a good judge of women, Mr. Mounted, eh? Tell me honestly, did you ever see one to equal her? Look at her hair—" he dipped his black fingers into the shining golden waves, "not so bad for the Northland! How would you like to feel it against your mouth, Mr. Mounted—as I'm feeling it now!"

Celie screamed. Philip Raine struggled with his bonds till the veins stood out in cords on his forehead—then from the distance came the howling of wolves.

Black Dawson sprang to the door, calling his men. No answer came. The camp lay stark in the moonlight, like a village of the dead, and over the snow raced the shadows. They were near now. Above the clamor of the pack sounded a lone wail that rose and fell mournfully.

Now the Czar of the Barrens sprang to the wall and jerked his rifle down. He stood facing the bolted door, with a face like a mask of fear. The room was filled with dreadful sound, a body leaped against the stout panels and one fell in with a crash, showing a foam-flecked muzzle and the gleam of bared fangs.

Philip Raine had ceased to struggle. He stood watching what happened, watched the door crash down and the dark bodies of the wolf pack leap over it into the room, watched Black Dawson's rifle send two of them down, biting their wounds, watched a great bulk spring over the threshold.

As an animal leaps, Bram Johnson struck his foe and bore him crashing to the floor. The last candle went out, leaving the room washed only with the moon. The two men rolled upon the floor, and sickening sounds came from them.

With a great relief, Philip Raine saw that Celie had fainted. She, at least, would never have the nightmare memory of the fight to haunt her, never see in dreams the plunging shadows, nor hear the shriek which was Black Dawson's farewell of life at the end.

Philip Raine leaned forward, peering down at the motionless heap upon the floor. Why did Bram, the victorious, lie there? With a series of awkward leaps he made his way to them, and stooping, looked closer, and the sweat sprang out upon his forehead. For with the hole of Black Dawson's rifle bullet thru his head, Bram Johnson lay before him dead, with his teeth clenched in the throat of his enemy!

A search of the stockade revealed a clue to Celie's origin. She had been found by Bram before the fast gathering cloud of madness had entirely darkened his brain, a tiny baby afloat in a derelict whaler with not another soul aboard. He had rescued her, and then, pursued by the furies of fear, had fled to the Barrens, built himself a refuge and gathered about him his savage pack, which seemed to sense the kindred savagery in the man's distorted soul.

That was all of Celie's past he was ever able to discover. But what does the past matter when the present is so beautiful? And, looking into the faces of his wife and Pierre's child, Philip Raine caught the glow of his own hearth-fire, and knew that his wandering was over and his heart had found its home at last.

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theatres and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications "Shadowland," "Classic," "Motion Picture Magazine."

Tell Your Theatre Manager to book it from

PRODUCER'S FEATURE SERVICE
729 7th Ave., N. Y., for N. Y. State and Northern N. J.
SUPER FILM ATTRACTIONS
Washington, D. C.
ALL STAR FEATURE DISTS.
San Francisco and Los Angeles
HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION
Charlotte, N. C.
DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind.
NEW FILM EXCHANGE
Philadelphia, Pa.

OR

Shadowland Screen Review
17 West 42d Street, New York

THE PRIDE OF EVERY WOMAN

Neat, trim, shapely ankles. Once the treasure of the few—now the pleasure of the many. Indeed! How? "FLEC" Ankle Reducing Cream! It actually does work wonders. Try it—tonight at bedtime. Repeat every night. You will soon marvel and revel at the happy results

Sold Only by Mail. $1.00 a jar.

THE FLEC CO., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE PLOTS

Have you a little plot in your home? Let us help you develop it into a salable scenario. This is your opportunity to make money in the moving picture game. Enclose stamp for particulars.

Manuscript Dept. Desk 6
WRITERS SERVICE BUREAU
Box 922 Tacoma, Washington
"We help you succeed."

Delivered to you Free

for 30 days trial on approval. Your choice of **44 Styles,** colors and sizes of famous **Ranger** Bicycles. **Factory-to-Rider** lets you buy at wholesale prices, express prepaid, direct from maker.

12 Months to Pay lets you enjoy your **Ranger** at once. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments. The **Ranger** is a better bicycle than you can buy anywhere at any price.

Tires lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply write for our big, illustrated free **Ranger** catalog with lowest prices and terms; also Special Rider Agent offer.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. H-39, Chicago

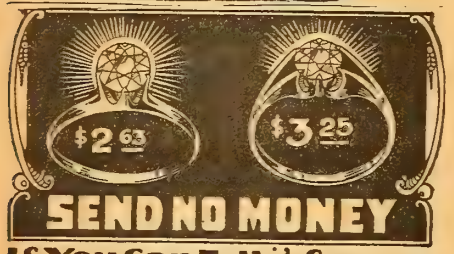
LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

When Grandmother was a girl, she powdered her nose and the dimple in her chin with Lablache. Through all these years, it has remained steadfastly the same pure powder for the complexion. Sold today in the same old fashioned box.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring (Cat. price $4.98) for **Half Price to Introduce, $2.83,** or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. price $6.26) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free** Catalog. **Agents Wanted.**
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO. Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (*beautifier*) . . 95c
Powdered Saxolite (*for wrinkles*) 75c
Phelactine (*hair remover*) . . . $1
Powdered Tarkroot (*face rester*) $1

All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

Do You Dare

to raise your arms freely in this season's thin waists and gowns low cut? Your mind will be at ease if you use

DEL-A-TONE

It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of *safely* removing hair from the face, neck or under-arms.

It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth—and is easy to apply.

Druggists sell Delatone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept NN, 339 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

If Movie Theaters Become Much Bigger and Better

By Frank H. Williams

New York.—The Mammoth Motion Picture Theater, seating 42,000 people, will be erected on the lower end of Central Park, in response to a universal public demand. The decorations will be solid gold, platinum and diamonds. An orchestra of 750 pieces will play twenty-four hours a day.

Squeedunk.—This city has a population of 692 people and a handsome new movie theater seating 781 is now being erected. The extra seats are for visiting friends of the inhabitants, and the promoters of the theater expect it to be filled to capacity every day.

Chicago.—This city is keeping abreast of the movement for bigger and better movie theaters. An exact replica of the new Field Museum has been erected on the lake-front, and is the city's newest movie house. It cost $18,000,000. Lunch will be served free to patrons who simply cant tear themselves away from the movies, even to eat.

Albany, N. Y.—Statistics show that the demand for new movie theaters is far ahead of the supply. So far this year only one new movie theater has been erected for every ten residents of the state, and movie film men say that the demand will not be met until the new theaters erected total one for every three inhabitants.

Los Angeles.—Private telephones have been installed with every box seat in the new Fifty-Million Dollar Movie Theater, just erected here, thereby enabling business men to spend most of their time every day at the movies and still transact their business by 'phone.

Philadelphia.—This city has just awakened to a realization of the tremendous demand for the ultra in movie theater construction and the first twenty-five million dollar theater will soon be erected here, thereby making Philadelphia only two years behind other leading cities in this respect.

Hot Dog, N. M.—Cooling by artificial ice brought 1,230 miles is one of the new wrinkles in the first million-dollar movie theater erected in this city of 431 people and 892 hairless dogs.

New York City.—All seats in the new Bullion Movie Theater will be stuffed with one-dollar greenbacks, as the promoters declare this method of upholstering has all others beat for making seats comfortable.

Some Unsung Movie Heroes

By Frank H. Williams

Cecil Sourface.—Posed as the statue in a fountain for four consecutive hours on a near-zero day, when the real statue was broken, and it was necessary to film scenes in fountain to complete picture.

Montague Poorfish.—Stays in the Mack Sennett laboratory day after day, developing film without kicking about never being able to go down to the beach when a bathing girl's picture is being taken.

Samuel Nutley.—Altho he utterly detests 'em, he has been shaving onions for four years, with which to make screen stars weep.

Montmorency Smythe.—Has lived all his life in Hollywood, California, and yet has never once pestered a film company to be starred in the movies.

Archibald K. Arbuthnot.—Has never yet gone to the movies but what some one near him has read titles out loud and people moving in and out have stepped repeatedly on his pet corns, and yet he has never bawled anyone out.

Mary Jones.—Looks like Mary Pickford, but always wears her hair tightly done up instead of in curls, and has never gone out of her way to say that she could show Mary things, if she ever got a chance.

Henry J. Brown.—Played opposite a male star in a scene where there was real beer on the table and never made a whimper when the star drank it all during the filming of the scene.

Elizabeth R. Brainy.—Has thought up a really wonderful plot for the movies, but never annoys her friends by telling them about it.

Lemuel A. Looney.—Portrayed a doormat in an emergency, sustaining 941 bumps and bruises during this histrionic effort.

Arthur A. White.—To get the proper atmosphere for a picture, let his whiskers grow for four days, during the short time his best girl was in Los Angeles.

Whiffington Z. Spoof.—Played around with Douglas Fairbanks when a boy, but mentions this fact only once or twice a day, out of consideration for friends and relatives.

B. B. Buzy.—While mending a leak in a shower bath, was caught in the superheated shower during the filming of a scene, but didn't break out, for fear of spoiling the scene.

Sister's Scenario

By Robert E. Carroll

Father has fidgets and mother has nerves,
The house is hushed, each voice is low
And the least disturbance a frown deserves
When sister *writes* her scenario.

"Finis" is written, the task is done
The family basks in pride's warm glow.
The hearts of all of us beat as one
When sister *reads* her scenario.

Our fancy soars to the farthest stars—
We will buy a home on millionaire row,
A beautiful yacht and ten motor cars,
When sister *sells* her scenario.

May Allison's devoted colored maid, Josie, startled the dainty Metro star recently by announcing that she and her husband were to be remarried.

"Why, Josie," exclaimed Miss Allison, "there's no need of that, you've had no divorce."

Josie replied with a question.

"You leases yo' house by the yeah, don' you, Missy May?"

"Of course, Josie," responded the now bewildered screen star.

"An' when the yeah's over, you renew the lease?"

Miss Allison nodded.

"If I like the house, I do, Josie."

"Well!" said Josie triumphantly, "you all know, a good man these days is doggone hard to find. An' I got a good one. We got married just a yeah ago. An', Missy May, I aint takin' no chances on the marriage license runnin' out."

6 Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

$1.00 Down

A Room Full of Furniture

Cut Price Now!

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-Piece Library Set. Only $1.00 down—then $2.70 a month, or only $29.90 in all. A positively staggering value on this *special, reduced price offer.* Send the coupon below and have this massive set shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money together with any freight charges you paid. All you have to do is to send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship you the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down to reduce your freight charges considerably. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. **Order by No. B6259A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price $29.90. No discount for cash.**

Special Reduced Price Offer—*Act NOW!*

Prices down, at last! **Rock-bottom prices** for you. You can now get this wonderful 6-piece library set direct from our own factory at the **lowest price since before the war**—and for only $1.00 down, a year to pay! This set is such a wonderful bargain at this special reduced price, that we have reserved the limited number we have on hand for new customers only. The set is not shown in our regular catalog. We haven't enough to supply everyone. First come, first served. Order your set on this low price offer **now.** Remember, thirty days' trial in your own home. Costs you nothing if you are not entirely pleased. **Send at once!**

Easy Payments!

Open an account with us. We trust honest people anywhere in the United States. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above, or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. **No C. O. D.**

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, talking machines, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send coupon today.

Send Coupon

along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and the balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today—now. Don't delay.

STRAUS & SCHRAM Dept. C152 West 35th Street **CHICAGO, ILL.**

STRAUS&SCHRAM
Dept. C152
West 35th Street, Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B6259A, $29.90

Name.....

St., R.F.D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in proper box below.

☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and List of successful students. Associated Art Studios, 28A Flatiron Bldg. New York

PIMPLES BLACKHEADS ACNE ERUPTIONS

easily and quickly cured by simple home treatment. Write today for FREE booklet, How to Have a Clear Complexion. Simply send name—a post card will do.
MARGOT LABORATORIES
108 Keystone Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS
send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.
Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

HAIR ON THE FACE
PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."
LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight when you wear
Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention—Combination hose-supporter and pant-leg Straightener—**Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs**; as easy to put on and comfortable to wear as any ordinary garter—**no harness or padded forms**; just an ingenious special garter for bowlegged men improves appearance wonderfully. Bowlegged men everywhere are wearing them; enthusiastic. **Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.**

S-L Garter Co.
812-L Trust Co. Bldg., DAYTON, O.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 105)

Burns, in "To Please One Woman." Tom Moore, in "Thy Kingdom of Youth." Seena Owen, in "Sooner or Later." No, I certainly dont agree with Balzac when he said that "It is necessary to be almost a genius to make a good husband." I am quite sure I would make an excellent husband. Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson and Elliott Dexter, in "Peter Ibbetson." Write me again.

JEAN C.—Glad to hear from a Hawaiian. You say the sugar planters faced a shortage of labor and insisted that they wanted Chinamen, but no more Japanese. Is it the yellow disposition or the yellow color, that excites their opposition? Marilyn Miller is playing in "Sally," a Broadway musical comedy. So you think Diana Allen looks like Olive Thomas.

BETTY K.—Of course, I am pleased to hear from the kiddies. Write me again.

GENEVIEVE H. JOHNNY CABOBO, INQUISITIVE WANDA, LUCY FRANCIS, DAVID B., RUTH ROLAND'S ADMIRER, G. W. R., D. E. W., H. KUTZ, SESSUE HAYAKAWA ADMIRER, VERONICA H., WADE L., JANET W., I AM ANXIOUS, TERRY and ROY J. L.—Glad to hear from you. Write me again.

MURIE S.—You're right. Pleasure may come of illusion, but happiness can only come of reality. Nazimova has finished "Camille," with Rudolph Valentino. She and May Allison have left Metro. Never heard of Cynthia Buckley.

PETE M. D.—To be happy is not to *possess* much, but to *hope* and to *love* much. That is my motto. I own nothing and love a lot. You say you want to see and hear more of Mary and Doug. You know, I have met Ralph Graves. He has been over here. Raymond McKee, in "The Flame of Youth."

HELEN LOUISE.—How pretty! Does your mother call you that? I dont know whether Harrison Ford owns a Ford. He isn't married, so he hasn't any little Fords. Maybe he cant afford a Ford. You ask, "How long is Antrim Short?" Wonderful! Are you following in Mr. Edison's footsteps? I certainly enjoyed yours.

ALWAYS LONESOME.—Yes, Tom Moore and Renee Adoree, married February 13, 1921. Mabel Normand and Jack Pickford stood up with them. Why, the Amazon River of South America is the largest river in the world, but not the longest. Sorry I cant help you.

FRIZZLE HEAD.—You just bet it is warm enough for me. I consume gallons of buttermilk these days. It's hot enough to fry eggs on the window-sill of my hall-room. Dorothy Davenport is playing for Plymouth Pictures, Inc. Martha Mansfield is with Selznick. Some say that divorce is necessary in advanced civilization, and some say that everybody should forever lie in the bed that he or she has once made, be it hard or soft.

ANNA D.—Well, I'd like to know why you cant write me every month. A centipede is supposed to have one hundred feet, but it depends upon the length. William Desmond and his wife, Mary MacIvor, are playing in "Slippery McGee." Yes, William Duncan is married to Edith Johnson.

WEST AUSSIE.—Glad to know you. You say you are an old maid, but it isn't your fault. Maybe you're too particular. How would I do? The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows. King Baggott directed Carmel Myers in "Thou Art With Me."

EILEEN G.—You say you want more about George Cheseboro. George, step forward.

CURLY.—Yes, I do think Katherine MacDonald is beautiful. I heard somewhere that she had renewed her contract for two years and will receive $600,000 during that period. I hope it isn't stage money. Pauline Frederick and Julian Eltinge are going to start companies of their own. Zena Keefe is going in vaudeville.

BARBARA A. P.—Love and coquetry are two different things. Coquetry is the desire to please, without the want of love. We had an interview with Gloria Swanson in the April, 1921, issue.

G. T. R.—How are you today? You sure do hand out some good dope. I cannot ascertain any scientific reason that will satisfactorily explain why hair thrives so bountifully on my chin, yet refuses to grow on my dome.

OUIJA.—Yes, indeed, Hobart Bosworth played in "The Sea Wolf." Ethel Clayton and Clyde Fillmore, in "Sham." Earle Williams, in "The Silver Car." Alice Joyce, in "The Inner Chamber." Holmes Herbert opposite.

CLEVA MCC., IRENE CASTLE ADMIRER, PEANUT PATTIE, MARIE D., PEARL, C. S., F. H., HOBOKEN, GEORGE G., NORKA 69, SARA D., SARNIA, MARTHA E., BABE, Z. Z. Z., A JACK HOLT FAN, FLORENCE, JUNIUS S., E. M., JIMMY COCKTAIL, BABY VAMP, J. E. J. JR., A WALLACE REID ADMIRER.—Your letters were interesting and I hope you write me again.

N. F., Macon.—Yes, the Fame and Fortune Contest is for male as well as female. Why dont you join? The more the merrier. At this writing, Pearl White is in Europe.

HERBERT H. D.—I always get a lot of fun out of your letters. So you have been watching Pauline Starke and Mildred Harris, and you are betting on the former. Naturally, I like them both. Write me some more.

J. A. N.—Of every noble work, the silent part is the best; of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed. I wish you luck, and here's my hand on't.

VITA.—You say you have been two years trying to get a picture of Kenneth Harlan, and you enclosed twenty-five cents each time. Kenneth, wake up! Can you picture Laurette Taylor doing "Humoresque" on the stage? Vivian Martin is playing on the stage and in pictures, too. She finished "Mother Eternal," which played on Broadway not long ago.

F. F.—No, it was Lord Chancellor Bacon who was convicted of bribery. I dont mind praise, but flattery is the worst and falsest way of showing esteem. I have never been to Spain. They have nearly a quarter of a million beggars there, so I thought I had better not go. Yes, Virginia Faire Brown is the same one who won the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

ISABEL.—Good night! So you saw Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry," twelve times, and you want to see a new one of him at least once a month. I'll try to arrange it for you. Octavia Handworth is going to play the part of Etta in Elsie Ferguson's "Footlights."

LOUISE—Well, the reason that I say harsh things sometimes is because a word to the unwise is not sufficient, and I have to take a club. Bull Montana was the ape in "Go and Get It." Frank Mayo and May Collins, in "The Shark Master." Genevieve Hamper is the wife of Robert Mantell. Elsie Ferguson is the wife of Thomas Clark. Oh, I dont mind answering questions. That's what I get my ten dollars per for.

Plot Mechanics

(Continued from page 65)

by having their plot solved, not by a person, but by a lucky accident. They lead us to suppose that there is no way in which our hero can marry the virtuous chorus girl with whom he is in love, because he has no job and his parents threaten to disown him; and then, of a sudden, he finds an oil well in her backyard, and all is right again. This is, of course, perfectly inane, and yet it is no more far-fetched than the incidents which solve at least a third of the plots which reach the scenario offices. Again, as in the French farces, the entire structure of the plot is built up upon some misunderstanding, caused thru a whole series of coincidences, which, at the right moment, is solved by the final coincidence of a meeting of the characters and a general explanation. This wont do for the movies. It's not so easy as all that.

We started out with the simile of a machine which was cranking itself up under the voltage supplied by adequate motivation. The purpose of all this is to produce suspense in the minds of the audience. There must be suspense from the beginning to the end of each sequence, and from the beginning to the end of the photoplay itself. Most important of all, there must be suspense to carry over the interest from one sequence to the next—a sequence, you will remember, is the movie equivalent of an act in a play—in order to make your story run smoothly. In short, your spring must constantly be stretched further and further as the plot progresses.

Therefore, never end matters up in any one sequence. Always throw in some element which carries forward the minds of your audience to the next incident, and makes them eager to know what happened next. If at any point, except the end, you bring about what might be construed as a happy ending, or in fact, an ending of any sort, you have spoiled your story.

The moment for which you are preparing, all this while, is the climax. That is the instant in which your machine releases its spring and shoots the bolt. If, when this moment arrives, there has been built up no suspense, nothing will happen; if the audience is not interested in the plot-people, it will not care what happens to them. If, on the other hand, you have postponed your climax too long, the tension will already have snapped, just as a spring too tightly wound will break.

There is only one way to discover just when the climax of any particular story should be placed, and that is by constant writing and rewriting of the plot until it *is* just right. However, certain rules may be given.

For example, never entirely give away your secret—as in a detective story—until the climax comes. You may hint at it, and in that way build up added suspense. But dont let the cat out of the bag until you have to.

Be careful not to let anything of great dramatic importance happen immediately before the climax—that is, anything which in any way solves the plot—or you will produce an anticlimax. In the same way, never let anything happen *after* the climax which partakes of this quality, or you will produce the same unfortunate effect. Everything should culminate in the climax. After that, it only remains to close up the threads of the story, and send the audience home.

Make your climax come as suddenly as possible, after its scene has once been started. It is good dramatic construction to lead up to it slowly and, for example, to impress upon your audience that the great moment will arrive at two A. M. on Thursday night, thereby heightening the suspense. But when two A. M. does arrive, let things happen swiftly. At the time of the climax of most plots comes the denouement, a dramatic term which defines the moment in which everything is explained and all the cards are laid on the table. Be sure that everything *is* explained. Never let your audience leave the theater wondering what happened to this or that thread of the story which disappeared entirely without the slightest attempt to account for its introduction in the first place.

A good climax does not necessarily employ a great deal of physical action, of shooting and shouting and the like. It is more effective if it depends upon the tense mental reactions of the plot-people. If you have built up sufficient suspense, you can resort to the far more artistic device of a climax which is perfectly quiet, in so far as physical action is concerned, and yet intensely exciting from the mental standpoint.

[Editor's Note.—In submitting your communication, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis.

The coupon below or a similar one of your own making must accompany all communications.]

COUPON

I { am / am not } sending with this coupon a 300 word synopsis of my story. I desire John Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the following question:

.....

.....

.....

(If no story is attached, question may relate to photoplay writing in general. Send stamped and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that your answer and your story, if you sent any, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

.....

.....

.....

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 103)

As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to imagine the screen version of "Scrambled Wives" without Miss Clarke, for she endows the entire production with a sparkle which means life to trite situations, left more or less helpless by the loss of the clever lines they knew behind the footlights.

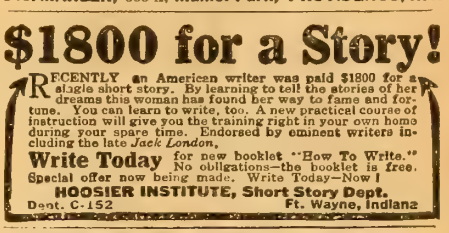
It has been directed with a light and humorous touch, which lets the audience in on the fun from the very beginning. And the scenes which show Miss Clarke in the Benda mask dances are beautifully colored and sure to please her hosts of admirers.

Others in the cast are Leon P. Gendron, Ralph Bunker, Florence Martin and Virginia Lee.

Facial Blemishes
Pimples, Blackheads, Acne or other unsightly eruptions on face or body quickly banished by this new treatment. Don't have enlarged pores oily or shiny skin. You can have a clear, soft, healthy, colorful skin by using
Clear-Tone
a wonderful soothing, healing, antiseptic lotion. Clears the skin quickly. Equally beneficial for women, children and men. Excellent after-shaving lotion.
Sold on $1,000 MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.
FREE Send today for Free booklet "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN." Contains valuable beauty information.
THE CLEAR-TONE COMPANY
581 Clear-Tone Bldg. Kansas City Mo.

This Book Free
Sousa gives you inside secrets of his success; tells how you can quickly learn saxophone, cornet, trombone—any band or orchestra instrument. Develop your musical "bump" for profit and pleasure.
Free Trial; Easy Payments
on any Conn Instrument. Easiest playing and best toned because built by exclusive processes. Used by world's greatest artists. Send postcard today for Free Book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment plan.
C. G. CONN, Ltd.
825 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

Kill the Hair Root
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 888-X, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.


$1800 for a Story!
RECENTLY an American writer was paid $1800 for a single short story. By learning to tell the stories of her dreams this woman has found her way to fame and fortune. You can learn to write, too. A new practical course of instruction will give you the training right in your own home during your spare time. Endorsed by eminent writers including the late Jack London.
Write Today for new booklet "How To Write." No obligations—the booklet is free. Special offer now being made. Write Today—Now!
HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept.
Dept. C-152 Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Typewriters Rented
3 months $10. Underwoods, Royals, Remingtons, Smiths, Corona, Nationals, Fox; rental applied if purchased.
Migrs. Typewriter Clearing House, 193 N. Dearborn St., S.E. cor. Lake
—Central 6034—Established 1901.

The New Door to "Movieland"
New Faces Wanted for the "Movies"
Get this Book Today
FREE Tells why photoplay directors say there is a great demand for new screen faces and how you can place your photograph in Directors' Gallery at Hollywood, California—the heart of "Movieland"—where it may be seen by directors seeking new screen faces. You may be just the person some director seeks. "Type" is sought before beauty. Your photograph tells the whole story. Send today for your free copy of "The New Door to Movieland" containing complete information—it's Free.
CASTING DIRECTORS' EXHIBIT
8th Fl., 20 E. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 329 Chicago, Ill.

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

Cash in on bone-dry bill. Make $6 a day easy. Will show you how with our concentrated pure fruit drinks. Wanted Everywhere. Small Package; just add water. Here's the chance of a lifetime. Grab your territory. Write quick. American Products Co., 4858 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$5,000 Yearly Income paid thousands of people who invested in Texas Oil Lands. They made the start: $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 594 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

COINS AND STAMPS

OLD MONEY WANTED—$2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1895. Keep All Old Money. Send 10c for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. You may have coins worth large premiums. Get Posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 99, LeRoy, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Women to Sew—Goods sent prepaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 45, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40.00 to $75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

"Pure as Snow" Kodak Prints and Enlargements are the highest type of print obtainable. Send 25c and this adv. with any size 6 Ex. kodak film and get over a dollar's worth of prints and enlargements. Made exclusively by the $5 Photo Company at Photo Park, Canton, N. Y.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Railway Mail Clerks, stenographers, typists, wanted by Government. Examinations weekly. Prepare at home. Write for free list and plan M payment after securing position. CSS, 1017 Chestnut St., Phila.

Splendid clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., Box 278-B-28, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B39, Chicago.

Photoplays and Ideas Wanted for California Producers—Also Stories, Articles, etc., for publication. Criticize free, sell on Commission. Correspondence Course or experience unnecessary. Plot Chart free. Submit MSS. or write, Harvard Company, 220 Italian-American Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California.

AUTHORS. Send for "Successful Photoplays," our free pamphlet which tells how to write photoplays and describes our service. Successful Photoplays, 1250 13th St., Des Moines, Ia.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139 K, Chicago, Ill.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SKIN TONIC

Your Skin Needs a Tonic that clears the skin, closes the pores, reduces puffiness under eyes, banishes blackheads, makes the skin smooth as velvet. An all-round tonic. Get a bottle today $2—from Kenilworth, Box 3522, Boston, Mass.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

THE TITLE'S THE THING

Brand New, Snappy, "Selling" Titles. $10.00 Each. Give your work a chance. Send To-day. Mary McNeely, Desdemona, Texas. Box 673.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

Moviewocky

By Marguerite Stevens

'Twas chaplin, and the tommy meighans,
Did gish and griffith in the earle,
All murray were the binney deans,
And the o'brien conway tearle.

"Beware the tellegen, my son!
The baynes that catch, the kanes that bite!
Beware the bara bird, and shun
The barrymore pearl white!"

He took his vidor sword in hand;
Long time the compson foe he sought—
So rested he by the talmadge tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in ulrich thought he stood,
The tellegen, with eyes of flame,
Came clayton thru the theby wood,
And pickford as it came!

One, two! One, two! And thru and thru
The farnum blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went mae marshing back.

"And hast thou slain the tellegen?
Come to my arms, my brady boy!
O farrar day! Houdini! Ray!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas chaplin, and the tommy meighans,
Did gish and griffith in the earle,
All murray were the binney deans,
And the o'brien conway tearle.

The Mail of a Male

(*Being the lament of a movie idol.*)

By Eleanore Chase

Letters are a bore,
I get them by the score—
Letters in the mail-box,
Letters at the door,
Letters at the studio,
And when I'm thru—there's more.
The sorts I get?
—A lot, you bet—
'Most all the sorts there are;
I have to read them all because I am a movie star.

There are:
Better, worse and best ones,
Filled with vim and zest ones,
And the-kind-that-rest ones,
Criticizing, caustic ones,
Bitingly sarcastic ones,
Scrawled and scribbled rustic ones,
High and mighty city ones,
Pink notepaper, pretty ones,
Condescending, haughty ones,
Just a little naughty ones,
Tender and caressing ones,
Out-and-out obsessing ones,
Heartily admiring ones,
Boresome, dull, and tiring ones,
Flatteringly sincere ones,
Funny, teasing, dear ones,
Happy, carefree, cheerful ones,
Depressing, blue and tearful ones,
Distant ones, insistent ones,
Business, "14th instance," ones,
Love ones, hate ones,
Kids' "I think you're great" ones,
Bitter and annoying ones,
Sweet until they're cloying ones,
Toy ones, joy ones,
Little girl and boy ones,
Big sister and big brother ones,
Father ones and mother ones . . .
I get them now in millions,
My mail amounts to billions!
They come from near and far,
And many as they are,
I read them all, I like them all, because I am a STAR.

Opinions of Ideal Cast Differ

(*Continued from page 77*)

Leading Man

Thomas Meighan	55
Richard Barthelmess	42
Douglas Fairbanks	21
Eugene O'Brien	12
Elliott Dexter	9
Jack Mulhall	6
Conway Tearle	5
William S. Hart	5
Earle Williams	4
William Farnum	3

Character Man

Lon Chaney	35
Richard Barthelmess	21
Thomas Meighan	16
Charles Ray	13
John Barrymore	11
William S. Hart	9
Raymond Hatton	9
James Kirkwood	8
Bert Lytell	8

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge	50
Louise Fazenda	38
Mabel Normand	18
Marie Prevost	12
Mary Pickford	7
Phyllis Haver	6
Zasu Pitts	6
Mrs. Carter deHaven	5
Gail Henry	4
Bebe Daniels	4

Villain

Lowell Sherman	38
Robert McKim	38
Stuart Holmes	25
Eric von Stroheim	17
Lon Chaney	17
Warner Oland	12
Noah Beery	12
Irving Cummings	11
Charles Gerard	7
Jack Holt	7

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	31
Kate Bruce	28
Pauline Frederick	22
Mary Carr	20
Kathlyn Williams	20
Mary Alden	16
Lillian Gish	16
Nazimova	16
Gloria Swanson	14
Edythe Chapman	12

Child

Wesley Barry	94
Ben Alexander	20
Mary Osborn	8
Bobby Connelly	6
Mary McAllister	4
Jane Ellen Terry	4
Johnny Jones	3
Virginia Lee Corbin	3
Bill Henry, Jr.	2
Mickey Moore	2

AS GOD MADE IT

By HARVEY PEAKE

"What made the people laugh so hard at the title of the motion picture tonight?"

"Because the title was 'As God Made It,' and underneath it were the words, 'Approved by the Board of Censors.'"

Said she, "My eyesight's failing fast,
Yet I cant tell where the trouble lies."
Said he, "It is the picture shows
That keep a film before your eyes!"

The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in, already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest

of 1919	of 1920	of 1921
Anetha Getwell Blanche McGarrity Virginia Fair Anita Booth	Corliss Palmer Allene Ray Beth Logan Helen DeWitt Mary Astor Erminie Gagnon Dorothy Taylor Ruth Higgins	?

RULES OF THE CONTEST

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WARNING!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST
MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any

.....

When born.....

Blonde or brunette.....

Weight .....Height.....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

What Every Girl Wants

is a Beautiful Complexion

Face powder is as necessary as soap and water, and no face can appear beautiful without it. A face that looks shiny, muddy or "made-up" is anything but beautiful, and good face powder is the only preventive.

CORLISS PALMER

Extracts from April, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remembeer that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

THE WILTON CHEMICAL CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

INECTO
RAPID

Gray Hair banished in 30 minutes

A New Principle in Hair Coloring

Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute has discovered what the centuries have waited for;

The Perfect Hair Coloring
INECTO RAPID

Personality-character-beauty-all these are the expression of harmony between your features, your complexion and your hair. If the relation between these characteristics, though in themselves beautiful, is not one of harmony, there can be no real beauty.

Nature strove to give you this harmony and if you are now losing it because of faded, streaked or prematurely gray hair it can be regained. If nature gave you a shade of hair discordant with your type of beauty, it can be changed.

If you have spoiled the color and texture of your hair, as have thousands of women by the use of dyes, you can restore it to its former brilliant glossiness and to any shade that you desire with absolute certainty.

INECTO RAPID is not an ordinary dye. It does not paint the hair, but penetrates the hair shafts themselves with true color pigment. It can be applied in thirty minutes and needs no preliminary shampoo and no drying afterwards.

The coloring of the hair can be stopped at any point so there is no danger of having too dark a shade, as is the case with other methods. INECTO RAPID does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings; is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth; is not affected by salt water, rain, sunlight, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope. It is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

INECTO RAPID is supplied in 18 shades from deepest blue-black to radiant natural blond and in between there are marvelous ash tones that no dye has ever before achieved.

INECTO RAPID has been recently introduced to this country and it is already in exclusive use in the more fashionable salons. **In New York alone it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Plaza and many others.**

Ninety-seven per cent of the women in Europe who employ coloring to restore the natural beauty of their hair, are using INECTO RAPID. It has revolutionized the art of hair coloring abroad, where it is used by fifteen hundred foremost hairdressers and endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

Send No Money

Just fill out this coupon and mail it in today. We will send you at once booklet containing full details of INECTO RAPID, and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" enabling you to find the most harmonious and becoming color for your hair.

Send This Coupon Today

INECTO, Inc. Laboratories, 818 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once your Booklet and "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form L).

Name .....

Address .....

Laboratories at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Milan.

WHO can account for the whims of Fashion? Women don't attempt to. They simply accept them. And how quickly are those whims sensed and felt to be inevitable?

So the vogue of Florient Talc comes very naturally as an outcome of the present mode. The art of the Orient enriches every phase of Fashion's fancies. Oriental colorings and designs in costume call for "Flowers of the Orient" in the boudoir.

Florient Talc best carries out the feeling of this art. Its perfume seems a very part of these costly fabrics.

The color too, is different, a warm Oriental tone, just off the white.

And again one senses another vogue—a new use of Florient Talc. For while it is fulfilling the duty of an after-the-bath powder, Florient Talc imparts a delicate fragrance which lingers exquisitely about the woman who uses it—as a *powdered perfume.*

For trial box of Florient Talc send 4c to
COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 14* 199 Fulton Street, New York
In Canada: 137 McGill Street, Montreal

Florient Talc
Flowers of the Orient

Sold at your favorite store—Florient Talc, Face Powder, Extract, Toilet Water, and Soap

Brett Litho. Co., N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE.

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

25 CTS

Douglas Fairbanks

AUG 12 1911

EGG LES TON

A
Mellin's
Food
Boy
Paul N.
Moore, Jr.
York,
So. Car.

The one instrument approved alike by artists and public

PUBLIC approval follows artistic leadership. The Victrola stands alone. The great artists who make records for it have by that simple fact given it the only sanction which really counts.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N.J.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

June 1, 1921 to September 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production, "The Wild Goose," by Gouveneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried." A whimsical and romantic comedy.
By John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production
Made in England. With David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell." By Louis Joseph Vance.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell, from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
an adaptation of the famous novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks."

William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.

William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A Western story with an unforgettable punch.

"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by Cosmo Hamilton

Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production.

Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry." By Frank Condon
From the hilarious Saturday Evening Post story.

Coming

"PARAMOUNT NIGHT *is Our Night too!*"

PARAMOUNT Nights at your theatre are the modern equivalent of the Thousand and One Nights' Entertainment.

Each Paramount Picture you see gives birth to a desire to see the next—an endless chain of happy evenings.

It does not matter which evenings in the week you go, or how often, as long as you choose the Paramount Nights.

—nights bright with the subtlest magic of modern screen art,

—nights planned and plotted and acted by the greatest dramatists, directors and actors of Europe and America,

—dressed and staged and photographed by the most eminent technicians in the film world,

—nights rich with your own reactions to the vivid, audacious life of the photoplay.

It is a whole world of both realism and fantasy that Paramount Pictures perpetually create for your pleasure, a world as real as this and yet borne more magnificently forward on the shining wings of romance.

Paramount offers you a portal through which you may at any time escape to the Land of Magnificent Entertainment.

That portal is the entrance to the proud theatre that announces it shows Paramount Pictures.

11,200 of these theatres perpetually have "the best show in town."

That's why people say: "Paramount Night is Our Night Too!"

They KNOW!

Do you?

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK

©CL.B499342 AUG 12 1921

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(*Trade-mark Registered*)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII SEPTEMBER, 1921 No. 8

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jamaica, N. Y., Post Offices as second-class matter.
Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.
Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer

Principal place of business, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Hazel Simpson Naylor
Pacific Coast Representative

Gladys Hall

E. M. Heinemann
Associate Editors

A. M. Hopfmuller
Art Director

Guy L. Harrington
Business Manager
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Director of Advertising
Rufus French, Inc.
Eastern Manager
Archer A. King, Inc.
Western Manager
Metz B. Hayes
New England Manager
L. G. Conlon
Chief Accountant

CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Irene Rich, Dorothy Phillips, Dorothy Dalton, Catherine Perry, Richard Barthelmess, Phyliss Haver, Anna Q. Nilsson, Edith Roberts, and Theodore Roberts.

Mother 20

The Artist and the Photoplay ..... *Penrhyn Stanlaws* 21

We Interview Wally ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall* 22
Another novel interview—this time with Wallace Reid.

Ola Kronk, Really ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 24
In other words some information concerning Claire Windsor.

Shadowing Camille 26

Staging the Fade-Out 27

If the World Doesn't Spoil Him—— ..... *Frederick James Smith* 28
A human interest story with The Kid.

Charles Ray's Director 30

The Invisible Fear ..... *Janet Reid* 31

When Dreams Come True ..... *Maude Cheatham* 36
A word picture of Mildred Davis.

He Isn't the Little Colonel Any More ..... *Pearl Gaddis* 38
News of Henry Walthall

Censorship Under the Cherry Blossoms ..... *Adachi Kinnosuke* 40

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 42

Norma Talmadge ..... *Cerline Boll* 43
A sketch.

The Beginning of the End 44

The Full Close ..... *John Emerson and Anita Loos* 45

Worldly But Not Weary ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 46
Which aptly describes Mabel Normand.

Presenting—Pola Negri 48
The Continental star wins recognition.

Where the Lights are Low ..... *Grace Lamb* 49

Who Will Be Peter Pan? 54

Not What He Seems ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 55
Joseph Kilgour proves to be a heroic villain.

Snapshots 57
Informal pictures of several players.

The Return of the Two-Reeler ..... *Herbert Howe* 58
The photodrama, like the skirt, gains much by shortening.

As Pearls of the Orient ..... *Corliss Palmer* 60
Another beauty talk.

Leave It to the Censor ..... *Gropper* 61
Cartoons which tell a sad tale.

The Editor's Page 62

Peggy Puts It Over ..... *Norman Bruce* 63

Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 68

California Chatter ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 70

Greenroom Jottings 72

The Answer Man ..... *Himself* 76

Ideal Cast Must Include Votes and Names 82

DR. ESENWEIN

Short-Story Writing

A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 115 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three months' course. Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Day or Evening classes. Easy terms. Cameras and Materials furnished free. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for **catalog No. 29.**

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., New York *OR* **505 State St., Brooklyn**

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances *in your own home* by the wonderful **Peak System of Mail Instruction.**

New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

Write for Special Terms. Send *today* for FREE information and surprisingly low offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Room 126 **4737 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.**

LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write **today** for free book.

Quinn Conservatory, Studio MI, 528 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Learn Photography

Moving Pictures

Portraits or Commercial

E. Brunel, College of Photography
1269 Broadway, New York City.
134 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Fascinating, profitable work, taught by successful photographer operating studios in largest cities. Earn $35 to $100 weekly. Day and night classes. 3 months' course. Easy payments. Address **Dept. 5.**

Send for **FREE BOOKLET**

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Metro's spectacular visualization of Blasco Ibanez's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Honeydew." The Zimbalist musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Henry Miller's.—"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings.

Lyric.—"The Queen of Sheba." Spectacular production revolving around Solomon and the famous lady of Biblical legend. Has the beautiful Betty Blythe as Sheba.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

ON TOUR

"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

"The Provincetown Players" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Free Proof You Can Eat A Pound a Day Off Your Weight

Famous Scientist Discovers Remarkable Secret That Shows Result in 48 Hours! No Medicines, Starving, Bathing, Exercises or Bitter Self-Denials of Any Kind!

AT last the secret that scientists have been searching for has been discovered. No more self-denials or discomfort. Just follow the simple new secret, and a pound or more of your weight will disappear each day—the very first week! Most people begin to see actual results in 48 hours!

This new way to reduce is different from anything you have ever tried before. It is a sure way. Men and women who have been struggling for years against constantly increasing flesh, who have tried everything from Turkish baths to strenuous exercising, find this new method almost miraculous. Thousands of women who have had to wear special corsets and inconspicuous clothes, have been amazed at the sudden change that enables them to wear the gayest colors and the most fluffy styles. Thousands of men whose stoutness made them listless and inactive, who puffed when they walked quickly, who were deprived of outdoor pleasures, are astonished at this new discovery. Not only has it quickly reduced their weight, but it has given them renewed strength and vigor.

You'll enjoy reducing this new way—it's so simple and easy. Nearly everyone can count on a pound a day from the very start. You'll be down to your normal weight before you realize it—and without the least bit of discomfort. Why you'll actually enjoy your meals as never before, and you'll feel refreshed, invigorated, strengthened!

Here's the Secret!

Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist has discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, are converted only into blood, tissues and bone. And in the meantime your excess flesh is *eaten up in energy* at the rate of a pound or more a day!

For instance, if you eat two certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are immediately converted into fat. But if you eat these same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, no fat. It's a simple *natural law*—but it works like magic.

Don't starve yourself! Don't punish yourself with violent exercise or strength-sapping salt baths! You can eat whatever you like and do whatever you like. Just observe this new simple system of food combinations as worked out by Christian, and watch your excess weight vanish!

How You Can Have Free Proof

Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called "Weight Control, the Basis of Health" which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. These lessons show you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new method. They reveal all the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat off a pound or more of weight a day.

Prove it! Test this wonderful new way of reducing at our expense! See results in 48 hours—and if you don't there is no cost to you. Fat people are not attractive; they suffer many discomforts; doctors say they die young. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally?

Let us send you Eugene Christian's Course in weight-control on free trial. It's the only sure way to lose weight quickly and safely. We want to prove it. We want you to see your own unnecessary flesh disappear. Dieting, medicines, bathing and exercising touch only the surface; this new discovery gets right down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it at once.

No Money in Advance

This is a special Free Proof Offer. You need not send any money in advance. The complete 12 lesson course, containing all of the valuable information regarding the wonderful new food combination discoveries, will be sent free to your door. Just mail the coupon and the course will be sent to you at once.

As soon as it arrives weigh yourself. Then throw aside all your medicines and salts and dietings and exercises. Just follow the simple little rule outlined in the course—and watch results! In a few days weigh yourself again and notice how much you have lost. Notice also how much lighter your step is, how much clearer your eyes are, and what a better appetite you have. You be the sole judge of whether or not this new method is one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made.

Don't delay. Get your coupon off at once—*now*. No money, just the coupon. When the course is in your hands, give the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment. It will be refunded immediately upon request if you do not see a remarkable improvement after 5 days.

Here's the coupon. Clip it and get it into the mail-box at once. Remember many people lose a pound or more a day—from the very start. Mail the coupon NOW.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.,
Dept. W-289, 43 West 16th Street, New York City
(The course will be mailed in a plain container.)

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.,
Dept. W-289, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the basis of Health" complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of free proof, and if I am not satisfied after a five day trial, my money is to be refunded.

Name .....
(Please print name and address)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

A Lovely Figure—the Birthright of Every Woman

What Users Say

Loses 16 pounds

"My experience in following your suggestions was wonderful. I lost sixteen pounds. . . . Your suggestions are the only way to reduce, and it is noticeable at the beginning."
Mrs. ——— Woonsocket, R. I.

Takes off 20 pounds

"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would. I reduced twenty pounds. . . . I will need to reduce some more, and with the directions of the course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and *"the course."*
Mr. ——— Detroit, Mich.

Now 40 pounds lighter

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory."
"I lost 40 pounds. . . . "
Mrs. ——— Glen Falls, N. Y.

Reduces 32 pounds

"Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions given in Weight Control. I lost thirty-two pounds. . . . We find our general health very much benefited."
Mrs. ——— Charleston, W. Va.

Reduces to normal

"At fifty I weighed fourteen pounds above the ideal. A year ago I applied Dr. Christian's schedules and soon came down to 112 pounds, where I have easily held since. (My height is 5 ft. 1 in.) I enjoy the constant satisfaction that I have my hand on the control—thanks to my course in Corrective Eating."
Mrs. ——— Washington, D. C.

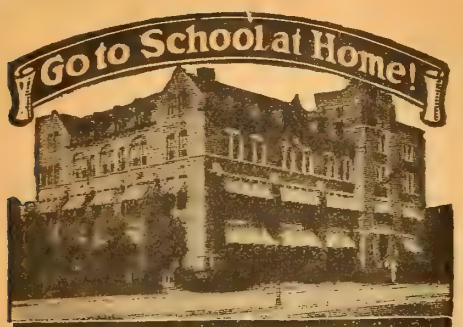
Weighs 39 pounds less

"Am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January 30th of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. . . . I have taken off five inches around my 'silo,' which helps some.

"When I first started reading weight control I weighed 267 pounds, and could hardly walk a block without resting. I now walk ten miles by section lines every morning, weather permitting, and do it easily."
Mr. ——— Holton, Kansas.

The above excerpts form only a few of hundreds of letters on file at our office, describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control.

The names are withheld out of deference to our subscribers, but will be furnished to any one, sending for the course on free trial, who requests them.



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-658, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School

Dept. H-658, Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for position checked:

.....Architect $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name..... Address.....

The Birth of the Movies

By Alice Irene Stockton

Incredible as it may sound, nevertheless it is a fact that moving pictures were first attempted in an effort to decide a ten thousand dollar bet over a trotting horse.

A generation and a half ago, in California, near the little town of Palo Alto, was a wonderful stock breeding farm, and attached to the farm was the Stanford stable of racers, owned by Leland Stanford, then Governor of California.

Governor Stanford bred marvelous horses. He spent a fortune in breeding, raising and racing horses. His horses won most of the races wherever they were entered. Even now, there is a museum building on the campus at the Stanford University, where mounted skeletons of some of the famous racers stand as monuments of the love which he had for his favorites.

It was Leland Stanford's understanding of and attention to his horses that bred the first germ of moving pictures.

During a discussion with a friend as to the merits and habits of horses, he said: that he had always claimed that a perfect trotting horse, in full action, had all four feet off of the ground most of the time.

His friend ridiculed the idea, and said that it was preposterous; an argument gave rise to the ten thousand dollar bet. Witnesses were called, and the contention explained. A horse was brought out and trotted, but, watch as they would, it was impossible to agree. No one could be convinced beyond the doubting point. Not being able to get satisfaction in this way, each one set about to find some way to settle the bet definitely.

The manager of the Stanford Stables at this time was a man named Monroe Salisbury, and he suggested photographs to prove or disprove the point.

At that time, there was a very clever commercial photographer, Edward Muybridge, in San Francisco, whose interest in the scientific side of photography had given him quite a widespread reputation, and so they sent for him to come to Palo Alto, and the bet was explained to him.

Muybridge consulted with several others of his profession, and they finally worked out a plan which eventually proved successful, and by which he made a series of prints that was the first moving pictures ever attempted.

The plan was to photograph the crack trotter Arion in action. To do this, he placed several dozen cameras in certain positions around the trotting track, each with a segment of a circle within the radius of its lens. As the horse passed certain portions of the track which had previously been carefully marked, he broke strings attached to the different cameras which automatically snapped a picture.

Time after time the horse was trotted, and each time failure was the result, but at last a clear series of prints were gotten, and placed together.

That method, compared with the elaborate cameras of today's moving picture companies, was exceedingly crude, but it proved the point, and won a ten thousand dollar bet for Governor Stanford.

The general public took very little, if any, interest in the experiment, and soon forgot all about it; but to certain enthusiastic photographers it was the birth of an idea, which has been worked out, improved upon, and perfected until our present-day "Movies," with their elaborate settings, wonderful lighting effects, and perfect detail bear absolutely no resemblance to the crude moving picture of the trotting horse Arion taken nearly thirty years ago by Edward Muybridge.

GIMME

SEND TODAY

For the Most Fascinating Game of the Age

Appeals to young or old—the new game every one is crazy about—none so simple or as fascinating.

Carry it in your pocket and you'll wish to play night and day. Easy to play by two or many.

Wonderfully attractive. Be first in your crowd to own a GIMME—the fastest game yet. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for GIMME or better yet send $1.50 for GIMME outfit incl. 100 counters, etc. Order today! Money back if not satisfied.

BART MFG. CO., • • • 103 NO. CLARK ST., CHICAGO

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **Landon Picture Charts** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what *you* can accomplish. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

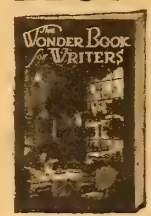
Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3024 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Free to Writers!



A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to win!* This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now.* Just address

AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 160, AUBURN, NEW YORK

Your Bunion Can Be Cured

INSTANT RELIEF

Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

The Opportunity Market

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161 East Orange, N. J.

BEAUTY CULTURE

Superfluous Hair Permanently Destroyed with roots. Painless and Harmless. No electricity nor chemicals. Postpaid. $1.00 a package. NUART Laboratories, Dept. M, South Orange, N. J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$5,000 Yearly Income paid thousands of people who invested in Texas Oil Lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 594 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Women to Sew—Goods sent prepaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 45, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40.00 to $75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

FILMS DEVELOPED

"Pure as Snow" Kodak Prints and Enlargements are the highest type of print obtainable. Send 25c and this adv. with any size 6 Ex. kodak film and get over a dollar's worth of prints and enlargements. Made exclusively by the $5 Photo Company at Photo Park, Canton, N. Y.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for developing and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Publishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Splendid clerical work opportunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

Fine openings for men and women in reporting, editorial and other departments of newspapers in both large and small towns. Fascinating work and good pay. No experience needed—veteran newspaper men will teach you by mail in your spare time at home—in a few easily learned lessons you can quickly qualify for any branch of the work. Full particulars free—write today. **Newspaper Training Assoc., Dept. C, 1123 Broadway, New York.**

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

JEWELRY, ETC.

FOR SPOT CASH—mail false teeth, old or broken jewelry, diamonds, watches, old gold, silver, platinum, War Bonds, War Stamps, unused postage, etc. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. The Ohio Smelting & Refining Co., 240 Lennox Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., Box 278-B-29, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B40, Chicago.

Photoplays, Ideas Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS. or, if a beginner, write for Free Chart and details—experience unnecessary. Willard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139 M, Chicago, Ill.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

SCENARIOS WANTED — Revised, Published, Copyrighted, Marketed. Free advisory services. Screen production assured exceptional stories. Scenario Service Corp., 515 Mason Opera House, Los Angeles.

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

Read This!

A Wonderful Help to You

Do you write scenario stories? Have you ever wondered if you, too, could make money by selling the ideas, the plots that suggest themselves to you? You can write them—and very well, too, if you read

The Photoplaywright's Primer

By L. CASE RUSSELL

Only a few copies left. We will mail one to you if you will send us fifty cents in stamps.

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.
Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

FOR SICK HEADACHES **BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Your skin is what you make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion?

The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity! If you begin, now, to give this *new skin* the special care it needs, you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

If you can see that your skin is gradually becoming coarser, begin at once to use the following treatment:

EACH NIGHT before retiring, dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first in clear tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

THE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge with a new feeling of softness and smoothness.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the special treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

For 25 cents—a complete set of the Woodbury skin preparations

Send 25 cents for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Motion Picture Magazine

IRENE RICH

Irene Rich is usually to be discovered lending her serene beauty, and the human note for which her portrayals are noted, to the Will Rogers' productions. Undoubtedly, she has proved a charming foil for this comedian

Photogra Bulletin

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

It is a ıg of a temptation not to call Dorothy Phillips by her married name, for essentia Allen Holubar, her director. These days, it is quite the thing for directorial h to prefer their wives to any other stars

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

DOROTHY DALTON

Recently Dorothy Dalton numbered among the stellar players in the forthcoming Cecil B. deMille production, "The Fool's Paradise." After a short vacation she will return to California, and a new drama

CATHERINE PERRY

Miss Perry is one of Screenland's latest acquisitions. She is lending her piquant personality to Selznick productions, recently among them, "The Divorce of Convenience," in which Owen Moore is starred

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

RICHARD
BARTHELMESS

Richard Barthelmess won his spurs as a star long ago, but "Tol'able David" marks his stellar première. Undoubtedly, in this production of Inspiration Pictures, he will bring the country lad rôle to the shadows with much understanding and appeal

Photograph by
Royal Atelier, N. Y.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

PHYLLIS HAVER

This young lady has won sufficient reputation, in the Mack Sennett comedies, to make her greatly to be desired. She was recently borrowed by Roscoe Arbuckle for the leading-lady rôle in his new comedy

Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe

ANNA Q. NILSSON

There is an elusi[ve] [A]nna Q. Nilsson which has long caused producers to rejoice when her name appeared on the [ca]st now Miss Nilsson is enjoying her long-delayed trip to her native heath—Sweden, you know

Mother

A duplication of Whistler's famous "Mother," posed by Florence Lee in a prolog to the new Universal production "Short Skirts"

The Artist and the Photoplay

By

Emily J. Stanlaws

NO MATTER how much the motion picture may be derided as an art, the salient fact remains that in it the creative mind has been given a new method of expression. The painter has been handed a new brush, the sculptor a new chisel and hammer, the poet a new pen.

The unfortunate thing for pictures is that the mature minds of today—the minds that really count—have already spent many weary years in mastering a technique by which they can express themselves. In other words, they are the minds of the painters, sculptors and poets of today, and no matter how much pictures may fascinate them, they are loath to give up the technique which they have mastered for one which is little understood and nowhere taught.

So it will be from the artists of the future that the great creative geniuses of the motion picture world will be recruited. In the past, creative genius had to choose between painting, sculpture, literature and drama. Now the motion picture is a factor to be reckoned with, and in many cases will be chosen as a means of expression by the coming genius who has a pictorial or dramatic mind.

To certain minds the motion picture will appeal more strongly as a means of expression than either painting or sculpture. Such minds have lived in the past. Hogarth was the first great motion picture director, and his greatest picture, "The Rake's Progress," altho first produced in 1735, is still going strong.

We Interview Wally

"May the Lord forbid that anyone ever think me a matinée idol," deplored Wally Reid. "If I ever thought I'd have that label attached to me, I'd start to direct tomorrow. That's one reason why I like the race-track stuff—it gives me a chance to get mussed up and honest-to-goodness dirty—which cant be said of a matinée idol"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ UNNECESSARY, BUT—

First Inquisitor..GLADYS HALL
Second Inquisitor .....
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
and
Wally .....WALLY

SCENE I.—Editorial sanctum sanctorum of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. G. H. enters to discover A. W. F. making an appointment over the telephone. She reclines on the edge of the desk, altho there are three vacant chairs at hand.

GLADYS HALL: Hello.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*unheedingly*): All right. Tomorrow at eleven. Good-bye.

G. H.: Whom you talking to?

A. W. F. (*endeavoring to straighten papers which are about to precipitate to the floor thru G. H.'s reclining position*): That mediator of scribes and celebrities — the press-agent.

G. H.: Whom you going to interview?

A. W. F.: Wally—Wally Reid.

G. H. (*coldly*): The Reid is superfluous.

A. W. F.: Judging by the results, most of my remarks are.

G. H. (*agreeably, remembering a contribution which was to be in that A. M., and which has been forgotten*): Yes . . .

A. W. F.: I dont suppose you would care to go along. You didn't the last time.

G. H.: As per custom, you are supposing wrong, because I do. This is the *next* time—not the last time.

A. W. F. (*not without exasperation*): *Why* do you want to go this time?

G. H.: I dont trust you—alone with Wally. I know your susceptibilities. I've got to hear of something other than Wally Reid this and Wally Reid that for the next year. Besides, I'm Socialistic. No one person should corner *all* the good things of life.

A. W. F.: Well, the last time was the Queen of Sheba, and you didn't——

G. H. (*firmly*): You said that before. This time it is Wally—as you would say, *Wally Reid.*

A. W. F. (*with a 'well, that's* THAT' *expression*): Be there on time, *please.*

G. H. (*essaying the ingénue lisp*): Lend me your fur to wear.

A. W. F.: And what will I wear?

G. H.: Another fur.

A. W. F. (*with irony*): Another fur. To hear you talk, anyone would think I was a movie star.

SCENE II.—Wally's Apartment—in the Morning. There has been, from all appearances, a party there the night before. There are several festive evidences and Wally is weary. The inquisitors are ushered in by an efficient secretary, who has, it is evident, paused in the continuous act of having Wally sign checks, to admit them. G. H. and A. W. F. enter—brief cases, fountain pens, umbrellas (*it is raining without*) hats, raincoats, overshoes, shell-rimmed goggles and Benda-mask smiles.

Wally is discovered by the inquisitors—both, at the same moment, —drooped in a chair, chair being before a table, table being littered with stills of his recent pictures. Wally is clad, they perceive, in cordiality, a dressing-gown, and a wrist-watch. He rises to greet them.

They seat themselves on the thin edge of a settee, side by side, with as much ease and [illegible] as tho it were the crater of Mount

Vesuvius, and an eruption scheduled at any moment.

An appalling silence descends upon the room. G. H. looks questioningly at A. W. F., nudges her, and hisses, "Say something." A. W. F., of course, does not comply, being apparently, rigidly unable. The silence is prolonged, broken only by Wally's shuffling of the stills, the scratch of the secretary's unwavering pen, and some sort of straightening-up process in an adjoining room. Finally . . . oh, *finally* . . .)

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*her voice apparently coming from nowhere*): Are you glad you are to do Peter Ibbetson? Or wont the whimsical quality you will give in this atone for the stiffer thrill of the race-track pictures?

WALLY (*stopping in his "still hunt" momentarily*): Why, it's hard to say. However, people seem to forget that racing-car pictures are more or less recent with me. Odd, isn't it, how swiftly you can become attached to a type of story? I have done other things, you know. In the old days I directed, and the evolving of character appeals to me enormously. I think I shall care a great deal about this.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

"There is no particular type of woman that is most alluring," Wallace Reid declared. "Type has nothing to do with it. There's a deeper mystery to attraction than can be seen by the naked eye"

GLADYS HALL (*with a dismal attempt at being tactful*): The romance of Peter Ibbetson will please the feminine hearts. It is a sort of matinée idol rôle.

Wally (*hastily*): Now, may the Lord forbid! If there's one thing in the world I dont want, it is to be a matinée idol. If I thought I'd ever get that label attached to me, I'd start to direct tomorrow. Nothing doing there. That's one reason why I have liked the race-track stuff, apart entirely from the fact that I'm mad about the track anyway—it's given me a chance to get messed up and honest-to-goodness dirty—which cant be said of a matinée idol.

A. W. F. (*with her beautiful gravity*): Do you mean that seriously, about directing?

Wally (*with an affable smile*): As seriously as I can mean anything this morning. Not yet, of course. The public is not tired of me yet, I think, but when it is, I shall step right off without any prolonged adieux. Ther I shall hope to direct and do all the things with other p ple I may not have achieved in myself.

(There are one or two interruptions, which dist outer placidity of Wally not at all. Miss Reid ar is greeted as "Sis." The man who is to mea for the Peter Ibbetson costumes arrives an to the outer hall to await the terminatio view.)

(*Continued on page* 10

Ola Kronk---Really

Photograph by Spurr

"PLEASE step down this way—I'm supposed to be sick and I cant come out!"

I followed the soft, deep tones of an alluring voice down the long, dim hall of the old mansion which serves Lois Weber for an executive building at her studio in Hollywood. Near the end of the hall, the owner of the voice stood in a doorway waiting for me.

"Dont be alarmed," she laughed. "I'm only keeping in character for the part I am playing in the picture today. The 'heroine' is supposed to be sick. Hope you will pardon this kind-of-negligée."

If Sir Walter Scott had written a scenario instead of a novel, I am sure he would have named his heroine "Lady Claire," and if he had seen Claire Windsor he would have chosen her from among a hundred to play the part. She isn't English and she is not Scotch, but the minute you meet her you feel that she should be called My Lady, and should be trailing around Windsor Castle dressed in brocades and leaning over a rose-draped balcony watching two knights just, whatever it is they do, for her honor or some-

You feel that Claire Windsor should be called My Lady, and that she should be trailing around Windsor Castle dressed in brocades, and leaning over a rose-draped balcony . . .

the funny part of it is," she exclaimed, old her that I felt she must be English,

"that my real name is not 'Claire Windsor' at all. Miss Weber named me that when I started with her about two years ago. My real name is Ola Kronk. But I never liked that. It always sounded like it was something to do with an automobile."

By this time we were seated in an immense room with one of those things some people call a "chase lounge" as its principal piece of furniture, looking somewhat as tho it might have been borrowed for the occasion. It was in the center of the room, and on this Miss Windsor reclined. She might have been Elaine.

"This used to be Anita Stewart's dressing-

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Staging the Fade-Out

There are certain things that are always expected of the fade-out, with the girl held tightly in the boy's arms. It must be picturesque, and a garden scene is always preferable. Really, there should be blossoms, symbolic of fruition, and flowers, to say nothing of a soft twilight suffusing all of it . . .

. . . So be it, then. Such a scene is not always available, particularly if the season is midwinter. But there is a studio magic which makes this fade-out possible. The photographs tell the story

Despite the national adoration — sentimental and financial—which followed his success as the tiny hero of "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin, Jackie remains unspoiled. At the right with his "Mummy Dear," and below, two new photographs

Photograph © by Campbell Studios, N. Y.

If the World Doesn't Spoil Him

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

AT last we have encountered an absolutely honest interview subject—one who tells the truth as he sees it, ungilded and unadulterated. The unique person is little Jackie Coogan.

Despite the national adoration—sentimental and financial—which followed his success as the tiny hero of "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin, Jackie remains unspoiled. Yet he is not the typical boy of

Photographs by Witzel, L. A.

five—far from it. He is oddly and elusively self centered, dwelling entirely within himself. It is easy to understand the camaraderie which grew up between the silent, self-contained Chaplin and this child who is so oddly old and young.

Couple this strange aloofness with an equally strange humor—a humor that touches the recesses of age and rebounds to the child illusions of babyhood—and you have little Jackie.

"I'm here for an interview," announced Jackie in business-like fashion upon arriving at our office with his mother.

"Like to be interviewed?" we inquired.

"Not so much," confessed Master Coogan. "Give me a pencil."

Jackie proceeded forwith to construct something on paper. "Submarine," he loftily and briefly explained.

"Yes?" we said doubtfully.

Jackie looked us in the eye. "It's not finished yet."

We showed him a portrait of himself about to appear in the MAGAZINE. Jackie, however, revealed little interest.

"Like New York?" we inquired.

"Uh-ha," said Jackie, interest tense in his submarine.

Photograph by Abbe

Photograph by Evans de Gaston

Jackie confessed liking Charlie very, very much. He liked "The Kid," but his "Peck's Bad Boy" did not please him nearly so much. "Mediocre," he pronounced to the horror of his mother

"What do you like best about it?"

"Coney Island." Jackie never paused in answering. His mind was made up on that point.

"When you grow up are you going to be a comedian?"

Jackie went on drawing. "Nope."

"Jackie!" admonished Mrs. Coogan.

"No, sir," sighed Jackie.

"What do you want to do?"

"Sell clothes!"

"Old clothes?" we asked, scenting a quaint child fancy.

"No," said Jackie, disdainfully. "Regular clothes."

Mrs. Coogan came to the rescue. "He has been buying clothes here and some of the clerks impressed him. At one of the stores they gave him a cap with his name printed inside."

"I'm not sure, tho," interrupted Jackie, thoughtfully. "I'd kinda like to be a cameraman."

"He's always interested in machinery," said mamma.

A later tour of the publication buildings revealed this fact vividly. The adding machines in the circulation department interested him more than anything else in the building. Indeed, he insisted on operating one of them.

When Jackie had concluded his submarine sketch, we adjourned the interview to a nearby Brooklyn restaurant. While en route, Jackie nonchalantly contributed a sailor's hornpipe.

At the restaurant Jackie was immediately recognized, and the proprietor appeared with his little daughter, well nigh in a state of collapse over Jackie's presence. A chair was secured and the breathless child sat speechless beside Jackie.

"I'm married," he announced, looking the little visitor in the eye. "Been married a year."

(*Continued on page* 86)

The scene at the left is a typical one at the Ray studios. The directorial line-up would be incomplete without Whiskers. He is an important member of the staff. Below, Mr. Ray is discussing some "business" with Vera Stedaman, while at the bottom of the page the company is found on location

Charles Ray's Director

Several stars have directed themselves, some successfully, while the others found it impractical. However, Charles Ray has achieved the director-and-star combination. He has not lost his perspective, but gone on to greater things. Mr. Ray may safely continue directing himself

The Invisible Fear

By
JANET REID

"THERE is something the matter with Sylvia," Bentley Arnold's mother said to him, when they were finally alone, the evening of his return from overseas; "she hasn't been herself for days. And for the first time since she has been with us, she has been absolutely reticent."

Bentley laughed, with reassurance. Bentley was thoroly healthy, and thoroly in love with Sylvia, and as thoroly convinced that Sylvia was in love with him. He thought women had "notions." He thought his mother was having one now about Sylvia, and he was inclined to believe that Sylvia, if she were indeed acting as "queer" as his mother seemed to think, was probably having one on her own account because of their rapidly approaching marriage. Girls did, he had heard—and Sylvia was a more thoroly feminine girl than any girl he had ever met. That was why, one of the *many* whys, he loved her as he did.

Still, he did remember that on the night of his return—but what was the use of going over that—he didn't pretend to be up on woman's psychology. He just loved her, that was all there was to that.

And upstairs, in her room, with her cold hands pressed against her eyes, Sylvia was living over the past month, was battling again and again with the invisible fear. If only she could see it! If only, if *only* it had a voice, tonal, tangible, with which to accuse her, hands with which to drag her down into a morass of actuality, feet to trip her with. But this! This memory, shuddering, cold, gruesome!

She tried to think back and remember what she could have done to bring so hideous a thing upon herself. If there could be found a cause for which this suffering, this pollution of all these summer days, were the results. But in so far as she knew, she had been as devoted a daughter to Mrs. Marshall Arnold as tho that gentle lady had been own mother to her, rather than foster-mother. She had played and loved and laughed in the casual way the other girls did, and when Bentley told her that he loved her before he sailed with the Army of Occupation, she was able to give him in return her heart, flowering——

Then she came to the bitter point of it all, to Arthur Comstock. Arthur had been one of the many who had made love to her. Only, she knew that now, his love had had in it from the start a quality with which she was unfamiliar, a fiber from which, instinctively, she shrank.

She knew his lust for money; she sensed his lust for power. Something in him had been blatant, had been brassy.

Then came the day of the paper chase at the Country Club. All that morning he had been more importunate than ever. He had been insistent. He had broken in upon her delicate, pointed thoughts of Bentley and of Bentley's imminent return, with hoofs and horns. She had felt a resentment toward him, and at the same time, honesty compelled her to admit, albeit with shame, she had felt the hideous attraction of repulsion. His overbright eyes burning into hers—burning and burning. His breath on her face. His hand seeking hers with a ferocity that hurt her while it drew her. She hated him, and yet she knew, deep within her, that some unworthy, some helpless,

She rubbed her mouth again, as she had rubbed it so many times since the actual occurence, at the thought of the fierce embrace he had held her in—the terrific way in which he had forced his mouth upon her own

primal part of her responded to the crass huntsman in him.

It had been a day of coincidences leading to—the girl shuddered away from the climax. But the anti-climax, the hideous anti-climax was such hours as the one she was spending now, crowding away from her memory, trying to shroud it in the tenderness of today——

There had been, she might as well go over it (the reader has to know it, sooner or later, and the writer has to record it—so here goes—!) the moment of falling from her horse and wrenching her ankle, Comstock's solicitude, relieved for the nonce of its sensuality; the storm that had come upon them, their retreat into the tiny shooting-box on the route toward home. And then Comstock's literal onslaught. She rubbed her mouth again, as she had rubbed it so many times since the actual occurrence, at the thought of the fierce embrace he had held her in, the terrific way in which he had forced his mouth upon her own; the terrible, blinding moments of their fearful contact while thru her mind had raced swift vision after swift vision of Bentley's young face, ardent—Bentley's face outraged, Bentley's face disgusted—if he should ever know. She remembered the amazing strength she had never known to be her own that had surged up in her and enabled her repulsion of him. She could hear again the sound he made in the tiny room with his breathing, as tho his heart were hammering out each breath, as tho each breath were an impact upon her flesh. And then the brass candlestick over her head. She had reached for it and had crashed it down upon him, almost as if she were holding Bentley's arm, and Bentley's arm were wielding that avenging blow. The silence there had ensued! The silence that came, almost audible, from Comstock, crumpled at her feet. Crumpled was the word. She had never known before how frail a man of his girth and size could be. How inadequate he could seem—dead. The candlestick had been stained, too. In the ghastliness of that storm-ridden hour she remembered how weirdly the stains had proclaimed themselves, and the way the blood had kept gushing and gushing from his temple. There had come to her the irrelevant, yet oddly relevant remembrance of how once, when they were both tiny, Bentley had fallen and cut himself, and his mother had cried out, "Oh, I hope it isn't near his temple!" Well, the blow she had given Comstock with the candlestick had been quite near the temple. It had *been* the temple from which the blood had gushed. And then, crazed with fear, she had rushed from the cabin and wandered, in a circle as she afterward found, about the wood. When having described the circle, she came again upon the cabin, it had been in flames, and thru a crack in the door she had seen the still, crumpled figure of Comstock, now the prey of flames.

Something in her brain had snapped and cleared, with an effect of clarifying anguish. What she was was written for her in indelible knowledge. She was a murderess! She, little Sylvia Langdon, sheltered, uneventful, a murderess! What would Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Arnold say? What would Bentley say?

She had found her way home, and there she had found Bentley, arrived

THE INVISIBLE FEAR

Novelized, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Louis B. Mayer production of the scenario by Madge Tyrone, based on the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by Edwin Carewe, and starring Anita Stewart. The cast:

Sylvia Langdon	Anita Stewart
Arthur Comstock	Walter McGrail
Bentley Arnold	Alan Forrest
Marshall Arnold	Hamilton Morse
Mrs. Marshall Arnold	Estelle Evans
Nagi	George Kuwa
Butler	Edward Hunt
John Randall	Ogden Crane

earlier than they had expected, awaiting her. She hadn't meant to, but somehow when she saw him she had gone straight to his arms, to his breast, and then she had known that she could never tell him, never tell any of them; that to tell them would be simply an amplification of hurt and wrong. If she did tell them, what would the results be? Could they bring Comstock to life again? Could they undo the moments in the cabin? No. Not God himself could rectify that hour of compact horror. What would happen would be the blasting of their lives, the withering of their long-fruited, bright hopes, the devastation of the happiness Bentley had been waiting for ever since their love had come to them, before the war. Clearly she perceived that she had one opportunity to do the big thing, to retrieve what had transpired—and that was to keep her horror to herself, to live with it alone, to savor it with as courageous a philosophy as she might be able to muster, to shroud it with loving kindness and, someday, to be *able* to live with it unflinching. That was what she had got to do. The big thing.

And in these scarce moments, alone, Sylvia paid for the big thing she was attempting. She grew to know how bitter a thing it is to bear a tragedy, be it of one's own invitation or otherwise, alone. To tell—to make of love a confessional, and of guardianship a tender penance—why, that was easy. Easy, compared to going about with one's heart a mausoleum of a specter so dread that it must be nameless. Why, it would have been *easy*, blessedly easy, to have poured it all forth on Mother Marshall's bosom, to have sobbed it out in the tenderness of Bentley's arms. They knew her so well. They would know how outraged she must have been to have been so terrifically trapped. They would *know* that it was their very own teaching that had led her so tremendously, and at such a cost, to defend herself; the teaching of protection of the precious things of love and life. They would know and understand—and sorrow. Sorrow grievously. They would never again be able to see her as just Sylvia, their Sylvia. They would never again see her as apart from that miserable, terrible scene. They would see always in her hand the stained candlestick, feel always on her mouth that brutalizing kiss. Was this the gift she would give them for their many gifts to her?

And so she let them think she was merely nervous because of the approaching wedding, when, for that alone, she had nothing but a veritable well-spring of joy.

And when the day of her wedding came, it was their own Sylvia they saw their son lead to the altar. For she had managed her own smile on her lips, and when she looked at Bentley and knew how safe and sound their love was, not even her memory could keep the triumphant gladness from her eyes.

They were back at home again after the honeymoon before the invisible fear made a concrete attack upon Sylvia again. It came when the Marshall Arnolds spoke at dinner of the sudden death of Bradley Comstock.

"He was Arthur's uncle, you know," Mrs. Arnold explained to Sylvia, adding, in a jocular aside to Bentley, "Arthur was quite gone on Sylvia while you were overseas, Bentley. We thought for a time your chances were diminishing."

Sylvia whitened unnecessarily at such a sally. "Oh, dont!" she said, involuntarily.

Mrs. Arnold patted her hand, with solicitude. "Why, I was teasing you, honey-girl," she said. "Of course, we knew you didn't care for Arthur. You haven't such a jealous husband as that, I hope."

Bentley saw that Sylvia was upset. He frowned with mock severity, that her lapse might be the less noticeable. "Yes, I am, mother," he said. "I am fiendishly jealous, and when one of Syl's past admirers is mentioned, I beat her when we go upstairs."

Sylvia smiled faintly, and Mr. Arnold said, from his end of the table:

"Things involving Bradley Comstock's money are in rather bad shape, I hear. It seems that Bradley made a new will some months ago, cutting Arthur out entirely Had heard too much about that young man, I take it. Arthur was in a terrible stew over the information which he got, as I understand it, from Randall, the law partner. He would be, you know. Arthur lived upon money and also upon the expectation of it, in the most literal sense of the word.

She remembered the amazing strength she had never known to be her own that had surged up in her and enabled her repulsion of him

While she was sitting there, living these things, Bentley came in. He was afraid she had been ill. *She looked ill,* he told her anxiously. She said she was not

ways found him bright and amusing."

For the first time, for a terrible moment, Sylvia found herself hating Mother Arnold. How that gentle lady would flinch from the degree of pain she was inflicting, could she but know!

Then the conversation took another turn, and little by little, the roses stirred in Sylvia's cheeks, as she kept her eyes very fixedly upon Bentley's most of the time.

The next incident was rather more than an incident, and infinitely more graphic.

Sylvia was having a birthday party. For the first time in many weeks, the shadowy menace of the stained candlestick, the whole unspeakable memory, had seemed faint and far away to her. She had known the hope that possibly time might heal the jagged wound, after all—time and Bentley's love, which she felt almost as tho she could wrap about her like a cloak, fine and soft and protection against both heat and cold.

And suddenly, abruptly announced, into the midst of the innocent merrymaking walked Arthur Comstock.

Sylvia reeled where she was standing. Her heart gave a tremendous throb, and then seemed to stop, while ice crept along her veins in place of blood. With eyes that seemed to her to roll in her head like the glass eyes of a stiffly-jointed doll, she turned to see whether Mother Arnold and the rest of them saw what she saw. Suppose, suppose *only she saw him!* Suppose he had come—*back?*

She knew he was dead. Who could

At home she had found Bentley, arrived earlier than they had expected, awaiting her. She hadn't meant to, but somehow she had gone straight to his arms, to his breast

With money, Arthur was a somebody. Without money and the prestige of the expectancy of some, he was rather a nobody. One of that breed, and I think he knew it——"

(*Would they never stop talking about the Comstocks?*)

(*Would that brass candlestick never cease taking shape on the opposite wall?*)

Bentley said carelessly: "It's a wonder he didn't confiscate the old boy's will, or turn up now to prove that he was insane and incompetent."

"Bentley!" said his mother, rather shocked. She added, "You know, we have entertained Arthur here, dear, and al-

know better than the woman who had killed him? The woman who had seen his life-blood ebb away from her own blow? And who had, in the same hour, seen what remained of him consumed by fire?

The others did see him, but that, she knew, was because he was so terrible, so menacing a projection from the Kingdom of Darkness. He was visible to all of them, tangible to them, for they were shaking his hands; but that did not, did not because it could not, prove him real. Of course, he wasn't real.

Late the next afternoon Sylvia and Bentley sat out in the bright gold sunshine. . . . "But you see, dear," she argued, firmly and gently, "*you* cant be as happy as *I*, because *I* have a *you*"

Feeling too dizzy to stand any longer, feeling too sick to risk the ghastly imminent meeting, Sylvia stole away to her room.

She switched on the lights when she reached there with a hand that seemed automatic, stiff as Arthur Comstock's had been stiff—that night.

She didn't think. She just sat on the bed and took in over and over again the patterning of the walls.

Time passed over her—æons of time. After a while, with the nausea of despair, she saw the patterned wall resolve itself into multitudinous candlesticks, all stained—she knew there were roses there—everyone would swear there were roses there on the wall—just she, alone, just she would know that there were candlesticks. So it was downstairs. Everyone of them would swear that Arthur Comstock was alive. They would shout her down if she denied it. But just she, she alone, knew that he was dead. Knew that he was dead-alive, the dead come back. She would know this alone because beyond all measure of a doubt she had killed him.

While she was sitting there, living these things, Bentley came in. He was afraid she had been ill. She *looked* ill, he told her, anxiously. She said that she was not. Her voice sounded like the voice of the dead. Why not? The dead was with her.

Bentley was begging her to come back to their guests. To make an effort. She must not stay up here alone. Her maid had a headache. He could not very well remain away, too. Wouldn't Sylvia *try?*

Sylvia had no mind to stay alone, either. What might happen to her, she dared not conjecture. Almost anything. Arthur Comstock had not forgiven her, if he had come back. He had not come back to tell her he had forgiven her. He had come back to—well, to what? Not necessarily to torture her. He had done that without making himself manifest. No, he had come for something worse.

Bentley followed her from the room. He looked anxious. There was something very strange about Sylvia, especially of late. He began to think his mother might have been right. There was something to be concerned over. He must have Sylvia see a doctor. It wasn't natural for a young girl to go about with her eyes wide and ghostly. There was something wrong. Yet what could there be so very wrong in a life so sheltered and so secure as Sylvia's had been? Bentley determined to find out in the morning——

When Sylvia went to bed that night she found, on her dresser, the brass candlestick. The very candlestick, with the uneven stains smirching it. When Bentley came up, he found her on the floor at the foot of the dresser——

The next morning Arthur gave no token of departure. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were cordial and so was Bentley, and Sylvia's excessive pallor could not be attributable to Comstock's presence, particularly as she had been looking the same way for some weeks past, and more particularly as Arthur seemed to have completely forgotten his past infatuation. He was cordial to Sylvia, nothing more.

That was because he was dead—dead and waiting. Sylvia *knew*. How patient the dead are!

(*Continued on page 87*)

When Dreams Come True

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

Mildred Davis is to do dramas — comedy-dramas where the laughter blends with tears. Her dreams are to become realities.

MILDRED DAVIS was excited. Her eyes were bluer, her cheeks pinker than usual, while her happy voice held an added lilt of youthful enthusiasm.

"So many wonderful things are about to happen," Mildred exclaimed, in italics. "I'm nearing a crisis in my career ——," and the lovely feminine inspiration for Harold Lloyd's superlative comedies jumped from her seat and made a flourishing bow, laughing with girlish glee.

"Really!" she continued, fearing I was not impressed with the seriousness of her Great Moment. "I am to make one more picture with Harold and then I am to be *starred!*" She waited, poised on tiptoe, to watch the effect of this joyous announcement.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, with enough ardor to satisfy even her.

"I had two perfectly heavenly offers and spent hours trying to be very wise and worldly and decide which was the better for my future. I am so happy here,—everyone is *so* dear—simply wonderful to me and I love everyone about the studio—so I am going to stay with Hal Roach. He says he will not let me go, and I know he will do more for me than any other company," and she gurgled with delight, while I recalled Mr. Roach saying once that he considered this slip of a girl the possessor of a very rare talent which augured a brilliant future.

"I am to do dramas—comedy dramas — and it seems so wonderful, for all my dreams are becoming realities."

For a few moments after the outburst, Mildred subsided, looking thru the open windows into the morning sunshine, as if seeing visions of her future dancing across the Boulevard.

We were sitting in the little star's dressing-room at the Hal Roach studio in Culver City, and I looked about with interest. The sitting-room with soft pink walls, ivory wicker furniture and pink cretonne cushions, lovely yellow silken curtains at the windows, reminding one of sunbeams, was restful. Beyond I could see the mirrored dressing-room and tiled bath.

On a low table near me were several books—"David Copperfield," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," a much read volume of James Whitcomb Riley's poems and a new issue of "Life." There was also a bisque doll with frilly skirts of pink net, an incense burner and several portraits in standing frames, and over all was the unmistakable touch of dainty femininity which is one of Mildred's most alluring charms.

And so—a new star is to be born, and a very lovely one, too, for Miss Davis' beauty is of that high quality that takes generations of gentle breeding to develop. She should be painted in delicate colors—the wealth of golden curls, the clear blonde complexion, the wide eyes, and soft rounded chin blend into an impressionistic picture that thoroly delights one's sense of beauty.

She is buoyant with health and happiness and brings the full fragrance of youthful trust and faith, for she retains all her girlish illusions and ideals, her viewpoint of life is wholesome and absolutely unspoiled.

There is an intriguing element of novelty that enters into every interview with our film favorites. Perhaps the chief charm lies in the fact that no two experiences are alike. Effort and achievement are always interesting, and when youth, beauty and urging ambitions are added, the gentle art of interviewing is indeed a fascinating adventure.

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

At sixteen, Mildred was leading lady to Bryant Washburn. But even after this, her father insisted upon her return to the Friends Select School. And it was a contract with Harold Lloyd which finally called her from Latin verbs.

Now, Mildred Davis has a little story all her own. To begin with, she is a Quakeress, being a lineal descendent of William Penn, and was born in the staid old city of her ancestors, Philadelphia.

From her infancy the child was always dancing about trying to express little stories with her nimble toes and flying arms, for she can not remember when she was not *acting*. Probably, Mildred's career was greatly aided when the family moved to Tacoma, Washington, when she was six. By the time she was nine she had won consent to taking dancing lessons and for hours each day she struggled thru the intricacies of toe dancing until she became a profficient exponent.

Dancing, however, was merely a phase of her dream, and when she was fifteen, the little Quakeress determined to go into motion pictures.

"Of course, I met with many obstacles" (Mildred smiled at the memory), "but once I make up my mind, I never let discouragement creep in, so I journeyed to Los Angeles and tho I had no stage experience and had never even seen a motion picture camera, I hunted up a booking agent and applied for work. I suppose I expected to become a star at once and receive a thousand a week, but I was happy when they selected me from among several girls for the Mutual Comedies at thirty-five a week."

Well, after Mutual came pictures with Universal Bluebird productions, followed by a chance to play with Viola Dana, and then she was leading woman with Bryant Washburn—at the age of sixteen.

All this time Mildred's father was insisting that she return to school and after completing the Washburn film she was sent to the Friends Select School in Philadelphia where for eight whole months she tried to concentrate on Latin verbs and geometrical problems.

Out in Los Angeles, Hal Roach was searching for a leading woman for his star, Harold Lloyd, and had decided that a blonde should follow the dusky beauty, Bebe Daniels, in this rôle. One day while watching a run of the Bryant Washburn picture, Mr. Roach suddenly came to the end of his search and within a few hours a wire was flashing to Mildred Davis in Philadelphia, asking her to return to Los Angeles to play opposite Harold Lloyd.

This was two years ago and now in a few days Mildred

(*Continued on page* 84)

He Isn't the Little Colonel Any More

Right now—if you have been treasuring a picture of the Little Colonel or, mayhap, the tragically appealing, heart-breakingly pathetic Poet in "The Raven"—and if you want to think Henry Walthall is an ill-starred creature with mournful dark eyes and a frame of mind, melancholy as the 18th Amendment—read no further—he isn't like that at all.

IN the first place, this information almost wasn't—for Mr. Walthall upset the perfectly good plans of a very important and excited reception committee by arriving some five or six hours ahead of schedule, disappearing quietly into his hotel, and "playing possum" until time for the first matinée.

The reception committee, with a fleet of commandeered motor-cars ("motor-cars" always sounds so much better than "flivers" when you write it!) and a flock of reporters, dashed to the Terminal Station, in Atlanta, at two-fifteen Monday afternoon—and it was not until then that

Top, a camera-study of Henry Walthall in a character pose; center, in a recent production; and bottom, a scene from an old Biograph picture with Lillian Gish.

they discovered Mr. Walthall and his company, on tour in "Taken In," had arrived at an unearthly hour that morning, and gone straight to their hotel.

But, later on, I found Mr. Walthall, and was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Walthall as well—tho I had always known her before as Mary Charleson. This all took place at the theater, on a bare stage, just before time for a rehearsal. And if there is any more depressing sight in the

By
PEARL GADDIS

world than a bare stage, and an empty theater in the cold grey light of ten o'clock, I trust I may never see it. We sat on upturned boxes—the chairs looked a little perilous to one who always passes one of those beastly "have-you-weighed-yourself-today?" machines with averted face and stony stare—and discussed the "thisness of thus and all that sort of thing ——" but mostly, we discussed the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation."

And right here and now, I want to warn you that if you have been treasuring a picture of the Little Colonel, or, mayhap, the tragically appealing, heart-breakingly pathetic Poet, in "The Raven"—and if you want to keep on thinking that Henry Walthall is an ill-starred creature with mournful dark eyes, and a tragic expression, to say nothing of a melancholy frame of mind that is as permanent as the 18th Amendment—dont read any further. For he isn't like that at all.

For Henry Walthall is sick and tired of being eternally remembered as the Little Colonel. He has spent the last eight months in an assiduous endeavor to prove that he isn't that beloved character —and his efforts have been about as successful as the celebrated failure of that would-be nature faker, the leopard, who fain would show the world his accomplishment in the matter of some certain spots.

The porter who carried his bags, when he arrived in Atlanta at an hour when only burglars are supposed to be about—the clerk who, usually, is quite justly indignant over being aroused from his nap, with his head on the hotel-ledger—they

There's good news for movie fans (which means the wide world, for one doesn't count the reformers, blue laws, *et al.*) in the announcement that Mr. Walthall will return to the screen late this summer — probably in September. Above, as the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation," and left, a scene from one of his latest productions

all discarded their usual manners and came forth in brand-new ones — because, in the words of the "red cap," "Dat's de Cunnel o' de Ku Kluxes, man!"

"It isn't that I am not grateful for all this approval, and admiration—nor that I did not enjoy the part more than anything I have ever played," explained Mr. Walthall (I almost called him the "L. C.," but saved myself in time). "It would be foolish to deny that there's a certain joy in knowing that a part is remembered

(*Continued on page 88*)

Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms

By
ADACHI KINNOSUKE

All photographs by Adachi Kinnosuke

TOKYO with its 2,350,000 people is our largest city. Osaka comes next, with its population of 1,650,000. Recently something happened in Tokyo and something happened also in Osaka. Both of these events have something to do with the movie show, and they are both amusing and important; and both of them have a good deal to do with the movie censorship.

The good and public - spirited people at Osaka invented a new sport. They call it censoring the censor — they mean the movie censor.

Now the city of Osaka is sometimes called the Manchester of Japan, for no other reason, apparently, than that the industrial activity of the country centers there. Like the people of Chicago, the Osaka folks are practical; they go after what they want, usually, with a hatchet. But not always—as shown in the case of the movie censor. Its method of dealing with him is not to criticize him, or to complain against censorship. It is much more effective than that. It is to kill censorship dead by demanding a greater ability on the censor's part. Right this minute, as the first step in this merry sport of murdering censorship, by supporting it strongly, they are demanding that the board of censors improve itself by adding a new

The top photograph shows an entire street devoted exclusively to movie shows. It is at Asakusa, Japan—really the Coney Island of Tokyo. Judging from the crowds, the movie has found enthusiastic audiences in the land of cherry-blossoms. In the center photograph the dense crowds are watching Marie Walcamp and her company "shooting" some scenes. And at the left a number of Japanese men and women are being examined for positions as "benshis." There are no subtitles in Japan, the benshis reciting any information to be imparted

All photographs by Adachi Kinnosuke

member to it, in the shape of an experienced and able educator. The ground for the demand is that the influence of the movies on children is of the utmost importance. The demand does not declare in so many words that the censors have not sense enough, or ability and experience enough, to tell just what sort of pictures should be shown for the good of children of the community. But, of course, the very presentation of the demand can mean just that and nothing else. And the Osaka authorities are finding it impossible to ignore this demand from the educational element of the community for the following reason:

More than 10,000,000 people enter movie "palaces" of one sort or another every year in the city of Osaka; and of that number more than 2,000,000, or 20 per cent., are children. Now last year, something like 2,200 rolls of imported film (almost entirely from the United S[illegible]ere exhibited. [illegible]tion of life-d[illegible]arious types ma[illegible] 50 per cent. of i[illegible]cent. of it was devo[illegible]edy, and the pictures [illegible]resented world events, wonderful scenics, and instructive inventions and incidents—the very pictures which would have done most good to the children, made up only 5 per cent. of the whole offering. With the native products, the ratio was much worse: out of 10,000 rolls exhibited, there were only 170 which were considered helpful to children.

With such a condition of affairs, the Osaka municipal authorities must be uncannily clever to turn a deaf ear to the popular demand that the censor should censor himself, The *Osaka Mainichi,* one of the greatest newspapers in Japan, with its 400,000 daily circulation, is even more unkindly than the popular demand, so far as its attitude toward the movie censorship is concerned. Commenting on this demand for an educationalist on the board of censors, it comes out flatfootedly and declares that it does not think much of motion picture censorship, even with this addition to the board. In its judgment, the addition of an educator to the board of censors would hardly work much of a

(*Continued on page* 90)

Above, the dressing-room of Nippon's Kinema Company's studio. It is fitted with electric lights altho the old-fashioned charcoal brazier is still holding its own. Below, an examiner is putting up a number of questions for the benshi candidates to work on. The candidates must pass the examination before they can secure the permits

That's Out

by Tamar Lane.

Prohibition Note

IN future when tea is served in motion picture scenes, it will be necessary to show a close-up of what's inside the cup. You never can tell nowadays.

Take Your Pick

"Twenty-three and one-half Hours' Leave" with Douglas MacLean.

"Two Weeks" with Constance Talmadge.

"From Now On" with George Walsh.

Persons We'd Like to Meet

A man who has no aspirations toward scenario writing.

A girl who isn't trying to "break" into the movies.

One of Life's Little Puzzles

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is making a big hit. We saw it the other day. What's all the shootin' for? Liked the four horsemen, Alan Hale and the monkey. But outside of that—well, see it yourself.

We know a man who lives in a garret. He writes slapstick comedies with plots. We saw a slapstick comedy the other day—with a plot. But it wasn't funny. There wasn't a bathtub or a bathing girl in it.

More Players We Would Go Out of Our Way to See

May McAvoy.

Elliott Dexter.

Movie audiences are getting ready to strike. What they want is less music and more movie.

What Would Happen to the Movies—

If Ben Turpin were to see straight?

If Little Mary should grow up?

If Wally Reid should lose his cap?

Stars That *Will* Shine

Ruth Dwyer.

Rudolph Valentino.

Humor from Theater Electric Signs

"The Chicken in the Case" with Owen Moore.

"The Microbe" with Viola Dana.

"Are All Men Alike" with May Allison.

"Godless Men" and "Forbidden Fruit."

Filmy Facts

If all the villains that William S. Hart has shot during his screen career were placed end to end, he would still have to eat three meals a day.

If Will Rogers were to say that he was the best dressed man on the screen, no one would believe him.

If all the fan letters that Eugene O'Brien has received were placed in one pile, he would still have to pay his tailor's bill.

If Harold Lloyd were to go without drinking for seven days, he would be just as thirsty as a camel.

What has become of the Charlie Chaplin imitators?

It looks as tho he lost them at the same time that he got rid of his old shoes and cane.

We suggest that someone revive that clever gag of having the comedian squirt a siphon in the villain's eye. Almost two months have passed without seeing it.

Norma Talmadge

Cerline Boll Sketches the Vivid Cinema Artist

The Beginning of the End

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Above, Eileen W. Hughes of Los Angeles, California, and at the right is Thelma Blez of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's Honor Roll for September has another man on it, but it doesn't seem to make any difference to at least five people a day, who still write and ask us if men are eligible to enter the contest.

The girl at the bottom of the page is Marie Ford, 2726 Hardy Street, Shreveport, Louisiana. She is a brunette. She weighs 109 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She has had no experience, except home talent plays. Her features are clearly marked, the kind that photograph well. Her expression is pensive and sweet, and the loveliness of her hands and arms are a fit match to the flowers she caresses.

Photograph by Hill

Eileen W. Hughes, 559 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California, is also a brunette. She is nineteen years old, weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. She has already had six months' picture experience and has evidently learned the value of a good pose.

(*Continued on page* 86)

ONCE more for the sake of those who are still writing to ask when the contest closes, we will repeat the announcement made last month. It closes officially on September 1. That is, any photograph postmarked not later than midnight of September 1 will be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest. Any postmarked after midnight of September 1, will not be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest.

At the left, Bavarian Buchanan from Lawrenceville, New Jersey, while Marie Ford of Shreveport, Louisiana is pictured below

Photograph by Dickeson

One more day will be accorded to contestants for personal inspection. That day will be September 2. A judges' committee will sit at the offices of the Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, between the hours of 10 and 4. Anyone who has submitted a photograph in the contest is invited to be present. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following days at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges' committee will not have one made.

There will be two more Honor Rolls besides this one, in the October and November magazines. The December issue will announce the name of the final winner or winners, and the final honor roll as well.

The Full Close

By

JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARK TWAIN tells a yarn about a certain Mississippi town where every stranger was immediately told that whatever else he did he *must* hear the story of Higgin's goat.

Higgin never would even broach the subject of this goat until he was properly pickled, and so the stranger, whose curiosity had been piqued by various dark hints about this extraordinary story, would lavish a fortune in warming him up. Then Higgin would begin about the goat. In starting the story, he had to lead up to it with the story of the goat's father and mother, and that would remind him of his own father and mother; that led to a discussion of the family history and that, in turn, to the history of the town. As Higgin grew more and more garrulous, under the influence of sundry beverages, he wandered further and further from the original goat until some three hours later found him in a state of alcoholic coma, fast asleep in the arms of the exasperated stranger who had still to hear the story which Higgin had never in his life been able to finish.

A good many scenario writers are like that. They make a flying start, and never get anywhere at all—just go on and on until paper and ink, and the patience of the editor, wear out.

Every story has a natural ending point. It occurs, as a rule, immediately after the climax, just when all the difficulties of the plot have been solved and the lovers brought together. To attempt to go further is to start another story and ruin the whole effect. No matter how short it makes your plot, never attempt to pad the ending. Movies are usually too long anyway; it's quality, not quantity, which counts in plot writing.

One of the greatest dangers that confront amateur scenario writers is this matter of breaking their story into two parts, so that there are really

(*Continued on page* 94)

Every story has a natural ending point. It occurs, as a rule, immediately after the climax, just when all the difficulties of the plot have been solved, and the lovers brought together. To attempt to go further is to start another story and ruin the whole effect

The panel at the top of the page shows Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos watching Director Victor Fleming direct Constance Talmadge in a forthcoming production. The camera-man is on hand, ready to "shoot." At the left is a new photographic study of Mrs. Emerson, née Miss Loos

Worldly But Not Weary

Photograph by Mandeville

Mabel Normand is small, almost plump now, with large brown eyes, where wisdom lurks behind half-closed lids and heavy lashes—wisdom and good humor

SCARLET tanagers . . . Coney Island . . .

That is, in part, the way Louise Fazenda, in her Impressions in the CLASSIC magazine, described Mabel Normand. I have often questioned those impressions—and then, meeting the subjects, have invariably found them correct. In outlining her fellow comedienne, Louise didn't fail.

There is something of the tanager about Mabel. She is flashing, impetuous, startling. There is in her moods something of the bird's vivid scarlet flight.

Of Coney Island? Yes, you can readily imagine her in its gaudy parks, shooting the chutes or screaming down a perpendicular drop on a roller-coaster. I dont say that she does these things, but you can easily picture her doing them. The true probability is that you'd find her more frequently in the sophisticated setting of a New York restaurant, or at the theater.

"I go to New York after every picture," she said. "I cannot stand it out here in California for very long. And when I'm there I go twice a day to the theaters."

Experience has not jaded Mabel's enthusiasms. She is worldly without being weary.

We had only a brief chat at the Sennett studio in Edendale, a section of Los Angeles. There, between scenes, she lured me on to talk of books. I had heard of her mad passion for Stephen Leacock—for his writings, I mean! She plunged at once into a eulogy of his *Literary Lapses,* was pained that I had not read it, that I presumed to quality the virtues of Leacock's humor. And then she was called away to make her final scene for the day.

"Meet me at the gate," she said, "and drive home with me. I'll have to take off my make-up. My dressing-room's a bungalow over there across the lot."

She ran off.

Everyone who is interested at all in pictures is watching the Sennett studio with speculative eyes. Mabel's new starring vehicle "Molly-O" is the subject of many prophecies and predictions. It is revealing no secret to say that Mabel's last big hit, "Mickey," was not a Goldwyn picture, that Goldwyn

Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

was deplorably wanting in the ability to furnish her with a suitable story, or direction—I shan't presume to say which. "Mickey" was made by Mack Sennett. It was his first radical departure toward the furtherance of his announced intention to make big comedy dramas. And "Molly-O" is even more ambitious. The seriousness with which he is going about it is evident in the fact that he has secured Lowell Sherman, of "Way Down East" fame, to play the heavy, and Jack Mulhall as leading man.

From the most disinterested source I could find, I learned that Mabel is photographing as she never photographed before. And certainly her appearance would seem to justify that.

In her big limousine, as we rolled across the city, she was delightful. She is small, almost plump now, with large brown eyes where wisdom lurks behind half closed lids and heavy lashes

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

We fear we have resorted to wild tactics to describe Mabel Normand accurately—scarlet tanagers — Coney Island — lame newsboys — Theodore Dreiser. It's a strange *mélange*. But if you have understood that Mabel is *some* girl, it'll do!

—wisdom and good humor. Her hair is dark and thick. I had noticed in the studio that she moved easily, lightly, with the careless grace that bespeaks the strong body. She has a way, when speaking, of leaning toward you, so that her eyes are disturbingly near to yours, immensely wide. And her mouth quirks occasionally, as tho inside she was laughing at you and for the life of her couldn't keep it in. She has a comfortable way of resting her hand on yours when she laughs. Altogether, the ride was extremely pleasant.

"How does it seem to be back at the Sennett studio? Well, it is so different! It is not like coming back to a familiar place. It is more like starting in at a new one. When I left, there was only one stage. Now there are at least six. But I am quite happy. I have all the faith in the world in the story and in Richard Jones, the director."

"Have you any definite idea of the length of your stay with Sennett?" I asked.

(*Continued on page* 85)

Presenting - - -

. . . Pola Negri, who has brought a Continental flavor to the shadow-screen. Her characterizations are both vivid and subtle

Where the Lights Are Low

By GRACE LAMB

THE young prince, T'Su Wong Shih, bent above the lotus-blossom figure of the gardener's daughter. He called her softly, "Yin!" And then again—"Yin!" And the lotus blossom, who was the gardener's daughter, closed her eyes and breathed gently lest the dream that his words were the temple bells and his touch the petals of the tree of heaven, come not true.

"Highness—" she stammered.

She knew and she felt ashamed that her father, the gardener, had seen the Prince come to her down the crooked, dainty path. She knew and felt ashamed that her father would have been willing for her to enter the household of the Prince as merely a woman, any woman, of that august household. That must be because her father was very old. His skin was like parchment, withered and dull. His eyes had forgotten the spring. When the petals from the tree of heaven drifted on and about him, he thought them insects or else he did not think about them at all.

And then—and then—her father did not know—could not believe how Prince T'Su loved the gardener's little daughter. Loved her only, for his heart's bride. No wonder her father could not know—it was a miracle.

And then, as softly, she called back, "T'Su—Prince——"

The Prince came nearer to her. He dared to touch her little hand, to draw it within his own. His heart was in his eyes whenever he looked on her. He thought of exquisite things when she opened her lips. His ancestors, the traditions of his most honorable house, the traditions that, in their venerable coils, had years ago, betrothed him to the daughter of a neighboring mandarin, a haughty, stiff lady with pigmentation thick upon her face, what was all that—what did it all matter—when Yin, the gardener's daughter, opened her thrilling lips?

Western civilization was knocking upon the door. The Great Wall of China had been reached over by enlightening hands and called across by voices saying, terrifically, perhaps, but tremendously, surely, other things than his ancestors had said—the sort of things that would make Yin the bride of Prince T'Su.

"Flower of my soul," he whispered to her, there in the sunshine, "I promise you that you shall be the bride of my heart, my only one, there shall be you, most priceless, my idol, there shall be *only* you."

And little Yin laughed softly, without fear. He had said what he had said, and he was all-powerful. Her father had told her so. Her father had said, "Obey the Prince, my daughter, do as he bids you to do."

There came the day when T'Su came down the crooked, dainty path, with feet that faltered, and when she looked at him to see what might cause the stumble in his walk, Yin saw that it was because his eyes were tear-dimmed and his mouth unsteady, and she ran to him, forgetful of her dainty dignity, crying out, "What is it, O my heart's beloved? What is it, heaven-born?" And he told her, in words so choked she had to stretch her slender throat to catch them, that Wung, his uncle, had arranged the nuptials between him and the daughter of the

They could see that an auction was going on, the auction of a girl. Old Tuang Fang was conducting it. She was pretty, amazingly so, and her eyes were like somber pools of night wherein a man . . . wherein a man might lose his soul in prayers without words . . .

Chinese mandarin. "Wung says this is the will of my father, Shih," the young Prince said. "My father has so stated in his will. Wung says my father has long been gathered to his revered ancestors and it is the duty of a son of China to bow to the will of his ancestors. I have told Wung——"

"Yes—" broke in little Yin. The word seemed no more than the tiny gossamer leaf, broken, with a silken sigh, from the frail stem of a nearby tree.

"I have told Wung," the young Prince said, "that I have a four-year respite. My father has so said. I am to go to America there to attend a four-year university course. My father wished me to be familiar with Western methods and advantages. I—I am leaving—in the morning. When I return, Wung is content that I shall then marry the daughter of the revered mandarin. But I——"

"Yes—" broke in little Yin. The word seemed no more than the note of a bird, in a throat too tiny to give it utterance.

"But I shall come straight for you, my life's love, straight and unerring and clean as the temple chimes, I shall come for you, here. Down the little crooked path. There shall be no stumbling then, my swallow, and no faltering. Ah, straight, straight shall I come!"

But fate, or was it the revered ancestry of this last child of the honorable house of Shih, decreed differently. Their meeting was to be on alien soil, whither the gentle thoughts of little Yin had never dared to go.

Prince Shih found something warm to him in the ways of the West. He felt an enormous relief to know that Western ways were stretching forth their friendly hands. The ways of his people were gracious ways, he knew, and he would not forget them. But they had need, steeped as they were in tradition, smothered as they were in over-breeding, swarming as they were with the needy and the purely traditional, they had great need of the cool, strong wind of Western tempering.

Of course, Shih might not have thought so strongly as he did had he loved the daughter of the mandarin rather than the daughter of the humble gardener. The personal urge is ever a potent argument, and the personal urge did not diminish with Prince Shih. Ever, in the innermost temple of his innermost heart, he kept, enshrined, the dainty, fragrant figure of little Yin. Ever he saw her as she swayed, like one of its own blossoms, beneath the tree of heaven.

And when his classmates talked, in the far reaches of the night, thru the smoke, when the activities of the day had given lassitude to their limbs, and longitude to their dreams, when they talked then, tenderly, if that was their way, or passionately, or tragically, about the one woman, Shih, with an answering throb, understood. He knew what they meant, how they felt. He was one with them.

The only thing he could not do—the only way he was not with them, was his inability to speak of little Yin. Perhaps it was his Oriental reticence and reserve on matters so sacred, so precious. Sometimes he felt sorry that he could not; that he had to keep silence while verbal adorations of "titian hair" and "a divine dancer" and "the kind of a girl you cant forget," kept humming in rapt phraseology about him. If he could only make them see little Yin as she so rarely was, sitting beneath her tree of heaven, little, celestial flower of a most holy stem! But his poor words—alas! He could not draw her for them, who did not know how fair a gardener's daughter might be. Her fluttering cherry blossom lips, her pale hands like the lotus, her hair like the soft mid of night before the stars have come, her voice like the temple bells, and her breath like the incense before the high priest's shrine. With his poor words—ah, no, ah, no—then would he profane the holiest holy—then would he have bruised the insurpassable whiteness of the flower of his soul——

So he sat silent, but his mouth smiled in sympathy with them, and, now and again, his eyes were dim. They knew that he knew

He felt personally affronted and not a little bit alarmed when, upon the evening of his arrival in New Haven he came upon Prince Shih shooting craps with a practised hand, in his very western room.

and that he could not speak.

In the senior year, T'Su's uncle came to America that he might observe for himself what Western culture (which he had not approved) had done for his nephew.

Wung was very much of the old traditions. The West grated upon him like sand on a sensitive, protected skin. He felt as tho he moved perpetually in the glare of a barbarian sun. He felt continuously affronted.

He felt personally affronted and not a little bit alarmed when, upon the evening of his arrival in New Haven, he came upon Prince Shih shooting craps with a practised hand, in his very Western room. It seemed to Wung to make a definite line of demarcation between himself and what he represented and Shih, and what, amazingly, he had come to represent. It made, also, a *very* definite line of demarcation between Shih and the daughter of the mandarin, in whose case, Wung was reluctantly obliged to admit to his secret self, the years had not been kind.

Was it in Shih's mind that he had been there, too, when the woman made little Yin ready for the infamy? Painting her cheeks that needed no paint, being, he knew, purer than a waxen lily, now . . . Tinting her lips, the softness of which made charming rebuke to the cosmetics.

He masked, however, what he could, of his shrinking from the Americanization of Shih.

He talked of return and of the many and important duties that would befall the remaining scion of the venerable house of Shih. And somewhat to his relief he found Shih affable to suggestion. He told his uncle he was quite ready to accompany him on the long trip back to the land of his ancestors. Professed an eagerness for it which did not deceive Wung in the very least. He knew whither Shih's thoughts were leading him, whither they were calling him; down a crooked, dainty path to where, beneath a tree of heaven, waited the daughter of the humble gardener, now gathered to his still humbler ancestors.

And knowing, Wung smiled none the less, a still and cryptic smile. Shih thought the long etched lines of an ineffable resignation more marked than ever on his uncle's face. Wung had waited and waited. What had he done with his waiting? For an instant, looking at him there, in the same room where the warming talk of the one woman had so often taken place, Shih felt an instant's premonitory fear, then he laughed it away. After all, what could Wung do to little Yin? And why should he do anything, forsooth? Was Shih gone so far that he would, even in his thoughts accuse his venerable and surely honorable uncle of a misdeed foul to the house of Shih? Still, Shih knew to what ends his house would go that the mandates of his honorable ancestors might be fulfilled.

Wung stayed, dazed and, more or less, incredulous, for the finals at Yale. If he were pleased to see the popularity accorded Shih, it was more than outweighed by his horror of the thorogoing Occidentalism of the same Shih. It seemed incredible to Wung that one of the house of Shih could be Chicago-ing with a blondined lady whose bosom showed so many inches above her bodice it would be immodest for Wung, even at his age, to conjecture. The whole scheme of things was incredible. Wung found himself doubting, for the first time, the hitherto unassailable wisdom of the elder Shih.

Still, it was patent that no one of the Occidental maidens had stolen the heart of the Prince. His eager readiness to set out for San Francisco

WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Fictionized, by permission from the Robertson-Cole production, based on the story by Lloyd Osborne. Directed by Colin Campbell and starring Sessue Hayakawa. The cast:

T'Su Wong Shih	Sessue Hayakawa
Chang Bong Lo	Togo Yamamato
Tuang Fang	Goro Kino
Quan Yin	Gloria Payton
Lang Shu Ban	Kiyoshi Satan
Chung Wo Ho Ku	Misao Seki
Wung	Tayo Frejiti
"Spud" Malone	Jay Eaton
Sergeant McConigle	Harry Holland

whence they were to sail, proved that. And as for the gardener's lotus-blossom daughter—Wung smiled the smile that had chilled Shih on the night of his uncle's august arrival.

In San Francisco they had a week for sightseeing. En route they had stopped off here and there, but Wung was incurious and Shih anxious.

San Francisco was imperative. Their sailing dates had been changed.

Here, more than on the cross-country trip, Wung showed an immense lack of curiosity. His fatigue amounted to exhaustion. It was impossible for Shih to lure him forth, and he evinced a pain that was unmistakable when, occasionally, Shih fared forth without him.

It was on one of these occasions that Shih met again with little Yin, daughter of the gardener.

A tragic occasion enough that bore to Shih, all his life, the nature and substance of a bruise.

Little Yin—under the tree of heaven, in the gardens of her father's prudent tending. And then——

Shih, with some of his friends, had been "doing" the Chinese quarter.

They had come upon the innocent-appearing tea shop of Tuang Fang. "I hear—" one of the boys said to Shih, and he nodded significantly, "there's a Chinese girl for sale in here," he said.

Shih stopped an instant. Malodorous haunts and resorts of sin were not fit sights for the lofty spirit he endeavored to maintain within him. It had not been his wont to frequent unworthy places. But today—but somehow—why was there sounding in his ears the ringing of the temple bells——?

The boys went thru the tea-room and all of them turned, startled, at the strange and strangled sound that came from the throat of Shih. At his face they remained transfixed, for his face was as white as the dead when they have been prepared for burial, and his eyes seemed to be looking at something neither living nor dead. They thought among themselves that his soul was in his eyes.

Why?

They could see that an auction was going on; the auction of a girl. Old Tuang Fang was conducting it and, obviously, Chang Bong Lo, Chinatown's bad man, was ace high in the bidding, for his taloned hand was on her arm, the flesh of which crept beneath the clutch. The girl was pretty, amazingly so, and her eyes were like somber pools of night wherein a man—wherein a man might loose his soul in prayers without words. Was that—*was that* what was even then happening to Shih?

The last bid had evidently been made, and the last bid was, just as evidently, Chang Bong Lo's, for the air of the stuffy room was in that state of suspension common after some electric remark, or moment. And Chang Bong Lo's evil face bore the leering gratification of an approaching triumph. It was evident, too, that this was not an extemporaneous happening with Chang Bong Lo. He had seen this girl before; much before he had entered the innocent-appearing front door of Tuang Fang's tea house. Doubtless, he had himself participated in the public auction the better to slake his lust for triumph and power when, at his highest bidding, the prize should be his.

Was it in Shih's mind that he had been there, too, when the woman made little Yin ready for the infamy? Painting her cheeks that needed no paint, being, he knew, purer than a waxen lily, now. Tinting her lips, the softness of which made charming rebuke to the cosmetics, tightening her in and binding her about with garish silks and fringes? Whatever of these things may have run thru the Prince's mind the great fact was that it was he who must have Yin. He must outbid, far outbid Chang Bong Lo. He must so far outbid him that even lust could not, would not compete. And so the cry he gave, rather a battle shout than an announcement of a bid:

"Ten thousand dollars!"

Fang brought down his hammer before, even had he been desirous of doing so, Chang Bong Lo could utter a protest.

"Sold to the worthy gentleman," said Fang, "for ten thousand dollars."

At the word "sold" Yin, like a paper doll in too strong a wind, bent and collapsed on her stand. Shih, with a cry, ran to her and gathered her to his heart. When she awoke, in an inner room, she was in his arms.

He peddled divers articles about the streets, trying with an ingratiating smile and a charming manner to make stop those who might, otherwise, not have stopped.

His eyes were reading the white tale of her face, and his tears fell upon her like the white petals from her tree of heaven. "Is it—really—you?" she asked, at length.

"Ah, Flower of My Soul, Celestial One, Beloved—" murmured Shih. He could say no more, no less. The long four years of waiting, the terrible agony of the last hour, the sudden touch of her again, after all this while—his tears fell heavily—from his heart—and with her white hand little Yin brushed them away, keeping her wise, small silence.

After awhile, assuaged for the moment, Shih prepared to go to his uncle with his happiness. His uncle would give him the money and, when they sailed, he and little Yin would sail as bride and groom. His uncle had had scruples in China, he remembered, about Yin being the daughter of a gardener and all that, but, after his four years in the West, Shih did not take this very seriously. Yin was the woman of his heart, the only one, and a man married the woman of his heart, he knew. Of course, his uncle would know it, too.

Before he left he gave Fang the five hundred dollars he had with him, and told the Chinaman he would return in the morning with the balance of the money, providing no harm came to Yin, providing no person entered her chamber save the maid. Shih knew that a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond, and when Fang gave his word, Shih was content.

"Ah, Flower of my Soul, Celestial One, Beloved . . . " murmured Shih.

Tomorrow! Shih ran on feet that seemed not to touch the pavement until he reached his hotel. His uncle was awaiting him, and without preliminary Shih poured forth his tale. His long love for Yin, the everlasting aspects of it, his utter horror at beholding her in so horrible a position, the travail his soul was in when it came to him what might have happened had he not entered, for sightseeing, the innocent appearing tea house of Tuang Fang. "And so," he concluded, "I shall take the nine thousand five hundred back tomorrow to Fang, and all will be well."

Wung considered his long and slender pipe. Watching him, with one of those cold premonitions his uncle sometimes gave him, Shih noted how long and slender were Wung's eyes, mere slits, how hideously long his nails—was it necessary? What a thin neck he had, like a string. And feet, points——

Then his voice, when he spoke, a bit shrill, not without power:

"My dear Shih," he said, "it has been the wish of your venerable father that you should marry the daughter of the mandarin. These plans date back to before your own birth. *They shall be carried out.*"

Shih stared at the passive figure. Not a muscle of Wung's face had changed during his remark, not a ripple had disturbed the opaque surface of his eyes.

Shih laughed too loudly. Wung stirred a trifle. He was wont to say that laughter could be barbarian. Shih remembered this, and he laughed again. He wondered, with a sudden dizziness, what the color of his uncle's blood might be—surely not yellow—not so *dreadfully* yellow as his face. Then he pulled himself together.

"You mean, uncle—" he said, "do you quite know what that does mean? Do *I* know?"

Wung moved his head in slow dismissal of the inquiry.

"I cannot say," was his reply, "whether you know what it does mean. You probably do not. Your meaning, your religion, your traditions and your honor seem to have got hopelessly confused, my respected nephew. As for Wung, Wung is thoroly aware of his own meaning, which is, that the nine thousand five hundred dollars necessary for the procurement of the girl *will not be forthcoming.*"

"There are other ways—" Shih breathed, thru his stiff lips.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Who Will Be Peter Pan

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Peter Pan—the beloved boy who never grew up—is coming to the screen. John Robertson, who transferred the whimsy of James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" so faithfully, has been chosen for this delightful task. It has proved difficult to decide who is best endowed to create the title rôle so that the shadowed Peter Pan will be as worthy as the Peter Pan which Maude Adams gave to the footlights

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

At first it was whispered that Mary Pickford would lend her talents in this direction, and it was Miss Pickford's desire to do so, but for various reasons this plan did not materialize. Then Marguerite Clark's name was mentioned, but this report, too, was denied. Betty Compson has been considered for some time, but at present it is felt that May McAvoy's delicate portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy," entitles her to first choice

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

And it is interesting to note, in this connection, that *The Bioscope*, an English trade journal, recently carried the announcement, that the Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of the late Lord Alington, is to be given the rôle, and, inasmuch as Director Robertson is now in England, conferring with Barrie about the multiple details, there may be truth in the report that there is to be a titled Peter Pan

Not What He Seems

By

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Joseph Kilgour is far from a villain in reality. He is a Chesterfieldian gentleman. He says he was roped into being a villain on the stage and has never been able to get away from it

IT must be admitted that I was none too keen about meeting Joseph Kilgour. In fact, I went to see him with fear in my heart and trembling in my knees. For, you know, Mr. Kilgour is that suave screen villain who always persecutes the maiden until the hero comes galloping onto the screen, and I wasn't at all sure that there would be any hero handy to effect my rescue. Heroes, in real life, have a way of being absent when you need them most.

However, my worry was quite unnecessary, for I found Mr. Kilgour hero enough in real life to rescue a dozen miniature maidens if necessary. In fact, he is an ideal Chesterfieldian gentleman. He has that infallible dramatic instinct which comes from long application to stage art.

He says he was roped into being a villain on the stage and he has never been able to get away from it.

The course of his career was definitely shaped when David Belasco cast him as Brockton in "The Easiest Way." As you will undoubtedly recall, "The Easiest Way" was one of the greatest hits in the history of the New York stage. Joseph Kilgour became so identified with the part of Brockton that he almost lost his own identity. At the Lambs' Club and the Players' he was called "Brockton"; all the chorus girls on Broadway greeted him with, "Hello, Brockie." When he ceased playing "The Easiest Way," theatrical managers used to approach him and say: "Joey, can you tell where to find a young actor who can play your type of part. I've got a small rôle similar to your 'Brockton' that I've got to fill, but it isn't large enough for me to afford to pay your salary."

"Of course, I couldn't tell them of anyone," remarked Mr. Kilgour. "I think everyone has his individuality, and whether it is weak or strong, good or bad, it is foolish to talk about

duplicating it."

Then he added as an afterthought: "It's queer my friends call me Joey—probably because I look so little like a Joey."

I smiled appreciatively, for Mr. Kilgour is a massive man—no slim boy to account for the diminutive "ey."

On the stage he also played leads with Mrs. Fiske and in "Arizona." He accompanied "Arizona" to London, where it had a long and successful run at the Adelphi Theater.

Mr. Kilgour was born in Scotland. He started life in America as a broker's clerk, but his recreation was amateur theatricals. Above with Betty Compson in "At the End of the World," and below, two new photographs

Kilgour tells an amusing incident concerning this. It seems that the Adelphi had been renamed the Century because of a girlie-girlie show that had had a long run there—if I remember correctly, it was Edna May's "Belle of New York"—but when the melodrama came back with "Arizona," the management renamed the theater The Adelphi.

But this isn't the only interesting experience Mr. Kilgour had in London. Kilgour, you know, was born in Scotland and, as is customary, has a deep respect for the Continental way of doing things. He started life in America as a broker's clerk, but his recreation used to be playing in amateur theatricals. This gained the attention of a big manager, who asked him to take a part in a piece he was then producing. Kilgour accepted.

And having accepted the stage as a career, he slaved to make himself a success. Not satisfied with the strides he was making studying on his own account, he got a letter of introduction to Sir Henry Irving and went to him in London, where he played any and every part in the famous actor's company.

One day in his youthful zeal not to miss his cue, he was running thru the wings when he bumped into a stately man and, looking up as he started to excuse himself, beheld the King.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered.

"That's all right, my lad; run along or you'll be late," replied the King, as he stepped out of Kilgour's path.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Snapshots---

Anyone who has recently bought a house in the suburbs knows perfectly well that Zena Keefe has time for little else but her own garden. Priscilla Dean and Owen Moore have become the devotees of the golf course. Priscilla, in her sport clothes, makes a bright dash of color on the Hollywood links, while Owen Moore pursues the elusive ball, at Westchester

Studio folk learn to take their holidays at a minute's notice—the delay in the erection of a "set," the illness of another player necessary to the scenes scheduled for that day, means respite . . . Every now and then, of course, there is an honest-to-goodness vacation, but then one just has to go in for European travel—it's being done this season. And that leaves little time for the favorite recreation, whatever it may be

The Return of the Two-Reeler

By HERBERT HOWE

ANOTHER old favorite is trying to stage a come-back.

There is always something pathetic about the reappearance of a former idol whose public has forgotten. It's like reincarnation—no one recognizes you.

So it was with a heavy and dubious heart that I went to the Selig-Rork studios to review the return of the oldest of all favorites—the two-reel drama. I say the oldest of all. That is not correct. There was a time when the producer who made a two-reel drama was considered a gambler. Then, as now, there were the Thomases who said, "the public will never stand for it."

Colonel Selig was one of the first, if not the first, producer to venture into the realm of the mastodontic super-spectacle in two reels. He made "The Holy City" in 1907 as a two-reel drama, but the exhibitors couldn't see it as a feature for one night. So it went forth as twins, the first reel shown one day and the other half the second day. Thus you see that the photodrama has grown about a reel a year. Altho we have not as yet had a fourteen-reeler, we have had twelve-reelers.

I had no idea the motion picture was so old until Colonel Selig whispered her real age to me. Like her stars, the screen is touchy about her years. According to the flyleaf of Colonel Selig's bible, the movie had its twenty-fifth birthday this year. The Colonel commenced making moving pictures

At the Selig-Rork studios they are reviving the oldest of all favorites—the two-reel drama. Yet there was a time when the producer who made a two-reel drama was considered a gambler. Above, a scene from "The Northern Trail," a new demi-tasse drama which Bertram Bracken is directing. The players shown in this scene are Walt Whitman, Lewis Stone and Ethel Grey Terry. Below is a scene from an old two-reeler, "The Abalone Shell" which was made twelve years ago, with Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santschi and Hobart Bosworth

The Photodrama, Like the Skirt, Gains Much by Shortening

of fifty to a hundred feet in 1896. They consisted of such exciting plots as a girl feeding chickens and a train going by. The most popular classic of this size was a watermelon contest—the first droolings of drama. These pictures were distributed in vaudeville with such success that by 1904 Colonel Selig had filmed forty thousand feet of film, almost as much as would be discarded on an ordinary feature today. It was in 1904 that the

The short story has been the favorite form of American literature. O. Henry, of all writers, is perhaps the most typically American because he wrote concisely and faithfully of American life. Above, Hobart Bosworth and Thomas Santschi in an old two-reeler; center, a scene from "Harbor Island," with Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood, made in 1908, and below, a scene from the forthcoming comedy-drama, "The Policeman and the Baby." Wallace Beery and William Desmond are seen here

producer commenced making comedies and dramas of five hundred to one thousand feet with salaried actors. Colonel Selig directed and also officiated at the camera crank. The year brought forth such ambitious ones as "Humpty-Dumpty," "Tracked by Bloodhounds," "Bull-Fight in Mexico" and "The Gay Deceiver."

After experimenting with "The Holy City," the Colonel went back to one-reelers. In that brief space of film was first told the story of "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Rip Van Winkle," "East Lynne" and "A Tale of Two Cities."

Even today certain producers would tell you that such costume classics as

(*Continued on page 99*)

As Pearls of the Orient

By CORLISS PALMER

Do not conceal,
nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth
with coral
lips;
Lest that the
seas cease to
bring forth
Gems which
from thee
have all their
worth.

THERE is hardly a person to be found today who does not realize the necessity of giving constant attention to the teeth, to keep them from decaying. An unclean tooth decays; a clean tooth does not. Therefore, if we wish to keep our teeth firm and healthy and white, we must wage constant warfare on dirt and germs.

While everyone may realize that white, even teeth are "priceless pearls," yet not everyone knows how to take care of the teeth. So, since I am making it my business to study all things pertaining to health and beauty, I will endeavor to give as clearly and concisely as possible the fundamental rules for the preservation of the teeth.

Brush them upon rising in the morning *before breakfast.*

Photograph by Charles Albin

CORLISS PALMER

A new camera study of the charming Fame and Fortune winner

Brush them after breakfast, after luncheon and again after dinner, or before retiring.

Always use a good tooth paste or powder when brushing the teeth. Buy a preparation not for its flavor but for its antiseptic and cleansing qualities. If these are combined with a pleasant odor, so much the better.

A good dentifrice is one that destroys the albuminous film that gathers over the teeth and in which the germs lodge and grow.

Special preparations for mouth wash and gargle may be obtained at drug stores.

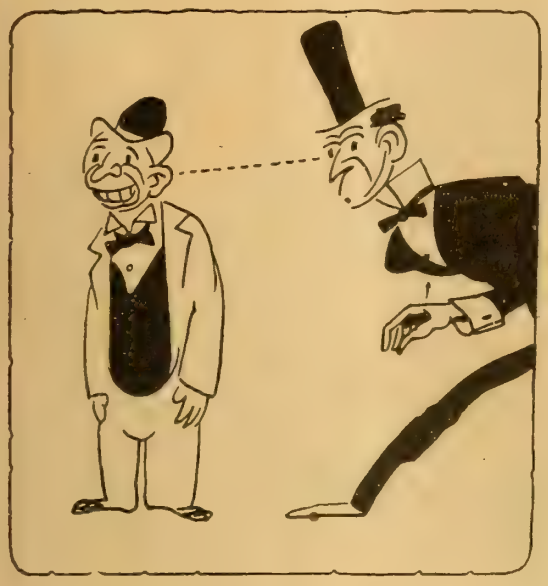
Whatever the properties of the dentifrice, it must not contain anything that will harden the film or scratch the enamel. Some preparations contain active pepsin, which is excellent as it dissolves all starchy particles clinging to the teeth in places where it is difficult to remove them.

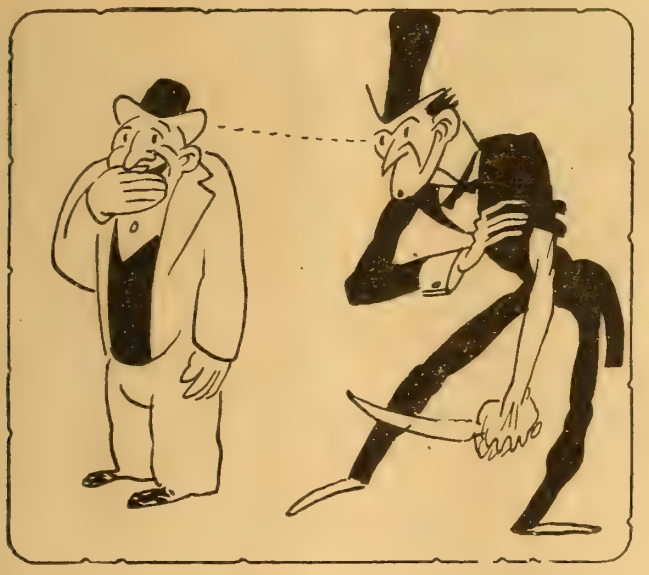
That the film on the teeth is the source of most

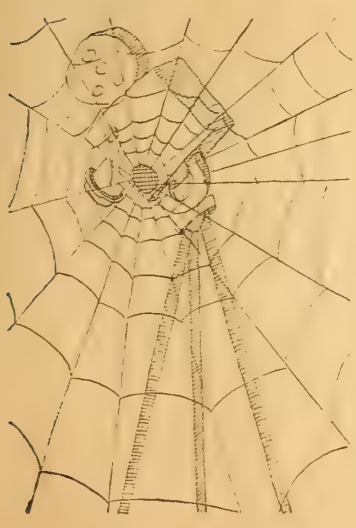
(*Continued on page* 96)

Leave it to the Censor

drawn by GROPPER







The Editor's Page

Filming Historical Romance

Despite the fact that there is a hue and cry about the shortage of good story material, all of the romance and adventure of American history lies untouched. Shadowed upon the screen, it would make delightful drama . . .

It remained for an Englishman, John Drinkwater, in particular, to bring to our stage the great story of Abraham Lincoln. This he did well, with all the beauty of his poetry. Who, then, will bring similar beauty to the screen?

The German Producing Company has filmed a portion of Old World romance—"Passion," telling of Madame Du-Barry and Louis XV; and "Deception," depicting the heart story of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. Let us not wait for them to shadow the drama and romance which belongs to our own land.

The success of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" proved that the American people are receptive to the high romance and adventure of their native heath, yet no cinema producer has set forth to screen it for them.

It would seem a pity that we sit serenely back and wait for some enterprising foreign company to give us the drama of our own land.

George Loane Tucker died at his California home early in June after a long and serious illness—an illness which threatened his life at its inception.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE deeply regrets his passing. He was cut down in his heyday, before he had enjoyed the fruits of his efforts, and his death is a great loss to the screen. He undoubtedly had much to give, and it was fine and greatly to be desired.

However, "The Miracle Man" will stand, a monument and memorial worthy of him, who so finely created it.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

The Trend Towards the Normal

There has been little of the normal in the history of the screen. It was, at the beginning, a mushroom growth, and not taken into serious consideration by artists of prominence in any line of endeavor. Then it proved its power, and artizans came flocking to the studios from every art and every country. Values were confused and a condition perilously near chaos was the result.

Today, the general financial condition of the country is doing much to bring the motion picture industry to a normal basis—and, undoubtedly, it will never achieve its zenith until the consummation of this trend.

With the state of affairs now existent, the average family does not flock to the movies quite so often as they did previously, and theater managers, all over the country, are reducing the admissions. This means two things—first of all, there will not be so great a demand for new films every night. A production will have a longer run in the neighborhood house.

In turn, this affects the producer. With the exhibitor demanding fewer pictures, he will produce fewer pictures; with the exhibitor able to pay less rental, the producer will conserve on his expenses; the fabulous salaries will be rearranged, and dollars will not be feverishly squandered. There will be time to consider stories and to bring them to the shadows. And all of this will make for better pictures.

The motion picture has come to stay—it has been accepted eagerly by the people of every country in the world. It is, perhaps, the greatest imaginative stimulant the world has ever known.

It will be a survival of the fittest!

A Question of Ethics—

Recently several productions have been re-issued—that is to say, they have been taken from the storehouse, dusted up and once more shadowed upon the screens all over the country. "The Birth of a Nation" is an instance of this and again it won the plaudits of Broadway and its critics. Certainly there is no reason why many of the screen's artistic achievements cannot live forever, except in productions where the vogue itself makes this impossible.

However, there are other instances of old productions being released—sometimes under the appearance of being recently completed endeavors, and it is with this practice we argue.

When a cinema star gives a portrayal, it stands. Even after the star has become affiliated with another producer, the company with whom they were previously associated is in possession of their efforts. This often re-acts against the star. For example, one of the screen's most popular players recently left a company with which she had been associated for three or four years, during which time she had made a picture which was inferior thru no fault of her own. It was decided not to release this picture at all. Now that the star is no longer under that banner, this old production has been sold to an independent releasing unit and it will be presented for the first time, to all signs and appearances as a recent effort of the player in question.

Such a practice is not ethical. It is not in keeping with the present trend to place the motion picture upon a firm and substantial basis. It smacks of unsavory business methods, and with such methods existent the cinema cannot flourish. There is no law to prohibit such a practice—it is a question of ethics pure and simple—it is up to every producer to respect these ethics in all instances. It is up to us, the public, to refuse to patronize productions we know to be released under false pretenses. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be glad to mention any such violations of ethics which come to its attention.

Peggy Puts It Over

By NORMAN BRUCE

IT is probable that when Peggy Conrow was five minutes old by the clock, she overheard the doctor say to the nurse, "What a pity it's a girl, since there's no likelihood that there'll be another." Perhaps, too, she caught the sincere and heartfelt "Damn" which Maxfield Conrow uttered under his breath as he stood above her cradle, looking down at the small red scrap of humanity that should have been a boy. At any rate, she returned the gaze with a pair of eyes even then of a remarkable, cerulean blue and then deliberately and unmistakably she winked at her disgruntled parent!

Later she carried out the implied promises of the wink by the growing up as much like a boy as was humanly possible. In pigtails and short starched gingham skirts she climbed trees, and proved with hard-hitting fists the truth of Kipling's comment upon the female of the species to the gentle horror of Aunt Agatha who tried to bring her up according to potatoes-prunes-and-prisms principles, in the place of the mother who had died soon after her advent into the world.

Fiercely loyal to her self-imposed pledge to "make it up to Dad," Peggy stifled weak feminine yearnings for dolls and pink hair ribbons and forced her quaking little fingers to close about the trigger of cap pistols, tho her small-girl soul clamored silently for flight. Sternly, Peggy, at fifteen, passed by the lure of frills and openwork stockings and the pitfalls of party gowns, and dressed her slim young tallness in tweeds and serge, and since these were obviously not suited to dances and other frivolities, Peggy did not take part in these things. Many an evening a solitary little figure sat in the shadows gazing wistfully at the lights and gaiety which she had denied herself, gallantly swallowing the lump that would get into her throat, forcing her quivering lips to whistle a gallant dont-care little tune.

And, as a final effort to atone to Dad for her tactlessness in being a girl herself instead of her brother, Peggy insisted upon going to an engineering school. "The firm is going to keep on being Conrow and Conrow, if I have to stay an old maid to keep it so!" she declared, adding with the rather terrible frankness that was characteristic of her, "anyhow, there doesn't seem to be much prospect of being asked to change it!"

It was true. Despite her flowerlike prettiness there was a firmness to Peggy's small, dimpled chin, a steadiness to her clear, wide blue eyes that made men distinctly uneasy and uncertain. And since it is a characteristic of their sex to wish to feel like the lords of creation, they drew away from this disconcerting young woman and turned to those who, less ornamental, gave them their due of proper admiration and deference.

Peggy was distinctly scornful of the gurgling, clinging, twittering tactics by means of which her girl friends attained the desired ends of a diamond solitaire and a trousseau. It seemed to her that anyone who would be taken in by such transparent tricks must be lacking in intellect, consequently at twenty she was in danger of becoming a man-hater to the distress of Aunt Agatha's romantic soul.

She spoke of the matter to her brother, blushing a faded, old-fashioned blush at the indelicacy of the discussion. "Brother, did you notice how Doctor Ransome looked at our Peggy's picture the other night when he called on account of my sciatica? He seemed, well—almost, yes, *quite* interested. And he is remarkably handsome—his nose reminds me of Byron's—or do I mean Lord Bacon? I—I was just wondering——"

"I suppose you've planned everything down to the salad for the wedding supper!" grumbled Maxfield Conrow, affectionately. "Well, Ransome's the only man that isn't dead above the Adam's apple in this jay town. Why, the inhabitants aren't even progressive enough to have

Very solemnly Aunt Agatha took her place upon the lawn; very seriously Peggy tiptoed across and held her hands over Aunt Agatha's eyes

appendicitis! Look at the streets! Look at the sewerage system, look at——"

"Yes, Brother," interrupted Aunt Agatha, patiently, "but, after all, it's the town you have chosen to live in, and the town Peggy's future is bound up with. Now, the people here haven't seen her yet, she has established no reputation for—ah—being strong minded or peculiar. I wish that we could make her see that a little shyness, a trifle girlish shrinking, a few feminine weaknesses——"

"If you expect to get Peg to faint at the sight of a scratched finger, or leap into a chair when she sees a mouse, to further your match-making schemes, you've got a hard job on your hands, Aggie," Peggy's father said, humorously. "She's a better man than most, and I've got a notion that if I didn't have to spend the next two months in Washington, she and I together could talk that collection of boneheads out of some of their moss-grown ideas and start in making Oldtown at least two or three hundred years nearer up to date."

Being a wise woman, Aunt Agatha did not say, "Thank Heaven, then, you're going to be in Washington!" Instead she began a quiet campaign which involved the purchase of porch chairs, a hammock built for precisely two, and a quantity of white lawn and pink organdie and lavender batiste which, with the aid of a seamstress, she converted into the most frivolous, utterly feminine, shamelessly clinging-vine frocks imaginable.

Subtle, guileful, deep as she felt her plans to be, Peggy saw thru them as clearly as thru a pane of glass, but tho she laughed bluffly she was secretly in sympathy with Aunt Agatha's aims. Underneath the khaki and corduroy, the serge and tweeds, the very feminine little heart in Peggy's bosom had found itself beating double-quick time when she looked at the snapshot of David Ransome which Aunt Agatha had slipped into one of her letters. The Byronic—or was it the Baconian—nose, the humorous mouth, the dark, straight-glancing eyes, Peggy liked them all, and with her usual frankness admitted it to Aunt Agatha on her first day at the new home.

"But he'll simply loathe me!" she sighed regretfully. "I shall put my hands in my pocket and talk about birth control and the new penal system, and if I stub my toe I shall undoubtedly swear!"

Aunt Agatha fluttered distressfully, "If you could learn just a few of the little ways that men seem to find so attractive in young ladies. Of course, I am a spinster and know very little of the subject, but I have observed, my dear. There was a young person at the lake this summer,

for example. She always had a great many youths about her, I think they are technically referred to as 'beaux,' and one of the things she did was to go up behind a young man and put her hands over his eyes and ask him to guess who it was. It *doesn't* sound exactly sensible, does it? But it seemed to work amazingly well!"

Peggy was unconvinced. "Why, a man would like a girl better if she hadn't a single brain in her head, I cant understand!" she declared. "However, if it will please you, we'll practise!"

Very solemnly, Aunt Agatha took her place upon the lawn; very seriously, Peggy tiptoed across and held her hands over Aunt Agatha's eyes; then, shaken with suppressed laughter, she sank on the grass. "I feel like such a fool!" she confessed. "It's no use, Auntie, I cant be coy! Besides, I've already made the wrong impression on Oldtown. There was an old fusty constable sitting at the cross-roads when I drove my car in this morning, watching the snails whizz by, and I think I surprised him a little—I wasn't going more than forty-five an hour, at that. Then when I came down that cow path they call Main Street, I just missed a pig that was slumbering in the middle of it by about two inches, and a very officious person in overalls gave me a lecture from his front lawn. No, Oldtown knows I'm here and that I'm no shy, shrinking violet!"

When Dr. David dropped in after dinner, Aunt Agatha was doomed to another disappointment, for, after the first glance which was undoubtedly admiring on both sides, followed a second glance which was just as undoubtedly disapproving.

"Have you come to finish the lecture?" inquired Peggy, standing with her feet wide apart, and her chin at an angle of forty-five degrees. "If so, let me state before you begin that, so far as I am concerned, any pig left in the public highway will be practically ruined for all purposes except sausage when my Dalton-Six gets thru with him!"

Dr. Ransome's grimness relaxed into a hearty laugh. "I'll admit it wasn't the place for the pig," he said. "I'm afraid you'll find before long that we people in Oldtown are rather unprogressive, Miss Conrow. Perhaps your father has already told you of his schemes for waking us up, a little?"

Peggy sat down, crossed her knees like a boy and folded her arms. Aunt Agatha, watching anxiously from the doorway, sighed as she noted the belligerent attitude. One could as well imagine falling in love with a fretful porcupine. When she returned a half hour later with lemonade and spice cookies, the situation was not improved.

"I agree with you in so far as the result," Dr. Ransome was saying earnestly, "but, understanding the conservative and stubborn natures of the people with whom you have to deal, I am certain that the only way to approach them is cautiously and with the greatest tact."

"And *I* am certain," said Peggy, stamping her commonsense shoe, "that if they haven't sense enough to *want* decent roads and sidewalks and sewers and water system and electric lights, they should be *made* to put them in. I suppose you'd ask to be introduced to a person who had fallen into the water before you would save his life! Tact! Common sense will get you a heap further than tact, and I'll just tell that Methuselah, Silas Tucker, so to his face!"

"I warn you," urged Dr. Ransome, "for the sake of your own happiness, not to get the Town Council down on you. They're an unpleasant lot, and one of their most sacred convictions is that women's place is in the home, making blackberry jam and bringing up the children, while the men run the world."

"They have whiskers on their minds!" snapped Peggy. Look at me! Do I look like that kind of woman? The old-fashioned, helpless sort"

For the space of a full minute they measured each other silently. Deep in the man's steady gaze a little flame lighted; deep in the girl's a flame answered it. "You look to me," said David Ransome, with a slow breath, "exactly like the right kind of woman, whatever that may be."

Peggy blushed. Actually blushed, like one of those

"By law," said Peggy sweetly, "a woman is now a citizen, Mr. Tucker. I am past my twenty-first birthday, and cast my vote at the last election. I think that I may claim to qualify"

sweet little fluffy things that coo, "Ain't you just ter'-ble," in answer to a compliment. Hastily she rallied her forces, "Who isn't with me is against me, Dr. Ransome!" (She flung down her gauntlet.) "Pitch in with me and help me make over this hidebound old place into a sanitary, wide-awake progressive town!"

He shook his head stubbornly. "I never operate without giving an anesthetic first," he said. "You will never get anywhere with aggression in Oldtown. They also serve, you know, who only stand and wait."

"I'm not the waiting kind!" laughed Peggy. "And neither am I afraid of Silas or any of the other Rip Van Winkles around here!"

She demonstrated this to the consternation and dismay of the Town Council when it assembled the next afternoon in the weather-beaten vestry of the Baptist Church. It was the first time that a woman had ever invaded the stern precincts of government, and there was no precedent to determine how they should meet the crisis. Glowering thru his horn spectacles, the moderator pounded his gavel upon the table, scarred with oyster suppers and cake sales.

"Young woman," he rumbled, "this here meeting is only for the citizens of this town."

"By law," said Peggy, sweetly, "a woman is now a citizen, Mr. Tucker. I am past my twenty-first birthday, and cast my vote at the last election. I think that I may claim to qualify."

There was an uneasy pause during which a dozen pairs of shoes shuffled under the table and a dozen pairs of eyes avoided each other painstakingly. Then feebly the gavel descended again. "The meetin' will come to order," announced Silas.

Peggy, self-possessed and efficient, listened to the reading of the minutes and the transaction of the routine business. When a pause finally came, she was on her feet. "May I inquire," she said pleasantly, "why the proposed improvements, which were discussed by my father with you, have been halted? If it is because he is obliged to be in Washington, I shall be glad to offer my services as engineer to the town."

A guffaw rose in a dozen throats and grew to a roar. A woman engineer, whoever heard tell? The butcher of Oldtown grew purple with amusement and had to be pounded on the back; the baker wiped his eyes on the knuckles of his hand. Silas Tucker addressed presumptuous Peggy with an air of tolerance. "The place for a female woman has been determined by the Scripters in Genesis. The Lord never meant her to do a man's work."

"When there aren't any men to do it," said Peggy, meaningly, "I rather fancy the Lord is glad to find a woman with spunk enough to pitch in and help. Look at Boadicea, look at Joan of Arc——"

Silas glared righteous indignation. "Do you mean that papish female in the tin pants?" he roared. "You dont mean to say that you're going to wear"—his voice sank to the depths of horror—"going to wear—*trousers?*"

"Probably," said Peggy, briskly, "all women ought to, to do their housework in. I think I shall form a women's club and have an efficiency expert to talk to them. But first I am going to carry out the contracts you gave my father, or rather you gave to the *firm of Conrow and Conrow,* of which I am the junior member." And, having sprung her bomb, she smiled sweetly about the circle of stricken faces and marched out of the room with the effect of banners waving and bands playing.

"Did you hear the news?" Mrs. Emanuel Tippet asked the doctor, spitefully, the next morning when she dropped in to his office ostensibly to have a run-around treated. "That Conrow gal is perading thru the town squinting thru a kind of a telescope thing on three legs and making notes in a little book. And she's all rigged up like that scarlet woman, Joan of Arc, in the Bible!"

"Joan was no relation of Noah," Dr. David assured her, blandly. "You will find the lady in history, not the Bible, my dear Mrs. Tippet. And if Joan looked as charming in her—ah—costume as Miss Conrow does, it is no wonder they made her a saint!"

But under his suave manner lurked dissatisfaction and a savage, cave-man rage against the gaping, snickering dullards who dared to gaze upon Peggy with greedy, prying eyes like cold suet, dared to wag their tongues and lick their lips over her name. He had seen her only twice, and each time she had raised in him a healthy fury and a desire to shake her thoroly and afterward kiss those rebel-

"Stubborn," murmured Peggy plaintively, "I wonder . . . how it would feel to be . . . kissed . . ." If she hadn't been so soundly asleep a moment later, she would have found out how it felt

Peggy interrupted calmly, "What foolishness!" she smiled, "suppose you did see it? What harm was there to my own husband kissing me?"

lious, curling, crimson lips until they lost their scorn and became woman sweet and submissive.

Ensued a curious state of mind for David Ransome. So long as he did not see Peggy, he could think of her as endowed with all the tenderness and feminine charms of the one woman he had been seeking; could imagine her in a ruffled gingham apron scalloping the edges of pies, in a flowered dimity behind the coffee pot, in demure taffeta beside him in his church pew. But when he saw her, the visions faded before her bluff, brusque assertiveness and masculine serges. They quarreled continually, not in a well-bred, grown-up fashion, but with heated, small-boy rage that had a suggestion of fisticuffs in it. And shaken with his absurd fury, purpled with exasperation, Dr. David fell irrevocably, unwillingly and utterly in love.

Aunt Agatha, to whom love meant blushes and sighs and sentimental verses, tremors and palpitations, was sorely disappointed and reluctantly folded away the imaginary wedding dress she had been making for Peggy. Living in a gentle world apart from the realities of life, she had no idea of the gossiping tongues that were busy with Peggy's name, nor the villagers' violent unwillingness to be improved. At home the girl was silent about her work, engineering; making shy awkward attempts to be housewifely and, after laborious practice, achieving an apple pie whose authorship she ste
bade Aunt Agath
close to Dav

Not even to herself did she confess that she was heartily sick of the task she had set herself; of the covert stares, the open sneers that greeted her whenever she set up her surveying instruments in the weed-grown, treeless square, or on the corner of one of the straggling, dirt streets. But not since she had first determined to make it up to Daddy for being a girl instead of the son he had hoped for, had she discovered in herself such shameful weaknesses, such yearnings for dainty garments, yes—for admiration. She wanted to be taken care of, to be protected. She wanted to be foolish and carefree and adored like the empty-headed little creatures who walked with their swains under the elms in the evenings and held hands over the gates.

To discipline herself for these secret, unworthy frailties, Peggy was particularly defiant with Silas Tucker and his cronies, unusually snappish with Dr. David. She drove her gang of Italian laborers unmercifully, she sat up in the hayloft room she had made into an "office," until all hours of the short summer nights, planning her work. In consequence she began to look thin and white, and the violet circles under her wide, blue eyes made Dr. David say swear-things under his breath and scold his office skeleton, his only confidant.

"Why in the name of

(Continued on page 106)

PEGGY PUTS IT OVER

Told in short story form by permission from the Vitagraph production of the Baker and Dittmar scenario, based on the story by G. Burr-Lynner; directed by G. V. Seyfferitz, and starring Alice Calhoun. The cast:

Peggy Conrow	Alice Calhoun
Dr. David Ransome	Edward Langford
Silas Tucker	Leslie Stowe
Maxfield Conrow	Charles Mackay
Agatha	Helen Lindroth
Constable	Cornelius MacSunday
Rusty	Dick Lee

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays In Review

Above, a scene from "Not Guilty," a complicated story dealing with twin brothers and their similarity in everything save character, and right, Mabel Ballin in the Hugo Ballin production, "The Journey's End," in which Mr. Ballin has pictured a story without aid of titles

"Scrap Iron," in which Charles Ray proves himself equally successful as both director and star

IF a huge sum was given for the screen rights to Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol" in order that the new Cecil B. de Mille production might be, it is a glaring example of extravagance. With the characters called by other names and the main title, "Five Kisses," as was, for a time, intended, there would have been no infringement. Certainly this *de luxe* review of ladies fair, boudoirs and cabarets is a far-fetched version of the sophisticated Viennese tale.

However, if you do not go prepared to take Anatol and his affairs seriously, you will be amused. Anatol must have been fabulously wealthy or else, as fellow-critic suggested, a movie star. No one else in the world could afford such a dwelling, not to mention all the trick furniture, the creations of his bride and his naughty flings.

Wallace Reid is Anatol, who becomes irritated when his wife, Vivian, played by Gloria Swanson, insists upon artistic love scenes before breakfast. He meets a school-friend of his early youth, who now goes in for rich old men and jewels. This is Wanda Hawley. He endeavors to reform her and escapes just in time to save himself from an urgent need for reforming. Discouraged, Anatol betakes himself to the country, where all is sweet and good. Here he meets the pure country maiden novelists delight in idealizing, and it is with relief that he returns to the gay White Way and one

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

notorious Satan Synne, in particular. It is probably superfluous to relate that Bebe Daniels plays Satan with great ado—namely, all the trappings heretofore credited to Dante's Inferno, with some special camera effects and a crouching leopard, thrown in for good measure. But, alas! Satan Synne, too, disappoints him and he returns to his wife, a

Above, the new de Mille *de luxe* review of ladies fair, boudoirs and cabarets, namely, "The Affairs of Anatol," and left, Constance Talmadge in "Lessons In Love." Once more Miss Talmadge's sense of farce is called upon to save a story

Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried," which stretches the long arm of coincidence entirely out of joint

firm believer in the Einstein theory, provided it *is* the Einstein theory which, evolving, theorizes that nothing is permanent but change, or something of the sort.

Undoubtedly, Cecil de Mille has the faculty of presenting the very, very rich and their indolent lives, their affairs and their romance, in glowing colors—but in Anatol he has gone a little too far even for his workmanlike touch.

Nothing so ornate has ever been seen before. Even the titles dazzle you, in a riot of roses and symbolical groupings, all colored.

The cast has been well chosen, but Elliott Dexter as the friend of Anatol, Max by name, perhaps offers the best performance. Monte Blue and Theodore Roberts are also seen in other rôles. It is, in truth, an all-star cast.

(*Continued on page* 102)

California Chatter

THE Actors' Fund Festival, which took place at the Speedway in Los Angeles, turned out to be *the* affair of the month. Not only did all the members of the film colony lend their talents to making it a great success, but all the most charming maids and matrons of Los Angeles society worked unceasingly. The result was of course a brilliant spectacle which nearly everybody within a radius of a hundred miles attended.

Perhaps the greatest drawing card among the concessions—which resembled a great midway or circus—was the tent-theater which housed several farcical playlets presented by May Allison, Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Bert Lytell, Herbert Rawlinson and William Russell. Daniel Frohman had stage-managed these usually silent twinklers with such success that the people not only filled and refilled the tent, but the poor actors had great difficulty in getting them to leave at all. They wanted to watch the show three or four times. Charlie Ray conducted a country store, which was almost wrecked by Ray admirers. Pauline Frederick, dressed in a crisp linen riding suit and tri-cornered hat, presided at one of the raffles. Ann Forrest, in a soft grey afternoon frock and large garden hat, was lighting cigarets for men at twenty-five cents a light. Tony Moreno, handsome as ever, and Roy Stewart, with his happy smile, dashed hither and yon on horseback, giving the spectators a real thrill and showing them how and where to buy. Stalwart Bill Desmond was also participating in the rodeo. From every angle, the fair was a great success and netted a good round sum for the Actors' Fund.

The top photograph is not another attempt at double exposure, altho it might well be taken for such. In reality, reading from left to right, you see Monte Blue and Rod la Rocque. And despite the resemblance, they are not related. At the right is Tom Moore and his blushing bride, Renee Adoree, snapped at the Goldwyn studios. Below, May Collins is being prepared for a scene in her forthcoming production. May has been getting a great deal of publicity lately, thru the rumor which links her name with Chaplin's

I ran into Mildred Harris, Vola Vale and Mrs. Earle Williams, indulging in an ice cream soda at the "Pig and Whistle" the other afternoon. Mildred Harris was wearing a simple white silk sport dress and bright red turban, while little Vola Vale wore a large black hat and a flowered organdie dress. Having finished their refreshments, the three, looking for all the world like schoolgirls, clambered into a perfectly enormous limousine and were driven away. So many pretty girls, so much money, so much fame and independence, and still *youth*—nowhere can such a unique combination be found except in Hollywood.

Dining at the Los Angeles Athletic Club the other evening, I noticed a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald. Mrs. MacDonald is that sweet girl known on the screen as Doris May, who used to co-star in Ince pictures with Douglas MacLean. Mrs. MacLean has never been in pictures. The two girls were wearing large summer hats and crisp organdie dresses. As soon as the orchestra recognized Doris, they started playing "Here Comes the Bride" and "I Love You Truly." You see, our friends,

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are still on their honeymoon.

In another corner Herb Rawlinson, that real wonder man of the films, was dining with—I think I recognized Daniel Frohman. Of all the screen stars in Hollywood, there is no other quite such a regular fellow as Herb. I always have to curb my inclinations to use every good adjective in Webster's whenever I start to write anything about "Rawley."

Later, almost everyone in Filmland was present at the opening of the musical comedy "Irene" at the Mason.

Cecil B. de Mille has finished his latest picture, which is based on Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady," and has gone to New York City for a brief conference with Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky. Dorothy Dalton and Julia Faye have traveled East for a short vacation. Miss Dalton met her mother and father in Chicago and then went on to New York, while Miss Faye visited St. Louis and French Lick Springs.

The horse is rapidly returning to favor in Beverly Hills as a means of recreation. May Allison started the fad for horseback riding, and now Ethel Clayton is one of the principal devotees of the sport. She has bought two very high bred horses—one is called Tarna Denmark and the other Marksman. The latter she bought for her brother.

Robert Brunton has returned from New York with the cheerful news that he is to go right ahead with the filming of the Kipling stories. Perhaps his most interesting news is that "The Jungle Book" is one of the first he will do. Kipling himself wrote the continuity.

Buster Keaton and his bride, formerly Natalie Talmadge, have also arrived in town and are stopping with Low Anger, Keaton's manager. Mr. Keaton is beginning to worry over his next picture already, but for Miss Talmadge, who has retired from the screen, life is just one grand sweet song.

Marie Prevost, who is starting her initial stellar production at Universal City, entitled "The Butterfly," was glancing over the scenario in the office of her director, King Baggot, in order to get an idea of the wardrobe required for the picture. When Miss Prevost, inured to wearing only a simple bathing suit, came to the twenty-fourth change of costume, she inquired:

"Who wrote this story, anyhow—Lucile?"

David Butler has purchased the more or less well-known stage play, "In Walked Jimmie," for the screen. The play is by Minnie Z. Joffa.

Dorothy Davenport is keeping in practice with her ballroom dancing, as are also those honeymooners, Priscilla Bonner and Alan Wyness.

Pretty soon all our lovely film stars will be gathered into the New York stage fold if the present order of things con-

(*Continued on page* 98)

Above, Will Rogers doubles for Romeo and supplies numerous laughs, as might be expected. In the center, Doug may be seen lending his person to a D'Artagnan coiffure on behalf of realism for "The Three Musketeers." Below, Cecil B. de Mille calls a conference of some players in "The Affairs of Anatol," namely, Wally Reid and Bebe Daniels

Greenroom Jottings

June saw most of the male coterie of screendom in New York—the occasion, as you have probably divined, was the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, across the river, in Jersey, the first week in July. One by one, the leading lights of filmland would arrive, ostensibly to confer with the executive heads of their respective companies, but really it was for the reason first mentioned.

Tom Mix visited Gotham recently, and between interviews, conferences and receptions, he was permitted little, or no time, to do those things he wished to do. Incidentally, Tony, Mr. Mix's beloved horse, was a member of the party, even if he didn't travel in the Pullman. You couldn't expect Tom to leave him thousands of miles behind, therefore no one was the least bit surprised when Tony, too, arrived.

The life of a screen favorite is not always ideal. They must be versed in countless arts. In a recent production, Elsie Ferguson found that her ability to fence stood her in good stead

The fox-trot craze has been revived in New York, thanks to **Wally Reid**. Wally, himself, is an expert in the light fantastic, and he has found recreation from his work on "Peter Ibbetson" by presenting Wallace Reid cups to the best fox-trotters in the leading restaurants. Naturally, this has proved decidedly popular, for what fair maiden is there who does not yearn for a loving-cup from Wally's own hands. Even Delmonico's, the hostelry of the distingué, has succumbed to the craze.

The Sheik, that thrilling love story, from the pen of S. M. Hull, which has delighted the public from between two covers, for the last few months, is to be shadowed. George Melford is to direct this tale of the desert, while **James Kirkwood** will characterize the Bedouin, who abducts the girl and keeps her captive in his brilliant tent, on the hot sands.

Mildred Davis, who with her sun-kist curls, has been a charming foil for Harold Lloyd, and his breezy comedy, is leaving these particular comedies. However, she is not to desert the screen for a rose-entwined cottage and a wedding-ring, or anything of that sort, never fear. On the contrary, you will see more than ever of her. She is to appear as leading woman, in one of the big productions now being planned, under the personal supervision of Hal Roach.

If the latest reports from the movie colony are to be relied upon, **Gladys Brockwell** is to take unto herself a husband—and the husband is William Scott. You know him—he has been her leading man in many recent Fox pictures.

Now that **Hugo Ballin** has completed "The Journey's End," and prepared it for its Broadway premiére, he has begun work on "Jane Eyre," the popular Bronte novel. **Mabel Ballin** is entrusted with the title rôle, and a charming screen version is promised.

Every day another prominent name is added to D. W. Griffith's "Two Orphans" cast. **Sheldon Lewis** has signed a contract to play the rôle of Jacques. In order to do this, Mr. Lewis canceled his vaudeville bookings.

"**The Queen of Sheba**" has been received in the highest diplomatic circles. Recently, President Harding and a party of Washington friends enjoyed a private showing of this Fox extravaganza, in which Betty Blythe stars in the title rôle.

By this time, everyone knows that **Natalie Talmadge** is Mrs. Buster Keaton. She was married at Norma's country place, on Long Island, and immediately left for California, where they will reside. Mrs. Keaton will no longer be seen upon the screen.

No wonder you have to secure European passage months in advance. Practically everyone in the motion picture industry is, or has been, or is going abroad. **Mary Miles Minter** sailed recently, with her mother and sister, for a vacation period in France and England.

The plans of **Jackie Coogan** have at last been announced. At the age of six, he will head his own company, which, almost anyone will admit, is not so bad. The Jackie

How to have the lovely nails that are today expected of everyone

Well-groomed hands are today a social and business necessity

Photograph by Baron de Meyer

This photographic study of a perfectly kept hand was posed especially for Cutex by Mary Nash.

FIVE years ago manicuring was a social nicety. But today well-groomed hands are a social and business necessity. Unkept nails cannot pass muster either in society or in business any more than neglected teeth or untidy hair—and they are criticized just as severely.

Cutex, by doing away with the old harmful method of cutting the cuticle, has made manicuring so simple and easy that everybody can keep their own hands always perfectly manicured. No more harmful cutting of the cuticle! Instead you take off all the hard, dry edges of skin about the base of the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover—quickly, easily, safely. You can hardly believe your eyes when you see the dry, dead cuticle that you used to have to clip away, disappearing as dirt flies before soap and water!

Then, with the Cutex Nail White, a pearly whiteness under the nail tips. Finally—a lovely, jewel-like lustre with one of the marvelous Cutex Polishes! There are five of these so prepared as to meet every taste and every need. If you like a very brilliant shine, instantaneously and without burnishing, that will last a week with frequent hand-washings, try the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Then there is the Powder Polish, the best and quickest you have ever used. And Cake Polish, the old favorite, so economical and convenient; and the Paste Polish, that tints as well as polishes; and the Stick Polish that every woman likes to keep in addition to all the others, just for her handbag.

So easy, and the results amazing

With Cutex you will find it actually a rest and relaxation to do your own nails. And you will be amazed at the results. The first trial of the Cuticle Remover is always like a miracle. It is a delightful surprise, also, to find that you can give your nails that really professional touch of grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and the Cutex Polishes.

A Cutex Set is a great convenience

Cutex Sets come in three sizes—the "Compact," at 60c; the "Traveling," at $1.50; and the "Boudoir," at $3.00. Or each of the preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

These three simple operations keep your nails always lovely

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex, work around the nail base, and then wash the hands. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by spreading the Powder or Cake on the palm of the hand and rubbing the palm swiftly across the nails of the opposite hand.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set. Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. Send for the set today—now only 15c—less, actually, than you've been able to get it for before. Fill out this coupon and mail it with 15 cents today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 809, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 15 cents today

Northam Warren,
Dept. 809, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name_____

Street _____

City and State _____

Greenroom Jottings

Coogan Productions Company will exploit the Kid as a star in his own right. Five productions will be filmed a year, the first of which will be shot during July and August.

Naomi Childers is now Mrs. Luther Reed—to be more explicit, she married Mr. Reed, who is both a scenario writer and playwright, at her New York apartment, during the month of June. The last reports from Miss Childers declared she would not leave the screen.

Hope Hampton has succumbed to the vaudeville fever, and is, at present, resting between pictures, so to speak, by appearing in a vaudeville sketch. Needless to say, Miss Hampton is an energetic young woman. That's hardly our idea of a vacation.

No longer will **Herbert Rawlinson** please in the rôle of leading-man. Universal persuaded him to sign on the dotted line, and he is to be a star. This starring contract is a reward for his excellent work in a recent production.

Photograph by Puffer

The mirth, manifested by Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford, over the shoe exhibited by Director Chet Whithey, is occasioned by the fact that it is symbolic—of Constance's recently married state and her forthcoming production, "Wedding Bells"

Mae Murray and her directorial husband, Robert Leonard, are now at work in a New York studio, on their first independent production. "Peacock Alley" is the story's name.

There is a rumor afoot that **John Barrymore** will play the title rôle in "The Christian." Vitagraph produced this, some time ago, with Earle Williams in the leading-rôle, and it proved to be one of the most popular stories ever shadowed.

"Molly O," which marks **Mabel Normand's** return to the Mack Sennett fold, boasts an excellent cast, including such popular players as Jack Mulhall and Lowell Sherman.

It is interesting to note that the **Madge Kennedy** production, "**Oh, Mary Be Careful,**" produced when Miss Kennedy was under the Goldwyn banner, some time ago, has been purchased by the Pioneer Feature Films Corporation, and will probably be released under the title of "Spoiled Child." Altho this picture was made by Goldwyn in 1917, it was not released by that company, as it was not up to their standard, and they felt it would hurt their prestige, and the prestige of Madge Kennedy. We are glad to acquaint our readers with the true facts of the case.

Betty Ross Clarke, in private life, Mrs. Lieutenant Arthur Collins, has returned from her honeymoon, and is playing opposite Harry Carey in "Partners."

Barbara Bedford writes and requests that her new address be given as the Willat Studios, Culver City, California. Her mail has been going astray, and Miss Bedford is anxious to receive the letters her friends take the time to write her.

Judith Jordon, one of the 1920 Fame and Fortune winners, is at work in the Robert Carson Productions. The first two productions are "In Texas" and "Double Steal."

Norma Talmadge has been resting in the White Mountains. Her next picture will be "Smilin' Through," in which Jane Cowl scored such a success behind the footlights.

Alice Brady and her husband, **James Crane,** are now abroad, where it is not unlikely Miss Brady will do an Irish story with Emerald Isle, itself, for her stage. At any rate, the efficient Alice is combining business with pleasure, and she will bring several stories back for future production.

When **Wallace Reid** was in New York, lately, he telephoned Mrs. Reid, who remained in California, every evening. Most husbands could take a lesson in loyalty and consideration from Wally.

Some say that **Dorothy Gish** and her husband, **James Rennie,** are going to do stock, in Toronto, Canada, this summer. If so, it is Dorothy's first appearance behind the footlights. Guess James Rennie wants his old school friends to meet his charming bride. You cant blame him.

The two secrets of a youthful looking skin

Every normal skin needs two creams. FOR DAYTIME use a dry cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—AT NIGHT, a cream made with oil, to keep the skin soft and pliant and perfectly cleansed.

FOR THE NIGHTLY CLEANSING, *only the cream made with oil will do*

IN THE DAYTIME, *use the dry cream made without oil*

For daytime use—the dry cream that will not reappear in a shine

When you powder, do it to last. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream has not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by a famous physician for its softening effect.

At night, the cleansing, nourishing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 139 Hudson Street, New York.

Generous tubes—mail coupon today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
139 Hudson St., New York

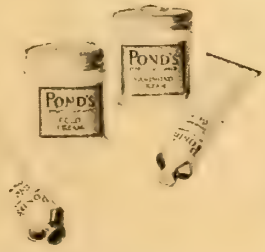
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

GREETINGS: Say, fellers, this month I have had at least 173 letters asking why the German pictures were ever allowed in this country; 150 asking why the star system is being done away with; 125 asking which I thought more beautiful, Corliss Palmer or Katherine MacDonald; 100 asking if I really am as old as I look up above; and 89 asking if I could ask the players to write to them. And I'm still with you! Vive the A. M.

CURIOUS VESTA.—You say your greatest desire is to have an interview with Viola Dana. You are a happy mortal, for you shall have your greatest desire. The first moving picture wasn't a consecutive story with a leading man and leading woman. I think it was simply a girl, swinging. Course I dance, but I do not tuck my whiskers in my pocket. Thanks!

ODDY DOVER.—They are probably doing special pictures. Cant get any information about them. Sorry. So you enjoy reading my few pages. It's a comfort to hear you say so. Lillian Walker is playing in a monolog in vaudeville. She recently appeared in "The Woman God Changed." Pauline Frederick in "Salvage" for Robertson Cole.

SANTA ROSA FARMERETTE.—You can reach Jean Paige at the Vitagraph Studio, E. 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is rumored she is going to do another picture soon, even if she is the wife of Albert E. Smith, Vitagraph's estimable president. You will enjoy Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives"—I did. Owen Moore is with Selznick. Bert Lytell is playing in "A Trip to Paradise."

BILL'S FAN.—Hello there! Is it warm enough for you? Wait a minute, 'till I get this mosquito! (Later. Now he's out of misery). By the way, did you know a mosquito has twenty-two teeth, all of which may be seen thru a miscroscope? Well, they have, for I saw them and counted 'em myself. William Farnum is still with Fox. Alice Calhoun is now at work at the Vitagraph studios in "Closed Doors."

LITTLE BRIGHT EYES.—You say you are 16 and are looking for a mother to adopt you, and wish the mother in "The Gay Deceiver" would. Wish I could help you—perhaps I can be a grandfather to you.

TROUBLE.—You sound like a telephone inspector. I'd hate to recommend any of them. Send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will try to help you.

JUNETTE S.—Beware of the man who never laughs, and trust him no further than you can see him. Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise ho, ho:—I'm always laughing. Buck Jones is married, but he is living with his mother. Elliott Dexter was formerly married to Marie Doro. Charles Meredith is married to Melba Meising. Sure, fire away,—answering questions is my hobby, send 'em along.

THE VIRGINIAN.—How do I manage to live on $10 a week? I dont try to manage it—it manages me. Of course, I dont keep a set of books; if I did, I would have to pay an income tax. William Duncan is still playing. "Everything in its place," is a good motto, provided the place is a good one.

NANAIMO, B. C.—If dreams all came true, this world would be one great lunatic-asylum. Yes, Forrest Stanley is popular. He played with Vivian Martin in "His Official Fiancée." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. She comes from Texas. Constance Talmadge played in "Lessons in Love," and "Wedding Bells" follows. Mary Miles Minter is 19 and unmarried.

CECELIA.—Thanks for sending me the song you composed, "Stars." I shall try it on my dog. If he survives I'll guarantee you immortality, because he's very particular. Write me again.

TRAVEL MAD.—Thanks for the Frank, I mean franc. You say you have three old people in your family ranging from 69, 71 and 76, and you wish they would smile once in a while. Just tell them for me that they're not half enjoying life—that they should learn to smile and keep smiling and thus add years to their lives. Thanks for the invitation to come and join them. We would be a happy quartette. Yes, I think I know your friend. Keep your old friend busy—there is nothing in life so full of pain as emptiness, especially of the mind and soul.

SANDGROPER.—Peggy Hyland is in California, right now, doing pictures. Pearl White has red hair, altho she wears a blond wig in most of her pictures. Viola Dana was married, but her husband died. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Their family name is Flugrath.

MARY JEAN.—So Eugene O'Brien is your favorite. He was interviewed in the July Magazine by Adele Whitely Fletcher. She tells us what a dandy chap he is. No, I have never met him personally. Not married.

PHILANDS.—You must get busy—remember what Balzac says, "Woman lives by sentiment, man by action." There is no relation between Francis Ford and Rosemary Theby. Did you think they were cousins? Julian Eltinge is still on the stage. Corliss Palmer is her real name, and she was born in Macon, Ga. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to me again.

STANLEY W.—Well, you just write to me whenever you feel like it. Rudolph Valentino played Julio in "The Four Horsemen." He is 25, and born in Genoa. He is playing opposite Nazimova in "Camille." Yes, it has been said that Monte Blue denies being the author of the Blue Laws.

PEGGY P.—*Comment vous en va?* No, Jackie Coogan is not going to play with Chaplin. Love is the greatest thing in the world. I advise you not to marry for money unless you want to trade your liberty for a golden collar that will always be uncomfortable. Mary Pickford is still the most popular player.

TULIP TOWN.—Thanks for the gum. Also the invitation. You say you are going to name your sister Sonora. When she grows up she will probably be a regular talking machine. Betty Compson is certainly very pretty as well as promising.

FRANCIS S.—I'm sorry your faith has been shaken in the players you mention. Rudolph Valentino played in "Passion's Playground." The moon may be, as some astronomers say, a dead world; but the remains seem very lively and regular in their habits; and besides, we

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion pieture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This reguiar weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Muisified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

© HILL N. Y

have as yet seen only one side of the question—and that not very near by. *Je vis en espoir.* Noel Tearle is a brother of Conway Tearle. He played in "Over the Hill." Henry Walthall was born in Alabama, and he began his career at the age of 18. You must write to me again.

Josefa C.—Well, there is a lot of talk about people "biting off more than they can chew," but the trouble often is, that they do not chew fast enough. I believe in doing everything with energy and vim. Never heard of the people you mention. The Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, N. Y., is one of the most noted monoliths in the world. It was quarried, carved and erected about the time of Abraham, to commemorate the deeds of an ancient Pharaoh. Yes, I have been thru Central Park many times.

Merrie Ann.—So you like babies. Ida McKenzie is a pretty child. Babies, like blossoms, are God's experiments; and we do not know whether the little creature lying in the cradle will become the pride of a nation, the gem of a churchyard, or the curse of kindred. Marjorie Daw is playing in "The Butterfly Girl," released thru Pathe. No, I never get tired answering questions. Write me any time.

Rustling Nell.—Yes, you may be able to "keep the wolf from the door;" but remember, he is always in the neighborhood. Marguerite Clayton is playing opposite William Desmond in "Dangerous Toys." Eugene O'Brien and Winifred Westover in "Is Life Worth Living?"

Miriam of the Heights.—Thanks for sending me the pressed pansy. Your jokes were mighty interesting. Tell me the answer to the riddle.

Dottie.—I have sent your letter to Edith Roberts.

Rustling Nell.—You refer to Jack Perrin as Will in "Lahoma." Mary Thurman and Roscoe Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry." Edith Hallor and Jack Dillon were married in Los Angeles. Katherine MacDonald in "Peachie." No man is free who cannot command himself. I have full control over myself.

Kentucky Babe.—I'm sorry you felt that way. I promise not to do it again. James Kirkwood's first picture for Lasky has been shipped to New York and will be shown on Broadway in the near future. It is called "The Wise Fool." Rubye de Remer is playing in "The Black Fox." Walter McGrail opposite her. You must write to me again.

Peggy M.—Yes, I think that is a true story about Bebe Daniels having received 400 pounds of candy and 2000 letters while serving ten days in prison for speeding. Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Enid Bennett is the wife of Fred Niblo. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is with Inspiration Pictures, his own company. Your letter was fine, Peggy.

Adaline.—Thanks, but I am sorry. Alice Hollister played in that picture also. William Shay isn't doing anything just now. Do write to me again.

Lillian M.—I absolutely agree with you when you say, "Woman, naturally enthusiastic of the good and the beautiful, sanctifies all that she surrounds with her affection." Only I haven't met many of that kind yet. There are a couple I know that you dont know. Well, Daniel Webster was born in January. Yes, Mildred Harris is going in vaudeville. Cheer up, you're on the right track.

Emory Johnson Admirer.—Yes, Ella Hall is playing in pictures right along. Emory Johnson went to the California University. He is Ella Hall's husband. Mahlon Hamilton is playing opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Shulamite."

Betty Vee.—Well, there is only one Jack Barrymore, and only one Lionel Barrymore, and they are brothers. Does this settle the argument? No, I have never been to India. Would you like to invite me to go with you? Coolies are a distinct tribe of aborigines inhabiting the hill country of India. From many of them being employed as laborers in Bombay, the name is now used by Europeans in Hindustan to denote laborers in general, whether natives or emigrants from China, or other tropical or semi-tropical countries. Let me know when you are ready to sail.

A Great Writer.—Literally speaking, I wont say. Well, you're right, Kenneth Harlan is married. Edith Roberts is playing in "Storm Tossed," for Universal.

Jewel M.—Thanks, old dear! Well, you know Theda Bara was in Europe to visit her sister who was ill, but she has returned to this country. She will probably return to the stage.

Fatima.—Whew! You say "Honestly, I think you're great, and I dont believe that answering is your sole occupation, for anybody knows that a person with a mind like yours ought to be—well, something more than jes' an Answer Man." Thanks, I'll buy you a stick of candy for that. There's lots of great men, Fatima, but they wouldn't be Answer Men if they could, and they couldn't if they would. You ask who is the least conceited big player I know. That is a question. I'll think it over carefully before answering, but my first bet is Mary Pickford.

Itsa Herr.—Joseph Kaufman was married to Ethel Clayton. Dont know if he was married before. "Way Down East" was taken at Mamaroneck, and on the Connecticut River. May McAvoy can be reached at 217 W. 106th St., New York City. She is 20 years old. Her first starring picture was "A Private Scandal," but I didn't care for the picture. She is indeed pretty. I liked your letter a lot.

Mildred B.—They are certainly hard to understand. Men do not always love those they esteem; women, on the contrary, esteem only those that they love. Yes, Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree. Blanch Sweet apparently isn't going to marry. She wont be sweet if she does, will she?

Good Morning Glory.—That was her real name. No, they did not play in pictures. Bebe Daniels is playing in "One Wild Week." Art Acord in "The White Horseman," a serial for Universal, and Gladys Walton in "Christine of the Young Heart." *N'oubliez pas.*

Lavender.—Where's the old lace? You ought to make your surname as illustrious as you can—if only for the benefit of those who will bear it in the future. I assure you there will be no little Answer Men. Sorry, but I have no record of William Shay's present whereabouts.

Celia S. Chicago.—The best thing you can do is to join one of the Correspondence clubs. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of addresses. Yes, May Allison is married to Robert Ellis. She has golden hair and blue eyes, weighs 125, and is five feet five inches in height.

Two Lip Town.—You've got the right idea. The number of stars one can see is regulated by the kind of atmosphere in which he moves. Eileen Sedgwick is playing in "The Terror Trail," Universal.

Miss Mic Mac.—That was some letter of yours. Didn't you know that Ned Finley was dead? You and your typewriter certainly are picking on me. You say you were pleased with Ruth Roland. Everyone who meets her is. Wish you could talk to her. You sure know how to write a letter. Write me another.

Edward E. J.—All about Theda Bara, but it was interesting.

Ivan, Sweden.—I bane glad to know you. Yes, Jane Novak is Swedish. Well, many a man who spends all his life in "getting there" takes very little along with him. James Crane is married to Alice Brady. Ward Crane is stopping at the Algonquin Hotel, N. Y. City.

Connie G.—Beldame literally means fair lady. It is the name given to a woman who lives to see the sixth generation descended from her.

Casey J.—Good night nurse! You ask how would I like to be a night nurse for twenty babies. Not on your life. No, I never tried sitting up all night. Guess I'll try it. I'll run up some night and we'll sit together. You are wrong. It was not a cyclone passing one day that blew the hair from my head to my chin. I worked my jaw more than I did my brain, and this process of massage did the deed. Of course I'm 80. This hot weather nearly got me this year, but fate decided to let me stay a little longer. Write me again, Nurse.

Mac.—And why do you want to see Norma Tal-

(*Continued on page 97*)

The tooth paste that helps Nature keep your teeth sound

As you know, Nature provides alkaline saliva to counteract the acids of fermentation in your mouth. A mild acid increases this saliva flow: as when you taste lemon.

Naturally, then, Listerine Tooth Paste—containing a small amount of a mild fruit acid—helps Nature keep your teeth sound.

Note next time how your mouth waters when you brush your teeth with this delightful paste.

A very fine powder, calcium phosphate, is the cleanser. It leaves a fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

Thus Listerine Tooth Paste provides an easy, sure, and pleasant way to guard against tooth decay and pyorrhea. It is made by the makers of Listerine. You've known them for years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from **a single drop will last a week.**

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

Direct or from Druggists

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks:
Lilac, Crabapple, $1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet.....$2.00
Romanza.....$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. $15 ⅛ " $ 8

Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. $1.50

Souvenir Box

Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes.....$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly **suit your taste,** do not hesitate to return and **money will be refunded** cheerfully.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Send The Coupon Now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
322 First Street, San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

☐ *Lily of the Valley* ☐ *Rose* ☐ *Violet*
☐ *Romanza* ☐ *Lilac* ☐ *Crabapple*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

☐ *Souvenir Box—$1.00 enclosed.*

☐.....*enclosed.*

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Scores of readers have come to the rescue of Mary Pickford since a recent issue published a letter belittling her ability. It would be impossible to publish all of them but the one printed below may be taken as a fair sample:

DEAR EDITOR:—I see that quite a few readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are permitted to express their opinions in the "Letters to the Editor" pages, and as I am an ardent admirer and lover of said magazine, I think I may have a little say, too.

First of all, I should like to protest strongly against letters that have appeared lately, stating that Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are past favorites. How *can* anyone say such a thing? Surely a player's drawing power tells the tale, and these two monarchs are playing to more than packed houses the country over. Their pictures are retained, sometimes, two weeks over the intended time, to satisfy the public. Charlie Chaplin is *not* dead, nor has Harold Lloyd, or any other comedian taken his place. That was proved by the wonderful reception "The Kid" was given everywhere, after Charlie's long absence from the screen. He is now more popular than ever.

And Mary Pickford! All one has to do is to go to a theater where one of her films is being shown and see the record-breaking crowds going in, and the equally large crowds being turned away. Step inside and see the rapt faces of the little children and grown-ups, too, watching her every movement, crying unashamedly, when she cries, laughing and clapping hands at the tiniest funny episode. Mary Pickford past and gone? Not a bit of it. She's the best actress on the screen—barring *none*—always has been, and always will be. True, there are many other good ones, but none like her. Not one of them has the hold on the public, or the power to win all hearts, that Mary has, and anyone who can resist her wistful, appealing, adorable charm just isn't human, that's all. It is not true that all there is to her is her famous curly hair and her cute tricks. No one could think that if they saw "Stella Maris," and "Suds." She *can* act. I think she is the ideal actress for the talked of Peter Pan—the only one who could play it as it should be played. I'm with anyone who says "Mary Pickford, forever." She is rightfully called "America's Sweetheart."

I would also like to say a few words in praise of Clara Kimball Young. Her pictures certainly are fine. They are, scenically, a feast for the eyes, and Miss Young is a very good actress and marvelously beautiful, charming and attractive. She was great in "Eyes of Youth," and all others. I like to see her play with J. Frank Glendon.

Why do so many people rave about Nazimova? I really do think she's a bit awful. She is homely, dresses quite abominably, and I fail to see anything at all wonderful or extraordinary in her acting. When she tries to be funny, it is painful. Her "Revelation" was one of the best pictures I ever saw, but to my way of thinking, she has done nothing since.

Too bad Ina Claire doesn't stay in pictures permanently. She was lovely in "Polly With a Past."

Viola Dana is A-1, too, and I like Jean Paige, Kathlyn Williams, Anita Stewart, Hedda Hopper, Vola Vale, Grace Darmond, Dorothy Phillips, Mary Miles Minter, Alice Joyce, and Ethel Clayton.

What has become of Fannie Ward? I hope the screen has not lost her. Wont you please have something about her, soon?

I know this is a very lengthy epistle, but I do hope you can find room for it. All good wishes for your three best of periodicals. Sincerely, P. G.

West Orange, N. J.

Popularity Contests are as popular in other countries, altho the results are considerably different. It is interesting to learn who leads over there in France:

DEAR EDITOR:—I am greatly pleased with your magazine. I read from the first page to the last, every month, here in France.

You are often having popularity contests in America. Perhaps it will interest your readers to know something about a recent contest conducted in Paris—to see what stars are among the most popular in this country. I attach a page from the French magazine, giving the results. As you can see, Hayakawa, and Chaplin (we call him Charlot) are at the top of the list. Pearl White, Hart, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Nazimova also have a great number of fans. The others named are, almost all, French players, whom you never hear about in America. They are not so bad—a few are even good—but your stars are greater, of course.

With my best wishes for your greatly interesting magazine, I am,

Sincerely yours,
M. A. EPSTEIN,
25 Rue Josephin Soulary, Lyons, France.

Here are the results as copied from the enclosed page:

Sessue Hayakawa	Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin	Jacques Catelain
Nazimova	William S. Hart
Charles Ray	Lillian Gish

A boost for Anita:

DEAR EDITOR:—I would not count myself a regular fan if one of my letters did not appear in your "Letters to the Editor" department, so I am writing, and hope to see my letter in print.

I have noticed that many say that Anita Stewart is becoming a back number. This, I do not believe. She is my favorite, since Vitagraph days, and will always be so. It is true, I must admit, that she has had poor stories, but who could have done better than she, in them?

I have seen her last picture, "Sowing the Wind," and let me say, it is great, and a picture deserving of her talent. I hope every fan sees this picture, for it is Anita's first chance since she has appeared in the Mayer pictures. I am sure many will change their opinion of her when they see this sensational picture.

Anita is the girl with the golden personality. She has that magnetic power which draws you, and makes you like her on the screen.

If by chance, Miss Stewart sees this, I want her to know that I have written this with no intention of being flowery; I've said what I sincerely believe.

Now, I would like to say, that I will be more than glad to correspond with real fans, both in this country and foreign lands, and especially, someone in Paris. I suppose that betrays my nationality.

Here's three cheers for Anita's "Sowing the Wind," and I wish her every success and much popularity.

I will write again, for I have another star to talk about. But, before closing, let me say that I think Motion Picture is the greatest magazine of the screen.

Sincerely a fan,
Dick Durand, jr.,
356 N. Indiana Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

More praise for "Sentimental Tommy."

Dear Editor:—I want to write to you about a recent picture—"Sentimental Tommy."

Do you know that I had read the book about a year ago, and I thought it a wonderful little story? But, when I heard that it was going to be made into a picture, I said to my friends, that the producer would never get that Scottish atmosphere, especially in the town of Thrums, nor make the characters so interesting as Barrie painted them.

But, indeed, I was very much surprised when I saw it on the screen. The people chosen to act the parts were wonderful. It seemed as if all the characters just walked out of the book and thought they would like to have their readers see them—Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy were especially interesting.

These two young people are something out of the ordinary. They can act, and should be given unusual photoplays, so that they may show their wonderful talent. It is such people that are entitled to stardom, as they give the best that is in them, instead of others, who get by on a pretty face, and lots of advertising.

Here's more and more success to Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy, and I hope the screen will give us another picture as good as "Sentimental Tommy," and also hope there will be a few more movie folk like Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy.

Sincerely yours,
Claire Lehman,
427 Vermont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are two sides to every question. Below is a letter sponsoring the happy ending. Undoubtedly many will agree with these sentiments:

Dear Editor:—I was greatly interested in the letter from Walter I. Moses, of Illinois. It is a subject that I have been interested in for some time. When we enter the theater, to watch the trials and tribulations of our favorite movie actors and actresses, we are, for the time being, children watching a story unfold before our eyes. And as children want their stories to end happily, so do we want our screen plays to end happily, altho we know that our troubles are just beginning, when we are married.

However, we dont want to live over the troubles we know exist. We want to leave the theater contentedly feeling that our favorite hero and heroine will live happily forever after. I suppose, if all thought the same as I do, that we would not have any really great screen stories, but it is a relief to watch screen trials ending in mystical happiness.

I would be very glad to have any movie fan write to me.

Sincerely yours,
Edna L. Melcher.
102 North Street, Salem, Mass.

You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

We will send for the asking a new-method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

To millions of people it has brought whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. It will bring them to you and yours. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Removes the film

It removes the film—that viscous film you feel. No old method ever did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth and leads to attacks on them. It is the cause of most tooth troubles. Those troubles have been constantly increasing, because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of internal troubles.

Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 674

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 921, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Ideal Cast Must Include Votes and Names

Guessing Ballots Must Stipulate Number of Votes Received by Winners

In order that there be no doubt as to those who rightfully win the prizes offered in connection with the Ideal Cast Contest, we have found it necessary to make a slight change. In sending in your guess as to the Ideal Cast, it will be necessary for you to stipulate with what number of votes each character will win his or her place in the cast.

If a dozen or more readers guessed the cast correctly, it would be impossible to decide which one should receive the first prize of two hundred and fifty dollars. Therefore, it has been wise to make this change. As a matter of fact, it makes things far more interesting.

In the event that you have already sent in your guessing ballot, rest assured that it will be discarded, and set right to work compiling another on which you will list the votes that proclaim the members of the cast winners.

We regret having to announce this change in plans after the contest is already under way, but there is no help for it, and the fact that any ballots previously received, on which the votes are not listed, are automatically discarded, makes it quite fair.

Already, great interest has been manifested in this contest. As a matter of fact, several producers, realizing that the results represented public opinion, have sought the latest returns before casting forthcoming productions. This means that it is more than ever an opportunity of boosting your favorite.

As we explained before, you are to make out a ballot similar to the one printed at the bottom of this page, which will read: "I, the undersigned, desire to name those I think will win the Ideal Cast Contest, as follows." You will then list the players, and the director, in the order in which they appear on the voting ballot, with the number of votes you think they will receive in each instance listed beside the name.

All these ballots on which you guess as to the Ideal Cast must be mailed not later than August fifteenth.

The voting end of the contest will continue until November. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns, and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these rôles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which the players will win.

VI. All ballots must be addressed:

IDEAL CAST CONTEST EDITOR,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

	VOTES
Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	840
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	945
Villain—Lew Cody	516
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	750
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	618
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	234
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd	636
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish	840
Child—Jackie Coogan	1737
Director—Cecil B. deMille	846

Leading Women

Mary Pickford	303
Gloria Swanson	291
Katherine MacDonald	78
Lillian Gish	66
Dorothy Gish	54
Ethel Clayton	48
Agnes Ayres	45
Constance Talmadge	39
Anita Stewart	36
Mae Murray	33

Leading Men

Thomas Meighan	348
Richard Barthelmess	219
Douglas Fairbanks	93
Eugene O'Brien	87
Conway Tearle	66
Elliott Dexter	54
Harrison Ford	33
William Farnum	30
Jack Mulhall	27
John Barrymore	24

Villain

Lowell Sherman	225
Robert McKim	189
Stuart Holmes	159
Eric von Stroheim	123
Lon Chaney	123
Noah Beery	93
Jack Holt	81
Warner Oland	57
George Arliss	45
Charles Girard	39

Vampire

Theda Bara	477
Louise Glaum	276
Pola Negri	99
Gloria Swanson	75
Nita Naldi	66
Mona Lisa	48
Betty Blythe	48
Rosemary Theby	42
Marcia Manon	39
Mae Busch	33

(*Continued on page* 109)

SEPTEMBER MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

First Prize	**$250**
Second Prize	**100**
Third Prize	**75**
Fourth Prize	**50**
Fifth Prize	**25**

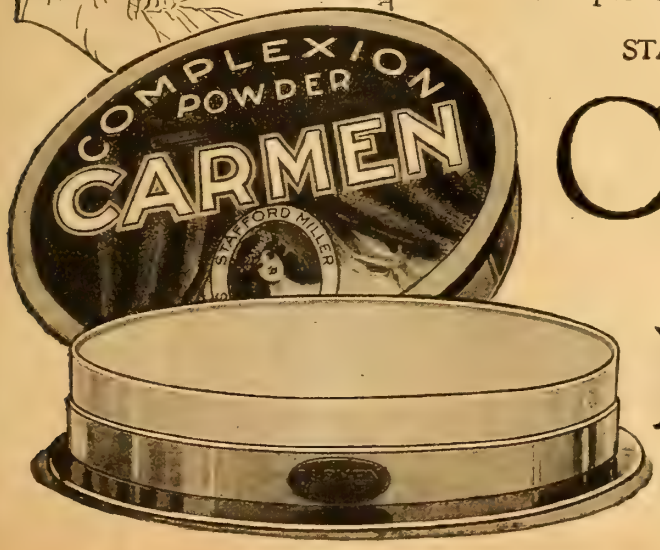
How Many Miles Is Your Complexion Good For

The Final Touch

How does the powder you use meet the test of motoring? Does your charm of complexion race away with the wind, leaving your skin red, shiny, rough and blotchy? This is one of the tests that prove the difference between Carmen and the ordinary face powder. Carmen *stays on*, preserving as well outdoors as in, the clear, radiant color and alluring softness that it imparts to the skin. Carmen, too, excels in the other vital tests of a face powder. The glorious beauty that it gives to the skin is immune to dampness. And it is just as enchanting under the brightest light as under the softest. Learn by one trial the vast difference between Carmen and the powder you are now using.

Sample Offer Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.



CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade, 50c Everywhere

The Quaker

Waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don't insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

It is supreme food—make it delightful.

Let every dish be Quaker Oats quality.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

When Dreams Come True

(*Continued from page 37*)

will begin her eleventh and last picture with the comedian. "It is like play, we are all so happy out here. One must be happy to keep the comedy sparkling and we are never serious except when planning a new story. Comedies are mainly built as you go along and Harold seems to have a never ceasing flow of humorous situations to draw from.

"Comedy means many dangerous moments. Do you remember how I walked on the window ledge in 'High and Dizzy'. That was the most hazardous thing I ever did. In the picture it looked as if we were about ten stories high; we were really three, but the ledge was narrow and I had to wear high-heeled slippers and a long negligee. I made an awful fuss, cried and said I wouldn't do it, for I was terribly frightened. It did make a thrilling scene, didn't it? I felt repaid when I heard all the ohs and ahs in the audience when it was shown."

Mildred is surrounded by a devoted family, consisting of her parents, a little brother, Jack, age seven, an aunt, grandmother and grandfather, and tho it is a long step from Quakerdom to screen comedy, they are reconciled now that they realize how her heart is in her work.

"Mother is my best friend," the girl told me, "she is my chum and confidant, and we have such good times together. I would never be anything if she wasn't back of me, praising, encouraging and urging me on to greater effort. She has such faith in me that I could never falter.

"My ambition is to create a definite screen character, perhaps a feminine Charles Ray, in which the laugh and the tears blend, and I want most of all, to have the opportunity to do real dramatic and emotional acting. I want to keep the friends I made in comedy. Most of my fan letters come from kiddies or high school girls and boys, and I love them. Oh, I know what it is to be a movie fan, for once, while I was going to school in Tacoma, I wrote to Viola Dana and she sent me her picture. My, but I was popular, and I never grew tired showing off my prize."

She is so gaily alive, and with her alert intelligence there seems to be no doubt that Mildred Davis is destined to become an actress of real worth and subtlety, and brings a deliciously youthful and piquant charm to all her film characters.

THE LURING SCREEN

By Thomas J. Murray

I like the pictures on the screen,
That show the lands where perils lean,
The prairies wide and Great Divide,
And horsemen far careening.
They give no thoughts to life or loss,
But swiftly put the deal across,
From trusty gun, the bandits run,
When William Hart is screening.

I like the pictures of the vamp,
Altho she bears a lurid stamp,
I mark with glee her subtlety,
And victim's vain resistance.
For Theda now I Bara hand,
And laud her thru Amusement Land,
We ill could spare this artist rare,
Who lures with great persistence.

I never cared for summer strands,
Until I saw the bathing bands,
From studios who rushed to pose
And drag men from their duties.
The surf as screened looks very fine,
But this could claim no thoughts of mine,
Why swim and miss a chance like this,
To see Mack Sennett's beauties?

Worldly But Not Weary

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Oh, it is just understood that I shall be there for a number of productions. I dont know exactly how many."

She doesn't live in Hollywood. She has a small bungalow in a residential section of the city, rarely frequented by picture people, where she lives with her secretary, her Chow dog, and her books, in luxurious content.

Once we were there, she plunged again into thought of Leacock. She tried me on several of his *Lapses*, and then, finding me quite hopeless, brought out Dreiser's *The Hand of The Potter*. I read the cover blurb a little dubiously. "A Tragedy. Naked. Unashamed."

"Is this what comes of your return to Sennett's?" I ventured. I dont remember her reply. She was busy, by that time, giving me a copy of *Deburau*.

She had some very beautiful portraits, photographs, of Olive Thomas, on the table, carefully bound. She turned them over for me slowly.

"Ollie never saw these," she said.

On the baby grand piano was a striking figure in silvered metal, that of an Hawaiian surf rider tearing in on a silver wave.

"Tom, Tom Moore, and Renee Adoree brought that for me from their honeymoon," said Mabel. "They want me to put it on the radiator cap of my Stutz. They have one on their car."

I told her of an interview I had had with Renee, and how Tom Moore had driven me off with strong expressions of malignancy towards interviews and interviewers, and how, later, when I had tried to get another story from him on marriage he would have nothing to do with me.

Mabel laughed.

"Yes," she said, "Tom's funny that way, but all the same he's a wonderful boy."

Perhaps that's why it's impossible to find anyone who knows her who'll say a word against her—because she always has a good word for the other fellow.

I think I have never met a person with more instant charm, less affectation, or more generous impulse. Mabel has as much right to ennui and egotism as the best of us, yet she remains irrepressible and without pose. I can think of no better way to illustrate than by an incident:

She took me downtown with her, as far as Figueroa. As we stopped there at the corner, and the chauffeur swung open the door for me, an urchin, a newsboy, stuck his head in and said, "Hello, Mabel!" There wasn't a hint of annoyance in Mabel's reply. She knew him!

"Hello there!" she answered. "How's the other boy, the lame one?"

"Oh, he's carryin' one o' them leather things out on the golf course, what they put their sticks in. Makin' two dollars a day. He's all right."

Mabel gave him a dollar.

I learned later, from someone else, that Mabel had picked up that lame boy one day, and had taken him to the auto races out at the Speedway. Sitting there, munching peanuts, the kid had spied Wally Reid and a couple of other familiar faces.

"Gee!" he cried. "Lookut all the movie stars!"

"Yea," said Mabel, in return. "Ain't they funny!"—and went right on eating peanuts!

I fear I have resorted to wild tactics to describe Mabel accurately, as she appeared to me. Scarlet tanagers . . . Coney Island . . . Lame Newsboys . . . Theodore Dreiser. It's a strange *mélange*. But, if you have understood that Mabel is *some* girl, it'll do!

Miss Anna Q. Nilsson
of the "Lotus Eater" a stupendous Marshall Neilan production
writes: "Hinds Cream has brought more genuine comfort to me than any other toilet preparation. I consider it a real necessity. I owe the continued perfect condition of my skin to Hinds Cream. It is soothing and refreshing—a positive delight."

Home Try-out

Hinds *Honey and Almond* Cream

Toilet Requisites 10c

You may be using Hinds Cream; if not, be sure to obtain the new Home Try-out package, just to acquaint yourself with its many helpful qualities. To make the home demonstration satisfactorily complete, we also include in the package our Cold Cream, Disappearing Cream, Face Powder and Talcum; and a copy of a fascinating booklet: "The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful." *Send us 10 cents in stamps,* or a dime carefully wrapped, and we will mail the package and booklet to you at once.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM keeps the skin ever soft, smooth, clear and attractive. This pure, snow-white, daintily scented liquid emollient is cleansing, cooling, soothing, refreshing and healing. Sunburn, windburn, chapping and other uncomfortable conditions of the skin yield quickly to its restoring influence. Retards tendency to small wrinkles. *Sample 2c.*

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, in bottles, selling everywhere. Buy of Your Dealer.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites; but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee delivery.

A. S. HINDS, Dept. 23, Portland, Maine

HINDS COLD CREAM is perfect for massage, for cleansing the skin and improving the complexion. Valuable for baby's skin troubles because of its potent healing qualities. Contains the essential ingredients of the liquid cream, is semi-greaseless. *Sample 2c.*

Tube 30c, Jar 60c, postpaid

HINDS Disappearing CREAM is greaseless. It adds rare charm to the complexion by its softening, delicately refining influence. Makes rough, catchy fingers and dry, oily skin, soft and velvety smooth. Cannot soil any fabric. An ideal base for face powder. *Sample 2c.*

Tube 30c postpaid

HINDS Cre-mis TALCUM cools, soothes and comforts. Pulverized to exceeding fineness, this delicately flower-scented, purified talcum instantly relieves sensitive, irritated skin, imparting an exquisite touch of smooth softness. An after-bath luxury. *Sample 2c.*

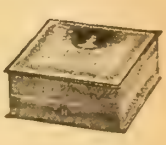
Can 30c postpaid

WEEK-END GIFT BOX 50c

Six generous, fascinating packages in dainty pink, the Hinds Cream toilet requisites — fragrant, refined, pure. Delightful to give—or to receive

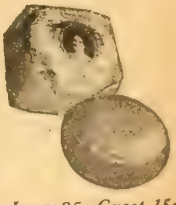
POSTPAID 50c

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER is impalpably fine, soft and distinctively fragrant. It adheres with that gratifying smoothness which enhances charm. Four tints: white, flesh, pink, brunette. *Sample 2c.*



Large 60c, Trial 15c postpaid

HINDS Cre-mis SOAP. As highly refined as expensive French soaps. Pure, bland, safe. Exquisitely fragrant. Yields abundant lather in either soft or hard (alkaline) water. Ideal for the complexion. *Trial cake 8c.*



Large 35c, Guest 15c postpaid

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way — the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact	$1.00
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact	1.00
Powdered Tarkroot (*face rester*)	1.00
Powdered Barriflower (*depilatory*)	1.00

PARKER, BELMONT & CO., 134 Madison St., Chicago

Improve your Figure

Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments

How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.

KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

Wear it 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

Why continue to
STAMMER?

Send for (free) illustrated 200-page book. It tells how Stammering and Stuttering can be quickly cured by the most Advanced Scientific Method in the world. Those who are unable to attend our Resident School may obtain our Standard Course for **Home Study** Your inquiry will be kept confidential.
THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 90 Adelaide St., Detroit Mich.

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE
ILLUSTRATED
By Winfield Scott Hall, M. D., Ph.D.
SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

$1.00 Postpaid — Mailed in plain wrapper

Cloth binding—320 pages—many illustrations
Table of contents and commendations on request

American Pub. Co., 961 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

If the World Doesn't Spoil Him

(*Continued from page 29*)

The young lady's agitation was too great for response.

It seems that this little fabrication had been told by Jackie to all the New York reporters. Jackie, like many a movie star, had apparently left his heart behind him in California.

Jackie withdrew within himself to consider luncheon. We mentioned Charlie Chaplin, and the child's eyes lighted with the first real interest of the interview.

Jackie confessed liking Charlie very, very much. "Do you know," he said, "when I was doing 'The Kid' he told me that my transmission from one feeling to another was great, and what do you think I went home and told mamma?"

We declined to risk a guess.

"Told her Mr. Chaplin said my transmitter was fine!"

Jackie liked "The Kid," but his "Peck's Bad Boy" did not please him nearly so much. "Mediocre," he pronounced.

"You dont know what mediocre means," prompted his rather horrified mother.

"Do," said Jackie firmly. "Means only fair."

Moreover, Jackie intimated strongly that he didn't like dressed-up rôles. "Fauntleroy parts, ain't that what they call 'em, mamma?" he inquired. "Well, I dont like 'em."

Meanwhile the restaurant proprietor appeared to rescue his daughter. "The president is going to ride by here later today," he told Jackie. "Wouldn't you like to see him?"

"President of what?" demanded Jackie.

"President of the United States," said the restaurateur. In truth, President Harding was in Brooklyn for certain memorial services.

"Not special," said Jackie, now in the midst of his ice cream.

The little feminine visitor disappeared in agitated silence. Jackie sighed, "They dont let a man eat his ice cream," he lamented.

Not once had a symptom of diffidence flashed across him. He was absolutely confident, yet he was never the typical precocious and assertive stage child. The strange vein was there, nevertheless.

Jackie, by the way, is the son of vaudevillians, and has spent practically his entire five years in the theater. Yet he has come thru untouched.

In the midst of his dessert, Jackie began to give audible signs of sneezing.

"Use your handkerchief," admonished his mother.

"If you saw it, you'd know why I dont," responded Jackie.

Mamma Coogan changed the subject. She told how, upon first coming to New York, he had been entertained by some wealthy folk at the Ritz-Carlton. In the midst of lunch, he suddenly pulled out one of his front teeth. His father began to admonish him, when Jackie responded, "Well, I couldn't pull it out in a better place!"

Jackie insisted that mention be made of the fact that Babe Ruth gave him a bat and ball, during his brief illness in New York. Also that he had "boxed" Georges Carpentier.

So ended our chat with the most famous little boy in the world. And we recalled Irvin Cobb's comment upon Jackie: "If the world doesn't spoil him, he will be one of the blithest spirits that ever gave unending joy to countless thousands of human beings—indeed, he is that already."

The Beginning of the End

(*Continued from page 44*)

For no one, not even her winsome self, could be insensible to that bewitching, backward glance, over a smooth round shoulder.

Thelma Blez, 3117 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, like the other two, is likewise a brunette. She has been the lead in numerous amateur theatricals. She is nineteen, weighs 114 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches in height. Her photograph is a particularly artistic study, making the most of a piquant profile, and brown curls.

The lone male, like the hero of Tennyson's "Princess," is "blue-eyed and fair, with temper amorous as the first of May."

He is Bavarian Buchanan, The Lodge, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, He is 27 years old, weighs 150 pounds, and is 5 feet 6 inches in height. He has had some experience, but it dates from "years ago." He looks like a thorobred.

The beginning of the end is in sight. It has been, for the Fame and Fortune Contest, a year of keen competition, of unflagging interest, of hope and promise. Just who the lucky winner will be, still hangs in the balance. The average is unusually high, and the process of elimination, that must inevitably take place, will be more than usually difficult. There are so many lovely girls and fine looking men in this year's possibilities that have to lose for the sake of the loveliest of them all. We wish we could select ten winners, at least.

Here is one of the "uninvited letters" which is so fine and true and encouraging, that we are glad to publish it. It is actual proof that the Fame and Fortune Contest keeps its golden promises.

"Mr. Eugene V. Brewster,
Brewster Pulications,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"My Dear Mr. Brewster: Words are entirely inadequate to express my sincere admiration of the splendid way you have backed up my publicity campaign for Bert Lubin, on the Allene Ray pictures.

"In the first place, the screen is indebted to you and your Fame and Fortune Contest for the discovery of this charming little film actress. Allene Ray can truly rest her real start in pictures, I believe, on the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

"That Bert Lubin acted wisely in taking advantage of your discovery, is evidenced in the approval given her first two productions, namely, 'Honeymoon Ranch,' and 'West of the Rio Grande.'

"It should be of especial satisfaction to you to know that Mr. Lubin is now at work on the first of a series of six special productions starring Allene Ray. This plain statement of fact reveals the faith the Western Pictures Corporation has in Miss Ray's brilliant future.

"We feel proud to call her the 'Fame and Fortune Girl.' Her rise to stardom stands as an example of what your contest can actually mean to another girl in 1921.

"You have more than fulfilled every promise made to Miss Ray, to Mr. Lubin, and to myself. "Very sincerely yours,

Joe Weil."

The Invisible Fear

(*Continued from page 35*)

Arthur had been there a week on the night of the day he entered Sylvia's room.

The moment he entered, stealthily, noiselessly, as the dead would, Sylvia's last weak hold on her own mental condition fell from her and she was as water and spirit in the hands of the visitant.

When he commanded her to open the wall safe, which, being in Bentley's room, contained most of the family jewels, she did so unquestioningly. She even handed them to him, and stood by, without an expression, while he crammed them into his pockets. It wasn't until she had had a confused impression of wrangling, excited whispers, it wasn't until a shot rang out that the veil across her brain snapped and she screamed, loudly, frantically.

It wasn't until she heard Arthur curse, that something like hope shot thru her for the first time in many racking weeks . . . the hope that despite all evidence to the contrary, this man was not really dead. Even the evil dead, she thought, would not curse like that, coarsely. Something in that great journey would have refined their spirits.

When the family and the detectives, who had been stationed there since the night before, when another safe had been tampered with, albeit unsuccessfully, Nagi, whom Sylvia recognized as Randall's Japanese butler, was giving forth what seemed to her at first to be a mere chaos of incoherent sounds, but which finally resolved themselves into the information that Arthur Comstock had killed John Randall, about whom the papers had been running mysterious accounts, finally concluding with the vague information that he had run off a cliff in his car and been shattered to atoms, and carried away.

Nagi informed the detectives that the will of Bradley Comstock had been stolen from Randall's safe and that Arthur had done it because he, Nagi, had seen him do so. On the night of Sylvia's accident Randall had decided to go in search of Arthur and probe the truth from him. On his way to the Arnold home, he had seen a light in the little shooting box, and had decided to investigate. Nagi, he told them, had remained outside awaiting his master's return. In a short while he had heard sounds of a struggle, and had reached the door just in time to see Arthur kill Randall, and then move his body into the same position as Arthur, himself, had been in a few moments before. After bribing Nagi, Arthur then, it seemed, pushed Randall's car into the raging torrent of the storm-swollen canyon below them, set fire to the shooting box, and was on his way.

When Nagi had done, he collapsed on to the floor and lay there, like a funny little tragic figurine, relieved of a burden absurdly disproportionate.

The other details were not hard to fit in. The story was, mainly: a shiftless man, crazed for money, unscrupulous as to how he came by it, cruel, sinister . . . He had stolen his uncle's will, and had killed the man who would know that he had done so. The other man who knew it, the little Jap, he had figured that he could corrupt to his purposes, and then use. Sylvia, he had counted upon too, as an instrument for the future. Sensitive, terrorized over what he knew she believed to be the result of their stay in the cabin, he would reappear, and she would be horror-stricken. In that condition he could do with her . . . well, pretty nearly what he had done. He had simply not counted upon that strange compound of the unknowable in every human being, Hysteria and Conscience and nameless

We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thacher *never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?*

Elizabeth Thacher is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write photoplays."

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince Bought Her First Attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thacher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thacher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thacher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thacher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Not for "born writers," but for story tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thacher's first story has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thacher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We Invite You to Apply This Free Test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below, and do it now before you forget.

Advisory Council

Thomas H. Ince *Thos. H. Ince Studios*
Cecil B. De Mille Director General *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
Lois Weber *Lois Weber Productions, Inc.*
Jesse L. Lasky Vice-President *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
C. Gardner Sullivan Author and Producer
Frank E. Woods Chief Supervising Director *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
James R. Quirk Editor and Publisher *Photoplay Magazine*
Allan Dwan *Allan Dwan Productions*
Bob Wagner Author and Screen Authority

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,
Dept. of Education M-9, Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

A Slim Figure— how to obtain it

USE FLO-RA-ZO-NA—a delicately perfumed bath powder that leaves your skin glowing healthfully and beautifully smooth through your daily bath sprinkled with

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

FLO-RA-ZO-NA IS GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts, or any harmful ingredient, on the contrary, it is an effective, healthful, reducer, scientifically stimulating to circulation.

A pleasing and comfortable way to reduce.

Fourteen Treatments $3.00 Postpaid

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 ($4.00 *in Canada) direct to*

ROYAL PHARMACEUTICAL & PERFUMERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 236, 49 East 102nd Street, New York

EASY To Play To Pay

BUESCHER TRUE-TONE

(None genuine without this trademark)

True-Tone Saxophone

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to greatly increase your income, opportunities, popularity and pleasure. Easiest of all wind instruments to play—you can learn to play the scale in an hour and in a few days be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free Tells you when to use Saxophone — singly, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You can order any Buescher instrument and try it six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (26)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2126 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots **ZIP** IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."
Faithfully,
Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated *Book*: "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

Madame Berthe's
SPECIALIST
Dept. M. 562 Fifth Ave.
Ent. on 46 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

Courage and God. They had conspired together, and Sylvia had screamed and Nagi had confessed . . . The law alone was concerned with Arthur Comstock.

Late the next afternoon Sylvia and Bentley sat out in the bright, gold sunshine. Yesterday—was it only yesterday—that sunshine had been brass to Sylvia.

Now it was all over, and sensitive as she was, she did not shudder away from Arthur's eventual punishment. He was too wicked to be allowed to rove about. He could cause too much suffering. Now, she had told Bentley everything . . . the paper chase . . . the accident . . . the whole of that scene in the shooting box, and, just as she had known he would, he had attributed it all to her fineness, to her protection of the her he loved.

"It's almost worth it all," she said, "to be so happy now."

"Even with that to remember, darling," he said, "you cant be as happy as I am. Because, you see, baby, I have a *you*."

Sylvia considered him with gravity. There was a sparkle in her eye.

"But you see, dear," she argued, firmly and gently, "*you* cant be as happy as *I* because *I* have a *you*."

"Let's call a truce," he said, and then, and then . . . Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Arnold, who had been about to join them in the garden, beat a hasty and, for them, undignified retreat . . .

He Isn't the Little Colonel Any More

(*Continued from page* 39)

like that—but at the same time, I want to be allowed to forget that and do something bigger."

Joseph Jefferson tried for fifty years to convince people that he could play other things than "Rip Van Winkle"—but they remembered him as Rip; Jim Corbett has been trying to be an actor for twenty-five years—but people still go to see him because he was once a heavy-weight champion. Is it likely that Henry Walthall, despite his ardent hope that people will forget that one part, a little, remember some of his other work, and, will perhaps in the future, give him a chance to do something even better? I'm afraid not.

Henry Walthall is on tour this season in a funny little comedy called "Taken In." Occasionally, to relieve the tedium of playing the one play, he puts on some of his old favorites. In Atlanta, he played one matinée and two night performances of "Ghosts," Ibsen's morbid, gruesome story which the same star did for pictures. And in every single review of the play, the critics spoke of the Little Colonel. They weren't very nice to "Ghosts," those critics, because it gave Mr. Walthall a rôle they didn't like. But they were more gentle to "Taken In."

There is one case on record of Mr. Walthall's deep appreciation of his memory of the Little Colonel. It was down in Shelby County, the Walthall home, where the star was forgetting that he had ever gone away, and was enjoying a week's vacation. Shelby County, Alabama, by the way, is enjoying some fame just now, for the revenue officers down there claim that the supply of what they call "contrabrand liquor," and what the natives call "white lightnin'," is so profuse that the department is unable to cope with the situation, and they asked for the National Guard, to help patrol the Shelby mountain tops. The natives were excited and there was some talk of "the stuff" being hard to get.

"And anything that was so good that it called for the State troops to guard it—I wanted to sample," said Mr. Walthall, with a reminiscent and most un-Little-Colonel-like grin. "I followed a mountain trail, and discovered an old chap who looked so much like a movie-moonshiner that I was privately convinced that he must be a "revenuer"—but I gave him a mystic sign to indicate that I wasn't an enemy (that sign didn't have eagle wings on it either, or a dollar mark, for it wasn't that kind of a sign!) and approached him with caution.

" 'That's all right, Cu'nnel,' he grinned, 'I seed you take them air Yankee guns in that air picture, and you kin have enything I got. They's some stuff here in the shack that's old enough to vote and ain't never been out of the wood yit.'

"And there and then," finished Mr. Walthall, "I forgave the Little Colonel for all his sins."

There's good news for movie fans (which means the wide world, for one doesn't count the reformers, blue laws, *et al*,) in the announcement that Mr. Walthall will return to the screen late this summer—perhaps in September. The bookings for the present tour end in Los Angeles, and it is already announced that Mr. Walthall will do a picture, probably one of a series, for Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The present tour, by the way, looks, on the face of it, like a daring thing, in a season when most producers are hauling their plays back to New York, for lack of business. The Walthall company has been out about thirty-five weeks, and has played to good business thruout the tour.

"Our scheme has been tried before by the eminent Messrs. Lenine and Trotsky, but I think we have met with considerably more success than these gentlemen," said the gentleman who ought to know—Mr. Walthall, himself. "We have a sort of soviet theatrical organization—the show is owned by Messrs. Bainbridge, Clifford and myself. We are also the three principal actors. Mrs. Walthall and Mrs. Bainbridge play the principal feminine rôles—and there you are. Great system!"

The "Mr. Clifford" referred to is William H. Clifford, who has been seen on the screen almost as long as Mr. Walthall, and who has any number of excellent rôles to his credit—perhaps one of the most recent being the "heavy" with Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latchkey."

There's little to add—you all know how Mr. Walthall looks on the screen, and he looks exactly the same way off the screen—only more so, perhaps. He has a keen sense of humor, is very fond of books, and a quiet, sane and wholesome life. His ideal just now is, when he gets back to California, to have a real, honest to goodness home—with a living-room that has a huge open fire-place, a big leather arm-chair, and a pile of good books—and with the lovely Mrs. Walthall close at hand. You have only to see her, to know that she would complete a home to its last exquisite detail—and to see her with her husband shows you at once that no home could be complete for him, without her in it.

It does one good, in these hectic days of the 18th Amendment, knee-length skirts, suffrage, national politics, and the usual "cussedness" of the century, to meet two people who are as sane, as wholesome and as well-balanced as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walthall. And no one who has met him personally can fail to find him of immense interest, for he has that vital, magnetic, yet indefinable charm which, for want of a better name, we call personality.

But he *isn't* the Little Colonel any more!

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Now—as to economy

ECONOMY is not only a matter of saving. It consists also of spending money to best advantage. You can often add materially to the effectiveness of your purchases by reading the advertisements in this publication.

Advertising identifies goods of unquestioned value. When a manufacturer puts his name on a product and tells you about it, you may rest assured that it is worth while. It does not pay to advertise merchandise that is not sound. The comebacks are too costly.

Make a practice of reading advertisements. Read them as news from the business world, published for your benefit.

Sometimes, they keep you from making an unwise purchase by pointing out just why one article suits your needs better than another. *A step toward real economy!*

Often, they help you live better and dress better, and make more of your income in every way. *Also, real economy!*

And you will find that they frequently save you money.

Economy, Certainly

Remove Hair
the Common-sense Way

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem.

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all drug counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

De Miracle
Dept. D-28, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

Study Beauty Culture

We teach you Beauty Culture thoroughly and practically by mail in your spare time. Manicuring, Massage, Facial, Scalp Treatments, Hairdressing, etc. Full course $20 on easy payments. Graduates earning $60 upward weekly. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

PARIS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. "E", 911 Garden Street, Hoboken, New Jersey

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Where the Lights Are Low

(*Continued from page* 53)

"Every source of money shall be closed to you," said Wung. Shih stood still for a moment, then he turned on the passive, sinister figure.

"Go back to your dam' China alone!" he cried, "I am not sailing with you. Neither you nor the devil shall make me marry the painted doll you have kept there for me. I stay in this country, in this city until, with my own hands, I have rescued Quan Yin. I see thru you now. You engineered this scheme of the devil. You alone. That was why you were so anxious to go back. That was why your damned lack of curiosity was so exploited. You were afraid, when we reached here, that just what did happen, would happen. You see how strong you are! You see on what side my venerable ancestors are. There is no scheme in the world, there is no path in the world, so crooked, so twisted, so involved that, at the end of it, I would not find Quan Yin. This is the last you'll see of me!"

It took all of Shih's powers to exhort from Fang a promise that he would keep little Yin safe until such time as Shih should have paid him in full for her. Perhaps in Fang's curious soul there lay a dream that rose its long potpourri head at sight and scent of this romance. Or perhaps he only hated, not without cruel cause, Chang Bong Lo, and had no care to see the little cherry blossom bruised to death against his breast. Whatever his reasons, and they must remain forever obscure, Fang gave Shih three years in which to earn the money for little Yin.

"She be ally same safe," he promised, "but that Chang, there, he bad man. He terrible man. He must be watch all time."

Shih nodded. "I know," he said, "I shall not be far away at any time."

To Yin he said, "Now, when the time comes, you will be utterly mine, my heart's Bride. Be brave and wait for me, just as if you were waiting at the end of your crooked, dainty path."

It was not easy for Prince Shih to be servitor, who had ever been served, but he had only to think of little Yin, paler than she should be, waiting there back of Fang's innocent appearing tea house, in order to attempt any labor, however arduous, that would increase his coffer.

He peddled divers articles about the streets, trying with an ingratiating smile, and a charming manner, to make stop those who might, otherwise, not have stopped. He stood hour after hour and day after day on the corners he found the most lucrative and every time he effected a sale, however small, he felt as tho his craving spirit had made an inch of its interminable journey toward Yin.

He washed dishes in the greasy back quarters of a restaurant, and acted as waiter in another, taking such tips as came his way, with more gratitude than tips were wont to be received with. He went almost without food in order to make every penny grow and increase, and his full wardrobe grew weather-stained and depleted from exposure and lack of care.

But every now and again he saw Yin, and the sight of her was as food and fine raiment to him, as prayer and manna.

As a sort of nightmare background, there was the constant threat of Chang Bong Lo, who, gloating over Fang's plight, was constantly threatening to kill him if he did not break faith with Shih and deliver the girl over to him. Torn between his fear of Lo and his promise, which, as a Chinaman, he dared not violate, poor Fang was in a dire way.

There came, at last, the tumultuous, all but unbelievable day, when, at a lottery, entered into with a sort of desperation of despair, Shih won the necessary money. As quickly as he had winged his way to his uncle on the night he found Yin, so, now, he winged his way to the innocent-appearing tea house of Tuang Fang and thru the half-shaded window saw, as he approached, Lo bending over Yin, whose face, like a white petal, was limned against the dull background of the wall.

With an oath, Shih jumped thru the window and hurled himself on Lo. The Chinaman was unprepared, unarmed, too, and with the violent, guarded love animating Shih, it would have gone hard with Lo had not two of his henchmen, always somewhere in the vicinity of their master's schemes, come in and separated the locked two. Lo was denouncing Shih and informing him that, as he saw, the tables were turned and his highness, Shih, would find it to be a bad business to meddle unduly with Chang Bong Lo, when, with something of the same mechanical swiftness and opportuneness of Lo's henchmen, a squad of police entered, led by Shih's college-friend, who had been in his company the night of their finding Yin.

It would have been easy for Shih, then, to have sworn out a warrant against Chang Bong Lo. Then might he and little Yin have departed safely and in peace. But it was in the Chinese code that an enemy must be finished by one's own hands and, in that instant, Shih was suddenly thankful for the ancestral tradition. Yea, verily, with his own hands must he finish the defiler of Yin. None other would suffice, and so he told the police to go.

Three weeks later, the ship bearing Prince T'Su Wong Shih and the bride of his heart, set sail for China. On shore a crowd of curiosity mongers were gathering about the neatly knifed body of Chang Bong Lo.

Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms

(*Continued from page* 41)

miracle. The censor either does his work, or he does not. When he doesn't, it is the same as tho we had no censors at all, if not indeed a bit worse. When he does discharge his duties, it is almost invariably the case that he overworks both his conscience and his censorial scissors, with the deadly result that he murders the whole work by trying to chop off part of it.

The beauty of this Osaka method in dealing with the movie censor is not new: "Physician, heal thyself," I believe is thousands of years old. Still it is affording no end of quiet and satisfactory mirth to the movie fans over there.

What happened in Tokyo is this: a great and new invention was perfected there—an invention absolutely startling in its possibilities. For it is nothing less than the discovery of a machine which will turn out moving picture masterpieces by a method almost as simple as turning a crank. More than that, the masterpieces thus manufactured by the said machine are guaranteed to be masterpieces of humor. Not, mind

(*Continued on page* 92)

The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest

of 1919	of 1920	of 1921
Anetha Getwell	Corliss Palmer	?
Blanche McGarrity	Allene Ray	
Virginia Fair	Beth Logan	
Anita Booth	Helen DeWitt	
	Mary Astor	
	Erminie Gagnon	
	Dorothy Taylor	
	Ruth Higgins	

RULES OF THE CONTEST

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST
MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:

.....

When born .....

Blonde or brunette.....

Weight..... Height.....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

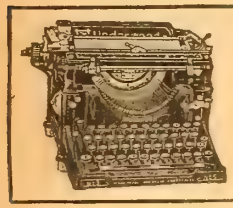
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

DR. LAWTON'S *Guaranteed*
FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor, and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th St. Dept. 58 New York



All Makes Typewriters

Remingtons, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof. Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co.,
58 W. Washington St., Dept. 38, Chicago.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms

(*Continued from page* 90)

you, one of these billion slap-stick horrors which insult the law of gravity, the decalog and your common sense at one fell swoop, every time they get a chance at a screen—but one of the most delicate and precious sort, in that the humor is entirely unconscious. Moreover, the said masterpieces of humor, to be manufactured by this special Tokyo invention, are made up of climaxes and high-lights from soup to nuts.

Initial expenditures connected with it are modest: they consist of a few pairs of keen-edged scissors and a collection of impeccably moral men of genius at, say, 150 yen a month apiece. That is about $75.00 in the entirely too highly appreciated American currency. And that in turn is about one-thousandth of the highway-robbery revenue enjoyed by such stars as Mary Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, *et al.* They call themselves censors, these patriotic men of genius. And that is all there is to this wonder invention—the patriotic men of genius and their scissors. And they do certainly produce the all-high-lights masterpieces of humor of a movie show as above hinted. All that you have to do to convince yourself, is to take a trip to Tokyo and see a sample product of the new invention. It is in the hands of an American representative of a number of Los Angeles film companies. The whole film is made up of those portions of the pictures which the censorial scissors edited out of all the American films imported into Japan since censorship came into existence. Naturally, it is one grand, hilarious and breathless cascade of kissing and hugging carnival.

Laugh, if you like. It is certainly no laughing matter with the movie fans in Japan. You, too, have passed the censorship bills in some of your States, and the time of lamentation may not be so far away as one might suppose. There is the case of Kobe, Japan. Kobe ranks now rather high among the great ports of the Pacific—in fact at the very top, out-ranking Hongkong, San Francisco, Seattle, Shanghai, Yokohama and Vancouver. The total foreign trade of Japan last year amounted to 4,284,569,000 yen. Just one port of Kobe took care of 1,646,564,000 yen of that total. And it is not surprising that, in that city, movies rank at the very top of all popular amusements. In 1919, ten of the leading movie theaters of Kobe reported 4,969,881 admissions. Different movie palaces there displayed in that year, 2,837 reels of imported reels and these came almost altogether from the United States. In the same year, only 1,774 reels of home products were shown. Therefore, the people of Kobe saw about 1,000 more American films than they did the Japanese products. Just why there seems to be so much anti-Japanese sentiment in Los Angeles at this time, is something which is not altogether plain to the movie fans of Kobe. The total footage of film shown in that year was 4,135,801. But the proprietors of the movie theaters bought a good deal more than that. For 121,000 feet of film—the very cream, the perforations, the high lights of the pictures, according to men in the business—they did not show. And they did not show them for the simple and all-sufficient reason that they could not. The good and trusty scissors of the censor robbed them—robbed the public of the said 121,000 feet. The robbery was perpetrated in the name of virtue, of public morals, for the protection of children, of course. But human hunger for entertainment is not always satisfied by high sounding adjectives alone. The Japanese censor does not stop with the surgical operations on films. He gets at the public thru the "katsuben," also. Now, the katsuben or "benshi" as he, or she, is sometimes called, is a sort of animated caption. They are of both sexes, for girls are quite as active in the profession as men. He explains the picture; he makes the silent drama, vocal. Happy movie fans of Japan are entire strangers to disjointed eye-muscles, and misplaced eyesights, resulting from the nervous hunt after fleeting captions. The moral influences of these explainers of pictures over the audience is thought to be great. At least, that is the opinion of the Japanese censor. Therefore, next to editing the films, he turns his best attentions to the expurgation of the benshi. The benshi is not permitted to earn his bread by the sweat of his artistic sense, unless he is armed with a declaration from the censor, on the impeccability of his ethical character. One of the accompanying photographs shows the applicants for the permits of the benshi going thru an examination by the censor. These candidates for a shrine (for any one whose ethical purity would carry him thru the censor's examination is entitled to a good-sized shrine) should look quite as nirvanic as a Buddha on his lotus flower.

With all this solicitude for the public weal, and especially for the moral elevation of the people of Japan, on the part of the censor, one would suppose that the grateful public is building no end of pyramidal monuments to the movie censors over there. It is not, however. Quite otherwise, in fact. It is the kicking—"letters from our readers'" column of the daily press in Tokyo, and elsewhere, that is the constant and persistent and every-day witness to the fact. All of which goes to show the astounding depravity of human nature, and that it is not confined to Christian America, exactly. This for example: "I have been the most enthusiastic 'moviegoer' until the censorship was established," writes an Asakusa resident. Now, Asakusa is a ward in the capitol city of Japan: it is often called the Coney Island of Japan, largely because low-brows of Tokyo get their amusements rather reasonably there, even in these days of highway-robbery prices. "These low-class people, who had never left their native country, assumed a cosmopolitan tendency of mind, and it is noteworthy that they are, to some extent, internationally enlightened so that, far from harboring racial antipathy toward aliens, they have genuine sympathy for the Western people. These were contributions of the moving pictures to the residents of Asakusa until the rigorous censorship was applied to the selection (or rather spoiling) of the pictures. I do not mean to propose the abolition of censorship, but the point is, I believe, that the authorities are concerned about the effects of imported pictures on the popular mind, and if that is so, I think there are better means than the cutting off of the interesting parts of a picture."

Time was, they say—back in the misty dawn of history—when China was overrun with wild oxen, with their sharp-pointed and out-reaching horns. The first thing our celestial friends did in domesticating them, was to bend their horns, in such a way that the deadly points curved above the heads of the oxen in the safe and ornamental fashion, we see them today. Almost always, however, the Chinese killed the oxen in trying to bend their horns.

In the case of the movie censors of Japan, the history seems to be repeating itself.

Motion Picture

CLASSIC

For September

—contains—

Personality stories of **Mary Thurman, Doris Kenyon, Florence Vidor, Bebe Daniels, Sessue Hayakawa** and others whose recent achievements have brought them added fame;

A REVIEW OF THE SCREEN YEAR

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

accompanied by pictures of celebrated stars in characterizations which they have made famous;

A double page of the flawless beauties of Mack Sennett comedies, who are to be known henceforth as the *Classic Girls;*

s at the spring,
And day's at the morn."
Song from Pippa Passes.

WILL ROGERS
"Look at his head and heart, find how and why
He differs from his fellows utterly:
Then, like me, watch when nature by degrees
Grows alive round him."
Epilogue.

NORMA TALMADGE
"She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her!"
Cristina.

HENRY WALTHALL
". . . . . Never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance."
My Last Duchess.

Ola Kronk—Really

(*Continued from page 25*)

deny that because she did not see Lillian Russell, or anybody else thirty years ago.

"What kind of parts do you like to play best?" I asked.

"Poor girls," she answered quickly, with that little half-catch of the breath which fascinates you. "But they seldom let me play poor girls because they say I can 'wear clothes.' I wonder what would have happened to Miss Pickford if they ever discovered she could 'wear clothes'? But really, there is something tremend'sly interesting about girls who haven't much money. I know what it means.

"But I dont like to weep. It makes my head ache. Yes it does, really. They get me in a corner and talk sad things to me and play sad music until I cry and then they let me go home. It is very hard."

She opened her orchid eyes very wide, and I, too, felt sorry for her. Any girl who can seem as helpless as Claire Windsor is a menace to Hollywood bachelorhood. And it happens that at this time she happens to be a very real menace to the bachelorhood of a very great director!

"Will you continue with Miss Weber when your contract is up, in January?" I questioned, determined to keep my mind off her alluring beauty for a moment.

"I would like to," she said, "if Miss Weber still wants me. But I really have had several offers which I couldn't accept even during the months we were idle, at this studio. Miss Weber will never loan me!"

I could understand that. If she were mine, I would never loan her out.

"Oh, you poor man," she suddenly exclaimed, and sat bolt upright on that "chase lounge" thing. They tell me I should always offer cigarets to people. I have only one in the room. I never smoke." She swept across the room to the dresser, in that long, pink silk kind-of-negligée, and took a little bottle out of her handbag. In it was a single cigaret.

"Please smoke this," she urged. "I got it last night down at the Turkish Café, in Los Angeles—a souvenir." She spoke of the latest Los Angeles craze, a place where actors gather after the last-curtain hour, to pan the critics who panned them. I thought of Claire Windsor sitting there in that stuffy room, as I would think of a calla lily in an ash barrel.

"No, I dont go out much to parties," she replied, when I asked her if she belonged to the Hollywood all-night brigade. "I'm always home at twelve o'clock. I live with my mother, and she likes to have me in early. Besides, I'm a working girl."

Those lines, written by Tennyson, came to mind—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

You see, I could not shake off the impression that Claire Windsor was her real name, that she was born in the shadow of Windsor castle, and that Norman blood did run in her veins! But I did know that she was kind-hearted, because she had let me visit her for an hour, and she herself described the rest.

CENSORSHIP UNDER THE BLUE LAWS

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

decided to specialize in children's stories with a bunch of child actors and some trained bears, at great expense, and produce a childhood classic, "Goldilocks and the Bears" but the censor canned it because of the bedroom scene.

"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"I was feeling pretty blue. Pay-day had come again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend the rest of my life checking orders—at $20 a week!

"I picked up a magazine. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word. *And this time I tore out the coupon!*

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed manager of our Western office at $5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6623 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card and Sign Ptg.
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ Teacher
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Banking
☐ Pharmacy	

Name _____

Present Occupation _____ Business Address _____ 3-1-21

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists*

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 33 Aurora, Ill.

4 Days' Treatment Restores Gray Hair

This treatment is simple, sure and easy—you do it yourself—results are certain. The whole process consists of combing a clean, colorless liquid through your hair and watching the gray disappear. This treatment leaves your hair beautifully clean, soft and fluffy, it doesn't interfere with washing, doesn't rub off.

TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE FREE

Mail coupon for a trial bottle and application comb. Test as directed on a single lock of hair. Then you can decide whether it pays to be gray.

Mary T. Goldman, 658 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 658 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black____ jet black____ dark brown____
medium brown____ light brown____

Name _____

Address _____

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
Lester Park-Edward Whiteside
Photoplay Productions
214 W. 34th St., Suite 23, New York, N. Y.

This Magic-Like Violet Ray Machine 10 Days FREE

Vi-Rex Violet Rays Insure Perfect Health, the Only Real Foundation for Dazzling Beauty

Do you admire beautiful contours, delicate texture of skin—the radiant, rosy glow of health—the charm and vivacity that springs from perfect health? Violet rays will tone up your muscles, clear your blood, give you sparkle and radiance of countenance! Vi-Rex Violet Rays will benefit your hair, too, promoting its growth and adding to its beauty. Easily used in the privacy of your home; each treatment a delightful experience!

Ten Days FREE Offer!

We want you to see for yourself what this treatment will do! We want you to take advantage of the TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL which we are offering for a limited time. Write today for the wonderful FREE BOOK, telling all about the value of Violet Rays for HEALTH and BEAUTY, and the details of this great FREE OFFER.

VI-REX ELECTRIC CO.,
Dept. 1219. 325 W. Madison St., Chicago

The Full Close

(*Continued from page* 45)

two plots, end on end, like a pair of telescoped trains. The result is that neither story is effective. For example, suppose you spin out a yarn about the separation of a boy and a girl by cruel parents, who object to the fact that their prospective son-in-law is a burglar, and then have the boy, *á la* Jimmy Valentine, show that he's reformed and upright by rescuing the baby from the bank vault, thereby taking a chance on being jailed for safe-cracking. Suppose that these parents thereupon forgive the boy, and tell him to marry the girl, and *then*, he proceeds to fall in love with another woman and gets into a pile of new complications—you have messed things up. The other woman has nothing to do with your reformed burglar theme; it is a love story, and is a plot in itself. You send your whole line of thought off into space at a tangent, which ends up somewhere east of Serious.

Always stick to your original theme. Dont let your plot people develop new characteristics, for no reason whatsoever—such as suddenly converting heroes to villains and villains to heroes—just before the final close-up.

Most important of all, be careful not to leave some minor thread of the plot sticking out, and have to go back and wind it up after all the important matters are settled.

As a rule, you will be conscious yourself of the point where you would like to end your story. Except in the unlikely instance of a tragedy, you will want to leave your hero and heroine about to "live happily forever afterwards."

It is not enough simply to *say* that they are going to be happy. You must *show* them in this blissful state to convince your audience. It is very bad business to lead your spectators thru five long reels of adventures, and misadventures, and arouse their interest and sympathies—and then cheat them out of the privilege of seeing the hero and heroine rewarded at the end.

For this reason, it is almost always necessary to add a final short scene, showing the lovers in each other's arms, and everybody happy. Of course, this is sometimes rather trite, and if you can think up a better way of ending, which will accomplish the same result, more power to you. Sometimes a story will end exactly as it started, for example, "Fair and Warmer," which, on the stage, began and ended with the husband settling down at the fireside and boring his wife to tears, by reading the weather reports in the papers. Sometimes the whole point of the plot is to show that things have returned to their original status, and then this kind of an ending is necessary.

One or two writers have actually ended their picture with a subtitle, some clever epigram, which exactly caps the situation This, however, is a matter for experienc dramatists to experiment with. authors have ended with a bit of co al instead of the stereotyped love sce have been able to combine both in one For example, "Red Hot Romance" with the young American insurance who had rescued the Kingdom of B from the revolutionists, being appo his own request, a judge, and se everyone he had insured to a year jail; and, finally, sentencing his sw to "Life—with me!" The "Four H of the Apocalypse" ended, as it beg mystery—with a close-up of the C face of the Russian mystic gazing graves of the soldier dead.

There are many original endin are right if they come at the r But, be sure they are logical.

with some abrupt and improbable twist of the plot, your audience will go away saying, "He'd never have done that—she'd never have married him."

We do not think the happy ending is necessarily the most artistic. It is an unfortunate fact, however, that most people are satisfied with nothing else. They have no patience with the soul-stirring effect at the end of a great tragedy—life is too hard, anyway, they say, to go to the theater and come away depressed.

Naturally, the final close-up always ends in a "Fade-Out." This takes the place of the curtain of the stage. It is the smoothest and best way of finishing the final scene in almost every scenario.

Let us recapitulate the important points in our previous articles:

Dont attempt to write "continuity"—that is, scenario form—until you have studio experience. Send your stories in to the editor in synopsis form, like a short story, and then, if you sell one or two, ask to be allowed to come to the studio and help work out the continuity. But, always plan them with a view to continuity possibilities.

The undramatic stories will never make good movies.

Dont depend on violent physical action to make your story a good photoplay. Characterization of your people is more important.

Tell your story in action, not in words. Style wont help you. An ability to write what playwrights term "business" will.

Send your story to the star or director who specializes in that type of work. Attendance at your local movie theater will soon make you familiar with their preferences. It is folly to try to talk a famous comedy director into making a tragedy, or a tragic queen into doing a light comedy.

Try to give your plots a new twist, but dont make them too fantastic, just because you think the movies *could* do them. The movies are not looking for camera tricks, or Jules Verne fantasies, so much as for human stories about the people who live next door to you.

Last of all, dont be discouraged.

And now, wishing you all the best of luck, we are going, in so far as this series is concerned, to *fade out.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In submitting your communication, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis.

No manuscripts postmarked later than midnight, September 1 will be read or reported on by Mr. E... and Miss Loos.

The c... of ... pictures to the residents of ... a until the rigorous censorship was applied to the selection (or rather spoiling) of the pictures. I do not mean to propose the abolition of censorship, but the point is, I believe, that the authorities are concerned about the effects of imported pictures on the popular mind, and if that is so, I think there are better means than the cutting off of the interesting parts of a picture."

Time was, they say—back in the misty dawn of history—when China was overrun with wild oxen, with their sharp-pointed and out-reaching horns. The first thing our celestial friends did in domesticating them, was to bend their horns, in such a way that the deadly points curved above the heads of the oxen in the safe and ornamental fashion, we see them today. Almost always, however, the Chinese killed the oxen in trying to bend their horns.

In the case of the movie censors of Japan, the history seems to be repeating itself.

At the Shadow Play

By Walter Edmand Mair

Oh, the queens go by and the kings all die,
And the world for me has lost its way;
Ay, the tunes they sing in the flood o' spring
Belong to the joy of a younger day.

The minstrel men who've come back again
From the other shore of a brooding sea,
By their fires bide at eventide,
And they croon of how our dead may be.

And they say in France the rich men dance
With their backs to the moats of old Verdun,
And their women whine to see the line
Where the sickle took men one by one.

But along the Strand, when night's at hand
They say men talk who cannot be seen,
And girls are kissed in the London mist
By lips that are cold and—hardly clean.

And hobnail shoes, by twos and twos,
Are heard betimes on the Broadway pave,
While big, grey ships, by the ferry slips,
Glide grimly in on a strange tide-wave.

So I'm here and away from the restless clay
That are tumbled and tossed in the sullen glare
Of the giddy night, for I'm certain, quite,
That they have forgotten "Over There."

Oh, the queens go by and the kings all die,
And the shadow-play is the play for me;
For the game o' chance that we played in France
Can teach a man what real things be!

As the Poets Would Say

Shirley Mason
"She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness,
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That over-filled her."
The Flight Of The Duchess.

Antonio Moreno
" . . . you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be loved for ever!"
Garden Fancies.

Charles Ray
"Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others."
One Word More.

Wallace Reid
"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn."
Song from Pippa Passes.

Will Rogers
"Look at his head and heart, find how and why
He differs from his fellows utterly:
Then, like me, watch when nature by degrees
Grows alive round him."
Epilogue.

Norma Talmadge
"She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her!"
Cristina.

Henry Walthall
" . . . . . Never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance."
My Last Duchess.

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, and for the benefit of their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy the magazines by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

Date.....

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	3.00	3.50	4.00
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	8.50	10.00	11.50

Payable in United States Funds

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

GIRLS! GIRLS!
Purify and Perfume Your Skin With
CUTICURA

TALCUM

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of all powder perfumes. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing, fragrant and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. Convenient and economical, it takes the place of other perfumes for the person. A few grains sufficient. One of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio for keeping the skin clear, sweet and healthy.

Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c everywhere. Sample each free by mail. Address post-card: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. Z, Malden, Mass.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Ave., New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

As Pearls of the Orient

(*Continued from page* 60)

dental disorders is a well-known fact. This film is constantly forming on the teeth. If you do not battle with it at least twice a day, it will accumulate and harden between the teeth, and down near the roots, and do irreparable damage. Brushing alone will not remove it.

As this film absorbs all stains, it takes on a dingy color until finally the entire tooth has a dark, yellowish cast, and the hardened coating of film is called tartar.

The undesirableness of tartar is so obvious that it seems hardly worth while to relate the many unpleasant results of it. Yet one constantly sees people whose teeth are covered with it, so it must be that these people do not know how injurious it is to the teeth.

It causes them to decay. That is sufficient reason to wish to keep it removed, for every normal person prefers his own teeth to false ones.

Then, it gives an offensive odor to the breath, and nothing is more repulsive than a foul breath. It is quite able to change the entire regard of one individual for another, while a sweet, pure breath awakens a feeling of friendliness in a person sitting near one—in a street car, an automobile, the theater, or one's home.

"As air perfumed with amber is her breath," is a little item a poet adds to the many charms of his lady fair. If you cannot give the breath a pleasant odor, you can at least prevent it from having an unpleasant one, by keeping the teeth clean, and the digestive organs in perfect condition. As a rule, the breath of a healthy individual, with clean teeth, is pleasant without any attempt to make it so.

If there is a tendency toward pyorrhea, immediate steps should be taken to offset it. If it has reached a stage of discomfort, then a dentist should be consulted at once. Pyorrhea is an infection of the gums from the tartar which collects on the teeth, and at the base of the teeth where they emerge from the gums.

As the food particles become imbedded in the film, they are held there and more film forms over them, holding away from them the saliva which would dissolve the particles. Then they form an acid which eats thru the enamel of the tooth and causes cavities.

Since this film separates the gum from the teeth, and causes an inflamed condition, it is now especially liable to infection. And when it becomes infected, it is called pyorrhea.

For pyorrhea, or Riggs' disease, in its first stages, use a strong saline solution as hot as possible, in the mouth, holding it a while before ejecting it, and forcing it back and forth between the teeth. Gargle a little and swallow a little, and draw some in thru the nose, thus removing all scum and germs that may, sooner or later, settle on the teeth.

Then, there are preparations for fighting this disease that may be obtained at the drug store. These are to be used as follows: Wrap cotton around the tip of the forefinger, saturate with the preparation, and gently, but firmly, massage the gums, outside, inside, above, below.

In brushing the teeth, wet the brush and apply the dentifrice. Now, brush from the gums toward the tips. Now, brush crosswise and now, in a circular motion.

Last, forget you have teeth and brush the gums.

This last bit of advice was given me by a celebrated dentist of California, who had discovered that brushing the gums not only removed the films and particles and germs, but also acted as a massage agent and actively combatted the diseases of the gums.

Do not neglect to have your teeth cleaned every six months, by a dentist. At the same time, ask him to inspect your teeth for tartar and decay, and have any cavity, even the smallest, filled at once. A little delay means a larger cavity, and perhaps the loss of a tooth. If you have dead teeth—that is, teeth in which the nerves have been killed—have them X-rayed, for it is well known that abscesses form at the roots of dead teeth, and poison the blood. This frequently causes rheumatism, and many other diseases.

How much attraction a smile, or a laugh, adds to an individual's countenance, that is, if the teeth thus exposed are strong and clean, and even and white.

"Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearls a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows
They look like rose-buds filled with snow."

All people cannot have white teeth, any more than all people can have even teeth. But all can have clean teeth, free of odor or decay.

There is another matter that I am sure will interest my readers. Tho it does not pertain to the teeth, I shall call your attention to it in this article, for it is of vital importance to all modern-thinking girls and women. It is the matter of make-up.

I do not approve of the make-up now generally used by girls on the street, at the dance and elsewhere—for the simple reason that it *looks* like make-up. What we want is art that conceals art. Is there anything more hideous than a combination of white nose, black lips, and purple cheeks? The color of the rouge and lip salve is very important. We should imitate nature as nearly as possible. That dark, purplish red, so often used for the lips is a serious mistake, as also is the rouge made from the same chemicals. The trouble is that the manufacturers have difficulty in producing a bright blood-red without using vermilion, and vermilion is poisonous because it is a mercury product. Be careful of what you use on your lips!

The next most important thing is permanency. Is it not shocking to see our girls take out their lip sticks and rouge box in public, and deliberately daub the color on their lips and cheeks?

ART THAT CONCEALS ART!

Must we *advertise* the fact that Nature has not been kind to us, and that we have to paint ourselves like Indians? It is very hard to make a rouge and a lip salve that is not injurious, and that will stay on, but it can be done.

I know, because I have done it.

I first secured all the French formulas I could, then I began experimenting. I tried every conceivable combination of non-injurious chemicals, and at last I was rewarded for my pains. I have made up more than I can use, so I am letting my friends have the surplus at cost.

I bought some little Japanese vases to put it in, and these may be kept standing on the dressing-table. In the morning, after bathing, and before powdering, I apply the lip salve. It looks perfectly natural, and not painty. At night, when I come home I find that most of the color is still there, so I am very proud of my discovery.

If any of my readers want to try my preparations, I will mail a jar of either the rouge, or lip salve, on receipt of fifty cents —one dollar for the two.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 78)

madge's husband's picture? You bet there are several kinds of beards: the *pike-devant* beard is a sharp-pointed one; a cathedral beard is one trimmed so as to be very broad at the bottom, spreading like the tail of a fish; the forked beard is a broad beard, ending in two points; the *mouse-eaten* is one where the beard groweth scatteringly, not together, but here and there a tuft! Mine—why they call it the comet beard.

RYBI.—No, that wasn't mine—it was Longfellow's. No other call of people are so extensively and persistently stolen from as the dead. Monte Blue and Mary Thurman in "The Broken Doll." Corinne Griffith in "The Payment." You refer to Marguerite de la Motte in "The Mark of Zorro." Jerome Patrick in "Her First Elopement."

WINNIE.—Ann Penning was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1895. Alice Brady and Crauford Kent in "Sinners."

RANSOM H.—You say you couldn't find the word "Bosh" in your dictionary. Well, it was first applied at the universities to anything nonsensical or trashy; it is a pure Turkish word, signifying empty. James Morrison and Neva Gerber are being directed by Ben Wilson in a series of four productions for Arrow. It is rumored Nazimova will return to the stage.

BROWN JUG.—I understand they are only being used for vinegar now. You say I am *homme d' esprit*. I thank you. Of course, I'm for the college girl. Bessie Love is playing with Hobart Bosworth in "The Sea Lion." Edna Murphy and Edward Roseman in that serial.

FLUFF.—It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliation and a calamity to be loved no more. It is one thing to get a lover and another thing to keep him. Watch out for that. Montague Love will play the rôle Lionel Barrymore created on the stage with Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in "Peter Ibbetson."

FRANCIS T.—Thanks for the picture. You, no doubt, have prospects.

ST. VITUS DANCE.—Well, the average weight of a man's brain is 46 ounces. The weight, however, varies greatly in different individuals, but it is usually about one-35th of the weight of the body. Lord Campbell's brain was 53¼ ozs., and was perfectly healthy. Cuvier's was the heaviest on record—59 ozs.—but it was not quite healthy. You refer to Gina Reilly and Earl Metcalfe in "The Face at Your Window."

MISS O'HILL.—And why do you call me Charlie? Did you know that the old watchmen, who were superseded by the present police force, were called Charlies or Charleys? Well, I'm not one of them. Call me anything you like. My favorite dish—spaghetti! Yes, George Arliss is doing "Disraeli."

TYLLIE.—Hello Tyllie. Have you been down to the Isle of Yap? Yes, you can reach him at Goldwyn. You refer to Andrew Robson and Guy Oliver. Dont stay away so long next time.

HELEN M. D.—Well, Helen, I believe that a man should choose a wife with his ears, rather than with his eyes, so be careful what you say. There are about 20,000 picture playhouses in the U. S. Ohio leads. Constance Binney is Constance Grey. Glen Hunter is certainly funny. No, he isn't playing now.

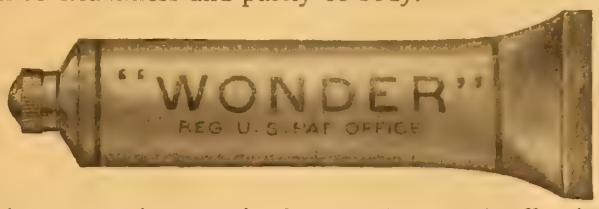
BUBBLES.—Dont know of any postal card club, but there are several correspondence clubs. Wesley Barry is playing in "School

(*Continued on page* 101)

WONDER

Will Increase Your Personal Charm

WONDER will give you an air of daintiness, and create an impression of cleanliness and purity of body.



It will check excessive perspiration and destroy all offensive odors.

WONDER is a perfectly harmless and delicately scented snow-white cream. It cannot injure the skin or clothing.

Apply **WONDER** with your finger tips. It will immediately overcome unpleasant body odors, soothe irritation and benefit the skin.

Do not go to the dance without first applying **WONDER!**

Recommended by Physicians, Dermatologists and Beauty Experts everywhere. Tubes by mail, 25c.

Send for a tube today.

WILTON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. A, Brooklyn, New York

Whether in spots or over the entire surface use
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
The result is pleasing and permanent, there will be no kicks

Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

Stop Trying to Get Into the Movies!

At Least Until You Have Learned Something About It.

YOU dont know how to take the first steps.
YOU are not able to judge whether you would screen well or not.
YOU know practically nothing about facial expression, or physical culture, or the mere mechanics required to be funny.
YOUR personality is wholly undeveloped.
YOUR mind is a blank on the actual technique of motion picture acting.

BUT—

Do not be discouraged. There is a way, an easy and pleasant and economical way, to learn all these things and many more, without which it is perfectly futile even to try to get into the movies.

Let Us Help You to Help Yourself

Cut out → this Coupon and enclose ten cents, money or stamps, to cover cost, and we will mail you our booklet, **"Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Movies and Why?"**

NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Movies and Why?" Enclosed is 10 cents to cover cost.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please Write Plainly)

What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? *She* has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it. You can easily double your pay by the PROMOTION PLAN. It is nothing new and untried. The PROMOTION PLAN has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the PROMOTION PLAN. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. G-658, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. G-658, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on how the **PROMOTION PLAN** will help me win promotion in the job checked.

.....Architect	.....Lawyer
.....Building Contractor	.....Machine Shop Practice
.....Automobile Engineer	.....Photoplay Writer
.....Automobile Repairman	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Civil Engineer	.....Shop Superintendent
.....Structural Engineer	.....Employment Manager
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Cert. Public Accountant	.....Foremanship
.....Accountant and Auditor	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor (& Mapping)
.....Draftsman and Designer	.....Telephone Engineer
.....Electrical Engineer	.....Telegraph Engineer
.....Electric Light & Power	.....High School Graduate
.....General Education	.....Fire Insurance Expert

Name .....

Address .....

Not What He Seems

(*Continued from page* 56)

"Actors are treated like gentlemen, in England," Mr. Kilgour told me. "They are accepted in the very best society, in fact, society seeks them. In this country, they have no position at all, but are regarded more as a curiosity or some strange animal, to be looked upon, but not to be accepted in any personal relationship."

After all his successes on the stage, Joseph Kilgour was cast in a play, the name of which I do not remember, but which ran only five nights on Broadway. It was such a frost that Kilgour decided to go into pictures.

"After all my years of climbing to success on the stage," said Kilgour, "I had arrived at a point where I either had to be made a star or else stand still, and as they were making no new stars, it was a case of eventually going backwards.

"That is one of the reasons why I chose the new art. The other is that I had worked so hard I was sick of the sight of a stage door."

And then my villain thanked me profusely for our little chat, and was driven away in his imposing car.

No, I had nothing to fear from Joseph Kilgour, arch villain of the stage and screen . . . for people of the theater are seldom what they seem.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 71)

tinues. Mildred Harris is going into vaudeville. Dorothy Gish is to try out in a new play, with her husband, James Rennie. Pauline Frederick is to return to the stage, under the management of Al. Woods. Sessue Hayakawa and Carlyle Blackwell are both scheduled for the two-a-day, while Frank Keenan opens soon in a revival of "Rip Van Winkle." And now the latest are Bessie Barriscale and Clara Kimball Young. Miss Barriscale is to open in New York, at the Belmont Theater, October third, in "The Skirt," a comedy written for her by her husband, Howard Hickman. Clara Kimball Young is to make her stage début in London, according to her statement, after she has made a trip thru Italy and Southern France.

Coleen Moore is here to start "Slippy McGee," but it wont be long before she and the whole company will travel to New Orleans on location, which will make many of the younger set lonely, for Coleen sure is popular these days.

I met Lambert Hillyer out at the Thomas H. Ince studio, recently. He is the director responsible for practically all of the William S. Hart pictures. Now he is directing "Lucky Damage," a special Ince production. While I was watching, he was directing an episode with Milton Sills and Marcia Manon. Charles Clary, who is an extremely handsome man, off-stage as well as on, is taking the part of a judge. He strolled onto the set between scenes and "kidded" Sills with, "Do you know I have to send you to jail again, old boy?"

"Yes," grinned Sills, "that's the second time in pictures, eh what?"

BEATING THE CENSOR

By Blaine C. Bigler

Friend:—I see the censors are going to limit the movie kiss to three feet of film. What are you going to do about it? A kiss that short will not be effective.

Producer:—Cut in on a kiss with another scene, then finish back to the kissing scene with the sub-title "Twenty minutes Later."

The Other Man

By Frederick Wallace

I used to rave and tear around when things
went wrong at home,
And lacerate the feelings of my wife,
But, thanks to Motion Pictures, I've become a model spouse,
And placed a ban on all domestic strife.
Thru the pictures I've discovered that whene'er a husband fails
To lavish soft endearments on his mate,
Some other man is lurking with his ready hook and line,
To tempt the "deadly female" with his bait.

I see him in my fancy as he slithers o'er the sill,
With the lean and lithesome languor of a snake;
I can see her blush and tremble as she listens for his step,
I can almost count the kisses he will take
I think I hear him hustle when I take my latch-key out,
I distrust the tender blandishments I meet,
And I've grown so blamed suspicious that, unless I trot along,
I'm afraid to trust my wife upon the street.

Perhaps it is my dearest friend who's bustin' up my home,
Perhaps—Great Scott!—my wife has had a "past";
She looks at me so queerly when I hustle off to work,
I'm afraid each good-by kiss will be the last.
So I look for chestnut tresses on the back of every coat,
And I hunt for perfumed powder on each tie;
But what's the use of hunting, for in all the photoplays
The other man is wise and very sly?

I used to rave and tear around, as I have said before,
But that's a thing I dare not risk today,
For if I show my temper, I am sure the other man
Will try to lead my stricken wife astray;
So the lid is on the raving in our peaceful little flat,
And I'm being just as careful as I can,
Lest the snake invade my Eden and I lose my lawful Eve
To the prowling, predatory Other Man!

LADIES OF THE SCREEN

By Thomas J. Murray

Her life is cradled in adventure's swell;
On flying locomotives far she roams;
This railroad maid of whom we write,
This Hel—En Holmes.

That she so seldom plays we count as ill,
For we remember her for splendid work;
Perchance you read our thoughts and know
'Tis Bil—Lie Burke.

Her lovely tresses haunt us night and noon,
And on our heart she executes a lease;
We hardly need to tell you this is June—
Caprice.

PROFESSIONAL NAMES FOR PICTURE STARS

Since Arline Pretty, Louise Lovely and June Caprice have set the fashion for sugary names, why not go on with the matter to the bitter end, making the names match the personalities of the players? May we not append a few samples? What is the matter with Dolly Darling, Peachy Prim, Cunning Cutie or Pauline Precious.

Dr. J. Parker Pray's Toilet Preparations

ESTABLISHED 1868

Our Preparations are Distinctive. Known the World over

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 35c.

GLORA LILY LOTION An emulsion which softens and whitens the hands and complexion; removes tan and redness; cures rough, dry skin and will not irritate the most sensitive skin; imparts a refreshing sensation with fragrant perfume. 4 oz. bottles, 65c.

ONGOLINE bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 65c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 35c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

NO MONEY DOWN Just your name and address brings you the LIZNITE GEM Ring you want. See for yourself the greater brilliance, fire and sparkle of these matchless gems. Examine the hand engraved SOLID GOLD mountings and beautiful, extra heavy rings.

Men's Rings—No. 1, $18.50—No. 3, $15.50—No. 4, $15.50
Lady's Rings—No. 2, $16.50—No 5, $12.50

GUARANTEE This ring MUST satisfy you perfectly. Give postman $4.50 when ring arrives. **Then wear it 10 days.** Your money back if you return it within that time. But if you decide to keep it just send in $3.00 monthly until balance is paid. Include finger size. **Offer at this price limited. ORDER TODAY.**

Dept. 935. THE LIZNITE GEM COMPANY
"The House of Quality and Price" 128 N. Wells St., Chicago

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
859 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Formerly Closely Guarded Secrets Now Yours!

Find out how fortunes are made in Beauty Work. Crying demand everywhere for skilled Manicurists, Hair Dressers, Dyers, Marcellers, Permanent Waversers, Chiropodists, etc. We can make you an Expert in every branch in just a few weeks' spare time at home. You can earn a splendid income giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or start a Beauty Parlor. Authorized Diplomas.

FREE BOOK Write NOW for Free Illustrated Booklet. See how easy it is to become a Beauty Specialist and make big money in this fascinating work with our help.

Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 59, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago

The Return of the Two-Reeler

(*Continued from page 59*)

"Rip," "Damon and Pythias," and "Justinian and Theodora" would never get over. At least the titles would have to be changed to lure the public. But these pieces of historic literature did very nicely ten and twelve years ago. Of course, there were also such blood-bounders as, "The Four-Footed Hero," "The Drunkard's Fate," "Harvesting Alfalfa in New Mexico" and "The Catholic Convention in Chicago." Some of these Colonel Selig plans to revive. I'm sure that such dramas from ancient history as "The Adventures of a Keg," or "Ten Nights in a Barroom" would elicit fragrant memories.

It was in 1914 that "The Spoilers" was produced in nine reels. From that time on, the two-reeler was forgotten. And not until 1921 did it enjoy renascence.

Naturally, it was not easy to induce directors and actors of high reputation into demi tasse drama. And Messrs. Selig and Rork knew that it required supernal agencies to raise the favorite from the dead. They finally secured Bertram Bracken as director. From the shelves of the great film library, at the Selig plant, Mr. Bracken selected "The Policeman and the Baby," a comedy drama, and "The Northern Trail," a tragedy, by James Oliver Curwood, as the first of the series. For these he secured players of repute: William Desmond, Lewis Stone, Ethel Grey Terry, Wallace Beery, Elinor Fair and Margaret Landis.

Director Bracken has negotiated the return of the two-reeler in a way that should more than reinstate it in favor. When I viewed "The Northern Trail," I realized more emphatically the fault of the motion picture. Commercially speaking, the five-reeler has been adulterated. I speak of the majority of "feature" pictures. There are, of course, innumerable pictures of from five to eight reels, which have been effective. To go beyond the question of mere dimensions, the chief trouble with the motion picture has been a sense of limitation. Commercial methods were used to standardize it, just as canned beans and breakfast foods are standardized. But standardized entertainment is a paradox, for variety is the quintessence of diversion. One of the prime limitations was in the matter of footage. Every film had to be stretched to at least five reels, just as in 1904, it was thought that every film must be kept to one reel. Thus, we had producers making long stories out of short ones. Everything from a poem to a college yell was dramatized to standard length. And when anything is attenuated, it loses its kick. Great art demands the elimination of all irrelevancies.

The short story has been the favorite form of American literature. O. Henry, of all writers, is perhaps the most typically American, because he wrote concisely and faithfully of common American life. Som of his stories were produced as five-reeler without much success, whereas those don as two-reelers often overshadowed th feature of the program.

"The Policeman and the Baby" has muc of the O. Henry spirit. It moves rapidly without seeming to. It is not a remarkabl story, but it is *story*. It moves without de viation, along the lines of its plot, and hence is drama. "The Northern Trail" is tragedy done with such human touch that it has nothing of the morbid.

Mr. Bracken took only a week to shoot each of these productions, thus they were done with the maximum of economy, and, compared to most feature pictures, are in-

WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Your Choice On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* with complete outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Complete Outfit

You get with the instrument everything that you need—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc.—all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Book

Every known instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are *you* doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to *us* to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon *now*!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6624 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- Electric Lighting and Rys.
- Electric Wiring
- Telegraph Engineer
- Telephone Work
- MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Toolmaker
- Gas Engine Operating
- CIVIL ENGINEER
- Surveying and Mapping
- MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- STATIONARY ENGINEER
- Marine Engineer
- Ship Draftsman
- ARCHITECT
- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- PLUMBING AND HEATING
- Sheet Metal Worker
- Textile Overseer or Supt.
- CHEMIST
- Pharmacy
- SALESMANSHIP
- ADVERTISING
- Window Trimmer
- Show Card and Sign Ptg.
- Railroad Positions
- ILLUSTRATING
- Cartooning
- BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- Private Secretary
- Business Correspondent
- BOOKKEEPER
- Stenographer and Typist
- Cert. Pub. Accountant
- TRAFFIC MANAGER
- Railway Accountant
- Commercial Law
- GOOD ENGLISH
- Common School Subjects
- CIVIL SERVICE
- Railway Mail Clerk
- AUTOMOBILES
- Mathematics
- Navigation
- AGRICULTURE
- Poultry Raising
- Spanish
- Teacher
- Banking

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ Business Address_____ 1-1-21

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight

expensive. For it is time that runs up the expense in motion pictures. By economizing on time, a producer can afford the best actors, camera men and directors.

The Selig-Rork company is feeling out the public with these short films. If there is favorable reaction, more will follow. Director Bracken has some interesting plans:

"When I first undertook these pictures, I felt that it was just a little of a comedown from doing so-called 'features,' " said he. "But after I got to work, I realized that there was a great opportunity for doing things that I never could do with expensive features. For instance, if these pictures are favorably received, I can go ahead and try new things. We can afford to experiment. We will not have to make each picture to please an entire public, in order to make a fair profit. We can get away from the eternal happy ending, the saccharine philosophy, and the custom-made hero and heroine. I would like to do Poe's 'The Raven.' It can only be done effectively in two-reel size.

"I would like to make the two-reel drama a sort of curtain-raiser to the program feature. The enormous success of the one-act plays produced by the Washington Square players, proves the public wants such entertainment. Holbrook Blinn, with the Princess Players, in New York, was able to do some interesting things. And there is a place, too, I think, for such thrillers as produced by the Grand Guignol, in Paris."

The possibilities as sketched by Mr. Bracken seem infinite. Other producers are watching his experiments, ready to follow in line, after the maner of geese—and film producers. The success seems assured for such as the Bracken make. One of the leading exhibitors of the world, Samuel J. Rothapfel, director of New York's Capitol theater, recently said, in an interview with Frederick James Smith:

"There will be more and more demand for short subjects. There are not enough good short film offerings . . . I would like to see short dramas and comedies developed in one-reel lengths, something, perhaps, along the line of those pioneer efforts of the Sidney Drews."

Thus, it would seem, that the photodrama, like the skirt, gains much by shortening. But, of course, all depends upon what is shown after shortening,

We Interview Wally

(*Continued from page 23*)

G. H. (*feeling the interview lost if Wally digresses entirely from the topic of femininity*): What type of woman do you think is the most dangerous—the most alluring to men?

WALLY (*with a gesture, expansive and inclusive*): Type has nothing to do with it, Sister. There's no telling. I've known women as beautiful as houris, without a spark of the much discussed appeal, and I've known women with nothing visible to recommend them—fat, or too thin—or something and everything wrong, who have had the power of ten women in one little finger. Tall or short; dark or fair, it means nothing. There's a deeper mystery to attraction than can be seen by the naked eye.

A. W. F.: "The Affairs of Anatol" must have been a liberal education—amusing, of course, not that you needed one. How in the world did you ever manage all those leading ladies? Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and Bebe Daniels—must have been difficult.

WALLY (*with a grin*): It was something like Old Home Week. Great. As a matter of fact, all of them, except Gloria, had been my leading ladies at other times and in other plays. We had a clubby reunion, and all went as merry as a marriage bell.

G. H.: Speaking of marriage bells, is Mrs. Wally with you? I see her picture and the son's there on the piano.

WALLY: No, she's home this time. I'm going back as soon as I finish this. Hope to do another production with Cecil deMille, as a matter of fact. He's a peach to work for, and with.

A. W. F.: Would you like the boy to be on the screen?

WALLY: I'd like him to be what he would like to be, because that is the only thing he ever will be. I was supposed to be everything on earth, but a screen actor, and here you are . . .

G. H.: Does he show any particular symptoms at present?

WALLY (*with a chuckle*): Judging by the general state of his hands, and his being, at present, he will be a mechanic . . .

(The man waiting in the hall to measure costumes, coughs discretely, and the inquisitors rise—they convey to one another, by subtle signs and signals, that it is time to depart—that they probably have plenty of material.)

SCENE III.—Fifth Avenue—or as native New Yorkers say—*the* Avenue. It is raining hard when the two inquisitors come upon the scene.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER: It's *pouring*. Why dont you put your umbrella up?

GLADYS HALL (*who hears not, neither does she see*): Youshay rain?

A. W. F. (*hopefully*): Well, what did you think of him? One of the objects of our doing these interviews together was for the purpose of exchanging opinions afterwards.

G. H. (*with unutterable reproach*): Opinions? Think? Wally.

A.W.F.: Well, certainly Wally affects some people as if he were a matinée idol, even if he doesn't like the idea. If he could see you now, he'd dash to the nearest haberdashers and purchase the cap so popular with directors, leather puttees, and then he'd be off for a megaphone. Is that as intelligible as you propose to be. Now, his type of work in "Peter Ibbetson?" His psychological appeal to . . .

G. H. (*loudly*): Asking me what I *think* about Wally. In a minute you will be going into his Freudian complexes and reflexes. How do I know what I *think* . . . ?

A. W. F. (*with awful majesty*): Do you know what you *saw?*

G. H. (*with sympathy*): Of course.

A. W. F.: Well, perhaps for the sake of our readers who would like to know something about Wally, you will tell what you did see?

G. H. (*with a sigh!*): *His eyes!*

(By this time the inquisitors are marooned in the center of the Avenue, while the traffic surges perilously near them in all directions. They keep going, arguing, oblivious to everything.

An officer approaches, propels A. W. F.; G. H. remains standing in the rain, blissful—their fountain pens drip along into the rain—and the foregoing is the result.)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 97*)

Days." Lillian Walker is playing in stock, and then she is going in vaudeville.

Alice K.—Well, if people knew all their "in-laws" beforehand, many a match would be prevented. Richard Barthelmess in "The Hope Chest." Canteen is from the Italian *cantina,* a wine vault.

The We are Fours.—Yes indeed, Richard Barthelmess would answer you if you wrote to him. You must be a very happy family. Well, I'm as happy as a lark these days—nothing on my mind at all. Here you are—*Chiaro-oscuro,* an Italian phrase, literally means light and shade, but according to Fairholt it means not only the mutable effects produced by light and shade, but also the permanent differences in brightness and darkness.

Lucy L.—Wheeler Oakman is married to Priscilla Dean.

Utellme.—What do you want to know? Rockcliffe Fellowes in "In Search of a Sinner." Tom Chatterton was Hadley in "Her Husband's Friend." Ward Crane in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." The rest of your letter was not *selon les règles.*

J. W. O.—Thanks, but honestly I'll be careful what I say about the Swanee River again.

John K.—Yes, and there are a lot of $2,000 a week directors accepting $400 a week right now, and a lot of $1,000 players accepting $100. These be hard times. You say, "the less clothing Love wears, the warmer he is." Who is? Yes, Emerson and Loos are doing four original stories for Constance Talmadge.

Ruth S. Salem.—Yes, but Ruth, I have been answering questions since 1910. Dont you think I ought to be pensioned off? May McAvoy is playing in "A Virginia Courtship."

Joe N.; You Know What I Mean; Ruby C.; Down With Blue Laws; Brown Eyes; Little Old Woman; Jane Cancella; Helen S. Ewing; A Tom Mix Fan; E. P.; Jean H.; O. G.; H. B.; Sweet Sixteen; N. Dak Lassie; Mrs. J. G.; L. T.; Nan; K. L. S.; Lily of the Valley; Louie; Semple; William Beebe; Impossible; Agnes Ayres, and Forrest Stanley.—Glad to hear from you all. Your questions have been answered, tho, hence I am not moved to wit, wisdom, nonsense or mirth.

Lucienne.—Ah, sweet one, have a care. Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and look at, but awfully hard to live with. Yes, Wyndham Standing was abroad. So he is your favorite. He was in here not so long ago.

Alice Van.—Naomi Childers is married to Luther Reed. Yes, Pauline Frederick is to do a mystery story for Robertson-Cole. It hasn't been titled as yet. Nothing new on Bruce Gordon. Vera Gordon is on the stage in vaudeville now.

G. T. M.—No, Mary Miles Minter is playing in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." So you think our interviews are too sugary. I dont think all of them are. Carmel Myers in "Nobody" and "The Kiss."

John C.—Yes, just send 25c here for that.

Willie M. L.—William Scott is not married. Gladys Brockwell hasn't played in anything since "The Sage Hen." Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you. Try this prescription: Water internally, water externally,

(*Continued on page 105*)

Katherine MacDonald

The American Beauty

Coming in

"Her Social Value"

Watch for First National Pictures at Your Theatre

FIRST NATIONAL artists represent the best talent in the picture world today. Each is an independent star or director, working in his or her own studio.

The excellence of their pictures in the past is a guarantee of the quality of the pictures they are now producing for future release.

First National can promise you exceptional pictures for the coming year, stories selected from the works of the best authors of the world, from well-known stage successes and specially written plays. It has arranged with a number of new stars, all leaders in their field, for their productions.

Its pictures are all produced with a lavishness that assures you of the finest pictures screened. Watch for its trademark on the screen.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.
Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

AMBITIOUS GIRLS

Learn to Draw at Home in Your Spare Time

If you like to draw, develop your artistic talent. Even if your work is now imperfect, you can easily learn by the Federal home-study Course, to make drawings *worth real money.* The Course is simple, clearly explained step by step, and you receive *individual personal criticisms* on your lessons.

The Federal "Master Course" in a few months prepares you to earn money in your spare time at home, or to become a regular commercial artist. Well-trained artists earn $50, $75, $100 a week, and sometimes even more. We will gladly send "YOUR FUTURE," a book telling all about this fascinating Course, the great need for good artists, and how you can turn *your* talent into money. Send 6c in stamps, giving your age.

Federal School of Commercial Designing, 3805 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Who Can Deny the Charm of Bobbed Hair?

The NATIONAL BOB gives you all the beauty of bobbed hair, but keeps your own safe and sound. It falls in lovely little curls around your head, making a delightfully attractive head-dress. The two little combs on the inside and a few invisible hairpins attach it securely--on and off in a jiffy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send us a strand of your hair and $10.00. The National Bob will be sent to you at once, postpaid.

Ask us about *anything* in hair goods--we handle *everything*. Send for our free catalog,

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.

WEAR

Dept. O.S., 368 Sixth Ave., N.Y. Buy National Nets by the half-dozen in BOUDOIR BOXES--or send 85c. and your dealer's name for Box of 6--each net guaranteed extra large size. State color and style.

Full box with each order for Bob.

Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and List of successful students. Associated Art Studios, 28A Flatiron Bldg. New York

SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in **"Where Knowledge Means Happiness."** Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says: *It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.*

From "Where Knowledge Means Happiness" Copyright 1921

Sent in plain cover, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.

Dept. S, Counsel Service, 246 W. 76th St., New York

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 889-X, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Ma mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshing purity of Lablache.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 69*)

SCRAP IRON—FIRST NATIONAL

Ordinarily, when a star endeavors to shoulder several phases of his production, you can expect a dismal failure. Time and time again, some star has endeavored to undertake the additional rôle of director, or author, only to discover that it is not practicable. They lose their perspective, and the result is, usually, sad indeed to behold. This is not the case with Charles Ray in "Scrap Iron," however, altho he directed it in addition to playing the leading and stellar rôle.

We didn't expect to like "Scrap Iron." We thought it would be a man's picture, in a sense, with boxing matches and factory scenes and all the things we dont like. It was. Yet we liked it very much.

Undoubtedly, Charles Ray is an artist. John Steel is a very different character from the country youth in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," but he is equally as convincing. It is the humanity of his characters which Charles Ray reflects so clearly—their pitiful little hopes and dreams; their temptations and their ideals.

In "Scrap Iron," John Steel has high hopes, and an invalid mother. He finds that the driving necessity for the dollar often makes it expedient to break a promise. He breaks his—just once—with the result that he wins enough to start anew.

There is a splendid suspense to the entire story, but this is particularly true of the boxing bout. Even if this art of the gloves does not interest you, you will find yourself sitting on the edge of your chair before the end of the third round.

Lydia Knott gave a truthful portrayal of the weary mother, while Vera Steadman portrays the young lady, who lives in another tiny factory cottage, next door. She is not the sweet young heroine, but inclined to be planning for, and interested in her own ends. It is something of a relief to find her wearing a very short, and tight plaid skirt, with a rough sweater, and tam o'shanter, rakishly on her bobbed head.

"Scrap Iron" is not a masterpiece, but it is a consistently good production—one which reflects further credit upon its director and star.

WHITE AND UNMARRIED—PARAMOUNT

"White and Unmarried" stretches the long arm of coincidence entirely out of joint. Thomas Meighan plays the rôle of Billy Kane, a burglar.

The very night that Billy robs the palatial home of Mr. Welter, his daughter Dorothy returns home from a dance, to say in a bored tone, "I'm so tired of nothing and everything that I almost wish I would be robbed," or something very much to that effect. We did think it had been obliging of burglar Billy. Then, he returns to his dwelling, via a skylight, only to discover that he has, with his loot, a miniature of the beautiful Dorothy. He proceeds to wish that someone will die and leave him a million, so that he can go straight. Then, he looks under the door, and lo—there is a telegram which tells him his uncle had passed from this fair world—the million is his.

Billy and the Welters sail for Paris. On the same steamer, of course, and they stop at the same Parisian hotel, and then . . .

Along come all the perfectly good situations which other stories have known down thru the cinematic years. There is a kidnapping by the apaches; there is the roué, in the guise of a duke, or count, or some other mustached nobleman, and Mamma Welter immediately desires his title for Dorothy. There is a little cabaret dancer, too, who is sweet and good, and lives in a tiny apartment in the Montmartre district, with her two adopted war babies.

Jacqueline Logan played the virtuous cabaret dancer, but it would be difficult to say, along with the characterization of Grace Darmond, as Dorothy Welter, whether the characterizations were good or not, for there is little or no suspense, with the subtitles constantly apologizing for trite situations. Therefore, all the players wander, more or less hopelessly, thru the reels, and even genial Thomas Meighan fails to save the day.

CLOSED DOORS—VITAGRAPH

Some day, in the near future, we hope to see Alice Calhoun in a good story. Here is a new star, who, undoubtedly, has something to offer the screen—even in the weak situations of "Closed Doors," with huge holes obvious in the drama thruout, she managed to be pleasing.

As to the story—once more the young wife, neglected thru her husband's financial ambitions, is ensnared by questionable acquaintances; once more, she is innocent; and still once more, the husband chooses to believe the worst construction that could possibly be put upon her actions.

We feel sorry for the continuity writer, who endeavored to build a drama from this material, and for the director, who strove to weave it all into something worth while—but we reserve considerable pity for Miss Calhoun. It is not pleasant to be forced to build your stellar reputation in vehicles never intended for screen presentation.

LESSONS IN LOVE—FIRST NATIONAL

Evidently, the Powers That Be have long since decided that Constance Talmadge is splendid at the farcical sort of thing and doesn't need any great assistance in the way of a story. Certainly she doesn't get it in "Lessons in Love." This is the frailest sort of plot, if such it can be called, with Constance working overtime, in her endeavor to keep some shred of suspense going until the climax.

She is cast as Leila Calthorpe, who poses as the parlor maid when the young man she is to marry, by the terms of her guardian's will, comes to visit her. Of course, he falls in love with her, apron, cap and everything else to the contrary. You keep thinking there will be all sorts of complications, but there really are not, altho, they do set the house on fire, and attempt several other exciting episodes, in order to keep things going.

Constance Talmadge is looking much better than she has recently, but "Lessons in Love" offers her little opportunity to sparkle, as she has in the days of yore. Kenneth Harlan is the hero, while Flora Finch and George Fawcett are seen as the aunt and guardian, respectively.

THE JOURNEY'S END—HODKINSON

Hugo Ballin has achieved something in "The Journey's End," inasmuch as he has told a story simply and directly, without the aid of a single subtitle. Charles Ray did this in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," it is true, but this was a series of incidents, while "The Journey's End" is drama, with plot construction, a climax, various changes of locale, and a number of characters.

Mr. Ballin has achieved something additional, too, in the fact that he has not made

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

AND

SHADOWLAND

Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phrenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strikes, Profiteering and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 230 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of $1.25.

THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

his heroine and hero good as gold, and his heavy an unsympathetic character. All of them err in a human way—all of them see circumstances slowly enveloping them, and endeavor to help one another at the cost of their own happiness.

Mabel Ballin is the girl, who, thru a chain of unfortunate circumstances, marries an ironworker, infinitely her inferior. Delicately reared in a convent, she finds the crude realities of her life beating against her. Then, the mill owner comes into her life, bringing with him a promise of the books and music and other better things of life, which she has missed. The result is logical. How these three people, caught in a net, thru no fault of their own, work out their salvation, makes a splendid story, —a story which takes them eventually to Rome, with its old world romance, its convents, monastaries, and the catacombs.

George Bancroft is splendid as the inferior, but well-meaning and loyal husband, while his little daughter, Georgette, is cast as the child. Wyndham Standing is likable, too, as the mill owner.

Mabel Ballin has a personality distinctly different from any other shadowed on the screen—she depends upon the suggesting of emotions, rather than the definite expressing of them, in portraying her rôles, and her characterization of the girl wife, valiant in the face of the unhappy circumstances in which she finds herself, is subtle and delicately shaded.

We like the psychology of Mr. Ballin's direction—the good in the worst of us, and the bad in the best of us idea—undoubtedly it is more difficult to drive points home with such characterization, but, at the same time, it makes for far greater strength in the story.

NOT GUILTY—FIRST NATIONAL

"Not Guilty" is the story of twin brothers, originally told by Harold McGrath in novel form, under the cover title of "Parrot and Co."

It was not easy to bring it to the screen with a clarity, for it is the story of a story within a story, and had Sidney Franklin been less sure of his situations, it would have been a hopeless conglomeration of jerky incidents. As it was, he kept his episodes and characters well in hand, with the result that "Not Guilty" is an interesting offering.

Twin brothers, identically alike in appearance, one good and the other not so good, have long been the pets of those who rule with their pen. Harold McGrath has used his twins, Paul and Arthur Ellison, to good advantage. He has made Paul indirectly responsible for Arthur's shortcomings, so that when Arthur confesses to a crime, Paul forces him to take his identity, while he, Paul, leaves for parts unknown. Down on the South Sea Islands they call him "The man who never talks of home," while Arthur, masquerading as Paul, continues to enjoy the fruits of civilization.

There is a girl, of course, but whether or not she is tricked by the fact that there are two instead of one, remains a secret until the last reel.

Just once, when Paul boards a steamer at a distant and foreign port, to discover several individual parties, whom he has traveled hundreds of miles to avoid, on board, we shuddered for the logic of things. For a time, the scene must have resembled Old Home Week to the exile, but this state of affairs did not last.

Richard Dick deserves a special word of commendation for his dual characterization. He did splendid work, both as Paul

That Orange Color Rouge--

watch it change color! From brilliant orange it turns to a delicate, beautiful ***natural*** blush when applied to skin. More natural than any other rouge; can be ***shaded*** to the faintest tint or more "brilliance," as desired. Not a grease paste.

An increasing number of ***professional people*** are adopting it, because it lasts longer, does not rub off, withstands wind and sunshine, and is ***absolutely waterproof.***

SPECIAL OFFER

To introduce this amazing, perfect rouge, we will send one 75 cent size of MAD CAP DAYLIGHT ROUGE and one 50 cent size ***Meldoris Nail Polish,*** postpaid, for only $1.00. This effective nail polish comes in an unusually dainty sifting-top container. Right now—clip the coupon, pin to a dollar bill, and mail today.

KOLAR LABORATORIES
8 South Seeley Ave., Chicago, Illinois

(COUPON)

KOLAR LABORATORIES
8 South Seeley Avenue Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send me your special offer in "Motion Picture Magazine."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

GORHAM SILVER POLISH
WILL CLEAN SILVER, IVORY AND CELLULOID
SELLING AGENTS. HAROLD F. RITCHIE & COMPANY, INC., 171 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK: ALSO OF LONDON, ENGLAND; - TORONTO, CANADA; - SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

From factory to you FREE Easiest riding, most comfortable wheel built. We'll ship on approval. You'll be delighted with the **18 exclusive features** of 1921 model electrically equipped

BLACK BEAUTY

—a large variety of models to choose from. Pick the one you like best. We send it express prepaid. A small deposit and **dollar a week.** Five year guarantee—6 months' accident policy.

HAVERFORD CYCLE COMPANY Big new catalog
Established 25 years. in colors—FREE
Dept. 299 Philadelphia, Pa. Send for it—NOW!
Be a Black Beauty Owner Agent

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building, Yonge & Shuter Streets,
TORONTO, - - - CANADA

Try This Great Electrical Health and Beauty Builder FREE

ANY responsible person may make a FREE TEST of Galvolite, the new electrical healer and beautifier, in his own home. We are so confident of Galvolite's power in banishing pain and blemishes and overcoming both acute and chronic disease that we make it sell itself. You may try it 10 days. If it fails, send it back and you're not out a cent. If you find it the best health and beauty builder you ever saw, the few dollars it costs may be paid in easy installments, if you wish.

Galvolite

The Safe and Simple Way of Using Healing Electricity at Home

Not a "battery," violet-ray or surface treatment apparatus. Attached to a lamp socket or a battery plug, Galvolite generates its own new sinusoidal current, identical with that used in health resorts. It penetrates every fibre, stimulates the circulation, strengthens the nerves and vitalizes the entire organism. Wonderful for the complexion. **For Rheumatism, Headaches, Neuralgia, Debility, Nervousness, and All Acute and Chronic Ailments.** Galvolite quickly eases pain and then removes the cause. A powerful tonic but pleasant to use. Shock or injury impossible. Safe in the hands of a child.

Test It 10 Days Without Cost

If you want to be truly well—if you want to be rid of blemishes, sallowness and hollows—if you want to feel the thrill and magnetism of life and health abundant, try Galvolite at our risk. Just send your name and address—a card will do. No C. O. D. scheme. No obligation. A fair and square offer to let you judge Galvolite strictly on its merits. Write us **today.**

THE GALVOLITE CO.

Dept. 106 **Atchison, Kansas**

Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband—to help your children—to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 24,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 397 BAY CITY, MICH.

We have been in business here for more than 26 years

Wash Away Hair

Rid yourself of undesirable hair from the underarms, face, arms and limbs with El-Rado, that pleasant liquid hair remover. Look your daintiest—feel your daintiest. El-Rado removes hair quickly, because it is a liquid ready to use. Do not be afraid to use El-Rado; it is absolutely harmless to any skin. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Two Sizes: 60 cents and $1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for $1.00 size direct to us, enclosing money order or stamps. It will be mailed to you promptly. Pilgrim Mfg. Co., Dept. 1269, 112 East 19th St., New York, N. Y. Canadian Distributors: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., Dept. 1269, 66 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

El-Rado SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your **"looks,"** therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

and Arthur Ellison. Others in the cast are, Sylvia Breamer and Molly Malone.

A PRIVATE SCANDAL—REALART

This is the first production shadowed with May McAvoy as a star, and those who saw her delicate portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" will, undoubtedly, set forth to see "A Private Scandal," expecting great things—they will, that is, unless they have grown accustomed to players being starred in mediocre productions, simply because they won laurels in a featured rôle, in an entirely different type of picture. This is true of May McAvoy in "A Private Scandal," a trite story with no special points to redeem it.

In the first place, the picture opens with Miss McAvoy as a little Belgian refugée, who is about to sail for America, where she has been offered a position as governess, in a wealthy home. We dont remember how many stories have started like this, since the recent war, but that there have been many of them, we are sure. The wife in this home is having an affair, and little Jeanne, which is the rôle in which Miss McAvoy is cast, feels that it would be better for her to sacrifice herself than let the truth be known. All thru the complications the child wanders, the sunlight generally filtering thru her golden curls, even as it has filtered thru the golden curls of children since time immemorial. You expect the time-worn title of "And a little child shall lead them . . . " to be taken out, dusted up, and inserted into the action at almost any moment. As a matter of fact, the actual title never appears, but the child does toddle in, dressed in her nightie, at the crucial moment and . . . all's well that ends well.

May McAvoy, altho handicapped by an obvious tale, still gives promise of doing other things as splendid as her Grizel.

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED—COSMOPOLITAN

"The Woman God Changed" is undoubtedly a different style of picture and, for this reason alone, if for no other, interesting and well worth seeing. As the title suggests, the story pictures the transformation of a woman who has abused every law of God and man into an example of splendid womanhood.

The plot is unique, in that the story opens with a court-room scene—this woman, brought back to justice after over three years' exile, is on trial. Various witnesses called, tell the story of her life before she committed murder, and escaped to Tahiti. Then the detective tells how he found her there among the derelicts, and finally brought her back. But the Anna Jannsen he brings back is not the Anna Jannsen, spiritually speaking, so long a fugitive.

The story lends food for thought, even after it has faded from the screen, and this is advantageous—it has more than its share of titles, and, as a matter of fact, for the first reel or two, it is little more than an illustrated moving title, the pictures lending atmosphere, while the titles tell the story.

Robert V. Vignola has given it a most capable direction, and Seena Owen and E. K. Lincoln are the featured players, Miss Owen portraying Anna Jannsen, and Mr. Lincoln, the detective.

Both are convincing, but in closing we wish to object to the way in which Miss Owen dressed the redeemed woman. Certainly the revealing lines of the gown she wore suggested anything but redemption—and her marcel wave was so perfect—not that good women dont go in for marcels, or anything like that, but it was so very, very perfect that it suggested Anna Jannsen's doing little else but caring for her appearance. And once again, this is not indicative of redeemed souls.

The September Shadowland

With this de luxe midsummer issue, SHADOWLAND resumes the publication of its one-act playlets, so long a distinguished feature of this publication. The September number will contain Kendall Banning's "The Eve of St. Catherine." This is a vivid and atmospheric drama of medieval days.

There will be a number of other notable features. Frank Harris will tell of Rudyard Kipling's early days. Walter Prichard Eaton writes on "Amateurs and the Future," dealing with the problem the drama faces today with the elimination of road tours. Oliver M. Sayler contributes an absorbing interview with Arthur Hopkins, that present-day force of our speaking stage. There will be a number of other articles and interviews, dealing with stage and screen folk, of course.

The September SHADOWLAND will be one of the most artistic issues of "the most beautiful magazine in the world," as critics have pronounced the publication. Every continent has been searched for the most attractive examples of photographic and painting art—and the September issue reveals the latest captures.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 101)

and water eternally. It ought to be easy these days. Try it.

THEODORA C.—Yes, "Up the Road With Sally" is an old picture of Constance Talmadge, which Selznick is re-issuing. Doris Pawn opposite Charles Ray in "A Midnight Bell." Certainly I sing, I sing beautifully. Dont know who that model can be in "You Never Can Tell."

EDGAR.—No. Edgar, I never have my picture taken. It's bad enough to appear at the top of the page every month. You say I am a lucky fellow. You forget that luck is but a nickname for bad judgment. Justine Johnstone's next will be "A Heart To-Let." Harrison Ford opposite.

RUBY C.—Thanks for the compliment. Certainly, I use my own teeth, did you think I borrowed them? Shirley Mason in "Lovetime." Roscoe Arbuckle is playing in "Crazy to Marry." And you know he isn't at all. Be sure to write me again, your letter was funny.

ACHILLES.—Say, what do you think I am—a carpenter? I dont know what calibre William Hart's revolver is, nor do I know how much petrol a Packard consumes per mile. Neither has a Ford six cylinders. Jewel Carmen and Kenneth Harlan are playing in "Nobody."

J. D.—You say Pola Negri means "Very Dead" in Greek. Are you sure about this? She doesn't appear to be so in pictures. Everybody knows that it is best to rise early in the morning, but I do not know why. Many are called, but few get up. Write me again.

LAURA Z; WALLY R; EDDIE E., and VIOLA D.—Glad to hear from you all.

RUTH G.—That was some letter of yours. Irving Cummings is playing in a series of 14 two-reel mounted police stories, released by Celebrated Film Corp., 810 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The first is "On the Trail." Mabel J. Scott in "Behold My Wife," and Wallace MacDonald in "Cinderella's Twin."

GLADYS H.—A little manicurist, hey! No, I never get a manicure for fear I will break the file. I trim them once a month with a pair of gardener's shears. Marshall Neilan is to play in "Bits of Life." I know some players who could do that very artistically. May Murray is playing in "Peacock Alley" now. It is the first picture for her own company.

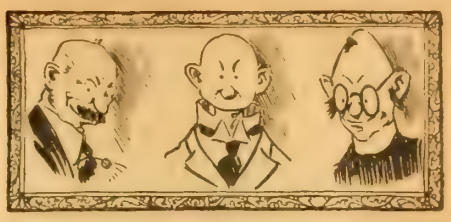
AUSTRALIA.—Right you be. Money is the ball-bearings on the wheel of life, but the happiest people are often those who have the least. Why, Edith Roberts and Darrell Foss in King Baggot's "The Gossamer Web." Hoot Gibson is 29. The more the merrier.

CLAUDE M.—I should say you are some vamp. Florence Vidor is playing opposite Milton Sills in "Lucky Damage." Dustin Farnum is with Fox. Why dont you try singing? Don Quixote says "Who sings in grief procures relief."

MARJORIE.—Yes, that was Harold Goodwin in "Sweet Lavender." Joseph Dowling, "The Miracle Man," is playing in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Yes, you are right, Forrest Stanley and Pedro de Cordoba have the leads opposite Marion Davies in "The Young Diana."

MARY H. B.—Well, there would be more bliss in ignorance if somebody did not come in and tell us something to destroy it. Yes, E. H. Sothern played in pictures for Vitagraph. No, I never heard of the book, "How to Get a Husband."

(*Continued on page* 107)



Learn to Draw at Home

Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists earn big money. $25 to $100 a week and more. Learn at home in spare time under personal direction of Will H. Chandlee, famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artist of 35 years' successful experience.

BE AN ARTIST

Delightful, fascinating profession. Wonderful new home-study method makes drawing easy! Send coupon or postal today for special offer of complete Artist's Outfit FREE to new students. Write for handsome book, "How to Become an Artist." Don't delay—write or send coupon at once. Address

Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1654 Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

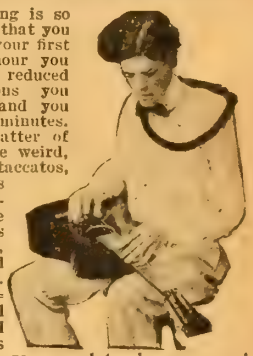
FREE COUPON
Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1654 Marden Bldg
Washington, D. C.

Send me Free Book "How to Become an Artist," and particulars of FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT offer.

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address .....
City..... State.....

Play the Hawaiian Guitar

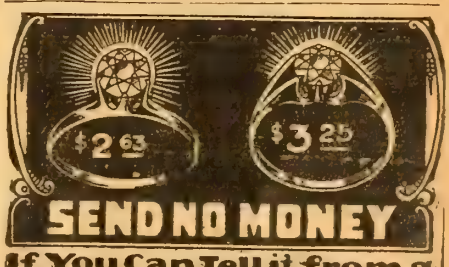
Just Like the Hawaiians!



Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. **Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.** Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.

Send Coupon NOW—
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.
Name .....
Address .....
Town..... County.....State.....
Please write name and address clearly. M.P.M.



If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring (Cat. price $4.98) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63,** or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. price $6.26) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free** Catalog. **Agents Wanted.**

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO. Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

How I Increased My Arm 6½ Inches

When a youngster, I was a thin, frail boy who showed little promise of being anything but a weakling. I always envied my robust companions and wished that I could be like them, but I had been told the old story that strong men are born, not made. What a terrible falsehood this is. When I entered High School I was fortunate enough to meet an instructor who was willing to work with me and who started me on my road to success. By faithfully following his teachings and by hard work, I gradually developed myself to have an average sized body so that I at least need not be ashamed. My arm measured 10 inches in circumference and my whole body had developed into fair proportions.

The Secret Discovered

I was so pleased with these results that I decided to make this my life study, so I bought all the books I could obtain on "human anatomy" and tested out various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say that never was there a man more happy than I. I knew at once my fondest hopes would be realized. I could feel real vim and vigor thrilling my veins and I was soon able to accomplish feats of strength which hitherto I had thought impossible.

Friends who met me on the street began to look at me in astonishment. The boys started to call me **the strong man**, and you can imagine how delighted this made me.

The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps had measured but 10 inches before I made this discovery. Today they are exactly 16½ inches. This is not only far beyond that of the average strong man of today, but is conclusive proof to me that my secret method far surpasses that of any other system.

Numerous demands were soon made of me to appear in public to perform the numerous strength tests which I was able to accomplish. After traveling throughout the country as the headliner in the various theatrical houses, I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Today my pupils run into the thousands and I receive letters daily from other men who have sprung into prominence like myself by following my guidance and instructions.

What This Means to You

You too can have this powerful physique and abounding health if you wish it. I don't care how weak you are, I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest and give you the same powerful arms and legs which I have developed for myself and thousands of others.

Don't Delay

Don't waste your time with foolish methods that cost both time and money. What you want is guaranteed results and you want them in the shortest possible time. Don't take my word for it, make me prove it.

Send for my New Book—
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 309. 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN **Dept. 309, 305 Broadway, New York City**

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Peggy Puts It Over

(*Continued from page 67*)

all that's wonderful . . . a little bit of a girl has to be born with the spirit of a Columbus, or a Don Quixote," he grumbled; "why eyes that might be looking into a man's, and hair that was made soft and silky for a man's hand to touch, and lips shaped like a kiss, should be given to a walking co-sine, a breathing logarithm, is beyond me, Mr. Bones! At this very minute she's probably thinking about sewerage systems, when she ought to be thinking—*about me!*"

Dr. David was wrong. At this very minute, Peggy was thinking about Dr. David. And the more that she tried to fix her traitor mind on drainage pipes and sanitary outlets, the more persistently she found herself visioning broad shoulders, and a square chin with a cleft in it, and a deep voice that said sarcastic things, instead of the foolish, dear things that she longed to hear.

"To counteract the grade at the corner of Maple Street . . ." began Peggy, firmly aloud, "to counteract . . ." what a nice mouth he had, with the little humorous quirk to the corner of it! His hands were rather big, but after all, a man's hands should be big . . . "to counteract the grade at the corner . . ." he was pig-headed, tho, terribly pig-headed . . . tact! Bosh! "to counteract . . ." . . . there had been a girl and a man sitting in the park tonight, not talking much; little, queer, uneven words and laughter that quivered like a heart beat . . . what did men say to girls when they loved them? . . . reactionary, that's what he was! she'd tell him . . .

Dr. David, scowling over a treatise on "Bone Formations," looked up startled at the sound of dragging steps on the walk outside. Then, seeing the small, strained face, like a white blur against the dark, he sprang from his chair. He had seen sleep walkers before, and knew that at such a time the soul was poised on a frail ledge between madness and sanity, ready at the slightest shock to fall.

Arm about the slim shoulders—how well it fitted them!—he led the girl into his office and guided her to the couch. With tenderness the big blunt fingers arranged a pillow under her head, with the acquiescense of a weary child, Peggy snuggled down, and her lips moved, "Stubborn," murmured Peggy, plaintively, "I wonder . . . how it would feel to be . . . kissed."

If she hadn't been so soundly asleep a moment later, she would have found out how it felt.

"I seen him!" exulted Silas Tucker, "I seen him with my own eyes!" He seemed to feel that that added a powerful factor to the veracity of his tale.

"At . . . what time did you say 'twas?" gloated Hiram Beals.

"One o'clock, and in his office!" The eyes of the dozen or more citizens in Sunday attire, gathered before the Baptist Church, met significantly at the mention of the unholy hour, the unseemly place. A maiden lady, in a rusty alpaca, gave a thin squeak, the baker shook his head sagely.

"A—kissing of her, you say? Air we living in Sodam, or Gemorrah?" moaned the First Selectman, unctuously. "And she wanted to reform Oldtown! If this is being up to date, the Lord keep us old fashioned! She must leave town—if she stays here may she not lead all our wives astray?"

The stout lady with the mole on her left cheek, beside him, took a clean, starched pocket handkerchief from her bag, unfolded it, and wept on a corner of it. "Never, Silas!" she protested, "Never! I shall always be true to you, no matter how many hussies come to town."

"Sh!" warned the baker, "there they come now, the two on 'em! She dont look kissed exactly, now does she?"

There was no doubt that Peggy and the Doctor were quarreling, tho in a somewhat forced fashion. There was a wistfulness in the girl's eyes as tho she wanted to remember that she had been carried home, a few hours before, held closely in a pair of strong arms, wanted to remember, but could not believe that it had happened. In the man's eyes was a baffled look. Last night seemed hopelessly remote from today, and the helpless, weary Peggy he had held in his awed arms, seemed another person from this independent, little person who persisted in talking about the relative merits of asphalt blocks and concrete, as a paving for Main Street.

The group before the church stood in stony immobility as they approached, each face chiseled into lines of malice, curiosity, hateful triumph. Puzzled, Dr. David paused, sensing the silent hostility of the glances turned toward them.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, curtly, "anybody sick?"

"We're all sick," Hiram Beals groaned, "sick at heart to hear of such goings on!" He glared at Peggy, "Oldtown may not have fancy curbstones and sidewalks, but its always had good morals and high principles—up till now."

Silas Tucker interrupted. He felt that the center of the stage belonged to him, by right of his discovery. "Last night . . ." he pointed a horny, not over clean thumb at the doctor, "last night when all decent folks was abed, I seen you a kissing of that there female, in your office, which I went there to get some liniment for my wife's rheumatiz—my lawful wedded wife's!"

The stout lady moaned in acknowledgment of the tribute. Dr. David Ransome glanced at Peggy, and saw by the startled flush that she had begun to remember.

"Do you mean . . ." he began working up the proper indignation, "do you dare to mean that you . . ."

Peggy interrupted calmly. "What foolishness!" she smiled, "suppose you did see it? What harm was there to my own husband's kissing me?"

"Husband?" choked Silas, "well, I swan!"

They began moving away, unostentatiously, murmuring felicitations and apology. "An elopement!" murmured the maiden lady, "how poetical! It saves in wedding presents, too!"

Silas growled, "I suppose you wont be traipsing round in trousers, now you've got a family of your own to look after?"

Peggy cast a sentimental glance at the speechless doctor. "That," she answered sweetly, "will be as my husband says, of course. But I always have believed that a *married* woman's place was in the home."

Left alone, David Ransome came out of his coma and seized Peggy's hands. "Sweetheart!" he began, but she stopped him.

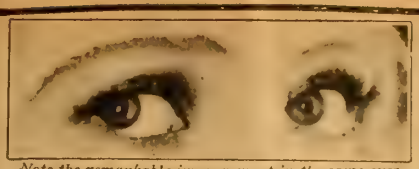
"You dont have to . . . to . . ." she said a bit breathlessly, just as one of the fluffy little village girls might have spoken, "It was the only thing I could think of that would disappoint them! They looked so disgustingly *pleased!*"

"But I love you!" urged Doctor David, If you only *knew* . . ."

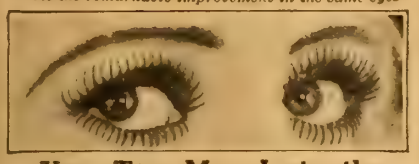
Peggy blushed violently. "Maybe" she confessed, "maybe I wasn't so asleep last night . . . when you . . . you did it!"

The doctor promptly did it again.

"Oh!" cried Peggy rapturously, "I'm glad . . . I'm so glad I wasn't a boy!"



Note the remarkable improvement in the same eyes



You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two shades, *Brown for Blonde, Black for Brunettes*; 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-13 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

10 Buys ¢100 Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"
NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel mfg. Co., Dept. 69-J 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Remember:

All advertising in *Motion Picture Magazine* is guaranteed.

BUY TODAY

10 MONTHS TO PAY

SPECIAL TERMS—Ten months' credit on any article selected from the SWEET catalogue. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled. If not what you wish return at our expense.

SPECIAL VALUE

Sweet's Cluster: 7 Fine Diamonds, set in Platinum. Looks like 1½ ct Solitaire. Only $3.80 a month.

No Red Tape—No Delay

Every transaction CONFIDENTIAL. You don't do justice to yourself and your dollars unless you inspect our unusual values in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, etc. Send TODAY for SWEET De-Luxe Catalogue. Write NOW to Dept. 311-P.

Capital $1,000,000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 105)

ZENSHUE S.—Yes, "The Sheik" is being done in pictures now. No, I haven't read the book, but they do say it is pretty raw. Elmo Lincoln in "Jim Gray." Jack Perrin was Will, and Peaches Jackson was Lahoma in that picture. You ask if I can play the piano. I dont know, I never tried it.

ETHA.—Your letter was a gem.

BILLY H.—I do not agree with you that matri-money is the root of all evil. Why, sure enough, Pat O'Malley is with Morosco Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. He is playing in "Slippy McGee." Shirley Mason with Fox, 1417 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

MILDRED M. D.—You ask me if I would like to live every minute of my life over again—well, there are a few I would like to pass over. Nazimova has just finished "Camille," and Thomas Meighan is in Boston doing "Cappy Ricks," while Wallace Reid is in New York doing "Peter Ibbetson."

BOBBIE.—How long did it take to grow this beard?—eighty years. There isn't another like it. Well, always do your best, and you will have something to do. Herbert Rawlinson is playing in "Conflict," with Priscilla Dean.

L. N.—No, I never played in stock or in stocks. A bear in Stock Exchange phraseology is one who looks forward to a fall in stocks, and sells in the hope of being able to buy at a lower price, before the time comes for delivery. The name is supposed to be derived from the story of a man who sold a bear's skin before he had caught or killed the bear. Kathlyn Williams and Elliott Dexter in "We Cant Have Everything." Florence Vidor you mean. Cant tell from that description. Your letter had a lot of pep in it—write me again.

ROSE D.; BRICK J.; MILDRED M. J.; ETHEL CLAYTON ADMIRER; RHODA HORSE; JUST MAY; MRS. DOROTHY.—Your letters were all very interesting, but have been answered above.

WILD BILL.—You may be wild, Bill, but you sure do know good music. I remember the place right well. Cooks would not "spoil the broth" nearly as many times as they do if they were required to eat some of it. Yes, Buster Keaton married Natalie Talmadge on May 31st, at Norma's country home, at Bayside. Constance and Ward Crane stood up for them. Norma and Mr. Schenck gave them a Rolls Royce complete. Some wedding present—hey what? Shoot this way again, Bill.

FOUR ROGER SISTERS.—Welcome. Why dont you send in your picture. No, no, Marguerite Clark is nowhere near 50. Wow! Poor Marguerite. Would like to hear from you again. Geraldine Farrar isn't doing anything just now. I suppose she is vacationing until Fall. Winifred Kingston isn't playing in pictures. Clara Young is 5 ft. 6 in. high.

MINNIE L.—Yes, I saw Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind," and I cant say that Anita is looking as pretty as usual. She either had bad photography or bad make-up, and consequently, her close-ups weren't what they should be. So you think I am only 35. Thank you. Yes, I dont live in an apartment—a one-room apartment. Alice Joyce was Tom Moore's first wife. Glad to hear from you.

A MOVIE FAN.—Freckles are caused either by exposure to the sun, which produces a yellowish brown coloring pigment to appear in the skin, or by something in the blood—perhaps the liver. You hope my

A Perfect Hat for Fall

And now comes autumn with its special problem—Hats! This season calls for a hat that is *thoroughly practical*—one that is not too summery, nor too heavy for the occasional warm days—one that is chic and stylish.

the Priscilla Dean Tam
TRADE MARK COPYRIGHT

is all this—and more. It's serviceable and attractive, yes. And it *looks well on every woman*—the soft, pliant "Suede-Like" of which it's made is so cleverly draped that there are no harsh lines anywhere. The whole charming affair is neatly finished with a tailored grosgrain ribbon bow and band. A narrow band of elastic enclosed in the back permits the tam to fit all head sizes.

And there's a *Priscilla Dean Tam* in the color you prefer. Popular fall colors are Bright Red, Jade Green, Navy Blue, Tan, African Brown, Orange, and Copenhagen Blue.

And what the *Priscilla Dean Tam* means to the school girl! It's the very thing for wearing to and from classes, on the campus and tennis courts, for the jaunt downtown.

You'll find it the perfect, completing touch in your fall wardrobe. Leading merchants carry it. At the store look for the *Priscilla Dean* name on the band inside the tam—the guarantee of quality. Or you can order direct from us, with letter or coupon, enclosing $2.50, the price of the tam.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
Exclusive Makers of Priscilla Dean Tams

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
908 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is $2.50 (Canada, $3.00) for which please send me a *Priscilla Dean Tam* in.....postage paid.
color

Name .....

Address .....

If I decide to return Tam, money to be refunded.

the Priscilla Dean Tam

When Marriage is a Crime!

The man who marries a good, pure woman, knowing that he is not physically fit commits the worst Crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some sweet, innocent girl is trusting in your honor. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. The way looks hopeless to you but cheer up—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM — The modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It's a man-builder and life-saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man DEPT. 455, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept 455, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Youthful Errors
..Catarrh	..Pimples	..Vital Depletion
..Asthma	..Blackheads	..Impotency
..Hay Fever	..Insomnia	..Falling Hair
..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture		..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Constipation	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Biliousness	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Torpid Liver	..Round Shoulder
..Flat Chest	..Indigestion	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Nervousness	..Stoop Shoulders
	..Poor Memory	..Muscular Development
..Successful Marriage	..Rheumatism	
	..Manhood Restored.	..Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Print Your Own

cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12 Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.

EXCELSIOR THE PRESS CO. D 44, Meriden, Conn

HAIR ON THE FACE

PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

New Faces Wanted for the "Movies"

Get this Book Today

FREE Tells why photoplay directors say there is a great demand for new screen faces and how you can place your photograph in Directors' Gallery at Hollywood, California—the heart of "Movieland"—where it may be seen by directors seeking new screen faces. You may be just the person some director seeks. "Type" is sought before beauty. Your photograph tells the whole story. Send today for your free copy of "The New Door to Movieland" containing complete information—it's Free.

CASTING DIRECTORS' EXHIBIT
8th Fl., 20 E. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 332 Chicago, Ill.

AGE 108

AGE. Jack.—Hello Jack! How's the old boy? There's no way I can get you in communication with Mary Fuller. I dont know where she is. Sorry I cant help you.

B. B. D. Cleveland.—Write to our Circulation Department, this address, for back numbers. Yes, Bebe Daniels will write to you. You think Wallace Reid ought to go on the cover. Write Bebe Daniels, Realart, Los Angeles, Cal. Keep your head cool and your feet warm and you will be all right.

Elden R. S.—Enid Bennett was Judity; Roland Lee was Billy.

Printer's Devil; S. Jow; Mary Miles Minter Admirer; Fluff; Mind and Heart; Holey Hooligan Twins; Mildred; Cutie H.; A-No.-1; Slush and Mush; Kurios Kate; Babs B.; Miriam of the Heights; Vieve; Betty Louise; Dancer; Tubby Chubby; Philadelphia Chile Bean; E. L. R.; Blue Eyed Blondie; Terrible Tessie; Mrs. E. H. K.; Iris; N. Y.; Norwood; One Subscriber.—I enjoyed all your letters and hope you write me again.

Marie L.—You can get in touch with Eugene O'Brien at Selznick Studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Yes, Milton Sills is married. But we are often cruelest to those we love best; that is why I answered you sarcastically, if I did.

High School Girl.—You want an interview with Mary Hay. She isn't playing in pictures just now. Yes, it is true that Ethel Grandin is coming back to pictures in "The Hunch," with Gareth Hughes. Lee Moran is playing in "Robinson's Trousseau."

Sandgroper.—Your letter was a delight. I am indeed fortunate to have a friend in my need, but am more fortunate to have no need of a friend. I welcome your name to my list of friends, however, with gratitude. Yes, George Fawcett will play in "Peter Ibbetson." Vola Vale and William Russell are playing opposite. Write me again.

Texas.—You are one of those who seem to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my works. What I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc., etc., will all be writ on tables of stone for the benefit of posterity, but for the present I prefer to retire into innocuous desuetude, so far as myself is concerned, and devote these precious pages to the interests of the Motion Picture business. Therefore, kindly shoe-fly, dont bother me.

Brown Baby.—You want a picture of Richard Barthelmess on the cover. Yes, he should be there.

Ja-da.—Thanks for the picture. I shall add it to my gallery. You can reach Corliss Palmer at this office She is now playing in and cutting her latest picture, "Rose and Thistle." Tom Moore is going to play in "From the Ground Up."

Eugene O'Brien Forever.—So you think Eugene O'Brien is a world beater when it comes to making love. I cant agree with you about the other question. Do you know that it is claimed that of the 50,000,000 girls and women in the United States, one-half are married. Let me have those answers.

U. B. G.—I'll try not to be. Yes, Wallace Reid is to be starred in "The Champion." Irene Castle's maiden name was Irene Foote. She is 5 feet in height and has light brown hair and grey eyes. She weighs 115.

H. U. Providence.—Some beautiful backs—bare backs?—well there is Theda Bara, Corinne Griffith, and how about the Queen—Betty Blythe? You ask how I write. Well, I sit while I write, because I cant stand standing. It is not right to write lying because to lie is not right while writing lying. I hope you get it.

Aneetah.—Well, your letter was long and interesting. I read every word of it, but you failed to ask any questions.

Virginia C.—After reading your jokes I see that the chestnut season is still on. No, a bone of contention is not the jaw bone. Gladys Brockwell is engaged to William Scott. Your dad is right about the eagle—they live to be 80 to 160 years old. Mary Thurman is playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle.

Pallo.—So you think I am a Plute. Yes, on $10 per. The word "plutocrat" is an illusion to Plutus, the god of riches. Antonio Moreno can be reached at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Mary McAlister is in California. Thanks for the invitation to come to Canada.

Vivian B.—Yes, Vivian, I am 80 and have never been married. Kid McCoy will be seen in pictures with Buck Jones. Just *oui dire*. Herodotus was a Greek historian who lived during the Fourth and Fifth Centuries, B. C. That's what I do—keep on a-humming.

E. B. C.—Albert Roscoe has played and directed. He played in "Her Purchase Price." Barbara Bedford is about 19. Yes, Leo Delaney died some time ago. May Allison played in "Fair and Warmer." Wallace MacDonald married Doris May. Kenneth Harlan is married to Flo Hart.

Lucile.—Yes, Corless Palmer is a beauty, and screens even better than she looks in real life. You say you want Hazel Naylor to interview Violet Mersereau, and you want Gladys Hall to interview Olga Petrova. I will see what I can do. You refer to Vivian Martin and Jane Novak. Some letter you write. Let me hear from you again.

Harold J.—It is your duty, and you should be able to say, with Shakespeare, "I seen my dooty and I done it." A thing of duty is a joy for ever. Ruth Roland was married, but not to Crauford Kent. Yes indeed, Ruth sings. She has a very sweet voice, and we have sang in quartettes. Gareth Hughes is 24.

Honey Without, P. R.—I surely would like to visit your part of the country. Yes, you write a good letter for a foreigner.

Edward R. R.—I dont know what Harold Lloyd would take for his glasses. Brewster is an ancient name for a brewer. Brewster Sessions are the sittings of magistrates to grant publicans' licenses. Let me know when you are ready for that trip.

Elden S.—Yes, I think it is possible for two to live on $12 weakly. Allan Forrest was Wallie, and Francellia Billington was Beryl in "The Great Air Robbery." Send another along—I enjoy them.

M. C.—Lowell Sherman, the villain in "Way Down East," has been signed to appear in a series of dramatic comedies produced by Mack Sennett, the first of which will be "Heartbalm." Yes, Leah Baird and Jerome Patrick are playing in "The Heart Line."

(*Continued on page* 110)

Ideal Cast Must Include Votes and Names

(*Continued from page 82*)

Character Man

Lon Chaney	252
Richard Barthelmess	144
Thomas Meighan	105
Charles Ray	75
Bert Lytell	69
James Kirkwood	66
William S. Hart	60
Raymond Hatton	54
Wallace Reid	54
Milton Sills	36

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	145
Kate Bruce	132
Pauline Frederick	132
Alla Nazimova	105
Lillian Gish	96
Kathlyn Williams	96
Mary Alden	93
Mary Carr	87
Gloria Swanson	75
Edith Chapman	66

Comedian (Male)

Charles Chaplin	606
Buster Keaton	150
Fatty Arbuckle	144
Douglas Fairbanks	117
Charles Ray	63
Ben Turpin	60
Wallace Reid	60
Douglas MacLean	39
Larry Semon	39
Carter de Haven	30

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge	519
Louise Fazenda	258
Mabel Normand	141
Mary Pickford	57
Marie Prevost	51
Bebe Daniels	45
Mildred Davis	43
Viola Dana	39
May Allison	36
Zasu Pitts	27

Child

Wesley Barry	591
Ben Alexander	123
Marie Osborne	54
Bill Henry, jr.	42
Bobby Connelly	27
Virginia Lee Corbin	24
Mary Pickford	24
Mickey Moore	21
Richard Headricks	15
Johnny Jones	12

Director

D. W. Griffith	777
Marshall Neilan	105
George Fitzmaurice	45
Tom Forman	38
William de Mille	27
Thomas H. Ince	24
King Vidor	18
William Fox	18
Joseph Schenck	12
Allan Dwan	12

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS
By Walter Pulitzer

There was an old Turk from Thermopylæ.
Who of wives longed to have a monopylæ.
Said he: "I'll just scare 'em
Right into my harem
If the silly things wont be won properylæ."

ASK

Your Theater Manager To Show

AT HOME
AT WORK
AT PLAY

SHADOWLAND
SCREEN REVIEW
Single Reel Motion Picture De Luxe
Every Two Weeks
The Film Magazine of Amusements and Arts
PRODUCED IN CO-OPERATION WITH
"SHADOWLAND" "CLASSIC" and "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"

With Stage, Screen and Dance Stars

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications, Shadowland, Classic and Motion Picture Magazine.

Tell Your Theater Manager to book it from
PRODUCERS' FEATURE SERVICE
729 7th Ave., N. Y., for N. Y. State and Northern N. J.

SUPER FILM ATTRACTIONS
Washington, D. C.

ALL STAR FEATURE DISTRIBUTORS
San Francisco and Los Angeles

HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION
Charlotte, N. C.

DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW FILM EXCHANGE
Philadelphia, Pa.

KLEIN DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Boston, Mass.

STATE FILM AND AMUSEMENT CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

PEACOCK PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., Oklohoma City, Okla.

or

Shadowland Screen Review

17 West 42d Street, New York

Sapphires for September

Fortunate are they whose birth month is September for to them is given the Sapphire—oft considered more beautiful, more precious than the diamond.

As gifts, choose either the Natural Sapphire, found deep in the earth, or the Heller Hope Sapphire, made in the Heller Laboratories at Paris. Both are true Sapphires, precious stones, equally beautiful, equally everlasting. Great scientists have verified by every known test the facts that they are absolutely identical in all respects.

Heller Hope Sapphires are moderately priced. See them at your jeweller's in beautiful gold and platinum mountings of every description. The little Hope Guarantee Tag, attached to every setting, identifies the genuine Heller Hope Stone. Insist on this tag.

Besides the Heller Hope Blue Sapphire—September's birth-stone—there are the Heller Hope White Sapphire, the Heller Hope Golden Sapphire, and the Heller Hope Ruby—all true precious stones.

L. Heller & Son, Inc.
PARIS NEW YORK
Established over a quarter of a century

"PRECIOUS STONES"—An illustrated brochure containing a fund of information on man-made and nature-made precious stones sent on request. Address Heller, Dept. 64, 68 Nassau Street, New York, stating your jeweler's name.

Heller HOPE SAPPHIRE
A True Sapphire

PRODUCED BY THE CREATORS OF Delitah PEARLS

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 108)

H. S.—You are very kind to intimate that I will not live much longer. The shorter my journey, the sooner my seat. You refer to Billy Brown.

Virginie W.—Carlyle Blackwell was on the stage last. Gareth Hughes has been signed to play opposite Viola Dana in three pictures. "Life's Darn Funny" is his first.

Helen T. Elizabeth.—So you drink buttermilk, too. That's the first time I ever heard of a windmill being run on buttermilk. Earle Williams is in California. Yes, Ward Crane is in New York. Seems to me you are all for Lew Cody.

Ruth Raye.—The "eternal feminine" seems to be in the majority in this department, but it is close with several counties yet to be heard from. Tom Mix is playing in "A Ridin' Romeo."

Myldred J.—So sorry I hurt your feelings. I surely didn't mean it. Write me again.

Addie R.—Yes, Mae Marsh is going on the stage to play in "Brittie," which will come to New York in the fall. Doris Kenyon will play in "The Love Chef." You want a picture of Ruth Roland. Adele Fletcher is putting thru an interview with her today.

Gladys J.—Lila Lee is 19. May McAvoy and Gareth Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy."

Willie.—I am not so good as you think I am, Willie, because you know the good die young, and I am 80. Helen Eddy and Johanne Johnston in "Miss Hobbs." Yes, Helen Eddy in "The Country Fair." Write again.

Marian.—You should let your vacation be an avocation, and your avocation a vacation. Dont confuse vocation with avocation—two entirely different things. Write Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Perhaps they can supply you with a picture of Clarine Seymour. Monte Blue is with Lasky.

Finette.—Dont ever remember saying that Clara Young has married again. She hasn't, so far as I know.

Stella H.—You refer to Arthur Donaldson in "For France." She is very beautiful, and I sometimes almost wish I was a holder rather than a beholder. "Ave Maria," the Hugo Ballin picture, has not a single sub-title in it so far, and 7000 feet have been shot.

Rufus.—Better give me the title. I cant tell the name of the picture from your description.

Mary Elizabeth.—That's the name of a candy. You might send me some of the doughnuts that your great aunt makes, and I will tell you whether they are good or not. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford has purchased "The Tailor Made Man" for Jack Pickford. It will be Jack's first picture under his own name.

Ferna J.—You want me to tell Ethel Clayton she is your favorite. I'll do that little thing for you.

Billie I. K. Shawnee.—That's one thing I dont do—send pictures of myself to my readers. They never would write me again. Jack Gilbert in "Princess of the Darkness." Write to me whenever you feel like it. So long!

La Senorita; M. M.; Star Gazer; Poison Ivy; Luigo; Marion McD.; Mildred A.; L. A., Cal.; Betty Montford; St. Louis; Hervie; DeBility; Brighton; Anxious; Don; Stickers; Doug 2nd; Rex; Lily; English Carol; Carolyn I; A Western Lover; Helen K. S.; M. D.; Miss Blond; Mae Murray Admirer; Cutie; Brown Eyes; A Canadian Fan; Dorothy Ruth; Mary B.; A New Girl; Lu Lu; Lonesome Billy.—Terribly sorry, but here you are in the also-rans. You see, you did not ask anything new or inspiring. Please call again.

Louis Clair.—That's good stuff you sent me. Wish I could use it. Write me again, wont you? Anetha Getwell, one of the 1919 winners, is playing in "On the Back Lot," for Pantheon Pictures.

Just Me.—You here again. Edward Roseman and Edna Murphy, in "Bride 13." Jack Mulhall and Mabel Normand, in "Molly-O," for Mack Sennett. William Duncan is doing seven-reel serials. Nazimova left Metro to either start her own company or go in vaudeville.

Mildred, Oil City.—Do you know, you are a very clever girl? You say you are typing all of our stories, and some day you hope to be a story-book aunt, and read them to your nieces and nephews. Eileen Percy is the wife of Ulrich Busch. Sylvia Breamer has dark hair and eyes, is not married, born in Sydney, Australia, and is playing in "Unseen Forces."

Poodles.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was terribly long. Your terminal facilities are defective. Wheeler Oakman is playing in "The Half-Breed." He is the husband of Priscilla Dean. They appeared together in "Outside the Law" and "Reputation." William Farnum is going on the stage. Write to me again.

Pallo Vallo.—I should say it is warm. I'm sitting here with electric fans, movie fans and sandalwood fans before me. So you have to pay fifty-four cents in South America for a copy of our magazine. That doesn't seem fair, does it? Of course, we cant help that. Ralph Graves isn't married. George Arliss, in "Disraeli," for the screen, and Mary Miles Minter, in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

TO THE MAGIC SCREEN

By Dorritt Gurn

I haven't much in life—
A job takes up my day;
My mother needs my night,
I see my youth slip fast away.

It's hard—this going on
Without love or friend or play,
I'm chained to the wheel of a cart
That turns endlessly—just one way.

I'm not deformed or weak,
The mirror tells me clear;
"Oh! Chuck the duty up;
You're a pretty kid, m' dear!"

But I cant—I plod along,
My life is a dull affair,
But there's one bright spot that comes
As an answer to a prayer.

There's movies on the magic screen!
I take Mother when she's well,
I live a life outside my own,—
The one the pictures tell.

It dont cost much. That's good,
We both can always go;
I live my dull life,—but
Find my romance in a picture show.

We Have Dedications of Books, So Why Not Have Dedications of Pictures?

By Frank H. Williams

Here's some samples of the way that movies might be dedicated:

To the cactus plant which stung me between the plateau and the oasis, thereby enabling me to register a look of surprise and anguish which is declared by friends and critics to be the most comical thing I have ever done, I hereby thankfully dedicate this two-reel comedy.

One-Eyed Mike, the Comique King.

To Hortense J. Lus, who by her constant bickering and backbiting forced me to leave the cast of that terrible flivver, "The Blight," and seek a new engagement in "Foiled at Ten," in which I have achieved such a wonderful success that I can secure all the big engagements I want, I dedicate my first picture produced by my own company with a heart overflowing with thanks.

Mae Sinn, the Solar System's Sweetheart.

To the Greasy Spoon Restaurant, where I contracted ptomaine poisoning, which enabled me to get some real artistic touches into my death-bed scene in "Three Screams at Midnight," with the result that I have now been engaged to die in five forthcoming pictures, I dedicate this picture as a slight token of my deep appreciation.

O. HOWE PUNNK,
Specializing in Death-Bed Scenes.

To Director G. Watt Langwidge, that eminent screen craftsman who has achieved such wonderful successes and who gave me my start by telling me that I was making a monkey of myself, thereby suggesting to me that I impersonate animals in pictures, in which rôles I have achieved such great success that I defy anyone to tell me apart from an ape, I dedicate my newest screen impersonation. May you live long and prosper, G. Watt.

Your true friend,
A Phunnie Phayce.

Her First Thought

By Lloyd McFarling

For two hours the lecturer had been thundering forth platitudes concerning the subject of his oration.

"And this is why Shakespeare is great; why Shakespeare lives," he concluded. "He had the rare faculty of reaching, not merely a few individuals, but whole nations. He is the spokesman, not of a nation nor a class nor a creed, but of humanity. Old and young, great and small, rich and poor—bow their heads in dumb adoration before the gorgeous magnificence of his genius. He has a vocabulary far greater than any other writer; to this he adds the brilliant gift of being ever able to select the single word most suitable to his purpose. But—greater than all these—he has one other gift—the ability to delineate his characters so convincingly that they become, not merely wonderful characters, but PEOPLE, living, breathing PEOPLE."

The orator had hardly finished when he was accosted by Miss Flossie Fizzles, the well-known movie star.

"You say this fellow Shakespeare is still alive," said Flossie breathlessly. "Can you give me his address? Maybe I can get him for a press-agent!"

Dont Miss These Plays

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION

With Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, supported by Edwin Markham, the great poet, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, Dorian Romero, the Cuban actor, Octavia Handworth, favorite screen star of a few years ago, and thirty other players, in a

Five Reel Feature Drama of Intense Interest.

FROM FARM TO FAME

A Two-Reel Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer.

First-Prize Winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Also showing the other winners, gold medalists, and Honor Roll Girls of that memorable contest.

THE ETERNAL TWO

A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Rôle and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave-man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eilene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

Every reader of the Brewster Publications—and there are about 4,000,000 of them—is interested in these plays, and if your theater manager knows it he will book them. If he does not know it, you should tell him.

Send him a postcard or a letter enclosing the announcement, or speak to him personally. He will thank you for calling his attention to it. Be sure to tell him that these plays are released and distributed by

THE CLARK-CORNELIUS CORPORATION

117 West 46th Street, New York City

This is one of the most reliable organizations in America on the State Right basis. This company will inform your theater of the nearest exchange where the plays can be secured. The Brewster Publications stand back of these plays and your theater can make no mistake in booking all three of them.

No Money Down

Illinois Monarch
19 Jewels

19 genuine Ruby and Sapphire jewels, solid gold center wheel, adjusted to positions, isochronism and temperature. Includes such railroad requirements as double roller escapement, steel escape wheel. Stem set guaranteeing absolute satisfaction. Substantial guaranteed 20-year gold-filled case. Sent without a penny down.

10 Days Free Trial

Wear this splendid watch 10 days free. No obligation. If you decide not to buy return it at our expense.

Chain and Knife FREE

A handsome, up-to-date, gold-filled chain and knife absolutely free. Choice of Dickens, Vest or Waldemar (shown in cut) chain. State which chain you wish.

14c a Day

Just send your name and address. The watch, chain and knife come to you by prepaid express. Give the expressman $3.75. This is merely a deposit. Wear the watch and chain 10 days. Then if you don't wish to keep it return it at our expense and your deposit will be refunded instantly. You are not out one penny. Trial is absolutely free. If you keep the watch, pay $4.00 a month until full price, $40.75 is paid.

Order Today on Trial

The supply is limited. Send your name now. No red tape or annoyance. You take no risk. Take this chance to have this watch for less than 14c a day. Send name.

J. M. LYON & CO. Dept. 1 Maiden Lane 1526 NEW YORK

A New Perfume!

YOU will be delighted to hear of the newest creation of the Rieger laboratories, known for nearly a half a century as makers of the choicest perfumes that can be produced. The new odor is

Honolulu Bouquet

Lovers of good perfume everywhere are charmed with its fragrance, an exquisitely indescribable mingling of the rarest odors. It is unlike anything you have ever seen before.

To introduce it to you, we make this

Special Offer

Half Ounce Bottle on Trial

Try it with our *positive guarantee* that if you are not delighted, or if the perfume does not exactly suit your taste, *the trial will not cost you one cent.*

Send No Money

Simply send us your name and address. We will send you this regular half-ounce bottle. When you receive it, pay the postman only the net cost—60c and the few cents postage. We positively guarantee to refund your money and postage at any time on request if you say you are not satisfied—just return the empty or partly empty bottle. Do not miss this opportunity to try this exquisite new perfume. Write today to

PAUL RIEGER & CO. (*Since 1872*)
102 First Street San Francisco, Cal.

Have a Clear Complexion

PIMPLES, ACNE, BLACKHEADS, Etc., EASILY AND QUICKLY CURED BY SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT. Write Today for **FREE** booklet, How To Have A Clear Complexion. Simply send name—a post card will do.

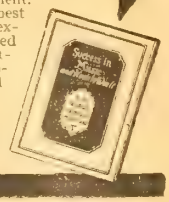
MARGOT LABORATORIES,
108 KEYSTONE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

This Book Free

Sousa gives you inside secrets of his success; tells how you can quickly learn saxophone, cornet, trombone—any band or orchestra instrument. Develop your musical "bump" for profit and pleasure.

Free Trial; Easy Payments

on any Conn Instrument. Easiest playing and best toned because built by exclusive processes. Used by world's greatest artists. Send postcard today for Free Book and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment plan.



C. G. CONN, Ltd.
925 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

With Shakespeare at the Movies

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

Julius Caesar.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

"Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

IRENE CASTLE

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

Winter's Tale.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

"What must the King do now? Must he submit?
The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented. Must he lose
the name of king? O' God's name, let it go."

Richard II.

NAOMI CHILDERS

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.' "

Sonnet xvii.

IRVING CUMMINGS

"Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

Merchant of Venice.

ELSIE FERGUSON

".....For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil; But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Tempest.

LILLIAN GISH

"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."

Measure for Measure.

WILLIAM S. HART

"I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.....
When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it."

Henry V.

HAROLD LLOYD

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool:
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

Twelfth Night.

BERT LYTELL

"I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."

Macbeth.

MARY MACLAREN

"Heaven bless thee! Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."

Henry VIII.

ANTONIO MORENO

".....Or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honor cross it from the North to South,
And let them grapple."

I. Henry IV.

MAE MURRAY

"The grass stoops not, she steps on it so light."

Venus and Adonis.

CHARLES RAY

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee!"

Othello.

NORMA TALMADGE

"A maid that paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens."

Othello.

CONWAY TEARLE

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything."

Julius Caesar.

MARY THURMAN

"For her own person, It beggar'd all description."

Antony and Cleopatra.

PEARL WHITE

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

Othello.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye."

Venus and Adonis.

R. S. V. P. to the Answer Man

By THERESE H. MCDONNELL

What can I ever ask you
That has not been asked before?
What can I ever tell you?
For you know it all—and more.
Yet one question keeps arising,
When I think of you, dear Sage,—
Do you visualize each writer
As you scan their scribbled page?

Can you not feel, in fancy,
That a friend, from far away,
Steps from each written message
Stopping in to say "good-day"?
Do you feel as if you know them,
The visions you have seen,
Or is each one just a "letter,"
Just a part of old routine?

Master of wit and humor
With a fund of knowledge grand,
You'll live, in retrospection,
As the King of Movie Land.
And I feel we are not puppets
In that brilliant mind of yours,
For in every town and hamlet
You have friendship that endures.

What Every Girl Wants

is a Beautiful Complexion

Face powder is as necessary as soap and water, and no face can appear beautiful without it. A face that looks shiny, muddy or "made-up" is anything but beautiful, and good face powder is the only preventive.

CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

CORLISS PALMER

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a 50-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitues warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing like it on the market.

Extracts from April, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

THE WILTON CHEMICAL CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

Posed by May Allison, a Metro motion picture star, and enthusiastic motorist. Miss Allison is one of many beautiful women in "pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Do hot sun and dusty wind play havoc with your complexion?

Can you enjoy motoring without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

AN hour's drive in the afternoon sun—a cloud of dust from another car—a swift rush of wind as you speed down a hill—*what happens to your complexion?*

You can *protect* your skin from the ravages of sun and wind. You can guard against sunburn and roughness. You can be sure of a fresh, dainty complexion, always—even when you motor, ride or sail—if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream *protects* the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements. More than that, it *preserves* the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its *regular* use will protect your skin from sun and wind, will *keep* your complexion as soft and clear as you have always hoped to have it.

A booklet of hints with every jar

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind—how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.
Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

(260)

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

"Beauty Is Only Skin Deep"

A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers' guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without *your* patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

Read them regularly!

Keep that schoolgirl complexion

A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing formula is thorough. It will not cause irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

10c

Remember blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

Daily cleansing is your protection against skin troubles. Powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Discovered 3,000 years ago

The use of Palm and Olive oil as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

Copyright 1921 The Palmolive Co. 1257

Try Cleopatra's way to complexion beauty

She used cosmetics of every kind to enhance her charm, but cleansing with Palm and Olive oils came first. The same rule, applied today, will keep your complexion fresh, youthful and free from blemishes.

Use the same Palm and Olive oils, mild and soothing. They are scientifically combined for the use of modern women in Palmolive—the beautifying cleanser

Brett Litho. Co., N.

MOTION PICTURE

OCTOBER

MAGAZI

Colleen Moore

-Flohri-

A prize-winning Mellin's Food Baby

Her mother writes:

"I am enclosing a picture of my baby, Ruth Adelaide Mason, age one year, who took the prize in baby contest held in Akron, Ohio, for most beautiful and perfect baby.

"I feel that we owe it all to Mellin's Food."

Mrs. J. E. Mason,
Akron, Ohio.

Thousands of mothers testify that the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification solved their infant feeding problems.

Send today for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, M

There's lasting satisfaction in owning a Victrola

When the instrument you buy for your home is a Victrola you have the satisfaction of knowing:

that it was specially made to play Victor records;

that the greatest artists make their Victor records to play on Victrola instruments;

that you hear these artists exactly as they expected you to hear them, because they themselves tested and approved their own records ***on the Victrola.***

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds! How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

AN amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost like magic, without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. A great many see results in 48 hours. All who have used it have reached their ideal weight through his simple new secret.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, or bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did fully as much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural, safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost fifty pounds and feel so much better." Still another writes, "I have taken off twenty pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire." And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, "I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort."

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment" or a series of self-sacrifices and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that any one can follow with ease.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that has been discovered, that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

Some people report that they have reduced at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others arrange to take off a pound of fat a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—taking it more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: "I arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the middle of May I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds." Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people become fat and others remain thin? We have thin people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people who deny themselves the foods they would like to eat, continue to put on flesh. Specialists realized that there must be some vital, natural law of food upon which the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost food specialist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time the secret remained hidden, because of its very simplicity. But now that Christian has made his important discovery, it exceeds even his greatest hopes. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it! Certain food combinations cause fat; others *consume* fat. If you eat certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat these very same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, and the fat you already have is used up in energy!

Eat Off Flesh By New Method

And now people are actually eating off weight! Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that their return to normal weight and youthful energy was amazingly rapid. Stout women who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful, fluffy clothes they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before, they feel refreshed, brightened, strengthened.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and every one says how 'just right' I am."

Remember, you don't have to starve yourself, or follow a rigid diet, or put yourself to any discomfort through this new method of flesh reduction. You eat off the fat you want to lose; eat it off as quickly or as slowly as you wish. You control your weight just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

Weight Control the Basis of Health

Mr. Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone, everywhere, to profit by his valuable discovery, he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to reduce weight, to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish, and yet eat delicious foods, many of which you may now be denying yourself. And it need not cost you one cent to make the test.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where $1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property, with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim or you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose the first week, and each week, following. Then put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the very next day or so and notice the marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardships, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as are the thousands of others who are quickly regaining normal, beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

Mail the coupon NOW.

No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery. The Course will be sent in a plain container.

Everyone Can Now Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. ——, New York City.

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds."

Mrs. ———, Glens Falls, N. Y.

20 Pounds Lighter

"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds. . . . I will need to reduce some more, and with the directions of the Course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and the Course."

Mr. ———, Detroit, Mich.

100 Per Cent Improvement

"Weighed 216 pounds when I started, and today I weigh 175 pounds. I can safely say that I feel ten per cent better than I did when I was fat and am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs. —, Ryder, North Dakota.

Weighs 34 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 207 to 173 pounds in seven months without the slightest inconvenience, and still retain this weight by following your course. It's a godsend to people who suffer from fatness."

Mrs. —, Palestine, Texas.

Lost 25 Pounds

"I have found your Course in Weight Control very satisfactory. Have lost twenty-five pounds in weight, and expect to lose a few more pounds, to bring my weight down to normal."

Mrs. —, Tacoma, Washington.

Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"The first week I lost six pounds."

Mrs. ———, Keokuk, Iowa.

48½ Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results will say that I have lost 48½ pounds."

Mrs. ———, Colville, Washington.

Note: The letters are in most cases too long to print in full. The above are merely excerpts.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-2810, 43 West 16th St., New York City

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-2810, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

You may send me prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of returning the course after a 5 day trial and have my money refunded, if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Street Address .....

City ..... State.....

Price, outside United States, $2.15 cash with order.

©CL.B500451

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII OCTOBER, 1921 No. 9

Jamaica, New York. OCTOBER, 1921. Brooklyn, New York.
Publication Office, Jamaica, New York. Editorial and General Office, Brooklyn, New York.
Address all Communications to 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Application has been made for transfer of the second-class mailing privilege from Brooklyn, New York, to Jamaica, New York.
Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.
SUBSCRIPTION—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER, Treasurer
(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month, and SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third)

Address all communications to
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Herbert Howe
Pacific Coast Representative

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR
E. M. HEINEMANN
Associate Editors

A. M. HOPFMULLER
Art Director

GUY L. HARRINGTON
Business Manager
DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Director of Advertising
RUFUS FRENCH, INC.
Eastern Manager
ARCHER A. KING, INC.
Western Manager
METZ B. HAYES
New England Manager
L. G. CONLON
Chief Accountant

CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Constance Binney, Mary Thurman, Mildred Harris, Conrad Nagel, Wallace MacDonald, Agnes Ayres, Carmel Myers, Douglas Fairbanks and Mabel Ballin.
In the Shadows 20
The Future of Screen Comedy ..... *Avery Hopwood* 21
An editorial.
We Interview Miss Ferguson ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall* 22
With Measured Tread ..... *Kenneth Curley* 24
Which describes James Kirkwood.
Week-Ends 26
Wallace Reid ..... *Cerline Boll* 27
A sketch of the popular cinema hero.
Only Three Weeks ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 28
Dealing, not with tiger skins, but with Buster Keaton on his honeymoon.
Twilight Talk ..... *Peter Martin* 30
With Anita Stewart talking.
What Are They Doing Now? ..... *Truman B. Handy* 32
Placing the spotlight on old favorites.
Then and Now 34
Everything For Sale ..... *Janet Reid* 35
The forthcoming May McAvoy production novelized.
Satan On a Leash ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 40
In other words, Eric von Stroheim.
That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 42
Star Sisters 43
Honest Ann ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 44
Disraeli ..... *Jean Calhoun* 46
A fictionization of the George Arliss vehicle.
D'Artagnan of the Shadows 51
Naomi— ..... *Betsy Bruce* 52
Fulfilment ..... *T[illegible] Philosopher* 54
Along the Starry Way ..... *[illegible]s Hammond* [illegible]
Big Bear Lake in particular.
Their Big Day .....
Tom and Tony .....
Meaning Tom Mix and his steed.
The Power of Perfume ..... *Corliss [illegible]*
Another Beauty Talk.
The Editor's Page .....
Pertinent Truths.
Out From An Old Album ..... *Herr[illegible]*
A Midnight Bell .....
Across the Silversheet .....
Priscilla Finds Romance .....
California Chatter .....

[illegible]ED BY
[illegible]ALD BARKER
[illegible]N PICTURE

Would The Law Let YOU Marry?

Many states have passed stringent eugenic laws requiring physical examination of both parties before a marriage license can be issued. Those who are not physically fit will be forbidden to marry. Where do you stand? Can you meet the requirements of this law? Are you a clean-blooded, healthy, vigorous specimen of vital manhood? Or are you a defective, torn and wracked by youthful errors and excesses? Will you be forbidden to marry the sweetest, purest girl in the whole world, and be doomed to the misery of a lifetime of regrets and longing? It looks hopeless to you --but cheer up--I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM--The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help pay postage on my free book **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It's a man-builder and a life saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man DEPT. 472, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 472, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Youthful Errors
..Catarrh	..Pimples	..Vital Losses
..Asthma	..Blackheads	..Impotency
..Hay Fever	..Insomnia	..Failing Hair
..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulder
..Flat Chest	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Poor Memory	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Rheumatism	..Muscular Development
	..ManhoodRestored	..Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

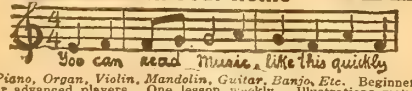
An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three months' course. Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Day or Evening classes. Easy terms. Cameras and Materials furnished free. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., New York *OR* 505 State St., Brooklyn

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



You can read Music like this quickly

The Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make pla everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of stage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains our system in full.

Everyone knows that MUSIC OL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO causes fat. AMERICAN SCHO people beco remain t

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 98-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3025 Bogue Bldg., 117 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

SCENARIOS WANTED

IMMEDIATELY for several famous Photoplay Stars. Write for descriptive list. Sample synopsis FREE if desired.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA
623-M Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Metro's spectacular visualization of Blasco Ibañez's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Honeydew." The Zimbalist musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Henry Miller's.—"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings."

Lyric.—"The Queen of Sheba." Spectacular production revolving around Solomon and the famous lady of Biblical legend. Has the beautiful Betty Blythe as Sheba.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

ON TOUR

"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

"The Provincetown Players" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Why I Cried After the Ceremony

Two whole months I planned for my wedding day. It was to be an elaborate church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on a church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know," I laughed. "And, oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be the happiest day of my life."

Gaily I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with a joy that I had never known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life. I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived? Huge wreaths of flowers swung in graceful fragrance from the ceiling to the wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, in their flowing white gowns, seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a low, deep chord the mellow strains of the triumphant wedding march began.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness. At any rate, the days of rehearsal and planning vanished in a blur of happy forgetfulness, and before I realized what I was doing, I had made an awful blunder. I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding march, despite the weeks of careful preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—and My Joy Is Ended

Some one giggled. I noticed that the clergyman raised his brows ever so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And yet that blunder had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it, they couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would be the crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew that they did not mean it—they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it. After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break—and, incidentally, I reproached myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to be sent. The wedding breakfast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned. I determined to avoid any further blunders, and so I sent for the famous Book of Etiquette.

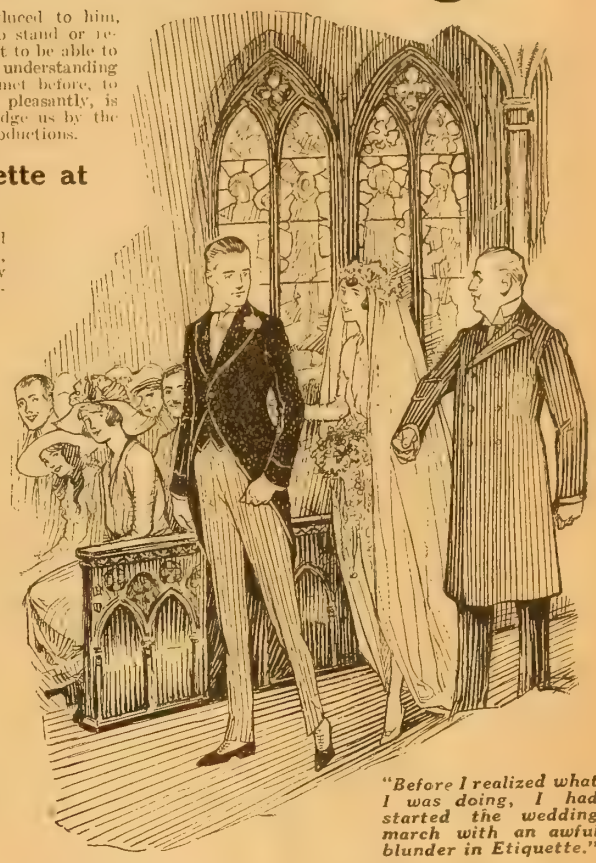
Bob and I had always prided ourselves on being cultured and well-bred. We had always believed that we followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the serious breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day!

Why after reading only five pages, I discovered that I actually did not know how to introduce people correctly! I didn't know whether to say: *Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith*; or *Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown.* I didn't know whether to say, *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank*; or *Mr. Blank, this is Bobby.* I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called Etiquette at the Dance. "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I never knew how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude!—and here it's all explained so simply." We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way for her to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the music ceases and the gentleman must leave the lady to return to his original partner. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Book of Etiquette'," I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters, I see, on foreign countries that tell all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. And see, here is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made is pointed out! Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I never would have made that blunder!"



"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette."

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds, and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by following the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so, my advice to young men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and breeding, is—"*send for the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette.*"

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear at the ball. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a finger bowl and the correct way to use napkins. Send for it, in short, that you may be always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is in the best of form and utterly in accord with the art of etiquette.

The Book of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

Sent FREE for Five Days

The Book of Etiquette is excellent in quality comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the *right thing* to do.

For a short time only the complete two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette is offered at the special price of $3.50. Don't wait until *your* wedding, *your* party, *your* dinner is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette. At the end of that time if you decide that you want to keep it, send us $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books to us and you won't be out a cent.

Send for your set of The Book of Etiquette today! Surprise your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't send any [illegible] Doubleday [illegible] Dept. 7810, Oyster

DIRECTED BY
GINALD BARKER
YN PICTURE

GOLDWYN *Presents* *The*

The mother whose children no longer seemed to want her

One of the outstanding motion pictures of all time is Rupert Hughes' heart-gripping story of Home

SUDDENLY they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night. The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each child has embarked on a drama of [illegible]own. [illegible]tions, temptations [illegible]e are moments of [illegible]nance, adventure, [illegible]heir lives sweeps

[illegible]your mother—as [illegible]s they are. "The [illegible]ep in your heart [illegible]whom you ran with your childish troubles.

Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the lives of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain. One of the most heart-gripping dramatic stories ever narrated.

The people in the play—You know them all

Mary Alden, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis Dwight Crittenden, Lucille Ricksen, Richard Tucker, Laura Lavarnie, Robert DeVilbiss, Johnny Jones, Fanny Stockbridge, Louise Lovely, Buddy Messenger, Billie Cotton, Nick Cogley, Molly Malone, M. B. (Lefty) Flynn.

tion Picture Theatre Announcements

[illegible]E SHOWING · BEGINNING

[illegible]ery... [illegible]s. One [illegible]Begin...
p[illegible]tage a... [illegible]usic used. Write [illegible]Only expen[illegible]ustrations make [illegible]asy to cover cost of booklet which explains [illegible]in full.
OL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Everyone knows that [illegible] causes fat. But why do [illegible] people become fat and ot[illegible] remain thin? Why may th[illegible] people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people who deny themselves the foods they would like to eat, continue to put on flesh? Specialists realized that there must be some vital, natural law of food upon which the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost food specialist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time the secret remained hidden, because of its very simplicity. But now that Chris-

be quickly cured, if you
MMER
?88-page cloth-bound book [illegible], "Its Cause and Cure."
[illegible]ter stammering for 20
147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

"The first [illegible]
Mrs. [illegible]
48½ Pound[illegible]ED
After studying [illegible]fully I began to a[illegible] and as proof of resu[illegible] lost just 48½ pound[illegible]
Mrs. ——, Colfor[illegible]E
(Note: The letters are in [illegible]E print in full. The above ar[illegible]

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Old Nest

RUPERT HUGHES'

heart-gripping story of Home

Dr. Frank Crane writes:

"Hughes has taken down one wall of the American house of today, and you walk in and know the family. A film story of life—all bitter and sweet, and sad and glad, and majestic and petty, and divine and pitiful."

Fannie Hurst writes:

"Rupert Hughes dipped his pen into his heart when he wrote 'The Old Nest.' Seeing the picture is for all the world like strolling through the family album of America."

Alice Duer Miller writes:

"'The Old Nest' will appeal to anyone who ever had a mother and most people have. It is real and touching and almost incredibly without an atom of false sentiment. I have seen it four times and cried each time."

To be followed by
Rupert Hughes'
"Dangerous Curve Ahead"

DIRECTED BY
REGINALD BARKER

Sept. 11th · A GOLDWYN PICTURE

"A Skin You Love to Touch," by F. Graham Cootes

You, too, can have the charm of *"A Skin You Love to Touch"*

IF YOUR skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—*every day your skin is changing.* Each day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

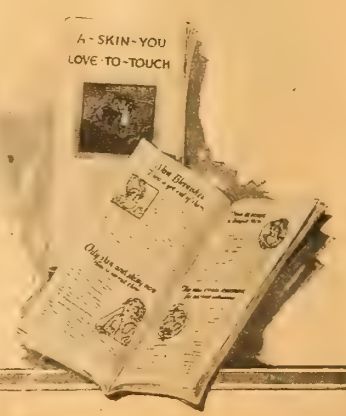
By giving this *new skin* the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

SKINS differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for *your skin.* Begin using it tonight.

USE Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.



Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Constance Binney's forthcoming productions will be made under California skies. And it is said that they are to be worthy of the charm which Constance brought with her when she deserted the light fantastic and the footlights for the silver-cloth

Motion Picture Magazine

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MARY THURMAN

Despite the fact that Mary's bathing suit was long ago consigned to the moth-balls, she still proves the attraction of the pictures in which she is shadowed. Incidentally, she is the answer to "Should a Man Marry?" the Roscoe Arbuckle production, in which she plays the lady fair

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

MILDRED HARRIS

Cecil de Mille has brought the tale of "The Laurels and the Lady" to the shadows, and Mildred Harris has been entrusted with the colorful rôle of the dancer. Those who have seen her work, declare that De Mille has given the screen a new Mildred Harris, whose work is marked by a poignant and subtle quality

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

CONRAD NAGEL

Conrad Nagel, too, brightens the cast of the new De Mille production. Just at present, Mr. Nagel is one of the most sought-after leading men in the Pacific Coast colony

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

ALLACE MacDONALD

The responsibilities of marrie ris May in the rôle of wife, were not enough to occupy the entire time of Wallace MacDonald. has taken unto himself the directorial megaphone and will supervise the film erial, in which Juanita Hansen is the bright light

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

AGNES AYRES

Agnes Ayres has been raised to a star's est- e, but before beginning work upon her first starring vehicle she is playing the feminine rôle of Diane in the screen production of "The Sheik," a love story of the desert, which is now enjoying marked success in book form. Rudolph Valentino plays opposite her in the title- rôle

Photograph by J. Diamond

MABEL BALLIN

Mabel Ballin prefers playing in the productions of Hugo Ballin to stardom. She is at present bringing the title rôle of Jane Eyre to the shadow screen

Photograph by Rice

In the Shadows

Posed by Mme. Nazimova

The Future of Screen Comedy

By

Avery Hopwood

SCREEN drama, as a whole, has taken large strides forward during the past few years, but screen comedy has lagged behind.

The motion picture fan and the producer still think of screen comedy in terms of slapstick. Comedy will never advance or earn the applause of intelligent people, so long as it sticks to custard pies and bathing girls. Even Charlie Chaplin abandons slapstick when he makes a picture like "The Kid."

But there is a great future for screen comedy along other lines. Motion pictures offer fun-making opportunities beyond anything that has ever been possible within the one, two and three rooms used for the different acts of a modern stage play.

Doing is in many ways funnier than talking. You laugh when a player rushes on the stage from, supposedly, outdoors and tells a husband of the approach of his jealous wife, who is most distinctly not wanted in the scene under way. On the screen, however, you see the wife actually approaching; the scene flashes from her to her apprehensive husband, you get the suspense and the contrasting expressions on their faces. Rightly handled, the situation is much funnier on the screen than on the stage.

The movies annihilate time and distance. The screen comedy writer can call upon all the forces of sea, earth, and air to aid in his fun-making.

Moreover, humor that comes to an audience's brain, thru the eyes, is more effective than that which comes thru the ears.

Screen comedy of the better sort is a field as yet virtually untouched. There is unlimited room for the screen comedy of manners and for comedy that depends for its laughs upon the sheer power of clever situations. Screen comedy-drama—virile stories with interesting plots and with distinct comedy angles—is still in the early days of its development.

The talented writer who will put into screen comedy the same careful study of screen technique as the playwright gives to the study of stage mechanics, will offer a distinct contribution to the advance of motion pictures.

We Interview Miss Ferguson

We—Do Not Matter
Miss Ferguson—Does

THE scene is one of New York's more conservative restaurants, fashionably situated behind an attractively awninged entrance in the East Fifties. It is frequented by epicures, and the waiters have brought with them from France, besides their decided accent, a marked respect for the food they serve with such artistic flourishes. They are the middlemen who bring the chef's art to their discriminating clientele.

When the curtain rises, the interrogators, namely, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, are discovered at a corner table, with Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson is leaving the next day for a vacation trip abroad, but she is, undoubtedly, one of those rare souls who finds time to live her life day by day.

She orders a summer luncheon consummately—the salad dressed thus and so—the iced tea brought to the precise degree of strength and poured into clinking glasses, iced and frosted.

She is charmingly dressed in black canton crêpe with severely cut neck, and the turned-down brim of her black hat is ash rose entwined. In her presence one feels the truth of personality, in which sincerity and artistry are exquisitely blent. For with her delicacy there is strength. And her voice is like the resonant deep melody of a harp.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"Real love," explained Elsie Ferguson, "can be known by the spirit of sacrifice. Sacrifice is the element of which it is composed. Its counterfeit is always selfish, always self-seeking, always jealous and retaliatory"

Miss Ferguson (the details of service out of the way): This trip is going to be a second honeymoon for my husband and for me. He is getting out all of his holiday attire, and so am I. We are both shopping with the absorption of the *first* honeymoon—five years ago.

G. H.: Where are you going abroad?

Miss Ferguson: To Paris, with jaunts into Normandy suburbs. Mostly to think and to read. Always I've dreamed of travel—the other lands it naturally embraces—the romance it suggests. My vacation last year meant Japan and the Far East, yet it was not the fulfilment I expected it to be. It was more a tour of recuperation. I had been quite ill, you know, from overwork in my stage play, "Sacred and Profane Love," and the literal grinding out of pictures I was attempting. It does not pay to grind out art and grind out youth and vitality and the rightful joy-in-living at one and the same time. This generation——

(Miss Ferguson's wholly alluring voice trailed off, significantly.)

A.W.F.: You think, then, that this generation does not take time to live.

Miss Ferguson: Americans certainly do not. They do not even take the proper time to order a meal and see to it that they get it as they order it. I've noticed, when there have been English people in my company, that they will spend hours if need be, but when they do accept the dishes, they are as they wish them to be.

The rush for the dollar is responsible for most of our faults, I would say. We forget that things are more enjoyable and pleasing when we are young and heedlessly

devote the glorious years of our living to acquisition. Greed, that is it. Men make one fortune and instead of stopping, for a space, that they may enjoy it, they seek frantically to amass another, and another, and another. There should be laws to protect people from themselves.

And all the while, among the middle classes and the lower classes, people are struggling and worrying and fretting their lives away over questions of food and education for their children and the wherewithal for the essentials of life. When a man has accumulated more than, say a million, the moneys made should revert back to those who have been contributory to the amassment.

(G. H. and A. W. F. nod assent. This is a new socialism, the socialism which sounds the crying need of humanity. It is not the ravings of a fanatic who begrudges his neighbor that which he has not. It possesses a deep sanity and a deeper sincerity of regard for the public welfare.)

Miss Ferguson (she leans forward eagerly, her face is flushed ever so slightly with the earnestness of her words): This is socialism, but not radical socialism. I have known what it is not to satisfy my desires for the beautiful things of life. I have no desire to give up the comforts which make my life the pleasant affair it has come to be, but sometimes, when I think about the chaotic state of affairs in this world today, I feel that it would be even better to be the radical than the

(*Cont'd on page* 94)

In the presence of Elsie Ferguson one feels the truth of personality in which sincerity and artistry are exquisitely blended. For with her delicacy there is strength. And her voice is like the resonant deep melody of a harp

Top and at the right, Miss Ferguson in the character of "Footlights." At the left, as she is shadowed in "Peter Ibbetson"

With Measured Tread

By
KENNETH CURLEY

Photograph by Mandeville

IN the sonorous deliberation of James Kirkwood's voice lies the key to the whole man. Its deep resonance is measured, slow, like the tone of a great bell. It is mellow and smooth, with not a harsh note. And when one, once accustomed to it, begins to notice James Kirkwood himself, there is in his every move, the slow gesture of a hand, the turn of his head, the same rhythmical purpose. It is not calculation. Of that I am sure. The man seems quite without pose or pretence. It is merely an innate quality of his. One likes him immediately.

"I've always wanted to act," said James Kirkwood. "I was really forced into directing by circumstances. And things didn't go particularly well. When the chance came to go with Allan Dwan as leading man I went. I've been acting ever since"

After playing for some time with Allan Dwan, and later with Marshall Neilan, he is now with Lasky. It was there, at the Hollywood studio, that I talked with him, up in his cement dressing-room.

He was dressed immaculately in evening clothes. I was surprised by the light blue of his eyes, a steady, penetrating blue blue that, but for the warmth of his smile, might be termed cold. He stood, I imagined, over six feet. He appeared somewhat younger than on the screen, slenderer.

He had made no attempt to lighten the white gloom of the dressing-room, into which he had just moved. There were only the two chairs and the dressing-table. Upon it, amongst the litter of make-up materials, lay three boxes of cigarets, all of different brands. He helped himself from them alternately as the interview progressed, as tho with them he was measuring off its advance.

We talked of the weather, of course. Everyone does in California when it rains. They say apologetically, "How unusual!" James Kirkwood refused apology and instead assured me earnestly, challengingly, that it *was* unusual. I, recalling the three weeks of chilly, unremitting rain, agreed politely—and doubtfully.

James Kirkwood is to be a star. Only a week or two lay between him and the hour when he would sign his name on the dotted line, with Mr. Lasky at his shoulder, nodding approval.

"But I have told them," he said slowly, "that I will

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by Freulich

In the undeniable strength of the man, his unconsciously studied movements, his poise and quiet assurance, one realizes a personality that will probably grace the screen for many seasons. He is the sort of man who constantly strives — and inevitably achieves

not sign unless it is understood that I am not to be starred in program pictures only. They are deadly. No one is big enough to carry a season of them. Unless I am to have an occasional big production I shall not sign."

He flicked his cigaret.

"A good deal depends upon the way my last feature picture, 'A Wise Fool,' goes with the public. They think here on the lot that it is a great production, but I'll not be satisfied until the public returns its verdict."

He blew a thoughtful cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"There are several other things—tempting offers—that I should like to consider but," he set one leg slowly across the other, "I have seen so many independent producers go under! I am almost persuaded that a big organization behind one is the better policy."

He helped himself from the largest of the three boxes of cigarets.

"I would like," he went on, having got the cigaret going comfortably, "I would like to do 'Othello' for the screen, playing both characters, *Othello* and *Iago*. There is very little conflict between the two. I dont want to do it just for the questionable glory of playing two rôles. These two are so different in themselves, both such appealing parts to me in a character sense, that I merely want to do them for what there is in each of them."

We talked so, seriously, thruout the hour. There was little of humor or sparkle apparent in him. I would have gone to my typewriter picturing him as a pleasant, rather heavy gentleman, had I not encounted Tom Gallery that evening. He, in his enthusiasm, painted quite a different portrait.

"Kirkwood's fifty - fifty!" is the way he put it. "People think often that he's very silent and reserved. He is, I suppose on first acquaintance —and when he first gets up in the morning. He'll come to the studio, sleepy and quiet, and walk around with his hands in his pockets, speaking to no one. And then something 'll hit you an awful crack on the back and let loose a terrific yell in your ears. It's Kirkwood! He's just wakened up! He's one of the best scouts in the game."

It was Tom, too—he played with him in a Neilan production—who told me that while he was a director, Kirkwood had given Micky Neilan his first chance in pictures.

"Sure," said Tom. "Somebody, a friend of Kirkwood's, sent Neilan to him with a letter which read, 'This kid seems to have promise. Give him a chance'. Kirkwood put him in a small part and let it go at that. But Neilan didn't. He kept rushing back after every scene with a 'Say, Mr. Kirkwood, why dont you make this scene this way?' or 'This would be a great idea to use in this scene, Mr. Kirkwood. It ended when Kirkwood, bellowing his rage, told him to get out. 'If you think you know so much about it,' he said, 'go home and write a story.' The next day Neilan was back with his story. Later, Kirkwood put it on. Oh, he's fifty-fifty."

It is interesting that, after James Kirkwood made his unusual step from directing back to acting, Marshall

(*Continued on page* 88)

Week-Ends

Thru the summer months Irene Castle Treman worked unceasingly before the camera which recorded the scenes for "With Flying Colors," in which she is starred. But over the week-ends—that was a different matter. Motion pictures forgotten, she reveled in the pool of her Ithaca home—the adoring Robert Treman ever at her side. Small wonder Monday found her ready for another stretch of constant effort

Wallace Reid

Sketched by Cerline Boll

Only Three Weeks

Photograph by Rice

"SILENCE is of the gods; only monkeys chatter."

I sat once in a famous theater in the London Haymarket, and heard that proverb drip from the oily tongue of an aged Chinese philosopher. It glittered for the moment on the surface of my mind and then sank into the depths; depths termed by a recently famous philosopher and theorist, the Unconscious.

I sat, not very long ago, in Wonderful Harry's restaurant, opposite the Metro Studio, in Hollywood, beside Buster Keaton, a recently famous comedian, and that proverb, lost for two years or more, rose again, uninvited, to the surface of my mind. If silence be of the gods, I thought, then Buster's middle name is Zeus.

I had come to interview him upon his marriage with Natalie Talmadge, a marriage, then, of just three weeks' duration. My first conclusion was that whatever else Natalie might suffer from, it would never be from "gab." Buster simply hasn't the gift.

But there are certain limits overstepping which virtues suddenly find themselves vices. I've an idea that the gold of Buster's silence would quickly turn to dross if, when he finally does open his lips, he didn't inevitably spill wisdom, or something sounding so deceptively like it that the uncritical ear can accept it without question, and find sustenance in it of sufficient substance to carry it over the next impelling gap of silence.

I was introduced to Buster and he squeezed my hand, gently enough.

I was told to have a seat in Buster's dressing-room, and I took one. Buster concentrated his attention upon removing his make-up, allowing himself a furtive stare in my direction now and then, but saying nothing. I continued to sit.

Three or four jovial henchmen then burst in to help create the confidential atmosphere so necessary to revelation of marital secrets. Buster continued to maintain his enormous silence, but he paused in his business of cleaning up to join in a jig, started by one of his jovial henchmen. He shuffled and jumped there, silently, his face never altering a hair's breadth from its habitual solemnity. It was grotesque. He might have been a marionette jerking on the end of his strings. But presently the three or four stout ones, hunger overcoming them, lumbered off in the direction of the restaurant. For the moment there was only Buster, his publicity man, and I.

Buster Keaton solemnly said, "I shall never join the 'Why, dear,' club. You know how it is. A man comes home late. Wife asks him where he was. He starts to stammer an explanation, 'Why, dear, you see I——.' No, I shall never join the 'Why, dear,' club." Left, a camera study of Mr. Keaton, and below, a scene of the recent nuptials. Reading from left to right, Norma Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Constance Talmadge

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

"It's too soon yet to say anything," Buster's voice, coming so suddenly, seemed tremendous. "I've only been married three weeks."

"Three weeks!" I murmured. "Where have I heard that before? It seems to recall tiger skins. And, yes, I believe that there was a lady, Elinor, who found that much could happen in three weeks." I only murmured it, and Buster was concerned with the birth of an epigram. He finally delivered it.

"Marriage is fine as an institution, but bad as a habit."

And later: "I shall never join the 'Why, dear' club. You know how it is. A man comes home late. Wife asks him where he was. He starts to stammer an explanation, 'Why, dear, you see I—' No, I shall never join the 'Why, dear' club."

From all of which it may be gathered that Buster is an old-fashioned husband. He has issued the pronunciamento that Natalie shall not work again before the camera; and Natalie probably wont.

Buster is an individual. His silence, his solemnness, set him distinctly apart. I had been told that off the screen he was quite different, animated, smiling, even laughing, most of the time. He who told me had met him in the hospital where he was recovering from a broken leg. Perhaps it takes hospitals, or something equally as lugubrious, to make him laugh. He didn't even grin that afternoon.

His eyes have something of a basilisk quality about them, as much as brown eyes can. He keeps them half concealed under their lids, so that they seem expressionless.

Photograph by Rice

His romance with Natalie Talmadge started five years ago. They decided to wait before committing themselves to any vows until Buster had achieved his own company and made it an assured success. Then came the Western Union proposal and acceptance. The wedding at Norma's country house followed quickly. Above, another portrait, and left, the famous comedian serenades his bride with a ukulele

He is small, but for all that an athlete. There seems to be no ill effect from his broken leg. He sustained it when a bit of revolving machinery on a complicated set went wrong.

His romance with Natalie Talmadge started five years ago. Despite the hints and rumors of possible disaster that immediately preceded the marriage—it was said that a rival for Natalie's hand had appeared and threatened to oust Buster from her affections—there was never any question in Natalie's mind. The only hope for the rival, a wealthy merchant, lay in his own mind. Natalie, when she was secretary for the Fatty Arbuckle company, out here in California, had admitted her love for Buster. Then he was playing in support of Fatty. They decided to wait, before committing themselves to any vows, until Buster had himself achieved his own company, and made

(*Continued on page* 87)

Twilight Talk

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

IT was early, and we were waiting out in the garden of Anita Stewart's Hollywood home until the hour set for the interview should arrive. It was the day before she was leaving for the woods of Northern California to start her latest picture, and she was taking a nap after spending the entire morning at a Los Angeles costumer's.

"You are early," a voice called downstairs, rather sleepily, when we finally entered the big hall. "You said five-thirty."

"But it is five-twenty-five, anyway," humbly replied my guide, who is the publicity factotum of the Mayer studios. "That is Miss Stewart now," he explained, in an aside to me. I was properly awed at having heard her voice for the first time in my life. It was a trifle husky, I thought. We amused ourselves in the large, dim drawing-room with a phonograph. All the records, I noticed, were jazzy. Then she came skipping down the stairs.

"Anita Stewart, attired in a trailing gown of pink silk, swept into the room," she cried, as she entered. We were introduced, then she added, by way of explanation:

"That is the way my very first interview began. I wont say how long ago, but you can imagine, if my gown actually trailed!"

When the first efforts of trying to size each other up were over, I looked meaningly at the pleasant publicity factotum and he withdrew. It was all arranged. I had told him to leave me quite, quite alone with Miss Stewart. He dragged himself out into the world to play with the dog.

"Let's make ourselves comfortable," said my hostess. So I got up and gave her the divan. It seems to be fashionable to be interviewed on a divan nowadays, and, anyway, her brilliant orange sweater and soft brown hair looked wonderful against the background of the deep blue cushions. I didn't blame her for wanting to be comfortable.

"My stories on the screen must be clean," insisted Anita Stewart. "I'm going to demand that even more in the future than I have in the past. I wont have vulgarity if I have to go into the cutting-room myself with shears . . ." Above, a new photograph, and below, with her husband, Rudolph Cameron

"I saw 'Sowing the Wind' this afternoon," I began, meaning to be clubby.

"How did you like it?" she flashed at

© Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe, L. A.

By
PETER MARTIN

me. She is dynamic in her conversation, and you have to slip into high to keep up with her.

"I didn't like the story," I replied, meaning to be frank myself, and see if she really was as candid as the publicity factotum had warned me, "but I liked you, because I like you in anything. But why do they give you such terrible stories?"

Her slim eyebrows rose to a peak in the center, and her famous deep-set, brown eyes looked troubled.

"I'm really to blame for that story. They gave me a number to choose from, and I selected that one because Mother said she liked the play when she was a young girl. But when they filmed it, they put in much more of the gambling-house than I expected.

"My stories on the screen must be clean. I am going to insist on that even more in the future than I have in the past. I wont stand for vulgarity if I have to go into the cutting-room myself with a pair of shears or a hatchet—like Carrie Nation!"

Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Above, another camera study; at the left, in a scene from a forthcoming production, and below, a photograph of the new house she just purchased in Hollywood

And, oh, boy!—how those deep-set, luminous eyes can flash!

"But next year things will be different," she went on, tugging at the fringed hem of her narrow-striped sport skirt, which, on the divan, was getting out of hand. "Next year I am going to do only three pictures, and each one will be just as good as it is humanly possible for me to have it made.

(Continued on page 88)

"Now," said Miss Stewart, "I can afford to be 'choosy' in my stories and in my cast. I am tired of trivialities"

What Are They Doing Now?

Concerning the Old Favorites of the Screen

"WHERE is she? What is he doing now?—I never see him any more!"

Apt questions in these days of changing tides, the new faces, the quick, over-night metamorphosis of the unstarred to the ranks of the satellites; questions which every film fan asks at times when the name of a former luminary is mentioned, when, perhaps, an old Biograph or Mutual film is released, and when we see such erstwhile personages as Florence Turner or Tom Chatterton acting before our eyes in a picture that is, perhaps, six or more years old.

For motion pictures are very much like the shifting sands. One moment we see a particular name brightly emblazoned in electric lights; presto! tomorrow those incandescents no longer shed their radiant warmth over Broadway and there is in their stead a new message spelled, a new name brought into the limelight, a new soul born into the realm of art.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Seeing the glamorous Louise Glaum as she is today in her sumptuous starring rôles, would not tend to make one believe she ever played such parts as that in which she is shown above. At the left is Pauline Bush as we used to know her, and King Baggot in the stellar rôle of "The Corsican Brothers" is pictured at the right

A dozen years ago we had our favorites. Among them were Ormi Hawley, Lottie Briscoe, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Marion Leonard, Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Cleo Madison, Bessie Eyton, Pauline Bush, Jessalyn Van Trump, Henry B. Walthall, John Bunny, Flora Finch,—and various others, including both Mary Fuller and King Baggot.

Very brilliantly did they shine. Later Time and Fate perhaps cast them into different lines, and, today, when their names are mentioned we hear someone—someone of perhaps an earlier generation of film fans who has never forgotten those record-making days of pictures—makes an inquiry.

The legitimate stage has claimed a large number of our former luminaries. Others have entered business and professional life.

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Some, as writers, are now capitalizing on the experience they gleaned from those early days when acting in the movies meant, often, writing one's own stories, continuity, titles and publicity.

Among the writers perhaps best known of the erstwhile favorites is Pauline Bush, who was the center of attraction in the days when Universal included a large number of subsidiary companies. She was then the idol of innumerable photoplay devotees the world over, and it then seemed as if she would remain on the screen indefinitely in stellar brilliance.

There is a vogue to all things. The bathing girl at the right is very different from the sea sprites the cinema depicts today. Yes—it is Juanita Hansen. Princess Mona Darkfeather, long a Kalem favorite, is now independently wealthy from oil interests developed on her tribal properties

Photograph (left) by De Gaston

Pretty Dorothy Davenport's film career was interrupted by her marriage to Wallace Reid. However, it is rumored that she is coming back

However, came along Allan Dwan—a young director, then a recent adjunct to the picture field. He met Miss Bush, there was a romance and they were married. Shortly afterward, Miss Bush retired from the screen in the interests of home and husband, and for several seasons no one heard anything about her. Dwan, however, became an independent producer of his own pictures—one of the newer coterie of filmdom notables about whom we, the fans, heard much.

One day [illegible] go, the newspapers carried the account of Miss Bush's departure for the Orient on the first lap of a world tour, during which she would gather material for screen stories. She has always "written a bit," and shown the same brilliance with her pen manifested as an actress. She is now in China; her articles are daily features of an English newspaper in Shanghai. On her return to this country she may, perhaps, return to the screen as an actress, but, nevertheless, her letters de-

(Continued on page 91)

Then and Now

Better motion pictures are undoubtedly a direct result of better studios. The panel above shows the Long Island studios of the Famous Players, erected at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It accommodates twelve companies at one time

Photograph by International

At the left is the first motion picture studio in America, erected in 1905 by the Edison Company. It was built on pivots so that it could be swung around to follow the sun, and placed on a track so it could be moved from place to place. It was 20x25 feet in size and facetiously called the "Black Maria" by members of the company

Everything for Sale

By JANET REID

Copyright, 1921, Realart Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved.

LEE MORTON had thought to end this thing comfortably, feeling himself the victor, coming out of it, so to speak, depleted financially, but inflated egotistically. That was generally the case in his dealings with women. Still, he had to admit it, it had never been quite the case in his dealings with Lillian Lord. His friends would have said that Lillian was just "one of 'em"—but Lee Morton knew today that she was more than that, different than that, oh, different——

He had met her to say that their friendship, their relationship was at an end. That he had made up his mind to marry Helen Wainwright and establish the sort of home a man of his prestige and money should have. He had decided that Helen Wainwright could grace it. She had family, breeding, beauty and distinction—she had everything that he needed, and that he could not exactly buy. She had everything—and yet when he came to telling Lillian Lord that she had everything, he felt within himself, deep, deep within himself that there was one thing she did not have, one thing that this girl, Lillian, did have—he couldn't name it, but there it was, unassailable, poignant, paining him——

He [illegible]t to give Lillian the bungalow they had shared [illegible]ccount which should put her forever beyond [illegible]ssurances of his profound esteem.

He fo[illegible]ll he could give her were the assurances. She smi[illegible]e reiterated proffers of the house and the mone[illegible]simply, "I could not live *here* alone, my dear, [illegible]ney is of no use to me, Lee, no use at all."

And thei[illegible]o Lee Morton that she had been living with [illegible]ng, not because of his money, but because she lo[illegible]

Did Helen W[illegible]t love him like that? Along with her beauty an[illegible]ling and her family connections, could she bring [illegible]his precious, warm thing Lillian Lord held for him within her breast? Was he sacrificing the tenderest thing in the world for—for Helen Wainwright's irreproachableness?

Then he shrugged the thoughts away. They were not normal, he told himself. They were morbid. He had never had any idea of marriage with Lillian Lord. Helen Wainwright was just the wife for him. Everybody said so. And he was pretty positive of the outcome. He did not think that Helen loved him. He rather suspected that she loved Donald Scott, the shy, young architect, who was decidedly in love with *her*, but she felt a certain species of fascination for him and the family pressure, being brought to bear upon her by her aunt and one of her uncles, were combination enough to swing her completely in his direction.

All he needed was a wife like Helen to help him to mount the social ladder as he had mounted the financial one.

And so he persisted in his farewell to Lillian.

"But you will let me know if you ever need anything greatly, wont you?" he said, and he took her hand.

She smiled at him. Long after they had parted he remembered the *way* she smiled.

"I shall never," she said, "need anything very greatly that you can give me now, Lee."

Lee Morton had been, as a matter of fact, wrong in another essential of the whole. Helen Wainwright was not in love with Donald Scott—at the time. Donald had been her childhood playmate and good comrade. Donald was a part of her life, of her very *young* life, before such things as marriage and love and family pressure had entered into it. He didn't figure in her mind as a part of maturity. Donald was someone you played with and had a good time with and never worried with. Donald was always there, always willing to enter into any of the things she wanted to have or to do. He didn't spell romance for her. He never, for instance, said any of

Helen had been conventionally raised. She had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school and been glad to get home—so very glad that she had determined to accept any responsibility which came to her

and been glad to get home, so very glad, that she had determined to accept any responsibility which came to her. Many of the girls she knew had done just such things for their families. All that Aunt Wainwright said was true, she didn't doubt. All but the love part—she thought Uncle Wainwright had done what he had done for love of her; she wasn't quite so sure about Aunt Wainwright. Aunt Wainwright had probably done a great deal for the return on which she now dwelt so persistently.

Well, Lee *had* a fascination. There was no one else. Helen floated along on the line of least resistance. There was no one else, that is, excepting Donald who was—just Donald.

Lee was kind, too. When he learned that Donald Scott was a friend of Helen's and an architect meeting with none too great success, he gave him the commission of reconstructing his bungalow for him at a fancy price. Donald was absurdly grateful about it. Helen didn't know why, but instinctively Donald's appreciation grated upon her. There was a fly in the ointment. It was Lee who should have been grateful. Helen felt puzzled and vaguely unhappy over the whole. She couldn't make out what was wrong, but she sensed that something was. Was it with Lee, or with herself, or with Donald—Donald who didn't count?

While Donald was away, Aunt Wainwright made ready the festive dinner that was to officially announce the engagement.

It was to be a magnificent affair. Aunt Wainwright, with relief in sight, was to spread herself. Everything was to be as it should be—as befitted the future Mrs. Lee Morton. She insisted upon Helen's buying an expensive dinner gown. Helen felt disinterested. She didn't seem to care whether she looked as gorgeous as Aunt Wainwright would have her or not. But she managed to smile.

Uncle Wainwright puzzled and upset her, too, by taking her into his study

the things to her that Lee Morton said. He was too shy, or he never thought of them. He didn't *look* at her in the way Lee Morton did. He didn't make her feel the way Lee Morton made her feel. He was just Donald.

Aunt Wainwright has told her, too, that she must not see so much of Donald in the future—now that she was to marry Lee Morton. "Donald," said Aunt Wainwright, with her positivism that, somehow, reminded one of tinkling ice against glass; "Donald belongs to your *past*, Helen. He isn't eligible and he isn't worth while. It is absolutely *necessary* that you marry well. Your uncle and I have done more than we really could afford for you in the way of education and dress and general advantages. We have done these things partly because of our love for you and partly because of the return we knew you would make us—such a return, my dear child, as your marriage to Mr. Morton will be. We are in a tight position, financially, and it is essential that it be remedied. Your marriage will effect the remedy. We depend upon you even as, all your life, since your parents' death you have depended upon us. Many an aunt, Helen, would have done less."

Helen had been conventionally raised. She had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school

EVERYTHING FOR SALE

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production of the scenario and story by Hector Turnbull. Directed by Frank O'Connor and starring May McAvoy. The cast:

Helen Wainwright	May McAvoy
Donald Scott	Edward Sutherland
Mrs. Wainwright	Kathlyn Williams
Mr. Wainwright	Edwin Stevens
Lee Morton	Richard Tucker
Lillian Lord	Betty Schade
Billy Mitchell	Dana Ladd
Sarah Calm	Jane Keckley

one night and, with his hands about her face, asking her whether she really loved Lee Morton. When she told him that she did, his frown deepened. He didn't seem satisfied. He took his hands away and thrust them into his pockets. His eyes brooded. Helen, watching him, thought what a kind, unhappy face Uncle Wainwright had. The kind of an unhappiness that he had learned to live with. What strange thoughts! It came to her with a pang that one *could* come to live with unhappiness. Was it possible that she—and then, impatiently, she shook the vapors off. She was growing morbid. She detested morbidity as being unhealthy. Well——

On the afternoon of the dinner, unexpectedly, Donald came back. He had done wonders with the bungalow. Three other commissions had come his way as a result—fat commissions. Commissions that, in their turn, were to lead to others. Where he had felt inutile and discouraged and baffled, he now felt resourceful and competent and courageous. Immediately, Helen sensed a change in Donald. This was a new Donald. She could never, it came to her fancifully, order him about any longer, as she had done. Never again would he do precisely and unquestioningly what she had said—altho, of course, she was never again to get the opportunity—or—or want it. Donald, the boy, had gone, never to return. In his place stood Donald the man, masterful.

He told her that her uncle had told him where to find her and suggested that they row over to a little island they had been wont to play Robinson Crusoe on, and Captain Kidd, and Long John Silver, and other fascinating and thrilly fictions.

Helen had the equally fanciful notion that their last bit of thrilly fiction could take place there today. She would row over with Donald, and there, upon that magically enchanted strip of shore, would tell him that now she, a woman grown, had come to bid farewell to him and to their island, that she was about to embark not upon a pirate ship but upon the craft of matrimony, never to return.

How surprised Donald would be. How would he take it? Would he play at all with her and, sweeping her a gesture, bid her a dramatic farewell, or would he sulk like he had done, when they were children and he had refused to play Robinson Crusoe and be his man Friday?

As it happened, however, Donald was planning a dramatic scene also.

He [illegible]ning that there, on that enchanted strip, he would beg Helen to leave behind them the glamorous Land of Make Believe and hand in hand with him enter into no less glamorous, but nearer, dearer land of Reality. Together in that as they had been together in Make Believe.

She must go with him, must see it, he felt. They had *always* been together. It was meant to be so. She couldn't wish it to be any other way. If it hadn't been for Uncle Wainwright's strange hints today, he would have felt almost secure, so profound within him was his sense that they two *belonged*.

The sun was bright—just as it had used to be. It shone on the narrow half-moon of golden sand that was their alighting place making it

Everything was to be as it should be—as befitted the future Mrs. Lee Morton. She insisted upon buying Helen an expensive dinner dress . . .

Helen gathered his face to her breast. It was, she thought—if she thought at all—the instinct to warm that cold whiteness to color and life again

glitter like metal. Back of the half-moon the trees curved, green and immense and dark. Thrilly. Donald helped her to alight. With his quickened sensibilities he perceived how white and lovely her hand was and remembered how many times he had held that same hand in helping her to alight and had found it grubby and hard.

Then he found himself unable to let go, swept away by recollections of their past, by hopes of their future, by desire of the immediate present. "Helen," he was saying, hardly conscious of his words; "Helen—we're going on—like this—sweetheart—aren't we——?"

And then, strangely, an alien voice surely, her voice telling him that she thought he must have known, surely must have guessed—that tonight was her engagement dinner to Lee Morton—oh, surely he *must* have guessed—then, "Oh, Scotty, honey—I'm *sorry*——"

Donald didn't release the hand he held. He stepped back a pace or two still holding it. An odd sensation possessed him. It seemed to him to be the little old grubby hand he was holding on to—the same little grubby hand of Captain Kidd—the hand of his good man Friday—the baby hand Lee Morton was to grasp—with *his* hand—and a shudder of revulsion swept over him, further transforming him. Why, it was impossible—it was horrible to contemplate—that Lee Morton should dare to hold Helen's hand on his—his hand into whose perilous keeping so many women had placed their faith. That girl, Lillian Something or Other, for instance, with her sad eyes and sadder smile—not bad, just hurt—— And then he found himself talking—torrentially—not as he was in the wont of speaking. He found himself blaspheming Lee Morton, who had befriended him, and, as he spoke, he knew what Helen must be thinking, that he was saying these things about a man who had done him a kindness, given him a start, in order to further his own case. Or wouldn't Helen *know,* knowing him as well as she did, that he always played four-square, never took unfair advantage, had a clean and high regard for the truth? Wouldn't their long, sweet friendship befriend him now? For he *wasn't* taking a mean advantage, he felt that now. It wasn't mean, even tho it was unpleasant to protect the woman you loved better than life from a man not fit to lay hands upon her. It was the considerably lesser of two evils, that was all.

"Morton doesn't know the meaning of love, nor the sanc-

Helen felt disinterested. She didn't seem to care whether she looked as gorgeous as Aunt Wainwright would have her or not. But she managed somehow to smile

Helen knew that she had never been a trouble to Uncle Wainwright. She wanted to thank him, more for his blessed heart of understanding than for any other thing . . .

tity of marriage," he said, "his past career has been notorious for its infidelities and for the sort of things I have prayed you might never know of. How can you, Helen, with all the clear white dreams you have told me of, think of placing your faith in such a person. Surely, you are not being bought—not *you?*"

Helen was immobile. Donald had the sense that she was closing her inner responsiveness to his meaning, if not her ears to his actual words. When he had done, she made no sign other than to stand as she had been standing, looking out over the waters. (Once they had read "Hiawatha" there together. He had been ten and she seven. They had spelled it out between them, laboriously, losing much of the rhythm. But some of the picturesque words they had loved and lingered over. "Shining Big Sea Water" had been one of them.) After a while she turned to meet his eyes and it stabbed him to see that a new patience, a sort of resignation incompatible with her youth, had come into her face. "Dear—" he began, but she shook her head.

"I cant listen to you, Donald," she said. "I suppose you mean it—oh, kindly, wonderfully, but—dont you see——? I—I cant *listen*——"

Donald compressed his mouth. A larger issue had presented itself to him than what seemed to him now to be merely the formality of fair play, but he perceived that Helen *didn't* perceive it. That was because she didn't love him. That was because Lee Morton and his money and his personality, too, he feared, had her in their spell. Donald knew what their spell had been to more than one woman—he felt, again, shy and inadequate—if only she loved him, then he would find words, then he would find the way——

He nodded and turned to lead the way to the boat.

When they reached the shining strand, the boat was gone. In their mutual excitement they had neglected to fasten it securely, and they saw it now, a speck in the distance, bobbing about.

Helen gasped. Donald laughed. "Dont be frightened," he said, "we're not so marooned as we look. Lots of boats pass here before night fall and one of them will pick us up. We'll make it our business to wigwag them until one does."

But one didn't. Several passed, but the signals from the island were either unnoticed or taken as play. No boat stopped, and, with the decline of the sun, Donald announced his determination of swimming to the mainland.

This aroused Helen from a sort of lethargy. She clutched hold of his sleeve. "Of *course,* you w[illegible] cried. "You know how dangerous these rocks [illegible] —and look at the surf that has come up! And [illegible] arm! Why, Scotty—I wont *let* you!"

Donald laughed. Helen didn't like his laugh. Why was he so un-Donald like today? He pulled away from her, and his voice was rough. "You cant give orders, Friday," he said, "I'm going to make a desperate try for it. There couldn't be anything much worse than for us to spend the night here—for *you.*"

Helen didn't realize what he was doing until he was in the water. There was a furious struggle, a crashing sort of sound and he was on the rocks, almost at her feet again, the blood from his head mingling and then losing itself in the salt spray.

Galvanized into action, she sprang to the shore and dragged him onto the gold half-moon. "Scotty! Scotty!" she called out, but, for the first time in their loves, there was no answering word from him, no flicker of response. His eyes were closed, his stern mouth unrelaxed, and his face as white as tho all of his life-blood had gone out in that deathly surf.

Helen gathered his face to her breast. It was, she thought, if she thought at all, the instinct to warm that cold whiteness to color and life again. And then, holding him there, by sheer force of her own strength she knew that it was instinct, indeed—the most powerful in the world. She knew that if Scotty never answered her again when she called, the gold would be forever gone from the half-moon of sand, from the sun, from her life. There would be no joy in anything, animate or inanimate. Why, all along, all her life that had *been* the joy of it and in it—his ready answer to her ready call. The very element she had thought commonplace was life itself, essentially. Why had she never known it? She held him closer, closer—closer still—her tears fell down, unheeded, and shone on his white face. It was like him, it was so

(*Continued on page* 100)

Satan on a Leash

"IS he nice?"

That's the first thing the little blonde girl at the soda fountain asked, when I told her that I had just interviewed Erich von Stroheim.

Was Napoleon "nice"? Was Dante "nice"? I cant say, but I can tell you what we talked about that cloudy afternoon in the little office up in the hills back of Universal City near Hollywood, and you can judge for yourself.

The "most hated man on the screen" is married again—for the third time—and now he says he has found the ideal mate. He saw her first when she was playing the small part of an ambulance driver in "Hearts of Humanity," and her costume was all wrong.

"Her ambulance stopped near me," said von Stroheim, jerkily running a hand over his close-cropped head, "and I saw that she was dressed incorrectly. I did not know her at all then. I was playing as an actor of two parts in that picture, but I found time to take her to the costumers' and show her the proper things to wear. The next day, when this same girl's ambulance stopped again near me, I noticed that it looked too clean. There was no trench mud on it. Altho I was wearing fresh white kid gloves, I splashed mud on that ambulance with my hands. It made a hit with her, just as I intended that it should.

"She thought, 'Ah, is he not the devil-may-care man? He does not care for new gloves!' and so we became acquainted. She was Valerie Germomprez, of French descent. I am Austrian."

It was just as this gigantic little man was making the last shots of his year-long picture, "Foolish Wives," that I talked with him, after finding out that only the moving of heaven and earth

The "most hated man on the screen" is married again—for the third time—and now he says he has found the ideal mate. He saw her first when she was playing the small part of an ambulance driver in "Hearts of Humanity." Above, a new camera study of Eric von Stroheim, and below, in a scene from his forthcoming "Foolish Wives"

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

had secured an appointment for me by the powers that be at Universal City. I waited in the sun two hours—from twelve until two—before he dismissed his company for lunch and turned to me.

"You are the young man they have spoken to me about?" he asked, as he inspected me with the deep brown eyes which charmed the wife in "Blind Husbands." We walked toward his little office, as I presented my credentials.

This man, who is no higher than your shoulders, has spent one million dollars in one year making one picture. The man playing the leading part has died during its filming—fat girls have grown thin—thin girls have grown fat—he has been attacked in the press—he has had obstacles of every sort thrust in the way—he has been accused of being in German employ and he has gone stolidly ahead, defying the business office and the exchequer, with Valerie Germomprez valiant at his side. Defeat or victory was about to be realized when we talked at last, lunchless, for he never lunches. I do, but I didn't that day.

"I am very daring for having taken another wife," he said, lighting a cigaret of the most delicate aroma, "and Valerie was very daring for accepting me as a husband.

"Now, that the war is over," said von Stroheim, "there is a little less of this hate against me, and you will notice in 'Foolish Wives' that I do not act so well as I did in 'Blind Husbands.' Why? Because I had discouragement, but not such big hate as I had during the war." Above, a new photograph, and left, with his wife

Terrible things have happened to her because of me—because of the hatred the people feel for me because I was born in Austria.

"In New York, when we were there last summer, at the time we were just engaged to be married, we entered a well-known café and took seats. At the next table were four people—two women and two men. I saw them looking at me. Suddenly, one of the women exclaimed, 'It is him—or he, how do you say it?—it is that beast! I will not sit here!' and in hysterics the women left the café. Such things has my wife stood for me.

"At the Ship Café in Venice, when I was courting her, actors of Hollywood actually threw bread at me and hissed me one night when we were there."

"How does it happen," I asked, deter-

(*Continued on page* 84)

That's Out

by Tamar Lane.

A CERTAIN movie producer in New York recently wired to Alexander Dumas in Europe for the screen rights to "Monte Cristo." As he stated to answer collect, the poor chap cant understand why he has received no reply.

It is said that Cecil B. de Mille has "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" under consideration for pictures, but he cant find a place for the lingerie scenes.

We have seen a lot of films in the past six months that might properly be called "Junk," but Metro is the first company to have the candor openly to title one so.

Why is it, that when you are comfortably seated in the theater, with plenty of other empty aisles of seats, everybody picks out the aisle you are in for their resting place?

We Take Our Hats Off To—

William Fox, for having the courage to risk such a bank-roll on that greatest of all feature comedies, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Ruth Dwyer, as being one of the fairest and most promising young actresses on the screen.

Wanted

By Nazimova, someone who can direct her in some good productions and save her from utter oblivion.

Our idea of the height of brilliancy is to applaud characters and happenings in the silent drama.

People who live in glass houses should never invite the Sennett bathing girls over to visit them.

It begins to look as tho the fellow who is responsible for most movie titles is the same individual who names the Pullman cars.

How did this fellow Carpentier ever get such a big reputation? Why, Dempsey is even a better movie actor.

Do You Remember—

When there was nothing but one reelers?

And you could see Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Arthur Johnson and John Bunny all in the same program?

And they were all good pictures?

And the sum total of admission for all this was only a nickel?

Without any war tax?

Weren't those the happy days?

Spare Us

From highbrows who constantly pan the silent drama, but who even more constantly try to sell their stories to the film producers.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Star Sisters

A New Camera Study of Norma and Constance Talmadge

Honest Ann

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

ANN FORREST was trying on hats when I interviewed her—big hats, floppy hats, lacy hats. I envied her the hats. She would have been glad to rid herself of the whole lot by handing them over to me.

"Now," said Ann, "I have grown tired of weeping, and I will have to show directors that I can make people smile"

"I'm no beauty, you know," she said, as she yanked a lacy creation down over her blonde locks. "I'm no good as the little ingénue who comes tripping on the scene and chucks Daddy under the chin. But, because I am small, that was all the directors would let me do when I first entered pictures. Ingénue! Gosh, I hate the word! Fay"—(to the hair-dresser of the Lasky studio, who hovered near with a curling-iron)—"I suppose I'll have to have a little more curl at the side here, but, for Pete's sake, not any more than is absolutely necessary to make this hat look right. I've got to look pretty to please my director—George Melford. That's why I prefer raggedy parts —no worry or fuss.

"I have always felt that I could act. We Norse people feel so deeply, anyway, and I used to beg and beg to be put in a dramatic part. But no one ever thought I could do it. They all thought me too young and inexperienced, until Reginald Barker started casting for 'Dangerous Days.' He told me I looked the part, but it was too dramatic for me—required a lot of weeping, etc. I begged him to try me out. He shook his head and said he didn't dare. At last, tho, he gave in, for he couldn't find anyone who just suited him, so he told me he'd give me the chance. I wasn't afraid, but I could see him worrying as we started the scene, and, my dear, I wept gallons! The next day, when we were looking at the rushes (the projecting of the previous day's work), he jumped up and grasped my hand. 'It's great, Ann, great!' he said. 'I'm d—— proud of you.'"

That is the way that Ann Forrest got her start. In that one picture she proved herself such an exceptionally fine emotional actress that directors have been clamoring for her ever since—and they invariably want her to work in a tear scene or two.

Photograph © Evans, L. A.

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

"So now," said Ann, "I am getting tired of weeping and will have to show them that I can make people smile."

Which is a small example of Ann's tireless persistence. She means to make a big success for herself by her own efforts. Combined with her vibrant ambition is a keen sense of humor and a jolly ability to be a gay companion and friend.

I think Ann is about the most "on-the-square" girl I have ever met. She combines the masculine sense of fair play and good camaraderie with a truly feminine charm, which may or may not be the outgrowth of a certain bit of philosophy of hers.

"To my mind," she told me with wide-open, azure eyes, meeting mine straight and honestly, "it seems that a woman is capable of doing everything that a man does, *but*, to be an ideal woman, she must do it without losing her femininity. This is a difficult thing to do. Too often, the successful woman becomes masculine.

"I dont know why I ever came to the realization that, so long as I had been born a girl, I had better preserve any feminine charm that might have been born in me, for, you know, I wanted to be a boy, oh so badly. I was a terrific tomboy with my brothers in Norway, but I was also a great sentimentalist. I particularly loved kings. I can remember weaving fairy stories about our kings and their princes. Then, when I was about seven or eight years old, I met our King—King Christian the Ninth. He was walking along the sidewalk very democratically, and I, running along with my brothers, bumped into him. Putting his hand on my head, he led me to the side of the walk, saying" (she spoke several words rapidly in Norwegian, then noting my blank expression, translated into English): "'Children should show deference to their elders.' I was so thrilled I have always cherished the experience as one of my fondest memories. King Christian's wife was an example of the valuable place women can make for themselves, for the King never settled any affairs of state without her advice.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Ann Forrest said, "To my mind, a woman is capable of doing everything a man does, *but*, to be an ideal woman, she must do it without losing her femininity. This is a difficult thing to do. Too often, the successful woman becomes masculine"

Disraeli

By JEAN CALHOUN

As a caricature, most of England's millions knew Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew whom Queen Victoria had made her Prime Minister. He was preternaturally tall, thin, with a long, sardonic face and lank locks of hair fell over his bald forehead

IN the rose gardens of Glastonbury Towers the morning sunshine fell over an odd figure, moving among the Gloire di Dijon and the heavy crimson August roses, with little mincing steps like a dancing master. Preternaturally tall, thin, with a long sardonic face and lank locks of hair falling over a bald forehead, it was a figure to lend itself to caricature. And, as a caricature, most of England's millions knew Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew whom Queen Victoria had made her Prime Minister.

None associated him, surely, with the picking of flowers, this shrewd, clever man, with his cold, greenish eyes that seemed to see everything, and his thin, guarded lips that said nothing, and said it so gracefully. Yet, every morning of his life, whether his desk was piled with papers that involved the destiny of nations, whether kings and diplomats were waiting in his ante-chamber, this man, whom the world thought of as a calculating machine, carried a bouquet, as a young lover might, to the frail, white haired woman who was his wife. And with each bouquet—a kiss!

From the terrace, Clarissa, Lady Pavensy, of an age that champions the lost causes of the world, lionizes the unpopular, and finds romance even in calculating machines, which means that she was just eighteen, watched the grotesque figure with its dandified waistcoat, exquisite neckcloth and varnished boots, darting to and fro among the blossoms with the artificial manner of one bowing over a lady's hand.

"How wonderful," she thought, with swelling heart, "that a man who makes history should pay such beautiful homage to a woman. Ah! If I could but meet such a one as that instead of the scented dandies, the pretty nobodies, who would present me with fine talk instead of great deeds!"

From the bitterness of her scorn one might have argued, and truly, that she had some particular dandy, some definite nobody in mind. She held her dainty head, with its cascades of curls confined in subjection by jeweled pins, disdainfully high at the murmur of voices that came to her ears from the drawing-room. Charles was holding Mama's silk, possibly giving weighty advice as to the shade of some flower petal, or the graceful disposition of an embroidered stem. A seemly occupation for a man, truly!

Disraeli, regarding the sumptuous blossom he had just picked, with the cynical expression of one paying a compliment to an acknowledged beauty, turned at the whisper of her silks.

"The roses," he said, bowing profoundly, "suffer in comparison, Lady Pavensy. See," he pointed to the petals scattered by her skirts along the gravel path, "they despair and die when they see you."

"If you please, no compliments," said Clarissa, rather rudely, " I am sick of hearing about my beauty, of which I am very humble, instead of about my wits, of which I am somewhat vain. Speak to me as you would to a man, Lord Beaconsfield, a man of that strange, splendid, dazzling world of politics in which your mind lives, I am sure, even when you take a holiday like this."

They were talking earnestly when Charles, Viscount Deeford, came presently out of the house, freed from his silken bonds and quite evidently seeking someone. His dark brows drew together into what he fondly believed was a manly frown, but what was more like a petulant little boy rage. The affair between himself and Clarissa was at the stage where he fancied a rival in everything masculine, above the rank of a footman, and he had reason to know her passionate championship of this brilliant, but unpopular statesman, whom she had held up to him as a model on certain sentimental occasions.

"Gad!" swore young Charles, striding thru the grass, "she hangs on the words of that gargoyle! I'll have no petticoat politics in my house when I am married!"

From the unfriendly frown with which Clarissa greeted him, that time seemed uncertain, to say the least. But Disraeli deftly handed her over to Charles, without either of the young people being able to say how it was done.

Save for the white-haired woman, even now awaiting him in their apartment in the Towers, and that other with the serene brow and smooth bands of parted hair, his Queen, Disraeli had as little to do with women as possible. He recognized them as pawns in the game he played; he never did them the wrong of not admitting their importance and power, but he was wary of them. That the destiny of England might hang from a coquettish ribbon, or dangle from a dainty watch charm, was a distasteful thought, yet he admitted to himself that even now it might be so. There was, under the turreted roof of Glastonbury Towers, a woman, a vain and silly woman, who could pull many strings with her small, helpless-seeming hands, and he knew well that under the glaze of amity and guilelessness, she was his enemy.

No trace of these things showed in his benign countenance as he laid his offering in his wife's lap, and spoke lightly of the golden beauty of the morning. But in forty years of wifehood, Lady Beaconsfield had learned many things, among them to hear what he did not say. She touched his wrist with fingers like withered rose leaves, incredibly tiny, fragrant.

"Sir Michael Probert has arrived."

The masklike countenance of her husband remained unchanged. "Ah! I shall be delighted to see him and ask for Her Majesty." He touched the bell. "Present Sir Michael with the compliments of Disraeli. Ask him at his convenience to wait on me in the morning-room."

Lady Beaconsfield murmured a protest after the footman had left. "He will be furious at being summoned—the Governor of the Bank of England! Were you quite wise to take the high hand when you wish to ask a favor?"

The Prime Minister kissed the little fluttering hand gallantly. "I never ask favors, my dear. I demand them always. As for Sir Michael's fury—" he smiled sardonically, "I am not so popular now that I need fear unpopularity. Which is an excellent and healthful thing, tho unpleasant, like—forgive me for the vulgarity—a dose of salts."

Lady Beaconsfield looked after the odd figure as he moved out of the room, and sighed a trifle wistfully. Long, long ago, she had lighted the flame of her heart before one altar, and if she might, she would have had the whole world worshipping there with her. "They do not know him as I do," she murmured, with a proud lift of the old head, a proud flash of the old eyes. "He is a great man, too great to be understood by his generation. But history will see him rightly."

In the morning-room a sulky Clarissa sat obstinately beside an agitated mother, who was trying bravely to pretend that she did not see anything wrong with her plans for grafting the glum looking young man, who stood moodily by, to her ancient family tree.

"Why do you not show Charles the swans," she suggested, gaily, "ah, Charles, you really must see the swans!"

"The grass," explained Clarissa, in a carefully disdainful tone," is covered with dew. Charles can no doubt restrain his burning impatience to see the swans, Mama, until some other time."

At this awkward juncture, Heaven opportunely sent Disraeli to relieve the good Duchess' sufferings. "Sir Michael Probert is coming here," said that gentleman. And that was all he said, but the Duchess rustled to her feet immediately, as tho she

"A word once said has a hundred echoes," observed Disraeli, as he joined Charles before the fireplace. "I have played a lone hand, my boy, but I need support now, and the Queen is a woman!" His tone said profoundly, "God pity her"

"The grass," explained Clarissa in a carefully disdainful tone, "is covered with dew. Charles can no doubt restrain his burning impatience to see the swans, Mama, until some other time"

had just heard an order, and touched her daughter on the arm significantly. "My dear! You have forgotten to water your canaries! Fie, fie—poor Mimi, poor Madelon—" she passed out twittering like one of the birds in question. Clarissa rose as tho to follow, then impulsively ran to Disraeli, clasping her hands eagerly.

"You are going to discuss something important with him! You are going to make history here, in this very room!"

"Ah!" said Disraeli regretfully, shaking his egg-shaped head with a deprecating movement of his long, thin hands, "nothing more world-shaking than celery culture, my dear young lady! Sir Michael has the finest celery beds in Sussex."

Clarissa tossed her head petulantly. "I do not believe you! That is some of your horrid diplomacy, which is just a polite word for lying!"

She flounced out of the room, and Charles turned to follow, but was stopped at the Prime Minister's nod. "Women! Why should they trouble their pretty heads with the dull business of running the world? But I would like to talk with you, Charles. I am a lonely man, and I need advice."

Charles stared, open-mouthed. The Great Man asking advice of *him*, the Sphinx of Parliament speaking—to *him*. He would not have been human if he had not been flattered, and Charles was even more human than most. "If I could, sir—anything! I would be so proud—" he stammered, with a nice boy-blush.

Disraeli glanced about at the closed doors, then deliberately passed from one window to another, looking behind the heavy velvet portières. "A word once said has a hundred echoes," he observed as he rejoined Charles before the fireplace. "I have played a lone hand, my boy, but I need support now, and—the Queen is a woman!" his tone said profoundly, "God pity her!"

"Anything—" repeated Charles awkwardly, but as tho he uttered a pledge, "anything at all, sir."

Disraeli laughed a trifle grimly. "It may be that I shall ask it of you to play parlor diplomat, to listen at boudoir doors, and flatter secrets from fair, frail lips! I have never played in that way before, but now—there is a woman using scented weapons against me. Lady Travers," he added after a pause.

"Lady Travers." Charles checked his amaze at a swift signal. "But she is so—such a—"

"Such a fool, yes," the Prime Minister nodded, "but there's where she's all powerful! I can deal with wise men wisely, with clever men cleverly,

DISRAELI

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the United Artists' release of the Distinctive Productions, Inc., film version of the scenario by Forrest Halsey, adapted from the stage play by Louis N. Parker. Directed by Henry Kolker and starring George Arliss. The cast:

Disraeli	George Arliss
Lady Beaconsfield	Mrs. Arliss
Lady Travers	Margaret Dale
Clarissa	Louise Huff
Charles, Viscount Deeford	Reginald Denny
Sir Michael Probert	E. J. Radcliff
Meyers	Frank Losee
The Duke of Glastonbury	Henry Carvil
The Duchess of Glastonbury	Grace Griswold
Toljance	Noel Tearle
The Duke's Footman	Fred J. Nichols

with unscrupulous men trickily, but I cannot understand the workings of a fool's mind. I believe her to be working in the interests of Russia against England, in the matter of the purchase of the Suez Canal, and—I cannot prove it. She has influence in high quarters, she has millions, and a restless, mischievous brain."

Charles's heart beat violently. He could not guess the unflattering reason why the great man had chosen him as confidant, for his very insignificance, his ardent youth that would make him a devotee of any cause, his divined genius for faithfulness.

"Wherever I turn in the matter I feel unseen forces at work to thwart me," said Disraeli wearily, "I have traced them to this woman—and yet! Women are so damnably strong in their weakness! One cannot fight a woman with man's weapons. But England must and will have the canal!" He straightened his sloping shoulders under their jaunty, snuff-colored coat of velvet. "If Sir Michael will not lend me the money, I will go to one of my own race—" he bent closer as a hand turned the knob of the door, "and between us I fancy he will refuse. Lady Travers is Lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and can make or mar any man's fortunes in England—save Benjamin Disraeli's!"

Sir Michael was more than angry. He was affronted—he to be "summoned" by a scheming, mannerless fellow, who put on insufferable airs with his betters because the ill-advised impulse of the Queen gave him for a moment a certain amount of power! He listened to Disraeli's suave statements with a forbidding frown. "Dammit, sir, what you ask is absurd," he barked at the close. "Let Russia squander her millions on what she will!"

"If Russia buys the Suez Canal," said Disraeli in a soft voice, touching the tips of his long fingers together, "We will lose India within a twelvemonth!"

"Bah! Poppycock! You cant bully me by a child's ogre story!" snapped the banker, turning unceremoniously on his heel. "Not so long as I control the key to the Treasury shall England waste her substance on a ditch dug in the sand!"

The door rasped to, behind his portly, enraged back. Charles was quivering with vicarious indignation. "He insulted you, sir," he cried, with doubled fists. "Gad! That fellow *insulted* you!"

"I have learned, my boy," said Disraeli, with his thin-lipped smile, "not to be insulted. It takes too much time in life." With the tread of a cat, the polished boots moved over the soft carpet to a door at the side, which, flung open, revealed Lady Travers standing on the threshold.

"So sorry to *disturb* you!" trilled she, with an unabashed glance upward into the Prime Minister's enigmatic face, "I think I left a *book* in here. I'm so *careless*, quite a flutterbrain *really!* But go on talking, dont let me interrupt *you!*"

"I never let a lady interrupt me," purred Disraeli, with what significance she chose to read into the words. "A book? Charles, dont you hear? Lady Travers has lost a book."

From the corner of his eye he saw her deftly slip a volume from the table under a chair cushion, but continued to search industriously. All three were diligently employed in moving the furniture, looking under it, peering behind it, when the host and hostess, with several of their guests, came in.

"In God's name," grunted the Duke, who was choleric and fond of three things, the hunt, his meals, and a good joke, "are you playing hide and seek, Disraeli, or puss in the corner?"

Disraeli suavely discovered the book beneath the cushion, and handed it to Lady Travers with a deep bow. He laid his hand on Charles' shoulder, smiling about at the circle of faces, "I have a new cohort," he remarked casually, "this young man has decided to enter politics."

A shriek pierced the amazed silence that ensued and Clarissa, hands clasped, curls agitated, rushed from the group and teetered on her spindle heels—

None would have guessed, to see the Prime Minister in the days that followed, that he bore a troubled heart under the familiar, cynical smile, the exaggerated mannerisms which made him such a boon to his enemies' sarcasms and the butt of coarse, stupid wit

a new French fashion—before Disraeli. "Charles in politics! Merciful heavens—with *you?*"

"Yes," replied the Prime Minister calmly, laying the hand she gave him into Charles', "he has promised to become my secretary."

Fainting was a genteel and womanly thing to do, so Clarissa fainted away.

Lady Travers lingered behind the others, ogling Disraeli over the top of a heavily scented handkerchief. "As I was coming in just now—" she asked innocently, "didn't I hear somebody saying something about sand?"

"Your hearing is acute, Madam," he replied, adjusting his monocle, "I was just telling Charles that sand makes the best bed for—ah—celery."

Within a week, the Prime Minister of England announced to his new secretary, that Solomon Meyers, the Jewish banker of the London Ghetto, had made the necessary loan, and the check for the payment of the Canal was ready to send to Cairo. "You are to carry it."

Charles looked glad and sorry at once. "It is a great honor, sir, but—"

"Clarissa," said Disraeli, softly, tapping his desk with the brittle, white finger nails of age, "Clarissa would be proud of a man who wore the Ribbon of the Bath."

The boy choked, swallowed. "But—for carrying a check—"

"There is, or there may be danger in carrying that particular check," the older man said slowly. "Powerful interests would be furthered if it were never delivered. One serves England, my boy, in more ways than by waving a sword at the head of troops!"

Something of the flame of patriotism that burned in the shy, hidden heart of this man, something of his spirit, lonely with the loneliness of centuries, in which his race had been driven like the lepers away

(*Continued on page* 103)

In the Hall of Reception, Disraeli, the Prime Minister, stood alone, waiting the coming of the guests who would acclaim him, openly at last, the Sovereign who would do him public honor—and his triumph, striven for thru so many long and difficult years, was as dust and ashes

D'Artagnan of the Shadows

Herewith are three scenes from "The Three Musketeers," which find Douglas Fairbanks portraying D'Artagnan, the romantic Dumas hero. Incidentally, it has always been Doug's desire to bring this rôle to the silver cloth

Naomi --- --- ---

By BETSY BRUCE

Naomi is the sort of person to whom you would go with your confidences. She has a ready interest and sympathy. And she admits that she loves to romance

All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

TEA or luncheon, as the case may be, belongs with an interview quite as naturally as—let us say—Turkish cigarets with the demitasse. It may be, of course, that food is conducive to sociability. At any rate, there is no professional interviewer who will argue with this custom.

It was luncheon in the instance of Naomi Childers—luncheon at the Biltmore, and the time was a few days before Naomi Childers became Mrs. Luther Reed. Naturally, this event directed the conversation.

Naomi is the sort of person to whom you would go with your confidences. She has a ready interest and sympathy. She understands just how you feel when Bob asks to drive you home from the dance, or Jack, altho you've only met him twice, remembers to send you a postal of Lake Michigan on his flying trip to Chicago. She admits that she loves to romance.

"As a matter of fact," she confided, tucking the veil in the soft blue feathers, curled about her hat, "that's the trouble with me. I'm indolent and a dreamer. You have to be up and doing every minute of your waking life or you'll never get anywhere. I've always wanted to write, and, unless I'm actually busy at the studio, that is what I chose to do. Now you know perfectly well that if I was any kind of a business woman, I would give up all idea of writing until I had a contract in my pocket which read something like a fairy tale. Instead of that I go serenely on playing parts which appeal to me; writing in the interims; having tea here; spending a charming week-end there and planning my life with no actual thought for the future."

We insisted that

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

. . . The romance and poetry of her name is symbolical. It stirs memories of another Naomi who lived hundreds of years ago; of a Naomi whose name is written in Biblical history—one who loved her own life, but loved love even more

she had achieved something—that her characterization in "Earthbound" would never be forgotten.

She smiled—slightly.

"I like that rôle," she admitted, "but I dont think it helped me any. I mean that people like to see you look attractive, after all. Even some of my closest friends, in speaking of 'Earthbound,' say to me: 'Nome, I think you were wonderful, really—but why did you look so forlorn and old.' You see, I had to look forlorn. I had to look old or it would have been no use. It was such a weepy part. I cried for weeks and weeks. After a while my nerves got to such a state that I'd cry during luncheon. I remember how perfectly furious Tom Moore was one day. We were having luncheon together at the Goldwyn restaurant. I had been crying all morning and just couldn't stop. He said, 'For the Lord's sake, Nome, stop it. Art's all right and all that, but you'll be a wreck before the picture is finished.'" She laughed. "Tom is a wild Irishman. Everyone loves him."

Naomi is really a passive person. That is, she doesn't ride hobbies at a furious and hectic pace; she doesn't rave and storm about things she dislikes. If something chances to displease her, she simply tilts her head ever so slightly and there is nothing further to do. And, on the other hand, when something charming takes place, there is the flash of a smile which speaks volumes.

When you have been with her for a time, you begin that life is quite simple after all—that it is the and one philosophies which have been evolved given it the semblance of appearing confusing.

You discover the slightest touch of a drawl in her voice. St. Louis is responsible for it. Perhaps it is the Southern blood, too, which accounts for the absence of any tendency on her part to keep apace with the rush of the modern world.

There is a twinkle in her blue eyes, and she says:

"I must take my time about living. What *is* all the rush for?"

And you find yourself wondering about it, too.

While she talked to me, I noticed that a man at a nearby table was admiring her. He called her to his companion's attention, and she was favored with an icy stare and a forced smile. Women are not pleased when their companion admires another of their sex. However, you could not blame any man for admiring Naomi, as she sat there, the patrician—everyone who has ever interviewed her has called her that—nevertheless, it is true.

We asked her if she would give up the screen upon her marriage, and she said she would not.

"Mr. Reed wishes me to, but not so definitely that it will make him unhappy if I do not," she explained. "I would be miserable if I stopped now. I would never feel finished somehow. No, I will go on."

She went further to say that she thinks any girl is unwise to sacrifice marriage, wifehood and probably motherhood to her career.

"Perhaps," she admitted, "the career seems sufficient for a time, but there are other years coming—the first years of your life are the sowing years, the others the

(*Continued on page* 90)

Fulfilment

Seven years ago the Photoplay Philosopher issued a prophecy. It was in the July, 1913, issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *to be exact. At the time, the majority of the statements were received with skeptical misgivings. The entire prophecy is reproduced below, and it is interesting to note its general fulfilment.*

ACCORDING to Mahomet, God Almighty has sent just four great prophets to this world—Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Mahomet. Since Mahomet's time, every generation has produced one or more "prophets," but they have been mostly those who, by some astrological, clairvoyant, spiritualistic or charlatanic device, predicted earthquakes, floods, deaths, the destruction of the world, and so on, and since most of these prophecies never came to pass, prophets have come into ill repute. Statesmen, politicians, philosophers and leaders of public thought are very loath to lend their good names to prophecies, because, with all their learning, they know that it is well-nigh impossible to foretell what is to be. The art of foretelling by means of dreams, second sight, the stars and occult influences has become a joke, and nobody of sense takes these things seriously. Cicero once remarked: "I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet." And he was right, because prophecy is mere guessing, after all. While men of learning may, by studying the laws of cause and effect, successfully foretell the natural results of certain forces and conditions, and while it is true that history oft repeats itself, still no man can foretell with certainty what the future will bring forth.

To venture a prediction in the face of these facts seems hazardous, if not absurd, yet in the Motion Picture field conditions are shaping themselves so rapidly that it is quite obvious what the coming years will evolve. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought when I have the boldness to make the following predictions:

1. Motion Pictures will steadily advance, both in excellence and in popularity.

2. Free competition will come, and there will be no such thing as licensed films. This will result in the survival of the fittest, both as to licensed and independent films.

3. The time will soon pass when stores will be converted into small, inadequate motion picture theaters. The future will see large, beautiful, modern motion picture theaters of brick, stone, cement and marble, in every large community, containing wonderful inventions for the better display of the pictures, and for the safety and convenience of the public.

4. Picture theaters will all have a scale of prices for reserved seats, probably from five to fifty cents each.

5. There will be theaters where pictures for children only are shown, and this will probably settle the question of official censorship.

6. There will be theaters (or seasons) for comedies, for education, for dramas, for historical, and classical plays, and so on.

7. While short plays will always be made, some with two, some with one, and some with even three on a reel, there will be many photodramas of four or five reels, or more, requiring a whole evening to display them.

8. The present idea of changing the program every day will be antiquated, and the exhibitors will make effort to secure plays for a "run" of from two to twenty or more days, just as the "legitimate" plays now have runs of two or three hundred nights.

9. The people will get out of the habit of running around the corner to a picture show to spend an idle hour, and they will be glad to take a car or a carriage or an auto to ride to a theater in a distant part of the city to

(*Continued on page* 94)

Along the Starry Way

Big Bear Lake

By

MILES HAMMOND

DEAR FRIENDS:

Just outside my window there's a tennis court full of pretty high-school girls banging away with their rackets, and making quite a racket, too, and they want me to come out and play a set of doubles. My aunt has just called in that the janitor wants to get in here to vacuum the apartment, and she wants to know when I'm going to get out. My chum has just phoned for me to go down town to see Mack Sennett's "Home Talent." But, I'm going to sit right here and chat a bit with you, all about the Big Bear Lake region. The cleaner can clean, the girls can play and the phone can ring; but we'll sit tight, wont we? Well, here goes:

Southern California — I almost got canned from a newspaper once, for forgetting to put Southern before California in a booster story— Southern California's got a refrigerator way up in the wooded ranges of the Sierras, in the Big Bear Lake country, about six hours' east of Los Angeles. Ever on the alert to offer something unusual, the Southern California boosters have bottled up a bit of the far north, as it were, where in fall and winter, broad snow fields, ice skating, sleigh riding, and big game hunting lure sporting blood; while boating, riding, hiking, dancing, fishing and swimming are the attractions in spring and summer.

And so, should the transplanted resident of Wiscousin, Idaho, the Dakotas, or other cold regions, pine for a nip of old timey winter, or complain at the lack of

(*Cont'd on page* 110)

At Big Bear Lake every day takes care of itself. There is much to do, much to enjoy, far from the maddening crowd. At the top of the page may be seen Pine Knot Lodge, which has sheltered numerous movie companies "locationing" at Big Bear Lake; then comes one of the typical scenes which delight the tourist's eye; above are Lila Lee and Tom Forman, and at the left, another company on location in this Southern Alaska. You will undoubtedly recognize Milton Sills and Mabel Juliene Scott among the players

Their Big Day

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe

FRIDAY, July the first, that all-important date, has come and gone. It exacted its toll of disappointment and contributed its share of happiness and hope. Not all the great crowd that poured in an uninterrupted stream into the offices on that day could be winners of the contest. It seems hardly necessary to say that, but the heart of each individual, who presented himself or herself, flamed high with hope and confidence, and it was difficult for some of them to be resigned to failure.

They began to arrive at half past eight in the morning, altho the hour was definitely set at ten o'clock. By ten o'clock the little reception-room down stairs was jammed with anxious contestants. Everything went smoothly and expeditiously; not a hitch anywhere. All contestants were given a slip of paper which they presented to the contest judges who were assembled. After a careful examination and discussion of their good and bad points, a rating was put down on their slip, a mysterious number that either did, or did not, entitle them to a screen test. Their suspense was soon ended, however, for they were directed to report immediately to the Contest Manager's office, who had the key to the mysterious number.

It was a hard day for the poor old Contest Manager, because he had to break the news to the ones who had lost, and, of necessity, so many had to. The lucky ones, who were to be tested, were given another precious slip and full directions for the next day.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Photograph by Lumiere

At the top of the page is Florence Rawlins, of New York City, who comes to the Contest with a little motion picture experience; in the center is Eileen Elliott, of Philadelphia, Pa., and at the left is Olive Ann Alcorn, of Los Angeles, Calif., also possessed of some experience

Photograph (left)
© by I. Haig

The Ridin' Romeo

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

I KNEW that Tom Mix was bringing his famous horse, Tony, to New York with him, so when I went to the Biltmore to interview Mr. Mix, I fully expected to see him come riding in, a veritable "Ridin' Romeo." But I was disappointed, or perhaps a bit relieved. There was not much I had not met in the hotels about New York, but never in all my interviewer's experience had I met a horse actually inside a hotel -and had my doubts; altho later Mr. Mix told me that he could ride his horse straight into the elevator or up the twelve flights of stairs to his rooms, and he'd never turn a hair. Which, of course, could be taken literally.

Tony, it seemed, had not arrived. But his saddle, with its sterling silver mountings and carved leather — *does* one carve leather? Anyhow, it was hand-work, done by Mr. Mix. The equipment cost something over two thousand dollars, the attentive P. A. told me, while I waited for my predecessor to finish interviewing Mr. Mix.

He was rather perturbed, the P. A., at the non-arrival of Tony. A campaign of entertainment for the Fox star as elaborate as anything ever planned for royalty, the President, or even Jack Dempsey, had been mapped out—and Tony, one of the principals, had not yet arrived.

But Tom Mix was not worried. "I reckon he'll turn up," he said. "We know he's some place between Chicago and New York. You couldn't lose that horse."

The day was a broiling hot one, with the humidity at ninety something, but from the four windows of the big room, high above the sweltering street, came a

(*Continued on page* 112)

"Me on the stage?" repeated Tom Mix. "Lord, no! I have to have a regular man-size job—out in the open, with lots of room—and on the stage I couldn't work with horses. There's something about the feel of a good horse under me—big, open spaces and the whole sky—not just a piece of it—above me. That's like nothing else in the world." Top, Tom Mix, a portrait; center, viewing Manhattan's famous sky-line from the ferry, and left, at the ball game with Mrs. Mix and Sessue Hayakawa

The Power of Perfume

By
CORLISS PALMER

CORLISS PALMER
A new camera study by Lumiere of New York

EVEN Solomon in all his glory and wisdom was not above the lure of perfume. The Songs of Solomon abound with allusions to the ancient use of sweet odors. For instance:

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?"

And, "My hands dropped with myrrh," etc.

In "Salammbô," a story of Carthage in the days of Hannibal, a unique use for perfume is described. Salammbô wore earrings of immense pink pearls in each of which were concealed chambers full of perfume, so that whenever she shook her head, part of the hidden essence dropped out and scented the air.

When the ancient Egyptians entertained, they removed the sandals from the feet of the guests as they entered, annointed the feet with perfume, and handed a bouquet of flowers to each guest, which, tho it seems strange to us, was nevertheless a pretty custom. At the banquet tables, showers of perfume were turned over the guests.

Cleopatra, who represents the height of Egypt's civilization, was an alluring bit of femininity who bathed in scented water in which floated flower petals, and saturated her hair with the spicy odors that were in vogue at that time. Her presence suggested flowers and fragrance more than the serpentlike vampire, as she is always described.

In fact, in the study of the human races, the more highly civilized people become, the more keenly is the sense of smell developed, the more particular they are about physical cleanliness, and the more they lean toward dainty perfumes for the body and the clothing.

Arabia and India have been famous for their perfumes. Their intense liking for sweet odors is shown in the poetry of these countries, as

"Perfumed and robed, I wait for you, I wait,
The flowers that please you wreathed about my hair,
And this poor face set forth in jeweled state,
So more than proud since you have found it fair."

Of old, it was the custom to use perfume in many ways in which it is not used today. However, our uses of perfumes are many and varied, and subject to [illegible]s which it would be well to learn.

Among the variety o[illegible] on the market, some are appropriate for one [illegible]d entirely unsuited to another, because of the [illegible]n type and personality. In fact, these are the [illegible]ant things to consider in selecting your perf[illegible] and personality, also age.

By type I mean size a[illegible]. Are you tall or short

(*Contin*[illegible]*e* 102)

The Editor's Page

The Fruits of Censorship

Already legal censorship is having its effect upon motion pictures. Producers everywhere are buying what might be termed milk-and-water stories. To screen a comedy or drama, even in a modest way, means the investment of thousands of dollars. And with money difficult to obtain all over the country, no company is going to risk large amounts on pictures which would suffer thru the censors' scissors.

In instances where standard works are being shadowed, any situation which might be objectionable by the furthest stretch of censorial imagination is being changed so that it will slide by unquestioned.

Certainly this is not a state of affairs that will benefit the screen as an industry or further it as an art.

Only by reflecting life can the screen hold its own. Life has many phases, some of them demanding care and delicacy in portrayal, yet they are elemental and to dispense with them and yet shadow life from day to day is not practical.

It is to be expected that the producer will play safe with his dollars. Therefore, the public will suffer. Your neighborhood screen will show more and more insipid stories. Your favorite standard work will come to the silvercloth unrecognizable, because it is illegal to tell on the screen that which has been condoned thru the ages between the covers of a book.

Of a certainty, the silent drama is handicapped.

Vehicles and Screen Literature

Technically speaking, a vehicle is a production which is simply what the name suggests for the star, regardless of its value as a drama. If the star in question be an ingénue, her vehicle permits her to pose in a garden, sunlight sifting thru her golden curls; it offers her numerous opportunities to tease the bashful hero; several episodes showing her great regard for animals and those less fortunate than she, and, without fail, situations which call upon her to pout adeptly.

Vehicles and screen literature are not akin.

Every now and then a vehicle is permissible, particularly if the star possesses unlimited personality and artistry all her own. Then it is not boredom to find the story sacrificed to her at rare intervals. But, thru the last three years, vehicles have been all too numerous. Screen literature has been conspicuous by its absence.

[illegible] s to be in a different direction. Authors of repute are bringing their brain-children to the silversheet, and their drama will not be secondary to that of any individual. This is well.

While the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE believes in the star, believes there will always be stars, it does not believe in vehicles, or, what is more, it does not believe in the star who insists upon them.

Abou Ben Adhem Up to Date

The matinée idol (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight's silver sheen,
(A lunar glory like the flick'ring screen),
A critic writing in a stage review.
This thing was strange, the sleepy Thespian knew
And to the vision in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The Critic raised his head,
And as he thought, and wrote, and then erased,
Answered, "The stars who please the public taste."
"And is mine one, O Critic?" "Nay, not so."
The Thespian paled, the Critic turned to go,
"Yet stay," the idol cried in mighty rage,
"This very second I desert the stage."
The Critic wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom public praise had blessed,
And lo——Ben Turpin's name led all the rest.

Anent Censorship Once More

The New York State Censorship Board has come into being, appointed by Governor Miller. As Heywood Broun, in the New York *Tribune*, says: "A board of picture censorship ought, of course, to include an artist, an author and somebody with a working knowledge of the production and distribution of films. Our new board is composed of a district leader, a Watertown lawyer, and a lady, member of an up-State Thanatopsis Club."

These people, individually and collectively, are well enough in their own way, but they are hardly capable of judging what should be shadowed upon the screen, as being representative of life, and what should not. Nevertheless, the fate of motion picture presentation in the State of New York lies entirely in their hands.

Already Mr. Levenson, the district leader, construes his appointment as a mandate to fight radicalism at government expense. Mr. Levenson is quoted as saying: "I believe the commission will be able to suggest methods and policies which will result in a plan that will successfully combat the pernicious influence of the foreign radical press which now refuses to publish, as news matter or as advertisement, anything in opposition to the Socialistic, Communistic and Bolshevistic propaganda."

As Mr. Broun goes on to say in reply to this: "The deficiencies of the radical press are many and glaring, but it seems unfortunate that the motion picture industry should be haled out of its rightful function of entertainment to such ends as Mr. Levenson deems utilitarian."

Censorship with logical members of the board would be destructive enough—it could never, under any circumstances, be conducive to finer screen entertainment—but with a board of censors who have heretofore been alien to the cinema, the screen is handicapped, indeed.

Out From An Old Album

By
HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

"OH, there's Lillian Gish. Isn't she pretty!" and "Isn't Mae Marsh cute?" and "How soulful Miriam Cooper was, even then," and "Doesn't Elmer Clifton look funny with a mustache?" Viewing D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" is like looking thru an old photograph album and, now that the picture has been re-born, it is possible to see how the present-day stars used to conduct themselves when they were just peeping above the horizon. Of course, most of these stars are old friends by this time and have been interviewed by us many times, but of Elmer Clifton this was not true. And because he was so elusive, we picked him out as the object of our special attention. All that we knew about Mr. Clifton was that he had been associated with Mr. Griffith in different capacities many years, so we had an idea that he might be a staid, nearly middle-aged man with "greying temples," as the story books say. But wait!

So far as we know, Mr. Clifton has no publicity director, but we finally found a mutual friend who agreed to produce the elusive, middle-aged man at a moment's notice. So the next day the mutual friend telephoned us that Mr. Clifton had invited us for dinner at the Elysée, and to go to see "Peg O' My Heart" later in the evening. "My," we thought, "Mr. Clifton is contemplating a lot of gaiety for the staid, middle-aged director"—and then he burst on our range of vision.

It happened that on the night of our party the mutual friend, who had volunteered his services as chaperon, had to go to the dentist's or the doctor's or the minister's, on an errand that delayed him forty minutes. We were filled with enthusiastic anticipation, partly because we had not eaten since breakfast and partly because we had wondered about this Elmer Clifton every time we had seen a picture which he directed, and our curiosity was about to be satisfied. And then, at seven-thirty, he came with the mutual friend.

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

It has always been our boast that we could pick people out of a crowd, whether we knew them or not, but we never should have selected this as Mr. Clifton. It was dark in the car, and we did not have a good look at him until we were seated at the table with the grapefruit in front of us. Then we discovered that Mr. Clifton was smooth-faced, handsome and athletic, and apparently about twenty-four years old. Of course, this couldn't be, we argued, unless he is, perchance, like Jackie Coogan and had begun to direct when he was fourteen. Resolved to have this settled at once, we said, "How old are you, Mr. Clifton?" Our "prospect" looked surprised, and then, remembering

(*Cont'd on page* 90)

It has always been our boast that we could pick people out of a crowd whether we knew them or not, but we never could have selected Elmer Clifton. We thought him so very much older. Top, directing Dorothy Gish; center, a portrait, and right, with Miriam Cooper in "The Birth of a Nation"

By
CLYDE STUART

plain to her mother that I was *not* attempting to increase the crime wave.

"For years! Think of it!" Alan shook his head dolefully and sought consolation in his glass.

"But," went on Priscilla, "Alan went to France and I to Chicago. I did Red Cross work there for two years. When the armistice came, I decided, after my long spell of routine work, to do something romantic. So I wrote to Clifford Robertson, of Goldwyn, the casting director, and announced that I was going into pictures, and would he give me work? He answered me, and said he would do his best, if ever I came to the studio."

Priscilla laughed.

"Of course, he thought I never would, and *I* thought that it meant a contract. So I packed and came out here to California. It was really wonderful the way things went for me. I had no trouble, because of his letter, in getting to see Mr. Robertson. But he was utterly floored when I demanded to know what he was going to do for me.

"'But, my dear girl,' he said. 'You didn't come out just on the strength of my note!'

"I told him that I had.

"He fluffed and flummixed a little and then, out of pure astonishment, I guess, he gave me some extra work."

"Do you know," broke in Alan fervidly, "when I think of all that girl has been thru and the way she has slid past trouble, I simply sit back and marvel! All alone, ignorant of the ways of the movie folk, not even able to put on a good make-up! When I think of it, I—I—well, all I can say is just *look* at Priscilla! She is the only girl in the world who could have done it." He leaned back in his chair, quite overcome.

Of course, I looked at Priscilla.

"Some girls," I said, "a few of them, have that dange—er—that is, that fine faculty of arousing the protective instinct in men. Perhaps," I suggested, "Miss Bonner is one."

"Why," said Alan, "you've only to look at her!"

I looked again.

(*Continued on page* 85)

Photograph by
Clarence S. Bull

Photograph by
C. Heighton Monroe

Priscilla Bonner is different from what she appears on the screen. You would expect her to be more serious. She is a decided blonde, lithely slender, lovely of manner, with blue eyes that widen at intervals

California Chatter

ONE might write reams about the penalties of being a movie star. As soon as a film celebrity enters a shop, up go the prices. As soon as a film star tries to get a little personal happiness, all the sob-sisters of the yellow journals screech scandal from two-inch headlines.

Which brings us to contemplate once more the Pickford divorce case. On June twenty-fifth Judge Langan, of Minden, Nevada, upheld the validity of the divorce, and everybody was happy and hoped that the affair would sink into oblivion. But, on July sixth, the case was again resuscitated at Minden, when the Attorney-General appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. So little Mary must again fight to retain her well-deserved happiness.

On the same day, Agnes Ayres, who has just been raised to the dizzy heights of stardom by Famous-Players Lasky Company, tried to regain her freedom by suing her husband, Frank R. Schucker, a captain in the United States army, for divorce. When the beautiful Agnes appeared in Judge Summerfield's court, no one recognized her as the cinema star. As Mrs. Agnes Schucker, she told a story of non-support, and charged that she suffered mentally by the flirtatious habit of her husband. The testimony showed that Captain Schucker would not consent to his wife's joining him. She declared she would have been willing to live in one room to be near her husband. The court granted a decree of divorce, and Mrs.

Top, when Dumas called D'Artagnan the finest swordsman in France, he didn't realize that Little Lord Fauntleroy would some day fatally pierce his heart; center, Jackie Coogan finds the artistic camera studies in SHADOWLAND as delightful as do his elders; while at the left, Director Sam Woods, Gloria Swanson and Mahlon Hamilton confer between scenes of "Under the Lash"

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Schucker left the courtroom smiling. Here's where the rub comes.

Later in the day, Judge Summerfield learned that Mrs. Schucker was a cinema star earning a large salary. He sent for her attorney, who admitted that his client was a screen actress. Judge Summerfield thereupon vacated the order granting the decree.

The court thought Mrs. Schucker had good cause for an action in desertion, which will probably be heard later,

Top, Ruth Roland photographs her company while on location; center, Harry Carey is determined his new son shall acquire a geographic knowledge, and believes in starting while he's young, to say the least; while at the right, Jeane MacPherson, back from abroad once more, keeps an interested eye on the production of her scenarios

but some mistake in Miss Ayres' mother's testimony—and the fact that Agnes was a film star, ruined her chances for a quiet severance of the ties that bind.

That Mabel Normand is to remain under contract, as star with Mack Sennett, was learned upon the completion of "Molly-O." Miss Normand's salary is the highest in the film world, and despite the ups and downs in the film business, will remain so. Mabel is to enjoy a trip to London, and will commence work on her next feature the first of September.

Meanwhile, by the ironic law which seems to govern the film world, all the beauties of the Sennett lot are to park their bathing suits during the hot summer months, and go in for regular "drammer." The lovely Harriett Hammond is to be with the Lasky Company; Katherine McGuire's services have been requisitioned for use at the Metro studio during the next five weeks, and Mildred June is to have a leading rôle with the Selig company in "The

(Continued on page 86)

Greenroom Jottings

Theda Bara spent part of her summer honeymooning in Nova Scotia on the Bay of Fundy. The bridegroom is Charles Brabin, a director for William Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Brabin knew one another for some time prior to the nuptials, and many of their friends were aware of the romance. Undoubtedly there are many males thruout the country who would willingly change places with Director Charles.

Everyone knows by this time that **Rex Ingram** is to take unto himself a wife, and that the wife is to be **Alice Terry,** the charming leading lady of his productions. However, it may be news to hear that the ceremony is to be performed in Ireland, with Mr. Ingram's father performing the ceremony. Mr. Ingram and Miss Terry will sail immediately upon the completion of his next production, namely "Turn to the Right."

For the last few weeks **Mae Murray** and her husband, Robert Leonard, have been busily at work—everyone wondered what it was all about, for Mae has left Famous Players. Now the news leaks out. Miss Murray is to have her own company, the Tiffany Productions, to be exact, and, as we said last month, the first picture is "Peacock Alley." Monte Blue came all the way from California to play opposite Mae of the golden tresses and innocent blue eyes.

Ann Forrest is the latest player to engage European passage. However, Ann is not pleasure bent. She is bound for the English studios of the Famous Players, where she will immediately begin work upon her next picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Mary Miles Minter's grandmother has denied the recent announcement that Mary would wed Orville Erringer, of Portland, upon her return from abroad. She goes further to declare that Mary is not engaged to anyone, and that she frequently has schoolgirl romances from which she quickly recovers. However, it is to be expected that someday there will be a romance from which Mary will not recover quite so rapidly.

Virginia Faire, winner of the Motion Picture Magazine's 1919 **Fame and Fortune Contest,** is to play opposite Guy Bates Post in the leading feminine rôle of "Omar the Tentmaker." This engagement comes in the wake of the very promising work Miss Faire did as Ameera in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." Those who know about such things predict a bright future for our protégée.

Monroe Salisbury is about to begin work on the first production of his own company. The play will have a Spanish background, and from now on the Salisbury fans can expect to see Monroe shadowed often and consistently. He has been inactive for a long time.

Violet Mersereau acts quickly, to say the least. One Tuesday, not very long ago, she signed a contract with Fox, which called for her to go abroad and appear in a special production to be made in Italy by J. Gordon Edwards. The following Saturday she sailed, accompanied by her mother and her sister, Claire. A clause calling for a trip to the other side is quite the thing in motion picture contracts these days. In truth, all the world's a stage——

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon and Norma Talmadge pause to consider a situation in one of the popular stage plays Norma is doing for the screen. Incidentally, the gown is a recent import

Bessie Barriscale will open on Broadway in the early autumn, in a new stage play, "The Skirt." However, before leaving California to begin rehearsals in the East, Miss Barriscale completed her new picture. It is possible that she will combine stage and screen work.

Judging from recent reports, **Tom Moore** has left Goldwyn. **Cullen Landis** has been cast in the rôle which Mr. Moore was to create in a forthcoming Goldwyn release, but whether he is to take the place left vacant definitely has not yet been announced. The plans of Tom Moore will [illegible]tedly, so[illegible]oming.

[illegible]eorge [illegible]irst an-[illegible]s cast for [illegible]K," **James**

The loveliest Nails —a matter of knowing how

The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowning the difference between the right and the wrong kind of care of the cuticle

Photo by Baron de Meyer

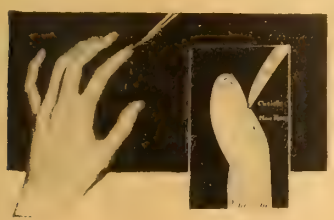
The hands of Mary Nash are famed for their beauty. Their loveliness is enhanced by the perfect grooming that Cutex gives—Miss Nash says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."

ANYBODY can have lovely nails —because lovely nails are chiefly a matter of grooming. Just a little systematic care of the right kind can actually create beauty—even when nature has denied it.

No matter how careful you are when you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to the sensitive living part. Just because it is so sensitive nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin, and so it gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look.

The right way to care for the cuticle

When the cuticle grows over the nails it must be removed. You can do it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the



See how cutting the cuticle injures the delicate nail root

nails with an orange stick, and then rinse. When drying push back the cuticle with the towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away, leaving the skin even, thin and transparent, as healthy cuticle should be.

Then you want the pearly nail tips that give elegance and distinction to any hand. Use Cutex Nail White, squeezing just the tiny bit of it you require directly under the nails from the delicately pointed tip of the tube.

For the gleaming lustre that marks the finishing touch to a perfect manicure, select one of the five Cutex Polishes—the new, marvelous Liquid Polish, if you want a very brilliant lustre, instantaneously and without the bother of buffing—or the Paste, Powder, Cake or Stick, all of which are quick, lasting and give just the brilliance prescribed by good taste. And they will not dry the cuticle or injure the nails no matter how often you use them.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: the "Compact," at 60c., the "Traveling," at $1.50, and the "Boudoir," at $3.00. Each of the Cutex preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and in all chemist shops in England.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c.

A sample of the marvelous new polish that gives an instantaneous shine —lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. It also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures. Send for it today —now only 15c.

Remove the surplus cuticle harmlessly this way

Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or, *if you live in Canada, Dept. 810,* 200 *Mountain Street, Montreal.*

Send 15 *cents and get this Introductory Set—enough for six manicures.*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren,
Dept. 810, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

Greenroom Jottings

Kirkwood was scheduled to play the title rôle. A more recent cast, however, finds **Rudolph Valentino**, of the "Four Horsemen" fame, portraying this hero of the desert sands.

Jean Paige, who became Mrs. Albert E. Smith immediately upon the completion of "Black Beauty," is shortly to be seen in another Vitagraph special feature. It is "The Prodigal Judge" by name, and Edward Jose is to be the man at the directorial helm. This settles any question to whether or not Mrs. Smith will desert the screen.

Elsie Ferguson snatched a holiday between the completion of the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson," in which she plays with Wallace Reid, and the opening of her new stage play, "Varying Shores," long enough to spend a few weeks in France with two- and three-day excursions into the Normandy suburbs.

Gladys Hulette has been selected to play the leading feminine rôle in the first Richard Barthelmess starring production, "Tol'able David."

The company is at present on location in the West Virginia mountains, and great things are expected of this Joseph Hergesheimer story which is being brought to the silversheet.

In accordance with her custom, **Anita Stewart** spent the summer months at her country house on Long Island. All thru the cold weather, Miss Stewart works unceasingly in the California studios, but July always finds her ready for a two or three months' respite, with shopping expeditions on Fifth Avenue interspersed here and there.

Colonel W. M. Selig, in truth a motion picture pioneer, is producing the popular story of "**The Rosary**" in his Hollywood studios. Jerome Storm is directing, and Dore Davidson, who gave such a fine performance as the father in "Humoresque," has been entrusted with a similar rôle.

Gladys Brockwell, who, incidentally, is on the verge of a matrimonial venture, is to be featured in the productions of the Novo Film Company. Miss Brockwell was recently starred in the pictures of the Fox Film Company.

Irene Castle—except that she is to be called Irene Castle Treman in the future, we believe—is now at work on her first Hodkinson production, "With Flying Colors."

David Warfield, long beloved in the footlight world, is coming to the shadows. He is to be starred in a series of Metro productions. "The Music Master," which he created so splendidly on the stage, will be his first cinema rôle.

The screen is richer, indeed!

"**The Glorious Adventure**" is the first picture Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has filmed abroad, and it is declared that Lady Diana Manners, who is featured, will surprise her audiences by both her beauty and acting.

Doris Kenyon is one of the busiest people imaginable. Besides playing opposite Conway Tearle, in "Shadows of the Sea," she is preparing to open with Leo Carrilo in his stage play, which has its première sometime in September.

Louise Huff has again deserted her domestic duties long enough to appear in one production. It is "**Disraeli**," starring George Arliss, which boasts her name in its cast. However, immediately upon its completion, Louise betook herself once

(Page 107)

When ... me East long enough to do "Peter Ibbetson," his mother was a daily v... amous Players studios. Once upon a time, Mrs. Reid herself was in the theatrical world

To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.

In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream —the cream with an oil base.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU ***must protect your skin*** from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough florid surface.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

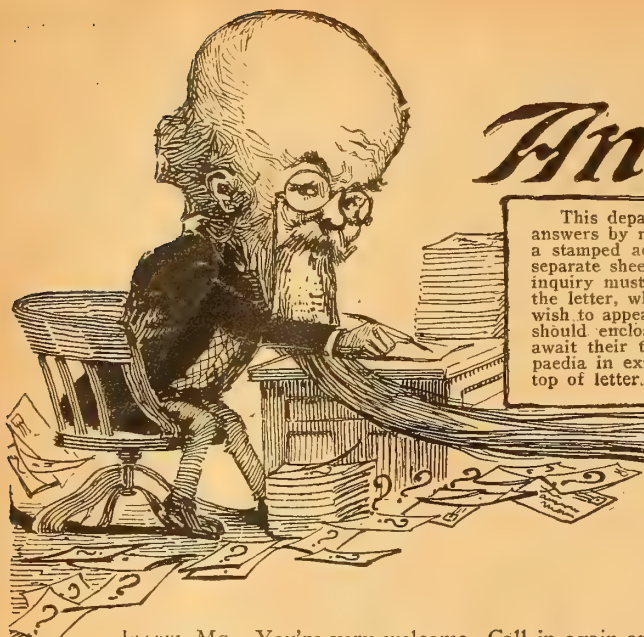
THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
140 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

ISABEL MC.—You're very welcome. Call in again any time—it's a pleasure to serve you.

ANXIOUS EYES.—Well, I'm not up on sheet music, so cannot tell you the best song published. Yes, Mary Pickford will send you one of her pictures if you send the usual twenty-five cents. I understand that all money she receives from the sale of her pictures will be given to a fund called "The Good Cheer Fund." I'm tempted to send for one myself.

JUST ME.—You can reach Jackie Coogan at the Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is being backed by the West Coast Theaters, Inc., and Jackie is going to do a series of five pictures in one year. I think Pearl White has been married only once. You can get back numbers from our circulation department.

KING BAGGOT FOREVER.—Yes, that player attracts lots of attention, yet she is not particularly attractive. Romaine Fielding is playing in "The Man Worth While," taken from the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Irene Castle is playing in "The Broadway Bride." So you are rooting for King Baggot. You say he was wonderful in "The Dwelling Place of Light." Thanks for your good wishes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—That's right! Repentance is a virtue—after you have been found out. You say, "Now, that the warm weather is here, what are you going to do with that mop of beautiful hair, reposing so leisurely upon your wonderful cocoanut?" I have it pinned up in a psyche now. You want a picture of Wallace Reid, jr. You should be temperate in your admirations.

LITTLE BILLIE.—The "Jabberwocky," by Lewis Carroll, appears in "Alice in Wonderland." It was taken from that. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Why dont you write to her? In your case, I must render this verdict: "Not guilty, but dont do it again."

DOROTHEA.—Your letter was a gem. You say, in part, "No wonder they dont pay you a big salary; they figure you get enough fun out of the job to make up for the deficiency in salary." Oh, yes, I have a regular circus all my own. You want an interview with the Answer Man. It cant be done. The man who can interview me and survive, doesn't live.

ANXIOUS.—Batter up! Yours was a jewel. Yes, I am really eighty, and my beard is as long as the picture above. I still live in the hall-room, and I have just bought me an electric fan. I dont know what I am going to do in the winter-time with it. Yes, Norma Talmadge is really a very dear girl. Right you be. There may be a world rounder than this, a country better than this, a city finer than this, a magazine better than this—but where are they? Write me again.

M. R. J.—See above for Romaine Fielding, and I haven't the latest info on Edwin August. Both these fellows were top-notchers years ago.

CHARLES N.—Well, rivals who blow out each other's brains for the eyes of a coquette, prove that they have no brains. Charlie Chaplin's "Vanity Fair" has been changed to "The Idle Class." Norma Talmadge is working on "Smilin' Thru." Hazel Dawn, in "Devotion." You're welcome.

EDNA MC.—Chemistry comes from the Arabic *kimia*, which means something hidden. Yes, you should write to the players direct. Most of them have private secretaries.

BETTY JANE.—If you want to start a correspondence club, just write me about it. There are several now. Why dont you send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of them? You can reach Corliss Palmer at this address; Juanita Hansen, at Universal Company, California.

CHARLES M.—You write that they say man is Creation's masterpiece. But who says so? Man. Seena Owen and Norman Kerry, in "Find the Woman." Lillian Gish is to play opposite Arnold Daly on the stage at the Greenwich Village Theater next September. Marguerite Clayton and Creighton Hale, in "Women Who Wait." There are not many who do. Some of them get too impatient.

CHEERFUL CLARA.—Thanks, Clara, for the pressed flower. Jean Paige is twenty-three. No, Gertrude McCoy is not playing in pictures now. Caste is a Hindu word for "rank," and it was borrowed by the Indians from the Portuguese *casta*. I cant understand why Earle Williams is not more ambitious. He has the goods.

ANNA W.—George Larkin is playing opposite Eileen Sedgewick in Universal serials. Marie Doro isn't playing now. Here's a good rule for you: Do unto others what most of them do not do unto you.

SAND DUNES.—You ought to keep up your drawing. It's not bad. So you didn't like the way "Passion Flower" ended. Well, I always think twice of what I promise, that I may promise but that I will do. Virginia Browne Faire is playing opposite Bill Desmond in "Fightin' Mad." Joseph Dowling, Doris Pawn and Rosemary Theby are in the cast. That's right, keep on a-smiling. It's the only way.

TED D.—Dont get too near the person who sacrifices everything to ambition—or you will be one of the sacrifices. Antonio Moreno is still with Western Vitagraph. No, Ted, George Washington had no children, yet we call him father.

ANNA MAY C.—Allen Holubar is a director, and also the husband of Dorothy Phillips. You say, if I had a fine looking son of twenty-six, how would I go about putting him in the movies? I think I wouldn't go about it. There is nothing you can do. Zena Keefe is married to Mr. Brownell. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in "Remorseless Love." Bebe Daniels, in "March Hare." James Kirkwood is married to Gertrude Robinson.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE FOREVER.—You say you want a picture of your favorites and an interview. You really ought to have it.

MARCELLED MARY.—Well, the census reports that there are sixty-two forms of religion in the United States, and these are subdivided into numerous branches. Thirty-nine different races of people and about ten per cent. of the population is referred to under the head, "and others." Gareth Hughes is twenty-two and unmarried. Dorothy Gish is no relation to the Talmadges.

Marjorie Daw as she appears in the rôle of "Love" in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Experience"

When your hair seems really hopeless

This simple treatment will make you charming

An interview with Marjorie Daw by Dorothy Davis

"IT isn't necessary to have dull, unattractive hair. Any successful moving picture actress will tell you that."

Miss Marjorie Daw was arranging her hair for one of the scenes in "Experience," while she talked, and as she deftly tucked in pin after pin, her hair seemed almost to arrange itself.

It was beautiful in a fluffy, careless sort of way—and it made her look the part of "Love" that she was playing.

When I told her how wonderfully attractive was her hair—how beautifully soft, radiant and full of life it appeared, she told me the secret of its loveliness.

"It is a hair dresser's discovery—a simple treatment that anyone can use.

"It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless and impossible to arrange. This treatment will help you—it will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed, and your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

The hairdresser's treatment

These simple directions will change your whole appearance.

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wlidroot products at all drug and department stores, barbers and hairdressers with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT CO., INC.,
Dept. MP-10,
Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveler's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Druggist's Address .....

WILDROOT
Liquid Shampoo *and* Hair Tonic

The Answer Man

J. C. B.—Why, the "Musty Suffers" comedies haven't been done in years.

Count of Noah Count.—Yes, I think Theda Bara was a good Carmen, also Pola Negri, and last of all, Geraldine Farrar. Whom did you like best.

Dick, Rudy and Gene.—So this is your first offense. Hope you come often. Just send your verses in to the Editorial Department. Well, they say the best wedge to drive out an old love is to take in a new. Carmel Myers is playing in "The Black Cap." Yes, indeed, Billie Rhodes is playing—she and Victor Potel are playing in "The Stolen Umbrella."

Howard C. Camden.—Your letter was great. I read every word of it. Wish I had room to print it. So you knew Jack Pickford when he was a baby. Thanks for all you say about me. I'm going to ask for a raise after that.

Anna A.—Thanks for sending me the box of Social Teas. You wanted Wallace Reid and Corliss Palmer to have tea with you. I'm sure they both thank you also.

Sunshine.—Oh, dont be so indignant. Indignation is grief and anger boiled up to the height. You think I am ugly because I wont tell you about myself. I have told you so many times that I am eighty. Wheeler Oakman, opposite Mabel Normand, in "Mickey." You say, "if you answer me it will be the superlative felicity of my sub-lunary existence to congratulate you upon your miraculous knowledge of human nature." 'Tis well. Now we're both happy. Of course, I like Kathlyn Williams. Mary Thurman and William Russell are playing for Fox. Douglas MacLean, in "Passing Thru." Write me again.

Ruth, Fredericksburg.—Well, people who are "tired of life" are always taking medicine. I am quite contented with life, and if I had any more money, I wouldn't know what to do with it. No, Victor Smith isn't with Vitagraph any more. That player's first wife is married to a doctor, and his second died. He now has a third. Clara Horton, opposite Hoot Gibson, in "The Mascotte of the Three Star."

Hayakawa Admirer.—*Comment vous en va?* We had an interview with Sessue Hayakawa in the October, 1920, issue of the Magazine by Adele Whitely Fletcher. Yes, Harry Myers is playing with Grace Darmond in "Handle with Care." Ben Turpin, in a series of two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett.

Gene O'Brien Forever.—So you dont like the way I "call" Eugene O'Brien. Why, there's nobody who likes him any better than I do, and I hope I haven't hurt your feelings.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook.—Oh, yes, I can read expressions. Why dont you send me one of yours. Great minds comprehend more in a word, a look, a pressure of the hand, than ordinary men in long conversations, or the most elaborate correspondence. May McAvoy is four feet eleven inches in height and Mary Pickford is five feet. Jack is going to play in "The Tailor-Made Man." Yes, Lillian Gish is a blonde, and a beautiful one. Robert Harron died September, 1920.

Gumsucker.—So you are very curious. Well, there is one thing to say for curiosity, and that is, that it has made some very valuable discoveries. Barbara Bedford, in "Deep Waters." You want to know when Beverly Bayne, Violet Mersereau and Enid Markey are coming back to the screen. Wish I could tell you. Hobart Bosworth is starring in his own company.

Nerissa.—Well, I always try to be cheerful. Isn't that the way to be? Who has not what he loves, must love what he has. Victor Nevarre was Fantomas and Renee Carl was Lady Betham. Shirley Mason played in "The Mother Heart." Yes, Elaine Hammerstein, in "Handcuffs and Kisses."

B. A. Freeman.—Well, I would like to know, too, where Valentine Grant is. I haven't heard of her in years. Will someone page her?

Selrahc.—That's what you get for betting. Tom Forman, and not Casson Ferguson, in "The Sea Wolf." Mollie King is in vaudeville. So you think Torchy is almost as funny as Harold Lloyd. "Theodora" and "The Ship" were made in Rome, and Goldwyn will release them. Let me hear from you again. I liked yours.

Sphinx.—No, no, it isn't time to think of my winter flannels yet. I'm still in my B. V. D.'s. I can't say, aren't you, because you dont wear them. Lead me to that garden of Bacchus. Mary Miles Minter was in Europe for a while this summer, but she is in California now. Realart Company. Griffith is doing "The Two Orphans," with the Gish girls. Fox did it with Theda Bara and Jean Sothern.

A Florida Fan.—I have a Westinghouse alongside of me right now. After I read some of these letters I think I am at Coney Island. Ever been there? Oh, boy! So you want more said about your favorite, Clyde Fillmore. To be sure, he is entitled to an interview, and if you are patient, you shall have it. May McAvoy will play the rôle of Babbie, that Maude Adams made famous in "The Little Minister," for Famous Players-Lasky. Yes, I like her, too.

June B.—That might stand for anything—June Bride or June Bug. Which is it? Jack Holt, in "Ducks and Drakes." Well, it may be folly to be wise, but it is sometimes a convenient sort of foolishness. Louise Huff is playing opposite George Arliss in "Disraeli."

L. B. S.—Why, the expression, "Between hay and grass," is a proverbial expression in America, equivalent to the English word "hobble-de-hoy," that is, a youth between boyhood and manhood. You want to know all about Tom Mix. He has been recently interviewed, and it will appear soon. Cecil Vanaker, in "Girl of My Heart." Togo Yamamoto was the Chinaman in "The River's End." You're very welcome. Call again.

C. C. B.—You're right, nature gives every man a character, but he has to supply his own reputation. Why, Roberta Courtland is in Atlanta right now, doing special writing. Thanks for the snapshots. You ought to screen well. Why dont you try to have some tests before a camera? Write to me again.

Achilles.—Thanks for the joke. The longer I live, the less I know that I know. "The Birth of a Nation" has been revived, and shown on Broadway. Edith Storey is going to play in "The Beach of Dreams." Yes, she was one of my favorites years ago. Louise Dupree is Mary Pickford's double, so they say. No, my heart is not insured. And now they say Doraldina is having her legs—limbs, rather—insured for $125,000. Wonder if Houdini has his arms insured? Harrison Ford, opposite Constance Talmadge, in "Wedding Bells." George Walsh and Miriam Cooper, in "Serenade." You're quite welcome.

Kathleen, Dunedin.—Well, I dont like to see a woman cry. It isn't right. They say the sporting spirit is that which prompts a man to admire a woman cordially for not crying when he breaks her heart. No, Douglas MacLean is not married. I never hear from Flossie C. P. any more. She has forgotten me entirely. Olga 17 was in to see me the other day. She was looking better than ever. So you want to see chats with Betty Compson, Lila Lee and Viola Dana.

Bogs, N. Z.—That's the spirit. You have the right idea, and you see it pays to wait. Surprised to learn that New Zealand is so particular about their pictures. So you think you wont see "Broken Blossoms" or "The Right Girl"? No, Marguerite Clark's husband never played in pictures. So Petrova is still your favorite, and you wish she would come back to the screen. Be patient, as I said above, and you may yet see her.

Lucy B.—So you are twelve. You write a clever letter for that. Marguerite Clayton and John O'Brien, in "Bride 13." Harrison Ford, Talmadge Studio, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City. Run in any time.

Mille Baisers.—You say, to succeed as the wife of a man of temperament, a woman must be a trained nurse of the affections—quick to detect a temperature and know just what to do about it. But most women always do the wrong thing. So you didn't like the Vivian Martin cover. You say it looked like Henderson's seed catalog. Cheer up, there are better ones coming. Write to me again. I like yours.

Matilda A. B.—You will have to join one of the cor-

(*Continued on page* 108)

Two Hundred Years

Trade Mark WURLITZER Registered

of Musical Instrument Making

Your Choice, On Trial

THE Wurlitzer plan gives you *any instrument* with a complete musical outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

Payments are arranged in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument and complete outfit. The Wurlitzer plan effects a tremendous saving for you as everything is at factory cost. You get the outfit and instrument practically for the cost of the instrument alone.

Artistic quality of Wurlitzer instruments is known all over the world. Wurlitzer instruments are the favorites of artists and have been used in the finest orchestras and bands for years.

Complete Outfits

The new plan includes with the instrument everything that you need with it—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories and extra parts, extra strings, picks, tuners, self instructor, book of musical selections. The instruments are genuine Wurlitzer instruments. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for more than 200 years.

Every musical instrument known including Pianos and Victrolas, is embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

A Wurlitzer Outfit

This shows the Wurlitzer Violin Outfit. Cases are professional style, beautifully finished. Complete outfits like this are now furnished with all Wurlitzer instruments. Send the coupon below today for new catalog.

Beau[illegible] New Catalog Se[illegible]'s Coupon

Every known i[illegible] rated and fully described in detail with prices, mo[illegible] and free trial blank. Book contains much musi[illegible] information about musical instrument making. M[illegible] struments than in any other book published. (*Also* [illegible] *of accessories, repairs, strings and all needs for repla*[illegible] *instrument made. Instant mail service.*) Book is al[illegible] lo obligation. Send coupon now.

THE RU[illegible] LITZER COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio [illegible] llinois New York, N. Y.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1527
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 120 W. 42nd St., New York

Send me your **new catalog** with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....
(State musical instrument in which you are especially interested)

Copyright 1921, The [illegible] er Co.

Ideal Cast Contest Growing in Popularity

Fans, Producers and Players Share Interest in Result of Public Opinion

Months come and months go, and with them the Ideal Cast Contest goes on with steadily increasing interest. We have conducted many contests, but this one seems to be a little more popular than any other. It may be because the prizes, generous to a degree, have stimulated a vast interest. It may be because everyone is interested in seeing what everyone else thinks of his especial favorites and is sparing neither time nor pains to boost his favorite players. But we are inclined to think that the Ideal Cast Contest is popular because it is universal in its appeal. It gives every one a chance. Leading men and women, villains and vampires, comedians and children—even the hard-worked, unappreciated director.

Producers are interested, too, because they, better than any other class of people, perhaps, realize the value of public opinion; and the results of this contest will be, without question an expression of public opinion. Already, several producers have been seeking latest returns before casting forthcoming productions.

The time has passed when the star only was well cast. And even tho a director were far-seeing enough to always cast his star in an appropriate rôle, he realizes that he must have a capable cast to support the star. Players who will create for him the rôles he entrusts to them. Therefore, the Ideal Cast Contest cannot but be helpful to the watchful producer who is enabled to feel the very pulse of the public by watching the results of the contest as they appear in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE from time to time.

The voting end of the contest will continue until November. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns, and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these rôles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which the players will win.

VI. All ballots must be addressed:

IDEAL CAST CONTEST EDITOR,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

IDEAL CAST	VOTES
Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	1,566
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	1,716
Villain—Lew Cody	978
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	1,257
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	1,374
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	474
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd	1,071
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish	1,209
Child—Jackie Coogan	2,346
Director—D. W. Griffith	1,230
Leading Women	
Gloria Swanson	561
Mary Pickford	495
Katherine MacDonald	189
Lillian Gish	138
Agnes Ayres	123
Ethel Clayton	75
Constance Talmadge	69
Bebe Daniels	67
Dorothy Gish	66
Elsie Ferguson	57
Leading Men	
Thomas Meighan	732
Richard Barthelmess	420
Eugene O'Brien	180
Douglas Fairbanks	171
Conway Tearle	135
Elliott Dexter	105
Clyde Fillmore	87
Harrison Ford	51
Milton Sills	48
William Farnum	39
Villain	
Lowell Sherman	351
Lon Chaney	348
Robert McKim	306
Stuart Holmes	301
Eric von Stroheim	234
Jack Holt	180
Noah Beery	132
Warner Oland	108
Irving Cummings	78
Wallace Beery	63
Vampire	
Theda Bara	681
Louise Glaum	351
Pola Negri	162
Gloria Swanson	108
Nita Naldi	96
Betty Blythe	81
Rosemary Theby	78
Mona Lisa	75
Marcia Manon	51
Mme. Nazimova	39

(*Continued on page* 111)

OCTOBER MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	100
Third Prize	75
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

How Did They Do It?

DO you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S
Toilet Preparations

ESTABLISHED 1868

Our Preparations are Distinctive. Known the World over.

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 35c.

GLORA LILY LOTION An emulsion which softens and whitens the hands and complexion; removes tan and redness; cures rough, dry skin and will not irritate the most sensitive skin; imparts a refreshing sensation with fragrant perfume. 4 oz. bottles, 65c.

ONGOLINE bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 65c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 35c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

Wash Away Hair

Don't use a razor to remove undesirable hair. It pulls, cuts, scrapes and is messy. Use El-Rado, the true womanly way to remove hair. No bother—easy, quick and dainty. El-Rado will not harm the tenderest skin. Enjoy the comfort of clean, hair-free underarms. Guaranteed satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two sizes: 60c and $1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for $1.00 size direct to us enclosing money order or stamps. It will be mailed to you promptly.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. A-126
112 East 19th Street NEW YORK, N. Y.
Canadian Distributors: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., Dept. A-126, 66 Spadina Ave., Toronto

El-Rado SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

Use Only Genuine MASCARO

PANAFIEU MASCARO
is the only genuiue MASCARO

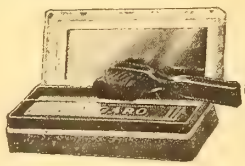
Panafieu Mascaro is a simple and safe means of darkening the eyelashes so they look long, luxuriant and curling. Simply wet the brush and rub it on the Mascaro. It darkens the lashes, the brows or the hair without injury to them.

L. Panafieu, Paris, France

At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere

Park & Tilford
529 West 42nd St.
New York

Sole Agents in U. S.



SCENARIO WRITING

Film producers are frantic for stories to keep famous stars going. Price no object for good stuff. We show you how to cash your experience and ideas with few evenings' study—earn big salary and royalties. Only course approved by the P.L.A. Full particulars and **HOME TEST FREE.** Producers' School of Photoplaywriting, 627 G Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

The following correspondent suggests attention to detail and the customs of the country in which a production is laid. Most times the producers are very careful on this subject, but the slips which "get by," as it were, every now and then would seem to prove that you cant be too careful—a little mistake might spoil the entire production for someone who knew about the subject or locale in question:

DEAR EDITOR—Just recently I saw Nazimova in "The Red Lantern," and wish to call the producer's attention to a few conspicuous and highly amusing mistakes in the film.

In all the scenes where there were Europeans, they wore the latest styles for 1920, direct from Fifth Avenue, both men and women, especially in the tennis-court scene where the women had short skirts, silk sweaters and all the other sport togs, while the men wore the present "wasp" tight-fitting coats.

Also, anyone who has been to China knows that even there the Chinese women walk like anyone else. Where do they get this hobbling stuff? It is true, tho, that the women with bandaged feet have a hard time getting about, but this wasn't the case here.

And the Boxer War was over twenty years ago.

Yours truly,
E. H. KELLY.

Honolulu, T. H.

"Friendly criticism" predominates in this letter from the other side of the water. For the sake of well-meaning but erring producers the letter is hereby published:

DEAR EDITOR:—Such an amount of previously boomed and upheld rubbish have I seen lately that I can not keep pen from paper. So here is the result.

Of course, your two supreme forces, the English lord and the British policeman, are now traditional.

The worst of all film plays was "The Admirable Crichton," shown on your side as "Male and Female." The producer professed to show us English ladies and gentlemen and their personal servants. The nearest he came to his aim was the surface show and ignorance of self-made tradespeople. Absurdity repeated itself. Such incidents as:

1. The helmsman leaving his post to console a girl.

2. The elder daughter being completely deserted, overlooked and forgotten by her nearest relatives and worthless friends in the rush for self-preservation.

3. A father utterly oblivious to the safety of his daughters, never seeming to remember he had any.

4. An elder sister showing solicitude to the younger until the very moment when danger appeared, when she immediately left, to be herself personally guarded by the man who was protecting the rest of the company, at the price of desertion to the said company.

5. The utter disobedience of the serving girl in leaving the necessary fire, to comb the other girl's hair.

6. And a lord, a minister and other men who left the women uncovered and clung to their own coats and wraps.

Oh, it disgusted us, without pause, the more particularly when all around, one kept hearing the unpleasant sneers of "American rot," etc., which is painful to us who have dear friends in the States, and are fond of the films.

Some American producers should have been present during the showing of that play and heard the shrieks of laughter which filled the theater when the yacht was shown leaving a cartoon of our Tower Bridge. Our yachts leave from our coasts and harbors, not from London wharves and warehouses.

If the producers cannot learn about London, let them leave it out.

Another instance in "Her Elephant Man." The wedding of the season is shown taking place in a room. Such things never happen here. Our big weddings are ceremoniously performed in churches and cathedrals; plain ones in registry offices—and a cabby from a cabstand *never* wears livery. Private coachmen do, but I never saw one look like Lee Moran in a comedy, as did Henry J. Herbert.

That incident somehow recalled a recent publication, in which Owen Moore called our Horse Guards "beefeaters" ! ! ! Oh, well, may he and the others live to outgrow their lunacy.

This is meant to be friendly criticism, and is sent for what it is worth.

I feel better now.

Yours very truly,
EVA L. GOODMAN,
London, England.
37 Wellmeadow Road, S. E. 13,

Rudolph Valentino wins recognition:

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for a number of years and have found everything that it contained of very great interest, as well as a help to movie fans. I have been a fan for some time, myself, and I know how very nice it is to read about your favorite. Mr. Rudolph Valentino is my favorite actor, and in the paragraphs below I will tell you why.

I first had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Valentino in "Passion's Playground." In that picture, he had a very small part, but he played it very well. I also had the pleasure of seeing him in one or two other pictures. He then impressed me as being a very capable actor. When I heard that he was going to play in the screen version of Señor Blasco Ibañez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," I was very happy indeed, as I knew that he would make a success as Julio Desnoyers, the leading character in the

I now understand that he is playing Armand to Mme. Nazimova's Camille, and I know that soon he will take his place among the leading stars of the silent drama. I must say that Valentino deserves a good deal of praise for his acting in "The Four Horsemen," especially when he dances the tango. He is certainly a very graceful dancer.

Valentino is a very handsome Italian

youth, and I hope very soon that he will become more popular. Every one I know seems to like him, and I hope he will gain a good many admirers in the near future.

Sincerely yours,
LILLIAN CROZIER,
208 W. 148th St., New York City, N. Y.

Undoubtedly, censorship is not what the public desires. We have received a great number of letters on this subject and the one we print herewith is worth passing on:

DEAR EDITOR:—As a motion picture fan, I read with interest your editorial entitled "You Are the Censor," in the May number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. As there was a censorship bill before our State legislature, I wrote the Senator from our district, protesting the passage of this bill. The bill had already passed the House, and was in the hands of the Senate committee.

Members of the American Legion voted on the proposed bill, and sent their protest to Lansing.

The day the censorship bill came up for consideration in the Senate, forty thousand people had entered protests against its passage, despite the fact that the theater owners in our town, at least, had apparently paid no attention to the bill.

The bill died in the committee, nine Senators voting to take the bill out of the committee. Our Senator was one of these nine.

The newspapers seem to be in favor of censorship—still they devote whole columns to graphic descriptions of murders, robberies, etc.

Now, it strikes me, if your publications would hammer away until every exhibitor woke up and placed a bulletin board in his lobby, informing his patrons, where to write, we could soon deal these self-appointed reformers a knock-out.

Wishing you continued success, I remain,
Yours very truly,
FRANK L. JACKSON,
Owosso, Mich.

Recently the cinema villains have been so attractive that sin has been made desirable. Here is something for the censor to investigate:

DEAR EDITOR:—In the July number I noticed a criticism of Nazimova, and I want to say that I consider her one of the finest actresses on the screen. Nazimova not only has talent. She has genius. Of course, she has made mistakes. Every actress does that—and she has had very poor material lately, but she does have genius, and I think she is an actress any fan ought to be proud of, for she is a credit to American pictures.

But, altho I think Nazimova is the best actress, she is not my favorite, by any means. Constance Talmadge is one of my favorites, and I think she does very well, considering the very poor stories she is expected to make. But, the one who is my very special crush now, is Majorie Daw. I do think she is the sweetest thing, and she certainly acts well.

Oh dear, I suppose it is all the censor's fault, but I do wish that just once they would let the heroine have the nerve to marry the villain. Most of the villains are much more interesting than the heroes. They are so much more original to be bad, instead of good. Don't you think so? I would love to see Wally as the villian, and then they would have to let the heroine marry him, because she couldn't possibly prefer the very nicest of heroes to him?

Very sincerely,
B. H.,
Pennsylvania.

Add This Beauty

to your features—whiter teeth

Millions of people have learned a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. A ten-day test will prove it, and that test is free.

This is to urge that you try the method. Watch how your teeth improve. See what beauty whiter teeth can add.

A dingy film

Teeth become coated with a dingy film. At first it is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It dims the natural luster. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Must combat it

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. So the tooth brush has left much of it intact. As a result, the best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Dental science has now found effective film combatants. Authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other factors, now considered essential, are included with them.

The five effects

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. It keeps the teeth so highly polished that film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

So every use brings five effects which authorities desire.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Ten days will show you how much this method means to you and yours. The facts are most important. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 631

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 18, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
3334-3338 W. 38th St., Dept. 1092, Chicago

Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband—to help your children—to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 24,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLDS STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT. 398 BAY CITY, MICH.

We have been in business here for more than 26 years

NO MONEY DOWN Just your name and address brings you the LIZNITE GEM Ring you want. See for yourself the greater brilliance, fire and sparkle of these matchless gems. Examine the hand engraved SOLID GOLD mountings and beautiful, extra heavy rings.

Men's Rings—No. 1, $18.50—No. 3, $15.50—No. 4, $15.50
Lady's Rings—No. 2, $16.50—No. 5, $12.50

GUARANTEE This ring MUST satisfy you perfectly. Give postman $4.50 when ring arrives. Then wear it 10 days. Your money back if you return it within that time. But if you decide to keep it just send in $3.00 monthly until balance is paid. Include finger size. Offer at this price limited. ORDER TODAY.

Dept. 1035 THE LIZNITE GEM COMPANY
"The House of Quality and Price" 128 N. Wells St., Chicago

Satan on a Leash

(*Continued from page* 41)

mined to know the truth, "that you did not fight during the war?"

"Since I came to America in 1909 I have spent four years and a half in the armed forces of the United States—before the war. But, when I tried to re-enlist during the war, they would not have me because they were afraid, and because my papers were mixed up. It was my fault for traveling so much when I was assistant director with David Griffith, that I did not sign them five years after I took them out.

"So during the war I must live. It is the truth when I tell you that I looked so much like an enemy officer that I could not get a job mopping floors! There was nothing left for me but the pictures. Even when I played hateful parts in the pictures, the extras around me would spit at me, and there was so much hate in the air that I could portray it very well on the screen. Now there is a little less of this hate against me, and you will notice in 'Foolish Wives' that I do not act so well as I did in 'Blind Husbands.' Why? Because I had discouragement, but not such big hate as I had during the war."

Where Erich goes, there also is Valerie. She was sitting in a comfortable chair near the camera when I approached the set that day. I asked him if his wife helped direct, and I got this illuminating statement—

"When I wished to become a director for Mr. Laemmle, at Universal City, he said:

" 'Von Stroheim, I am told that you are very—er—fond of the women. Is it true you will not give jobs to those who do not flirt with you?' It was untrue, but I knew that my reputation was not of the best, anyway. Just the same, I became a director. Then, when I was criticized so much during this picture, I asked my wife to always stay with me. Now she is at my side night and day. What can the critics say?"

Satan is on a leash!

Even while he was telling me of his beloved Valerie, and there swirled about us the hatred of a world for this man—I pitied him. Why? I think it is because he is too often maligned, in both real and reel life, without being understood. It is difficult for the average American temperament to "get" a temperament such as von Stroheim's. He wears a thin gold chain about his wrist which falls over his hand when he talks. What average American youth could understand the spirit within the man which prompts the wearing of such a bauble? And yet it is a common custom abroad. In Europe, the gaucheries of the average American youth are not understood by the European.

"Why is it," I asked, to get along with the interview, which was almost running away with me, "that almost all women are attracted to the type of men you portray on the screen? You are not big, like Bill Farnum, nor handsome like Wally Reid, yet almost all the women are fascinated by your characterizations. Why?"

"I'll tell you," he replied, springing to his feet and pacing nervously up and down the small room which serves him for office and dressing-room. "It is because all women, whether they be peasant or princess, Judy O'Grady, or the Colonel's lady, all love the twinkle of the devil in a man. In the parts I play I am that, and a little more."

He stretched himself as he walked, as tho he were urging the growth of his frame, for he is really a very short man. His face, as he talks, is itself a screen upon which the pictures of his thoughts are reflected in varying expressions. His thin, line-like eyebrows twist like tiny snakes over his rather large brown eyes, and he seems continually about to assume a monocle. I think that the thinness of his eyebrows is not natural. He doesn't seem to wish to explain himself, nor to vindicate himself for anything, if only for being born in Austria. He doesn't seem to care what people think of him, if only they will let him alone.

"When 'Foolish Wives' is finished, and the cutting is done, Valerie and I are going away—very far away, and rest. I thought this picture would cost, at the most, $250,000. It has cost more than a million. I thought it would be finished in four months. It has taken a year and it is not done yet. My leading man has died, and the cast has grown from thinness to fatness, and back again in that year.

"There is no one to soothe me when I get tired but my wife. I think my camera man and assistants would go thru hell for me—but only some one who loves me, like Valerie, can comfort me when all seems wrong. She is only twenty-four."

One feels, in talking to him, that the weight of centuries rests upon this pompous little man's shoulders. Pompous? Yes, I feel that he has developed a pompous, authoritative manner to hide behind, like a bulwark, when the jibes of the world are poured out upon him.

"Dont ask me," he replied, and the ghost of a hunted look came into his eyes, "because I dont know. I am going to start another picture here in six months—that I know."

The trace of his foreign accent is unmistakable, but dim and hard to catch. It is impossible to put on paper without caricaturing it.

"Now, as I look back on those days during the war," he explained, "when I played the part of a German officer in pictures, and created an overwhelming hate in the hearts of the public against the Germans, I see that I inspired many to enlist in the army to fight against Germany. In that way, I did much to help America and the Allies. But, I cannot say this now, because people will think I am full of bull. Better just say that I needed the money, and so I played whatever parts the pictures would give me. Outside of the pictures I would have starved."

There is an open frankness in his conversation which takes you continually by surprise. His speech is a curious mixture of intellectual verbiage, and language of the gutter. He punctuates with naughty words. I thinks he gets tired of searching for the correct English equivalent.

As we talked, and he paced back and forth, sometimes sitting down for a moment, then springing up again, there came a loud knocking at the door.

"We better start shooting again, Mr. Von," came a voice from outside.

"That is my second assistant," said the most - hated - man - in - the - world - except - the - ex-Kaiser, glancing at his wrist watch. "He is afraid it will rain, and our new set will be spoiled. Can [illegible] out and watch us?"

He is always courteous—to h[illegible] but I somehow feel that the ma[illegible] [illegible]ing in the Austrian A[illegible] upon his character. [illegible]y be true, however, [illegible] in soul now, and as su[illegible] now him as a friend.

Priscilla Finds Romance

(*Continued from page 69*)

"Well, anyway," interrupted Priscilla, suddenly, "I *did* get work. I had taken a room in the hotel at Culver City, you see, because I supposed that of course I'd be working with Goldwyn all the time. And it was there that I met Irvin Willat, now an independent producer, who was directing for Ince. For the same reason that Mr. Robertson gave the work, out of pure astonishment at my blissful ignorance, he gave me a few things to do at the Ince Studio. That is how I met Charles Ray.

"He was looking for a girl to play opposite him in 'Homer Comes Home.' They wanted a certain type. They couldn't find an experienced actress who was free at the time, so they decided to gamble on me. I was exactly the type they wanted. It was the most awful strain I have ever been under! Charles Ray was lovely, tho. He took me aside, and talked to me a long while before we started work. He said, 'Now, Priscilla, if by any chance you shouldn't make good in this part, you mustn't worry. It means little to fail on a first attempt. But you're not going to. We are all going to pull for you.'

"I dont think I ate or slept for all the six weeks that that picture was in production. And when it was over, and I found myself in possession of a little money, I was so excited that I went downtown and spent every cent of it! I thought: 'Now I am a leading woman. I'll need never to worry again.' I've probably looked harder for things and worried more since than I ever had before!"

But shortly after "Homer Comes Home" she was given a lead with Tom Moore in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

She is working now on a ten-reel picture, "The Son of Wallingford," being put out by Vitagraph. She plays the leading feminine rôle, opposite Tom Gallery, who is in the title part. Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester are directing themselves. You will remember the famous series of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories.

"Mr. and Mrs. Chester are wonderful," said Priscilla, sitting on her hands and rocking back and forth. "They are going with us on our honeymoon." She widened her eyes at Alan again. "They're still honeymooners themselves, after eight or more years of married life!"

"Most marvelous couple in the world!" supplemented Alan. "When they heard of our engagement, they made arrangements for me to be with Priscilla on every location trip that they took. They're marvelous!"

"We were planning to take a trip to New York," explained Priscilla, "but there's a new part coming up and somehow, even at the cost of flying across the continent—Alan wanted to go that way—I dont want to give it up." She smiled appealingly at Alan.

They spoke exuberantly, when I rose to [illegible] of their new car, a big blue monster, [illegible] out on the drive, and insisted [illegible]rning me to my own bungalow. [illegible] dashed in another room to get a [illegible] Alan took the opportunity to [illegible]e and exclaim:

[illegible]ou ever see such a girl? She's [illegible] He smacked his hands together [illegible]sis and spread his white flanneled [illegible]essively apart. "Perfect!" he re[illegible]aring hard at me.

[illegible], I agreed.

The *Only* Secret of a Beautiful Complexion

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being.

Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research

Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that *Nujol* has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus prevents the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found *Nujol* to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

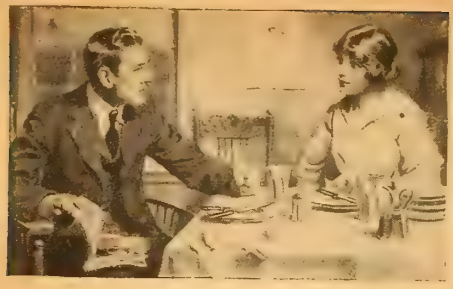
Nujol is for sale by druggists everywhere.

How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN." Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 817A, 44 Beaver Street, New York.
Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."

Name .....

Address .....



"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

"They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any of them. All I need is special training—and I'm *going to get it.* If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise *mine.* See this coupon? It means *my* start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the I. C. S. prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don't *you* study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give *your* wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can *do* it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time.

Yes, you *can* do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-nine years. More than 130,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6626 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting and Rys.	ADVERTISING
Electric Wiring	Window Trimmer
Telegraph Engineer	Show Card and Sign Ptg.
Telephone Work	Railroad Positions
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	ILLUSTRATING
Mechanical Draftsman	Cartooning
Machine Shop Practice	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Toolmaker	Private Secretary
Gas Engine Operating	Business Correspondent
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	Cert. Pub. Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Common School Subjects
Architectural Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
Concrete Builder	Railway Mail Clerk
Structural Engineer	AUTOMOBILES
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Mathematics
Sheet Metal Worker	Navigation
Textile Overseer or Supt.	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising
Pharmacy	Spanish
	Teacher
	Banking

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ Business Address_____ 3-1-21

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (*beautifier*) . . 95c
Powdered Saxolite (*for wrinkles*) 75c
Phelactine (*hair remover*) . . . $1
Powdered Tarkroot (*face rester*) $1

All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

ENSIGN HENRY A. TYBUNE

Ensign Tybune, who recently returned from a Mediterranean cruise on the U. S. S. *Trinity*, brought back with him many exquisite laces, which he purchased from the nuns at Balletta, Malta Islands. These laces the Ensign has presented to Mr. Brewster, to be distributed, at his discretion, among the winners and Honor Roll girls of the Fame and Fortune Contest

Honest Ann

(*Continued from page* 45)

Often when he was at a meeting of the Council he would excuse himself and go to the Queen and ask her what she thought on the subject."

Little Ann's great blue eyes were aglow with interest. She had forgotten the dusty studio, and her dressing-room with its litter of hats. I recalled her rather rudely with "And when did you come to America?"

"When I was about ten years old, Dad suffered business reverses, and after a while suggested that we move over here, where class distinction wasn't so great, and we wouldn't feel our losses so much. I practically taught myself English, and I still forget sometimes and go off into Norwegian."

Miss Forrest entered pictures as a stunt artist. That is, she knew she could drive and ride and swim and dive, and she had made up her mind that she was going to be a great actress. So she chose the perfectly logical way of getting in by doubling for great actresses who were afraid to do stunts.

"If I ever do become great," she said, "I shall never become temperamental. Heaven forbid! But then, I never will, for I have seven brothers and sisters, and there's nothing like a critical family to keep one safe on terra firma."

Ann is an admirably brave girl. She can endure all sorts of setbacks with a stoical good nature and a smile which seems to say, "I'll conquer sooner or later."

I admire her blondeness and her sincerity and her honest good fellowship and lack of pose—but, best of all, I like her sportsmanship. Ann Forrest is a good sport—a good pal. May all her dreams come true.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page* 71)

Rosary," being directed by Jerome Storm.

A new aspirant for fame has arrived in Hollywood. Peggy House Peters they are calling her. Daddy House Peters was playing the lead in "The Man from Lost River," a Goldwyn picture, when she arrived at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Peters also have a five-year-old boy.

Richard Walton Tully, author of "Omar the Tent Maker," which is to be put into films under his direction, is taking a flying trip to New York on business connected with the filming of the picture in which Guy Bates Post is to be starred.

The film companies seem more and more inclined to engage players for rôles, rather than fitting rôles to people. Consequently, the actors under contract are being released as rapidly as their contracts expire. Little Ann Forrest is the latest to leave the Lasky Company. She has a number of offers and will announce her plans very shortly.

Goldwyn is apparently eliminating all their individual stars. It is understood that Tom Moore has resigned and is due shortly to accept one of several offers he has received from other organizations. In the meantime, Cullen Landis has stepped in to play the lead in "The Man With Two Mothers," by Alice Duer Miller, which was to have been a Tom Moore picture, I understand. The cast includes also Sylvia Breamer, Mary Alden, Hallam Cooley, Fred Huntley, Laura La Vernie and Monti Collins.

And still the celebrities come to Hollywood. The little city is just bursting with famous ones. Now it is David Warfield, who is expected to come here to record his famous art in celluloid for Metro. His first picture will be "The Music Master." After this will come "The Return of Peter Grimm," and then, if he still likes the films, Mr. Warfield will make a picturization of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," playing Shylock, which rôle it is whispered he means to endow with more sympathetic qualities than have ordinarily been associated with the part.

A year ago Lottie Pickford made a film called "She Must Pay," which is at last being released by Pathé. With this release, Mother Pickford makes her début as an independent producer. Whether or not Lottie Pickford will make any more pictures has not been decided.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is busying herself, too, in superintending the building of a summer home at Santa Monica, near the pleasure pier. Here Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will spend what few hours they can find from their work; here Jack Pickford will spend what evenings he can take away from his social duties at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, and here Lottie Pickford and Baby Mary, her daughter, will change back and forth from the bathing suits in which most of their days are spent.

Sunday, July tenth, saw all the world and his wife wending their way to the lovely estate of Pauline Frederick, in Bev Hills. The occasion was the roc gave for the benefit of the L Orthopedic Hospital School. Pa Frederick's estate was turned in ring. Seats for the public were o while directly opposite was a s with as many little cripples as brought from the school for the Miss Frederick herself acted as ter and the big stars of the day Rogers, Snowy Baker and Ed Roscoe Arbuckle and Buster Ke

(*Continued on page* 89)

Only Three Weeks

(*Continued from page 29*)

it an assured success. He had accomplished that when he sent his famous wire to Palm Beach Fla., asking Natalie to marry him. Her monosyllabic acceptance, just a plain "Yes," was enough for Buster. As soon as his leg had mended so that he could hobble about with a stick, he took a train for the East.

One of the most interesting and least mentioned features of the Keaton-Talmadge marriage is that it completes what is perhaps the most powerful oligarchy in pictures today. It is centered about the Talmadge girls. There are Norma, Constance and Natalie. Norma is the wife of Joseph Schenck. Schenck's influence is far more reaching than those unfamiliar with the film world ever dream. Norma is at the peak of her career now. Constance is still rising. Buster has just begun. They are all world-famous, all earners of fabulous salaries. It is quite certain that in aggregate wealth they outstrip even the famous Pickford-Fairbanks combine. It is doubtful whether they equal the former Pickford-Moore family, as it was before divorce and tragedy rent it asunder. That will probably stand for all time as the greatest combination in filmdom, both in aggregate earnings and world fame.

Buster, who before his marriage was making comedies for the Metro Pictures Corporation, has now definitely alined himself with his sisters-in-law, Norma and Constance, as a First National star. He has signed a contract which calls for eight pictures a year for a period of three years.

So far, tho, it is quite true that only three weeks have elapsed at the time of this writing, the Keaton barque has traveled thru quiet, untroubled waters. For the nonce, Buster and Natalie have come to anchor in a beautiful residence in Beverly Hills, which Buster had provided for his bride before he went East to fetch her.

It is not a venturesome prediction to say that Buster's phlegm will probably prove a worthy sea anchor thru whatever storms the two may be destined to pass. Silence is like a rock. Rages break over it impotently. I'm not hinting, either, that Natalie's rages are frequent. But she will be an unusual wife if she doesn't have at least one.

Between mouthfuls—we had long since followed the four jovial ones to the lunch table—Buster paused to remark solemnly: "The marriage bond is like an elastic. You can stretch it a lot, but the one who stretches it too far always gets the snapback."

And again: "Marriage—nothing can compare with it, not even the straightjacket."

CHAPLIN'S LAUGHIN' POWDERS

By DAVIE DE MORRIS

Grin, and the world grins with you—
Wail, and you wail alone;
For the sad earth pays high for its mirth—
But for bread, gives the wailer, a stone.

Blubber, and the boob goblins 'll git you—
Snicker, an' the goblins 'll fly;
For mirth a balm o' Gilead is—
Pray, an' keep your laughin' powder dry!

* * * * *

Here's to *Chaplin*, movie-god of *cheer*,
Take befo' and aft' your hemlock brew—
A "cure-all" for rheumatics of the disposition—
Good for what ails me an' you.

ME. MEEHAN doubted his ability; but "*I have been shown*," he says. Will you send for the test he took, FREE?

He sold two stories the first year

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a youg man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever felt as you left a theater, "Why, *I* could write a better story than that," you want to know just *how Mr. Meehan went about it* to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him.

You, too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary—it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is *good stories*—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. *Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop and produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE
Thos. H. Ince Studios

CECIL B. DE MILLE
Director General *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

LOIS WEBER
Lois Weber Productions, Inc.

JESSE L. LASKY
Vice-President *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
Author and Producer

FRANK E. WOODS
Chief Supervising Director *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor and Publisher *Photoplay Magazine*

ALLAN DWAN
Allan Dwan Productions

ROB WAGNER
Author and Screen Authority

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, M-10
1. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

PALMER PLAN OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

PLEASE SEND ME, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of Photodramatist.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EASY To Play To Pay

BUESCHER

(None genuine without this trademark)

True-Tone Saxophone

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to greatly increase your income, opportunities, popularity and pleasure. Easiest of all wind instruments to play—you can learn to play the scale in an hour and in a few days be playing popular airs. Practice is a pleasure.

Saxophone Book Free Tells you when to use Saxophone — singly, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You can order any Buescher instrument and try it six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free. (26)

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2126 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

DR. LAWTON'S *Guaranteed*
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor, and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

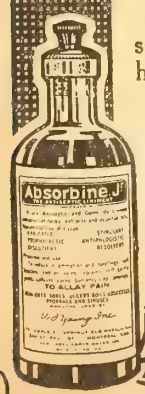
DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th St. Dept. 58 New York

for swellings

Swellings usually mean inflamed tissue. Absorbine, Jr. gently rubbed on the swollen part will quickly reduce the inflammation, and the swelling with it.

Though powerful, Absorbine, Jr. is absolutely harmless and can be used with safety and comfort. It is a dependable antiseptic and germicide.

Keep it handy.



$1.25 a bottle at most druggists
A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10c

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Twilight Talk

(*Continued from page* 31)

"I am rich enough now to do pretty much as I please, thanks to the money I have made in pictures, and I can afford to be 'choosy' in my stories and in my cast. They will be big stories because I am tired of trivialities."

That is what you feel about Miss Stewart, as soon as you meet her. She never would bother with petty things, but real troubles do worry her. I think she worries too much, instead of letting her husband do it for her. If she stopped worrying about this and that, I think she would be almost as plump as Mabel Normand since the latter's rest cure.

"And furthermore," she went on, crossing her very slim, silk clad ankles and giving another tug at the obstreperous sport skirt, " I am going to do what I can about studio conditions in California! Isn't there any Board of Health out here?"

I loyally replied that there was.

"Then why dont they do something about the cold, damp studios? Why dont they help to protect the health and welfare of the girls and boys who are made to stand all day, and part of the night, on damp floors in open stages?"

"Too busy with their morals," I muttered, but she went right on.

"In the East the studios are of concrete, and they are steam heated. When I arrived in California for the first time to work, they took me out to Lois Weber's studio, which we had engaged for my California productions. There was a puddle of water on the stage, which was open on three sides. I went back to the hotel and put on—er—some long—er—flannels. I never wore those things in New York, even in the winter!"

"But you have just bought a house out here," I interjected. "You aren't going to give up California, are you?"

"I got that house so cheap it would have been a crime not to take it," she said, frankly, smartly tugging at the fringe of the hem. "They wanted a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for it, so I named a ridiculous figure, far below that, and they took me up! So now I've got a big house on my hands, and I've spent three weeks' salary putting rugs on the floors. The furniture came with it, thank goodness. But I have to lease it to someone while I go East this summer, and everyone who applies has something the matter with him." Her eyebrows nearly met above the bridge of her nose. I was fascinated, watching them, and she must have noticed it.

"No, I am not Jewish, altho some people really think I am," she said, tenderly stroking the "Anita Stewart curve" of that nose. "If I were I might be very glad of it—perhaps I'd get along better with theatrical business offices—but even if I do talk a lot about money and houses, like a real-estator, I'm not Jewish. You can say that in your interview."

Between what she said I could say, and what she cautioned me not to repeat, I'm having an awful time right this minute, because I didn't take any notes. She makes you feel so much at home that you imagine you have known her for years, and are just dropping in to see how the dogs are getting along. In regard to money, I gathered the impression that she is very proud of having made so much, and that she likes to spend it. She is notoriously generous when it comes to charity and war benefits, and sometimes hides her light under a bushel, as they say in Hollywood.

"What pictures of your own did you really like?" I asked, having discovered a number of things Miss Stewart did not like.

"I like myself in 'The Yellow Typhoon,'" she replied, her eyes crinkling merrily at the corners until they became almost like pin points, "because that yellow woman I played was so wicked—but she was psychologically logical. That is another thing I will insist on next year—my stories must all have a big psychological moment. I never studied psychology in school much, because I didn't have much school, but you bet I know a psychological moment when I see it. So does anyone who has to sign contracts:

Long shadows were slipping across the green lawn outside, and the big, gloomy room in which we were sitting, was getting quite dark, when the publicity factotum came in from exile, lighted a piano lamp and glanced at his watch. Miss Stewart gave a final tug at the skirt, and I jumped to my feet.

"Good-bye," I said, "Hope you'll invite me up to the new house when those carpets are tacked down!"

"I will," she smiled, "just let me know," and she grasped my hand in parting with that frankness and firmness for which Anita Stewart is noted the world over.

Some day, boys, some day!

With Measured Tread

(*Continued from page* 25)

Neilan, by that time an independent producer, used him in his picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer." Kirkwood explained his return to make-up in a few words:

"I always wanted to act," he said. "I was really forced into directing by circumstances. And things didn't go particularly well. When the chance came to go with Allan Dwan as leading man, I went. I've been acting ever since."

We discussed the various productions of the year, the German pictures, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and one or two others.

"I dont know," said Kirkwood deliberately, "but that I should rank 'The Four Horsemen' as the greatest picture that has ever been made."

"Isn't that a rather big statement?" I suggested.

"Yes, it is. I have read several extremely adverse criticisms. I recall that Herbert Howe in particular was denunciatory. But in spite of him and of others, and of my first doubt, I think I'll let the statement stand. I think the picture was much better than the book."

I didn't carry the argument further. There were several anticipations that I wanted to discuss.

That he has confidence in the permanency of his work here in California is evidenced by the fact that he has taken a house for a year down on the Pacific, on the beach between Venice and Playa Del Rey, one of the rare stretches where the odor of hot dogs is not in the air and the landscapes are not cluttered with piers.

In the undeniable strength of the man, his unconsciously studied movements, his poise and quiet assurance, one realizes a personality that will probably grace the screen for many seasons. And, if it be possible, each year will find his skill on the increase, his art more mellowed. He is the sort of man who constantly strives—and inevitably achieves. He will progress deliberately, surely—with measured tread.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page 86*)

at their trickiest and the whole affair was a great success.

Lila Lee's idea of perfect bliss is a secluded spot on the beach, where she can forget to be dignified and roll in the sand to her heart's content. Oh, yes, and in the offing should be Gloria Swanson's butler with a lunch basket wonderfully filled with culinary dainties. Lila was telling me that she and Gloria thus spend every holiday they can get.

I watched Gloria emoting for a scene in "The Shulamite" the other day. Charming Sam Wood was doing the directing. It seemed queer to see Gloria Swanson wearing the tight bodice and long, full skirt and sleeves of a by-gone generation, but I must admit that she was doing some mighty absorbing emotional acting. If the picture gets over as well on the silversheet, it should be a knock-out. The picture will be released under the title of "Under the Lash." Mahlon Hamilton is leading man and Russell Simpson is also present.

That unique comedian, Will Rogers, has at last made up his mind, professionally speaking, what he is going to do. Ever since he left Goldwyn, interest has been keen regarding the film Mark Twain's future. Rogers has decided to make two-reel comedy-dramas. They will be filmed either at Brunton's or at the Hollywood studios. He will release them thru Pathé. "I've been making two-reelers, released in five reels," Rogers is quoted as saying, "but now I'm going to make two-reelers released in two reels." In leaving Goldwyn, Mr. Rogers takes his whole staff with him. Even Irene Rich, who played opposite him with much success, is to be his leading lady. Clarence Badger, his director with Goldwyn; Jimmy Flood, assistant director, and Marcel Le Picard, cameraman, will go with the new Rogers organization.

Mr. Rogers is known to have received an urgent appeal to return to the Follies in New York, but he has his home here, a beautiful estate in Beverly Hills, and doesn't wish either to leave his family here or take them back to New York.

His home seems designed for the happiness and welfare of his three children, who have a basement gymnasium and theater, a swimming pool out of doors and a great race track, occupying a large plot in the grounds, where they ride their ponies. His small daughter, Mary, is an expert horsewoman.

"I want my youngsters and wife to be well and happy," said Rogers. "That's the main thing."

Ruth Roland did some thrilling stunts from a sinking boat in deep water in Los Angeles harbor the other day for her serial, "White Eagle." All the gobs at the Submarine Base were wildly thrilled at her bravery, which was in decided contrast to some of the other stars who came down there and pretended to get wet, while some poor extra did the real work.

Beatrice Burnham, J. Farrell Macdonald, Bill Patton and George Berrell have been engaged to appear in the first picture made by the Western Photoplay Corporation. The director is Joe Franz.

That beautiful blonde, Cleo Ridgely, has returned to the screen. I saw her out at the Lasky studio the other day, working in Betty Compson's new picture, "The Woman in the Case." If such a thing were possible, Miss Ridgely was looking more beautiful than ever before in a gorgeous pale pink chiffon negligee that trailed gracefully on the floor. Penrhyn Stanlaws was directing

When Eyes Are Close

Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It *is* the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

Carmen, the powder that *stays on*, is also Carmen the powder whose charming natural effect on the skin is never lessened under dampness or glaring light. It is truly the face powder extraordinary, as a test will show.

Sample Offer

Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade

—50c Everywhere

Girlhood

When your complexion of after years is determined.

That critical period of youth between childhood and young womanhood mars the beauty of many a complexion. The skin eruptions of adolescence may leave permanent blemishes. Cosmetics can but hide these annoying marks—pimples, liver-spots, sallowness. Perfect physical health will prevent their forming. Wise mothers will instruct their daughters in the use of a good aperient to keep the skin fair and the blood clear.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), a vegetable aperient, is a real aid to a beautiful complexion. It acts naturally to improve the general health and prevent headaches and biliousness. *It does more than a laxative.*

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets.

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy-coated.

For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive BLUE and YELLOW box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

Play the Hawaiian Guitar

Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. **Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.** Special arrangement for lessons if you have your own Guitar.

Send Coupon NOW—
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County ..... State .....

Please write name and address clearly. M.P.M.

Out From An Old Album

(*Continued from page* 60)

that he was being interviewed and might reasonably expect all sorts of embarrassing questions, he answered: "Twenty-nine; why?"

"Well, you look so young and you've done so much. Now, tell us everything you have done."

"Oh," answered this unduly modest director, "I haven't done anything worth mentioning. Let's not talk about me. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"But you are something pleasant and this is an interview. You've got to talk about yourself."

"That's right," interrupted the mutual friend. "Make him talk about himself. He never will do it and he avoids all interviews. If he doesn't tell you, I shall."

"Ah," we answered, "a vicarious interview! Well then, what was his first picture?"

"It was 'John Barleycorn,'" answered the mutual friend.

"And a very good name," we said.

"Yes," said Mr. Clifton gravely, "that was the first picture in which they used 'still.'"

"Good; talk some more!" we commanded.

"Now I'll tell you what," said the hero of the occasion, "we've got to hurry or we'll be late for the theater, but between the acts I'll tell you everything you want to know." So we all hurried thru our filet mignons and our strawberry Melbas, and arrived at the theater just as Laurette Taylor, and her dog, Michael, appeared on the scene. At the end of the first act, we turned to Mr. Clifton and said, "Now talk." But he said that he had to telephone to the studio, and would be back in a moment. This was a perfectly good excuse, because we knew he was working with Mr. Griffith in making "Dream Street." The curtain was just going up on the second act when he returned. And then, at the end of the act, we turned to Mr. Clifton again and demanded the promised interview. But right here we discovered that Clifton had disappeared again.

At the end of the performance Mr. Clifton suggested the Claridge for supper, and we bided our time and didn't say a word until we were all seated around the table again. Then we began. "You're as reticent as the proverbial goldfish. Now go ahead and reveal the dark past of you."

"I think Mr. Griffith expects me over at the Central Theater for a dress rehearsal."

"Yes? Well if you leave this table without telling me all I wish to know, I'll have your name added to the list of deserters. Now, what came after 'John Barleycorn'?"

"I think it was 'The Birth of a Nation.' You know I played opposite Lillian Gish in that."

"And you were in 'Intolerance,' too, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Of course, he was. He played opposite Constance Talmadge as the mountain lover," interrupted the mutual friend.

"Was that stunning creature in the tiger skin you?" Mr. Clifton blushed and stammered, and again the mutual friend answered for him. "Of course, it was. And he helped direct 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home,' 'Way Down East,' and this 'Dream Street.' And he used to be at Universal, too. Make him tell you about it."

"Were you once a Universal star?" we asked sternly.

"No, a director."

"What did you direct?"

"Well, there was Jack Mulhall in three or four pictures, and Herbert Rawlinson in half a dozen more. 'Smashing Thru' was mine. Then there was Priscilla Dean. I directed her in her first starring vehicle, 'The Two Souled Woman.'"

"He discovered Miss Dean," interpolated the mutual friend.

"Which places him on a par with Christopher Columbus," we added.

"'The Two Souled Woman' was adapted from Gilett Burgess' story, 'The White Cat.' It cost less than five thousand dollars, including the price paid for the story, and I made it in eight days."

"Go on, tell the rest of it. It meant a fortune for the Universal, and fame for Miss Dean," said the M. F.

"And didn't you direct that funny little Dorothy Gish? And isn't she a love of a person?"

"I did, and she is," agreed Mr. Clifton. "With Mr. Griffith, I did 'Battling Jane,' 'The Hope Chest,' 'Boots,' 'I'll Get Him Yet,' and 'Peppy Polly.'"

"And which do you like better—following someone else's directions and appearing on the screen, or doing the directing yourself?"

"I like best directing other people. I have a fairly good idea that I'll not appear on the screen any more."

"And why not, when you are such a good actor?"

"Well, you see, it's what the people in the theater say about you. In one picture, where I died after a terrible fight, the woman behind me, who was watching the picture, said, 'Look at him heaving his chest when he's supposed to be dead,' and the other one said, 'Yes, I think he's horrid anyway, dont you? I hope he is dead.' And that rather discouraged me."

"And of all the stars you've directed, which one did you like best?"

"Bobbie Harron; everyone loved him. But you know I was directing him in 'The Brass Bowl' when he met his tragic death."

"And what is your latest picture?"

"Why, 'Dream Street,' which reminds me that Mr. Griffith is waiting for me now at the Central Theater. I've told you more about myself than I ever told anyone before. May I go?"

And we answered "yes." So he went.

Naomi --- --- ---

(*Continued from page* 53)

reaping years—it is the reaping years I am thinking about. Then a woman's life is a sorry affair if she has not known love and romance. A career alone can never be enough. Nature did not intend it to be so, and what force is stronger than nature?"

. . . The romance and poetry of her name is symbolical. It stirs memories of another Naomi who lived hundreds of years ago—of a Naomi whose name is written in Biblical history—one who loved her own life, but loved love more.

She feels her name to be a tradition—a tradition of a woman who loved greatly—and she will be faithful to the name and tradition which has come to her down thru the ages—Naomi.

What Are They Doing Now?

(*Continued from page 33*)

clare that she will continue her authorship.

Darwin Karr, former Vitagraph leading man, gave up acting some time ago to become the West Coast representative of a large film trade journal. Anthony Paul Kelly, another er-Vitagrapher, has become known as one of the highest-priced scenarists in the field. He wrote the film-play for D. W. Griffith of "'Way Down East," and he is, in addition, the author of several successful legitimate stage plays.

For the past few seasons legitimate stage producers have taken strongly to the idea of engaging erstwhile film sparklers for featured rôles in their "speakie" offerings. For instance, Oliver Morosco has had both Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne on the road for two years now at the head of a company presenting a crook play. Vivian Martin has just left pictures to enter a New York stage production, in which she is featured. Carlyle Blackwell is doing the two-a-day as a vaudeville headliner. Polly Moran, the erstwhile Sennett comedienne who created the Sheriff Nell series, headlines each season in vaudeville, and Lew Cody is also "doing the time" on the circuit.

Bessie Barriscale always insisted that some day she would return to the stage. Recently she made good her promise. Her husband, Howard Hickman, who directed her pictures, wrote a play from one of her screen stories for her. It is called "The Skirt," and Miss Barriscale has been playing it with great aplomb at a San Francisco theater. Thomas Chatterton is another one-time screen hero to make his way on the classic boards. He is leading man in a San Francisco stock company. When he went into pictures nearly ten years ago, he was the first man ever to wear a full-dress suit at Inceville, the one-time home of the early productions which were making the name of Ince famous.

Theatrical stock has also claimed Belle Bennett, former Triangle star. She left the movies to become leading woman in an Oliver Morosco play and has remained on the legitimate stage ever since. Four years ago Crane Wilbur suddenly quit the films. No one knew what he was doing or where he was for many months, and when he made his appearance it was in the form of a playwright. A season later he went on tour with Marjorie Rambeau in her "The Fortune Teller" company, and since then has been the author of several successful legitimate stage dramas.

Stella Rozetto, one of the former Selig personalities, permanently took off her make-up some years ago to become a director. In private life she is Mrs. Edward J. LeSaint, and it was because she desired to be her husband's assistant that she discarded the grease-paint. Mrs. LeSaint herself is a very fine artist, graduate of an art academy, and, hence, her directorial work with her husband deals largely with the art question. In fact, she supervised this phase of various Tom Mix and Gladys Brockwell productions, and works on the set with her husband whenever he handles the megaphone.

Winifred Greenwood, Edward Coxen and William Garwood were prime favorites in the days when American pictures were in their palmy days. The latter, however, left pictures to go into a Los Angeles stock company, while Miss Greenwood married, became the mother of a family, and has practically retired from the screen. Once in a while, however, she steps out of her character of mother to play a part, but in the past few years she has made only a

The Dainty Dish

Flaked from queen grains only

Millions enjoyed it this morning

Nature gives some oats an exquisite flavor, but only the rich, plump grains.

In Quaker Oats we use those grains alone.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel, because the small grains are discarded.

The result is a dish so fragrant, so flavory that millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this premier brand.

Be sure you get it. The oat is the food of foods. As a body-builder and a vim-food it holds an age-old fame.

Make it inviting—serve in this luscious form.

The 30-cent package—the large size—will serve 62 dishes. So this quality costs little enough.

Quaker Oats

Made to delight you

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

The Perfect Hair Remover

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, is called the perfect hair remover because it devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it. It acts immediately and with absolute certainty.

De Miracle requires no mixing, it is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly, convenient and most simple to apply. It works equally well for removing hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

FREE BOOK—with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Only genuine De Miracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04, or $2.08, which includes War Tax.

De Miracle
Dept. E-29, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C 117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRUE BEAUTY
AND POWER TO FASCINATE
come only with health. Bring out all Mother Nature's charms by using a delicious, strength-giving malted food
HEMO
to make new red blood.
Samples and booklet "Beauty and Health" sent free upon request
THOMPSON'S MALTED FOOD COMPANY
DEPT. 31 Waukesha Wisconsin

few pictures. Coxen, however, followed lines other than acting for some time after the close of his American contract, but a year or so ago found him lured back into his make-up. He has been playing "heavies" of late, however—villainous characters in support of various stars, such as Frank Mayo in "Tiger True."

One star, formerly one of the leading favorites, left the screen half a dozen years ago precisely at the zenith of her career. She was Florence Lawrence, the Biograph Girl, first of the real screen celebrities. When she quit films she went on the stage for a while, and later sponsored a dramatic school. Two months ago she returned to the screen, completed a production called "The Unfoldment" and registered a decided "come-back."

Another former Biograph luminary, Claire MacDowell, has become, since her re-entrance two years ago into pictures, one of the leading character actresses of the West-Coast colony. In "Something to Think About" she put on a white wig and played a grand dame, and in almost every production in which she now appears she plays the rôle of a sympathetic mother. In private life she is the wife of Charles Hill Mailes, another former Biographer, and the two are living in one of the most beautiful bungalows in Hollywood.

Ruth Stonehouse, the former Essanay star, and Cleo Madison, who gained renown for herself in "Trey o' Hearts," and other Universal plays of a few years ago, both have dressing-rooms at the Metro studio. Cleo has turned vampire—professionally—at least, she was a vampire in "The Lure of Youth." Ruth Stonehouse plays leads in all-star cast productions, such as "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and the series of Drury Lane melodramas which Metro is producing.

And, by the way, when Cleo Madison, in the older Universal days, was starring in such pictures as "Black Orchids," Rex Ingram was directing her and occasionally playing parts in the film plays. Now he is one of the bigger-time directors of the Metro organization and has made himself internationally famous with his production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Another director who came into the world spotlight almost overnight is Frank Borzage, whom the older generation of fans recall as a handsome, finely-chiseled young leading man who generally played leads in the Western pictures made by the now-defunct New York Motion Picture Company. In fact, with Rhea Mitchell, Borzage formed one of the first Western screen teams. When Thomas H. Ince dissolved his interests with the Nymp organization, Borzage alternately acted and directed—merely one of a very large number of actor-producers. However, his great "chance" came a year ago when the Cosmopolitan productions came into being. After much parleying, he was selected to direct "Humoresque." It was a very big task and an unusual one for a man so young. Nevertheless, Borzage accomplished it. "Humoresque" was one of the trio of truly great American pictures last season, and its greatness has permanently established him, like Ingram, in the cinema hall of fame.

Others, who at the time Borzage was wearing vaquero's "chaps" and riding the old Inceville horses, were perhaps even more obscure, are now starred in feature productions. Referring to Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Juanita Hansen, Mary Thurman, Ora Carew and Marie Prevost. We have all heard the story of their climb to fame, nevertheless, their relative position now in the film industry makes them of importance to this article. Juanita Hansen, for instance, has made enough money thru her starring ventures in Pathé serials to retire independently from active camera work, and Gloria Swanson and Betty Compson are now drawing salaries said to be in the neighborhood of $3,500 weekly, when half a dozen years ago each was content with the merest chance to get located in a "job."

Managerial and commercial ability, dormant in certain of the erstwhile personalities while their cinematic star shone, has come to the fore in the past season or so. For instance, no one ever regarded Arthur Shirley as other than a popular matinee idol. Two years ago, or shortly after his sojourn at Universal City as Mae Murray's leading man, he deserted the kliegs to develop into a commercial possibility what had once been merely a side-line to his thespianic profession. In a new building on Hollywood Boulevard there appeared an art photographic shop bearing his name over it in a huge, gilt sign. Shirley photographs were successful commercially—and then their sponsor again was bitten by the histrionic bug, with the result that he negotiated capital and set sail for his native Australia, there to engage in making his own feature-film productions in which he starred himself.

Automobiles claimed the attention of Romaine Fielding, one of the first men to achieve early popularity in films as a Lubin hero and star. At the time that motion pictures began to grow out of their infant's swaddling-clothes into a larger and better developed child, Fielding took a company of players to Arizona to engage in making a series of Western pictures. However, after a year in the West, he found the automobile market particularly lucrative, and he has been in the selling game ever since. And Rudolph Cameron, who, before the war was one of the extremely popular juvenile leading men of the Vitagraph organization, has become Anita Stewart's manager, giving up acting entirely, even preferring not to pose for "still" photographs with his lovely wife. "Rudy," as he is known in the film colony, has extraordinary managerial ability. When Miss Stewart became a First National personality he formally took charge of every affair of her company. Now he buys every story, engages every actor, director and technical man on the lot, and is High Mogul of the concern.

Practically the same is true of Webster Campbell, whom we also used to see making professional love to that coterie of Vitagraph stars which included Mary Anderson, Dorothy Kelly, Norma Talmadge and Leah Baird. And, finally, Corinne Griffith, altho he, in turn, actually fell in love with her, married her and is directing the present series she is starring in for Vitagraph.

And, at this juncture, permit me to be an iconoclast. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are not, and never were, married, altho their popularity as co-stars was unlimited. At the close of their contract with Universal—after making "The Broken Coin" and other serials—Miss Cunard retired from the screen, having made considerable money by wise investments. Mr. Ford starred in other serials, and finally entered the field of independent producers. Rosemary Theby played opposite him in his first self-made production of the black-and-blue drama at the studio where the letters, *Francis Ford,* in his characteristic signature decorate the space over the entrance way. He made several independent productions, the stories of which were written by his *real* wife, Mrs. Elsie Van Name Ford, and finally leased himself and his studio to

Texas Guinan for a series of Western pictures, which he directed and in which he played the "heavy" rôles. Miss Cunard returned to the screen a short while ago as the star of a series of two-reel Western plays and is now regarded as one of the "big sellers" of the industry.

In its fifteen years of existence the motion picture industry has been one of changes and more changes. Producers declare that the public likes to see new faces, new modes, on the screen. Perhaps this is so—but The Answer Man will tell you that he receives daily many queries about those who helped put motion pictures on the present million-dollar basis.

In the past few seasons there have come into great popularity such players as Ann May, Betty Ross Clark, Jean Calhoun, Eileen Percy, Louise Lovely, Helene Chadwick, May Collins, Raye Dean, Eva Novak, Carmel Myers, Jacqueline Logan, Martha Mansfield, Bessie Love, ZaSu Pitts, Colleen Moore, Barbara Castleton, Mahlon Hamilton, Eddie Burns, Eugene O'Brien, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, Norman Kerry, Frank Mayo and a host of others about whom we read every day and whom we see daily on the screen—our contemporary favorites.

But, just as King Baggot, that erstwhile immensely popular matinée idol of the olden Imp-Universal plays—that screen romanticist who received probably more proposals of marriage from fair maidens all over the earth than any other man of his time—is now devoting himself to *directing* film productions, so, perhaps, may we see the names of some of our present-day twinklers doing likewise when the sands of the movie shores perchance shift again.

"Here today and gone tomorrow," is the slogan we might adopt, but, nevertheless, we, the film fans, will continue to write to our Answer Man about our favorites as long as motion pictures are shown in the ten-twenty-thirty showhouse just around the corner——

Just because we can never forget what great joy they've given us, and because we'll always remember the happy, smiling face of such beloveds as Harold Lockwood!

THE CINEMA KING

By Gwendolen Cumnor

In a tremulous hush of expectant delight—
On the silvershot gloom of the magical screen.
You are shadowed, my Hero, majestic of mien,
Like Apollo in beauty, like Mars in your might.
How I gasp as you gallantly batter your way
From the first complication unto the last ray
Of the fade-out, and oh, how I envy and thrill
When your sweet leading lady's lips yield to your will.

And, my Hero, the close-ups! You'd ne'er understand
How your broad shoulders make me feel small and alone,
How your wonderful eyes make me lower my own;
How the waves of your hair tempt my venturous hand;
How the curve of your mouth at a passionate thought
Makes my own pout and pucker as no maiden's ought.
Oh, why is it you stir me to dreams I cant hide?
Why, my Hero, because of the Man at my side!

New Easy Way to Become An Artist

THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for **anyone** to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never **touched** a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive **personal** instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandlee. Get into this fascinating game NOW. You can easily qualify. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. There are hundreds of vacancies right this minute! A trained commercial artist can command almost any salary he wants. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare-time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

No Talent Needed

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art. Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing!

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon now for this interesting free book "How to Become an Artist." Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Also tells of our free artist's outfit and special low offer to a limited number of new students.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Washington School of Art

Room 1670 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1670, Marden Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist."

Name.....
Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Address.....

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your **"looks,"** therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 33 Aurora, Illinois

BUY TODAY
10 MONTHS TO PAY

SPECIAL TERMS—Ten months' credit on any article selected from the SWEET catalogue. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled. If not what you wish return at our expense.

SPECIAL VALUE

Sweet's Cluster: 7 Fine Diamonds, set in Platinum. Looks like 1½ carat Solitaire.

Only $3.80 a Month

No Red Tape—No Delay

Every transaction CONFIDENTIAL. You don't do justice to yourself and your dollars unless you inspect our unusual values in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, etc. Send TODAY for SWEET De-Luxe Catalogue. Write NOW to Dept. 311-R.

Capital $1,000,000

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L. W. SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

We Interview Miss Ferguson

(*Continued from page 23*)

slacker, the moral coward. I want to take a red flag, adopt a soap-box and say, "Come on, fellows; I'll lead you."

How can a man working at mechanical tasks thru the long hours each day for weeks and months and years, ground to the stone to press out the doubtful juice of the bare necessities—how can his mind grasp things which his life has made it impossible for him to grasp? Of course, his imagination is dulled, sometimes hopelessly deadened. It is a tragedy.

I know many people—people in general—would sneer at my viewpoint, and in the belief that I do not know from personal experience whereof I speak. And they would be intelligent people—kind people, too. That is why I shirk the red flag and the corner soap-box. Most of us are moral cowards. We cant do the great thing for consideration of the small thing. We are afraid of the public, of the people next door, up the avenue and around the corner. We stay put. That is why the world does not move on to some more tremendous goal. It is necessary, I think, to learn how to live if you would live wisely and well.

A. W. F.: You say this vacation time you are not exhausted. Have you curtailed your work that you may enjoy life more. Is that it?

MISS FERGUSON: That is it—just. My contract this year called for eight pictures and a very large sum of money in lieu thereof. I have halved the pictures, doing four rather than eight, and will receive, of course, half the amount of money. But they will be better pictures. I will give more to them because I shall be able to give more. And in place of the additional money which I do not *need*, I shall have time for the new books, the new plays, my husband and the trips we will take every now and then. I shall be able to live every day somewhat as every day should be lived—fully.

G. H. (*thoughtfully*): The second honeymoon—and after five years. If it is not too personal (for there is a fine reserve blended with the frankness)——you do, evidently, believe in love?

MISS FERGUSON (*smiling*): I have been, in that respect, very fortunate. But as to believing in love. In *real* love, yes.

A. W. F.: How does one discriminate between real love and its—well, counterfeit?

MISS FERGUSON: Real love? Why, real love can be known by the spirit of sacrifice. Sacrifice is the element of which it is composed. (After a moment's silence): Physical attraction, which is the counterfeit in a sense, is always selfish, always self-seeking, always jealous and retaliatory. If, for instance, a woman loved a man, or thought she did, and to go with him meant for her to give up her career, her friends, perhaps social position, all the elements that had heretofore composed her life, and knowing full well what the cost would be, she was still ready to go to him—that would be love. Real love lives only for the other person. There is no thought of self. It is perhaps the one time, the only time, where self is not. When a woman, or a man, begins to figure "this will mean this to me," or "that will mean something else to me," they have not known love in its true sense. (She added softly): My husband knows love that way.

G. H. (*softly, too*): Do you?

MISS FERGUSON (*were her eyes momentarily dim?*): I hope so. I believe so. And I know, too, that I would never hurt, never be able to hurt so fine, so sweet a thing.

A. W. F. (*breaking a somewhat awed silence*): With so lovely a sense of romance, you must have enjoyed doing "Peter Ibbetson"?

MISS FERGUSON: I did enjoy it. I saw it on the stage and have long wished to do it for the screen. The atmosphere is delightful.

(The quaintly grey chintzed restaurant is quite empty. The last stragglers have gone. The conversation has been gripping and time has whispered softly by. Reluctantly the interviewers and the self-forgetful and utterly charming interviewee go, too, with an interchange of amenities and good-byes.

MISS FERGUSON: Good-bye. When I return, we must meet again and plan to set the world right, now that we have decided and admitted it to be quite wrong.

G. H.: I hope so. Good-bye.

A. W. F.: Thank you for telling us all the things we hoped you would. And for your time when time must be precious. Good-bye.

The following takes place in a taxicab *en route* to the station. For some minutes the interviewers sit in a sort of reverie, while around and about them plays the present memory of a personality so rare as to be tangible even in retrospect. Then——

G. H.: Do you wonder, I once called an interview with her "An Orchid Speaks?"

A. W. F. (*as one who had rather be left undisturbed*): An orchid. Yes, but with a soul.

G. H.: What is just the word that would, that *could* describe her? I have met many people, written many interviews, used many adjectives, but somehow, in this instance, I cant seem——

A. W. F. (*nodding*): Words *are* too crude, it seems. Charm, that's only near it. Beauty, that's too cold. Hers is a beauty not of the fleshly kind, dependent on features or skin or hair. It is a beauty wholly apart, yet not apart——do you know what I mean?

G. H.: I think I *feel* what you mean, because I feel it, too—that way. Perhaps we had better not——in our limited way——

A. W. F.: Better not, what——?

G. H.: Better not try to find the word. There probably is no word. As you say—or as I said—it's a question of sensing——

A. W. F. (*comprehensively*): Well—let's not say any more about it.

Fulfilment

(*Continued from page 54*)

see a photoplay that they have seen advertised or about which their friends have told them.

10. Exhibitors will see the necessity of stopping operation between reels to accommodate their incoming and outgoing patrons, so as not to disturb those who wish to remain; and those who arrive during operation will be required to wait till the end of that reel before taking their seats.

11. There will be an end of flaming posters pasted all over the front of the motion picture theaters. Announcements will be made in some more dignified way, and announcements of coming programs will be given in advance on the screen, in the newspapers and in neat frames displayed in the lobbies. Sensational titles will also be abandoned.

12. The casts of characters will be given by all companies, and these will be made

public thru the programs, and not on the films as at present. These programs will be displayed in frames in the lobbies or distributed to the patrons.

13. Advertising of extraneous matter on the screen will be eliminated and the public will force this condition.

14. No manufacturer will dare to produce a film, for public exhibition in the theaters, in which any brand of soap or other commodity is shown in grocery-store scenes or otherwise. The exhibitors will censor all such films and refuse to accept them if they contain intentional or unintentional advertising.

15. The public will become the only censors of films, and they will learn to show their disapproval by warning the exhibitor against exhibiting certain kinds of plays.

16. The scripts for photoplays will be written by experienced writers from everywhere, and the manufacturers will learn not to rely on scripts written by their own editors. Celebrated writers from various fields of literature will contribute photoplays as they now contribute poems, novels and stories. This will insure new blood and new ideas.

17. Publishers of stories, novels and poems will work in harmony with motion picture manufacturers, the one augmenting the other, which will mean that the best stories will appear in the magazines and periodicals at the same time that they are shown on the screen. Thus, as in the case of *The Motion Picture Story Magazine*, people may read what they have seen and see what they have read.

18. There will be more realism in the pictures. Instead of painted scenery, there will be real scenery. When an old man is required, an old man will be cast for the part, and not a young man made up. The players will learn to be camera-unconscious and not to come down to the camera to speak their lines or to read a letter. All the players in every group will not be facing the camera. And so on. In short, the photoplays of the future will be more realistic and more true to life.

19. Motion pictures will be used in the schools for educational purposes, in conjunction with text-books, and the one will be considered as indispensable as the other.

20. All great events will be filmed for historical preservation.

21. An era of revival will come, when great and successful photoplays will be brought out again for a new run.

22. Old, poor and worn-out films will be retired at an earlier date than at present.

23. Amateur photographers will be equipped with motion picture camera and projection machines, and there will be many photographers who will make a business of taking motion pictures of families, estates, farms, localities and persons, for private use.

24. Talking pictures will not displace the silent drama, but better music and orchestral accompaniment will add to the effectiveness of motion pictures. The public will learn that anything that distracts from what the eye sees is not pleasurable, and that motion pictures are complete in themselves because words are not necessary and only retard the imagination.

25. The future will see better photography; not necessarily scenic, altho this, too, will be improved, but particularly portraiture. The art of making-up for the pictures will be changed so that when a scene is properly lighted the face will not appear chalky white and expressionless and the lips black. Briefly, the whole industry will advance rapidly from now on. The poorer companies will die off, also the inferior directors, actors, cameramen and writers, and the fittest will survive

I Can Teach You Piano In *Quarter* Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me *by mail*. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*, learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much* because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition — usually a "night-mare" to students —becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio MG30, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO
From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

me and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, *and this makes all the difference in the world.*

My course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend any Course that did not meet the highest musical standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

FREE BOOK COUPON

QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio MG-30,
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LEARN
Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!
FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Go Into Business For Yourself!

"New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 91, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. **Big Profits.** We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. **Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.**

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
409M Broadway New York

SEND NO MONEY

Pay Postman $4.95 on Arrival

Gold Filled Watch Bracelet

POST PAID

STEM WIND AND SET

Send for this rich looking gold filled Combination Watch-Bracelet to-day. You will find it to be a $10.00 value. Has adjusted 7-jewel movement, the case being gold-filled and warranted to wear 10 years. It is a stem-wind and stem-set model and it looks like a very expensive watch. The picture shows you what a handsome model it is and the gold dial adds to its attractiveness. The bracelet is flexible and will fit any wrist, so you need not hesitate to order on account of size. It is sent direct to you, as pictured, in a velvet and silk lined box. Each watch is examined before leaving the factory and you will find them perfect time-pieces.

Don't Hesitate! Our Money-Back Guarantee Protects You

So positive are we that you will be delighted with your watch that we ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE to refund your money if you are not satisfied after examination; therefore, do not hesitate to order. Send no money. Just rush your name and address. Your watch will be sent by return prepaid mail and delivered right to your door by the postman. Pay the postman our advertised price of $4.95 on arrival and remember, if you are not entirely pleased after examination, return your watch and we will refund your money, every cent of it.

EMPIRE CITY MFG. CO.
Dept. 144 - - 138 5th Ave., New York

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Stops Itching and Promptly Relieves Skin Disorders

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers.

Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our free examination and advice. Previous experience unnecessary.

This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet
"The Photoplay in the Making"
Sent free for the asking

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 412 N, Bristol Building, New York, N.Y.

A Midnight Bell

(*Continued from page 65*)

at the store, checking over his sales, Larabee had murmured something about dropping in at the movies. She was all alone, a state which is not conducive to tranquil thoughts. In ten minutes she had imagined Martin in his coffin, with a wreath of immortelles at his feet, and was on the verge of hysterical tears.

Rising determinedly, she powdered her nose, to be ready for all emergencies, took her father's unwieldly revolver from the drawer of the kitchen sink, and set forth. It took only a moment to find the open window thru which Martin had already entered, and in another minute she had scrambled over the sill and stood within. She had meant to call, but something about the atmosphere of the place stifled the words on her lips. The damp, moldy smell gave her a sinking sensation in the heart. It seemed as tho the normal world of everyday were a long way off, tho she could hear the cheery yodeling of small boys somewhere in the dim summer night outside, the bang of a screen door—the snarling of a phonograph.

Then, thru the crack of the door that led to the basement, she saw a sliver of yellow light. Her fear vanished, like a nightmare under the touch of a friendly hand. She hurried across the church and down the steep wooden stairs.

The basement was empty!

She had been so certain of seeing Martin's surprised face turned toward her that for a moment she was bewildered, then she saw the door of one of the cupboards that lined the wall move, swing slowly, noiselessly open—

She opened her lips to scream, and said instead, "Martin! You frightened me so—I thought you were a ghost—"

She clung to him trembling, and it was quite natural for his arms to go around her. After that a kiss followed, as a matter-of-course, and Martin said breathlessly, "Oh, *Annie!*"

And Annie said rapturously, "Oh, Martin!"

And so they were engaged.

But the press of the present brought them abruptly back to the basement, when Annie noticed his hands. "Martin—whatever have you been doing? You're all covered with dirt—"

Martin grew grave in a moment. "I've discovered the ghost! There must have been several of him, and—look!" he flung the cupboard door wide, showing a yawning hole that stretched away in the feeble glimmer of a lantern, "the spooks have been digging a tunnel, Annie! And, if I'm not mistaken, it leads under Main Street to the *vaults of the bank!*"

They stared at one another breathlessly. "Come!" Annie clutched at his arm, "we must go tell folks! There's the savings of the whole town stored in there, the money that's being saved for marriages, and children's educations, and homes and burials—"

"Hark!" whispered Martin, tensely, "we're too late, Annie! Here come the spooks now!"

Above them somewhere they heard the scuffle of feet and subdued voices—then the door at the head of the stairs opened and William Larabee's heavy form appeared. At the same moment, Martin hurled himself like a catapult upon him——

Finally, by very force of numbers, the four "spooks" managed to tie the impetuous Mr. Tripp with several yards of clothes line and confine his remarks by means of a handkerchief where it would do the most good. Martin saw thru the red

A Slim Figure—how to obtain it

USE FLO-RA-ZO-NA—a delicately perfumed bath powder that leaves your skin glowing healthfully and beautifully smooth through your daily bath sprinkled with

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

FLO-RA-ZO-NA IS GUARANTEED to contain no alum, epsom salts, or any harmful ingredient, on the contrary, it is an effective, healthful, reducer, scientifically stimulating to circulation.

A pleasing and comfortable way to reduce.

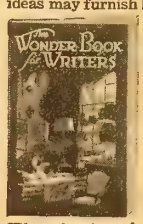
Fourteen Treatments $3.00 Postpaid

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 ($4.00 *in Canada*) *direct to*

ROYAL PHARMACEUTICAL & PERFUMERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 236, 49 East 102nd Street, New York

Why Don't YOU Write Stories?

Maybe you think you CAN'T write when you really CAN. Thousands of people of ordinary education who "didn't think they could," now write stories and photoplays in their spare time! Men and women everywhere are finding out it's as easy to learn story writing as it is arithmetic or grammar! And all these people formerly thought they had to be literary geniuses in order to WRITE! Lots of those thrilling movie plays you see—endless magazine stories you've read—were written by people LIKE YOURSELF, who took up writing simply because they liked it and *wanted to see if they could do it.* Why not find out if you, too, can write? How do you know you really can't? Your story or photoplay may have as much chance of greatness as those of any other author. Why not? It has happened before—time and time again. Often the unknown author springs to fame overnight. Don't hesitate because you have an ordinary education—that may be a HELP instead of a hindrance. Brilliant people have really done less in writing than the plainer, persistent ones who had common sense and determination. Listen! The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., will send you, absolutely free, a beautifully illustrated book that shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to WIN! This Wonderful Book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Simply send your name and address—you're not BUYING anything, you're getting it ABSOLUTELY FREE. A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A magic Book through which men and women, young and old, may learn to turn their spare hours into cash. Just address



The Authors' Press, Dept. 243, Auburn, N. Y.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

The beauty of the pearl is but skin-deep—warm, glowing—and incomparably smooth. So may your complexion be when safeguarded by Lablache. Famous for fifty years—a natural, clinging face powder, delicately perfumed.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Motion Picture
CLASSIC
for October

FOR stories of the every-day life of moving picture people read the October *CLASSIC*. You will be interested in the little incidents of their lives, as well as their big ambitions and struggles, and whether they will be crowned with success or will taste the bitterness of defeat.

Some of the interviews that will appear in the October issue of *CLASSIC*:

Romance Unwrapped
by Adele Whitely Fletcher

Discoveries in Wonderland
by Capitola Williams Ashworth

Gossamer
by Willis Goldbeck

"Woman's Place," a forthcoming production, starring Constance Talmadge, told in story form.

Do you like pictures of beautiful girls? You will find them in *CLASSIC*—ingénues, tragediennes, comediennes, and vampires, in straight photographs, informal pictures, stills and camera studies by the most artistic photographers. Men, too, are present in interviews and pictures.

The October Issue of
Motion Picture
CLASSIC

mists of battle that Annie was similarly tied. The sight almost broke the clothes line, but not quite.

"That's what you get for being so nosy!" sneered Larabee, sticking his face close to his captive's, "now we're going to put you where you wont interfere with our little plans, Mister Spook Hound! Tie him in the belfry, boys! And remember—" he shook a dirty finger, adorned with a plate glass diamond, in Martin's face, "unless you want 'em saying tomorrow 'How natural poor Martin looks,' you'll stay where we put you without giving us the trouble of throwing you out of the tower!"

Two of the pimple-faced crew led their prisoner up the stairs, while Larabee turned to Annie, with mock heroic gallantry. "And now, Sweetness, you can do a lil' something for Will! Just tell him the combination of the strong-room door. Of course, we could use a little soup, but we're naturally of a retiring disposition, and dont want any notoriety—"

Tied to his lofty perch, Martin Tripp reflected gloomily on the unheroic aspects of his position, trussed up like a roasting chicken, while four scoundrels calmly and at their leisure, helped themselves to the pitiful, hard-earned savings of old men and widows, and young couples, like Annie and himself. The sharp sting of some object swinging in the wind roused him from his painful reverie—a rope, *the bell rope*—

The timorous inhabitants of Bellport, routed from their beds by the hesitant, stammering notes of the church bell, at length mustered courage to enter the dismal portals. And there they found Annie tied to the pulpit. In a few words she told them the story and a rescue party brought down Martin Tripp, half strangled with his efforts to ring the bell, by winding the rope about his neck and swaying from side to side.

Martin was much surprised to find himself alive. With the first peal of the bell, he had expected to bring the would-be thieves scurrying up the belfry stairs; not being able to credit the malignant Larabee with softness of heart in sparing him, the only other alternative was to conclude that the thieves had already made their escape with their booty. But Annie shook her head. "They wont find it so easy to open the door of the strong-room," she said demurely, "with the directions for crocheting a baby bonnet I gave them, instead of the combination!"

Reluctant as Bellport might be to deal with visitors from another world, they became valiant as lions when cautious listening at the door of the basement tunnel convinced them that the thieves were still inside. Leaving a substantial guard at this end of the tunnel, Martin led a dozen or more citizens in various stages of costume, ranging from pajamas, thru B. V. Ds, to the Mayor in frock coat and top hat, and a pair of red flannel drawers.

Hearing muffled sounds of distress in Hop Sing's laundry, they paused long enough to rescue the watchman of the bank from his ignominious position at the bottom of a hamper of soiled clothes. He was querulous over the treatment he had received. "If the Police Force had been tending to duty, instead of playing checkers in the grocery, like he always does, this wouldn't have happened!" he complained bitterly. "I was just making my rounds outside when this here crime wave hit me, and I believe I've lost my badge—"

The bank was empty, but as the band of vigilantes crept down the basement stairs, there was the sound of muffled blows under foot. Martin waved his cohort to one side and mounted a table commanding the floor, where cracks were already beginning to appear. In one hand he brandished Abner

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-758, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School
Dept. H-758, Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for position checked:

.....Architect $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000
.....General Education In one year	

Name..... Address.....

C. G. CONN Ltd.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Elliot Best & Co., presenting one of vaudeville's snappiest musical acts equipped with Conn wind instruments.

Turn *Your* Evenings To Profit and Pleasure

WHEREVER folks gather nowadays music is in demand, and orchestras like the one above are filling that demand.

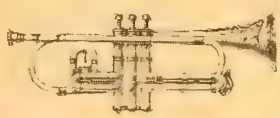
Here's opportunity for **you.** Doesn't live music thrill you; doesn't the rhythmic surge or a popular selection make **you** want to play? That's your musical "bump." Develop it easily and quickly with a Conn cornet, saxophone, flute, clarinet, **any wind instrument.** Easiest playing; used by world's great artists and kings of popular music.

FREE TRIAL; EASY PAYMENTS and All Exclusive Conn Features at No Greater Cost. Send coupon for details; no obligation.

A Guarantee Bond With Every Conn

C. G. CONN, Ltd.,
1025 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana
New York Conn Co.
233-5-7 W. 47th St.
World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Band and Orchestra Instruments.

FREE
Sousa's Success secrets; how to discover your talent; how to choose the proper instrument; how to practice for quick mastery and much other valuable musical information in this free book. Send coupon today for your copy; it entails no obligation.



C. G. CONN, Ltd.
1025 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please send my copy of "Success in Music and How to Win It," and details of your free trial easy payment plan. (Mention instrument that interests you.)

Name.....
Street or Rural Route.....
City.....State.....
County.....
Instrument.....

WHY BE BALD

When Plastic Can Give Both Ladies and Gentlemen a Natural Luxuriant Head of Hair?

A totally new invention has brought untold hope and comfort to those who are wholly or partially BALD. PLASTIC is not a wig. Far from it. A WIG is a JOKE. It never deceives anybody. PLASTIC is a lifelike composition of cells of the exact pink color of the scalp itself in which single hairs are planted so skilfully that they cannot be distinguished from the natural hair—a method of imitating nature so closely and perfectly that it is utterly impossible for any one to detect the difference between my product and natural hair—the gift of Nature herself. Let us PROVE this to you.

Write for particulars. Write at once.

RICHARD E. ERNEST
101 W. 42nd Street, New York City

Grey's revolver. He was a heroic figure, and he knew it. It was his moment, his Apocalypse.

The boards gave a splintering crash—heads appeared in the opening. "Hands up, gentlemen!" said Martin cheerfully, "hoist 'em a little higher, Mr. Larabee, *if* you please!"

"Be a little more careful of that revolver, wont you?" begged the bold, bad bank robber piteously, "It might go off!"

The miscreants securely bound, the Mayor stepped solemnly forward, and shook Martin's hand with his most official manner. He had the air of one who was about to present the keys of the city. "Allow me, in the name of Bellport, to offer you a vote of thanks," he began resonantly, "on such an occasion my emotions overcome me—" He reached for the handkerchief in his hip pocket to wipe away an oratorical tear, and became suddenly aware of certain deficiencies in his attire. His tone changed, "Dang my hide," cried the Mayor enthusiastically pounding Martin's shoulder, "if this ain't as pretty a night's work as I ever see!"

The final chapter of Martin Tripp's story was told in a full page article in the *Bellport Budget,* of a month later, under the euphonious headline, "Belle of Bellport Wins Brave Bridegroom." We quote from the well-chosen words of Lemuel Twigg, the editor, who runs the meat market, when not engaged in his literary labors.

"Amid the melifluous strains of the Bellport Band, which tastefully rendered 'Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes,' the blushing bride was led down the aisle by her parent, Mr. Abner Grey, our leading merchant and president of the Bellport Board of Trade. When the words were said which united two loving hearts, the bridegroom, Mr. Martin Tripp, our distinguished citizen who rendered such aid to the community in capturing the band of desperadoes who was breaking into our bank recently, kissed his bride, to the inspiring strains of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

"There was hardly a dry eye present. The wedding reception was held at the bride's home, and the happy couple departed for a honeymoon at Niagara Falls amid a veritable shower of rice and good wishes.

"We all wish them well in their new venture. And remind them that the best roundsteak in Bellport may be had at reasonable prices at the Reliable Meat Emporium of Lemuel A. Twigg, corner Main Street and Elm."

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

By CLARA MARIS WELLS

In Shadowland of Might-have-been
We're ever prone to stray;
For in the Lotus Land of Dreams
Forgotten is today.

In that blest isle of Might-have-been
The ships we passed at night
With us again cast anchor
In the Haven of Delight.

In that dream Haven of Might-have-been
We never know a loss;
There are crowns of fame for one and all,
And ne'er a cruel cross.

Toward our Land of Promise
Our feet do ever stray;
And the dreams of Might-have-been
Hide our failures of today.

Dear Shadowland of Might-have-been
There all our dreams come true;
There our faint hope mounts up on wings
And strength we there renew.

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

Play by Note
Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Harp, Cello, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Piccolo, Saxophone, Ukulele, Sight-Singing, Hawaiian Steel Guitar, Harmony and Composition, Tenor, Banjo, Drums & Traps.

Music no longer difficult! New plan makes it easy to learn by home study. Positively easier than with private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to play your favorite instrument in a few short months! More than 250,000 men, women and children have learned by our method. You, too, can learn in your spare time. We guarantee it.

E. S. Whittmack, New York, writes: "I compliment you on your wonderful system. Did not know one note from another, but in a short time have mastered the piano and am now composing music."

Louise Bowles, Epworth, Va., writes: "Received my teacher's certificate. I highly recommend your school and wouldn't take anything for the help it has given me."

Amazing Offer

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our home study method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our marvelous lessons at practically no cost, charges amounting merely to about the cost of sheet music. Beginners or advanced pupils. Write for amazing free book giving all the facts and particulars. Send a postal today! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music
6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

C. N. Pitts, Macon, Ga., writes: "Have completed your course on violin. Now have 15 students."

New Faces Wanted for the "Movies"

Get this Book Today

FREE Tells why photoplay directors say there is a great demand for new screen faces and how you can place your photograph in Directors' Gallery at Hollywood, California—the heart of "Movieland"—where it may be seen by directors seeking new screen faces. You may be just the person some director seeks. "Type" is sought before beauty. Your photograph tells the whole story. Send today for your free copy of "The New Door to Movieland" containing complete information—it's Free.

CASTING DIRECTORS' EXHIBIT
8th Fl., 20 E. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 335 Chicago, Ill.

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

FOR CONSTIPATION BEECHAM'S PILLS

ANNOUNCEMENT

A Modern Salome Contest

ABOUT a year ago Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., offered $3,000.00 in prizes for the best essays on the picture entitled "The Modern Salome". The judges of the contest were Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America, Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York "Evening Mail" and contributor to "Photoplay Magazine," and Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and publisher of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. At the close of the contest the judges were widely separated in different parts of the country and awarding of prizes was considerably delayed. Additional delays were made necessary by reason of the disagreement by the judges, but at last they have agreed and they have announced the following winners:

First Prize of $1,000.00 to Evelyn A. Sweeney, 22 Beech St., Larchmont, N. Y. Second Prize of $500.00 to Lenore R. Wadsworth, 601 West 162nd St., N. Y. C. Third Prize, 5 awards of $100.00, to Marie Van Buren, c/o Mathews & Co., Pavonia Ave. and Hamilton Park, Jersey City, N. J.; Maude Ropke, 757 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter T. Ward, 1249 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.; Douglas F. Mussinon, 1910 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and Henry P. Teall of 189 Ashland Ave., Bloomfield, N. J. Fourth Prizes, 10 awards of $50.00, to John L. Washburn, Williamstown, Mass.; Mrs. F. J. Hofman, Mountain View, N. J.; Edith M. Reichel, 406 E. Market St., Bloomington, Ill.; C. Roberts, 1805 Kenyon St., Washington, D. C.; Helen C. Fletcher, 1639 West Ave. 54, Los Angeles, Calif.; May Fillmore, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C.; Adele C. Hobbs, 125 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Richard B. Montgomery, 1013 Watchung Ave., Plainfield, N. J.; Gertrude Murphy, 277 West 127th St., N. Y. C., and Mrs. Martha Smith, 4448 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Fifth Prizes, 20 awards of $25.00, to M. D. Isrel, 21 West 16th St., N. Y. C.; Miss Clara Lear, 1604 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Ora Davis, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C.; A. Haklits, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C.; Mrs. Cora Castamore, Newark, N. J.; Zelma Park, 805 Linden Ave., Pullman, Wash.; Kathleen Driscoll, 53 East 131st St., N. Y. C.; Ida Young Clift, 135 Hamilton Place, N. Y. C.; Mrs. Eilene Lohn, 322 E. State St., Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Pearl Bridgewater, 2007 Capitol Ave., Houston, Texas; L. Prior, 70 42nd St., Corona, L. I.; John P. Knox, 144 East 149th St., N. Y. C.; Mrs. Herman Dallman, 616 W. McClellan St., Sioux Fall, South Dakota; Estelle Cudner, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C.; Margaret Koch, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C.; E. C. Bickhaus, 918 North 12th St., Quincy, Ill.; Florence W. Schenck, 345 West 23rd St., N. Y. C.; Theodore A. Frank, 463 Berwin Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Catherine Sullivan, c/o Mrs. A. J. Mollman, 705 Fulton Ave., Hannibal, Mo.; Corrine Dorsen, 13 West Ontario St., Chicago Ill. The Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., sent to this office a certified check for $3,000.00, and, on July 29th, checks were mailed to the winners above mentioned.

HAIR ON THE FACE

PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 880-X, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in "Where Knowledge Means Happiness." Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says: *It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.*

From "Where Knowledge Means Happiness" Copyright 1921

Sent in plain cover, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.

Dept. S, Counsel Service, 246 W. 76th St., New York

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

A Wonderful Opportunity to Become a Beauty Specialist

A National System of Beauty Culture needs women everywhere. $40 to $75 a week. Experience not necessary. In a few weeks' spare time at home, we make you expert in all branches, such as Muscle Strap, Mud Packs, Hair Dyeing, Permanent Wave, Marcelling, Skin Work, Manicuring, Electrolysis, etc.

You can earn while you learn, giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or open your own Beauty Parlor.

AUTHORIZED DIPLOMA — MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Write today for Free Book. Explains this wonderful system and Special offer.

Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 510, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago

Originators of the Famous Oriental Preparations

Their Big Day

(*Continued from page 56*)

Saturday was cloudy and threatening, but because so many contestants had come from such far-away places and had to go back, and because they were all so anxious, it was decided to make the tests anyway. Fortunately, it didn't rain.

Two huge motor busses left the offices promptly at half past one, and drove for about two hours, out to Mr. Brewster's home at Roslyn, L. I., where the tests were made. A large crowd had to go by train, for we got the only two busses available, and they weren't big enough to carry them all.

No make-up was allowed, and this seemed odd to some, but the contest judges know what they are doing, so no make-up it was.

After about three hours crowded full of interest—for those who had been tested were permitted to watch the others, and comparisons were inevitable but friendly—we all rode back to Brooklyn just about dusk, tired but happy—the end of a perfect day.

Of those tested on Saturday, July the second, about fifteen or twenty were given further tests the next week. Every screen test is examined by the contest judges, and those most promising are given another test. Again the most promising are selected, and so on until the final winner or winners are chosen.

For the sake of about five people a day, who are still writing to ask if the contest is open to men, we will say that several hundred of the great crowd of contestants who came to the offices on July first were men, and quite a large number of them were given screen tests.

Altogether, it was a great day, for the magazines as well as for the contestants. It is not often that a business place is visited by such a dazzling array of pulchritude as July first brought.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE presents another Honor Roll. Next month will be the last Honor Roll in the 1921 Contest. The December number will announce the winner.

October's Honor Roll is as follows:

Florence Rawlins, 144 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, has done "atmosphere bits" for the screen with William Farnum and Tommy Meighan. She is a brunette, weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds, and is five feet three inches in height. Her eyes are big and wide apart and full of expression. Her mouth is delicately curved and sensitive. She is a rare type, full of both charm and character.

Eileen Elliott, 1707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is as demure as one would expect a maid from the Quaker City to be. "Nineteen times have lilies blown since first she saw the sun." Her curls are blonde and her eyes are blue. She is five feet five and one-half inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her lovely, pensive profile loses nothing in comparison with the exquisite roses beneath it.

The dainty little lady gazing with such a rapturous expression into the beautiful crystal is Olive Ann Alcorn, 1320 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California. She has had screen experience with Henry Walthall. She is twenty-one years old, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds and is five feet four inches in height.

No more pictures are coming in now, but the enormous amount of work that selecting the winner entails is keeping us all busy, and we'll be glad when he or she is finally chosen. Dont be discouraged, and dont lose interest.

Now on Sale

Harold Bell Wright's

NEW NOVEL

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE

For the past two years the most popular novelist in the world has been at work with heart and hand to give his great public his finest novel. "Helen of the Old House" deals with the paramount question of the day—the spirit of unrest among all classes.

A romance of everyday people in everyday life that probes to the very heart of humanity.

Get it today. It's a book you'll read again and again. *At all Booksellers, $2.00.*

Write for free catalog of latest books in all fields.

D. APPLETON & CO.

35 West 32nd St. - New York

Study Beauty Culture

We teach you Beauty Culture thoroughly and practically by mail in your spare time. Manicuring, Massage, Facial, Scalp Treatments, Hairdressing, etc. Full course $20 on easy payments. Graduates earning $60 upward weekly. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

PARIS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY CULTURE

Dept. "E", 911 Garden Street, Hoboken, New Jersey

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310

MASONIC TEMPLE — CHICAGO

GIMME

SEND TODAY

For the Most Fascinating Game of the Age

Appeals to young or old—the new game every one is crazy about—none so simple or as fascinating.

Carry it in your pocket and you'll wish to play night and day. Easy to play by two or many.

Wonderfully attractive. Be first in your crowd to own a GIMME—the fastest game yet. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for GIMME or better yet send $1.50 for GIMME outfit incl. 100 counters, etc. Order today! Money back if not satisfied.

BART MFG. CO., • • • 105 NO. CLARK ST., CHICAGO

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"A few years ago I was making $15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! An opening came and I was promoted—with an increase. A little later another raise came—I could save $25 a month. Then another—I could save $50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department. We have a thousand dollars saved—and there is a real future ahead!"

For 30 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can prepare right at home in spare time for the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Choose your career from this coupon and mark and mail it now

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6625 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.
☐ Electric Wiring
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Toolmaker
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Ship Draftsman
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ CHEMIST
☐ Pharmacy
☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Show Card and Sign Ptg.
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Business Correspondent
☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Commercial Law
☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Mathematics
☐ Navigation
☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Poultry Raising
☐ Spanish
☐ Teacher
☐ Banking

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ Business Address_____ 3-1-21

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Bowlegged Men

Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention—Combination hose-supporter and pant-leg Straightener—Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs; as easy to put on and comfortable to wear as any ordinary garter—no harness or padded forms; just an ingenious special garter for bowlegged men—improves appearance wonderfully. Bowlegged men everywhere are wearing them; enthusiastic. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

S-L Garter Co.
315 Dayton Bldg. DAYTON, O.

Everything for Sale

(*Continued from page 39*)

exactly like him, to say nothing, just to offer his life that her name might be untarnished.

With the dawn he returned to consciousness against her, her heart throbbing out its unmistakable message — unmistakable to all save Donald, to whom it was unthought of. Battered in body and crushed in spirit, he thought only that she had succoured him in his extremity, and still loyal to her word to Morton, she gave him no further hint of the miracle she had known in the night watch. So are the tremendous things of life outweighed. "I've made a complete mess of everything," he said.

"Dont think of anything just now," she said.

An hour later the lobsterman's boat passed near to the Isle and responded to Helen's call.

At home, Aunt Wainwright awaited in an extremity of indignation. She omitted no scathing phrase in her description of the scene the night before. The elaborate dinner spread, the guests waiting, Lee Morton at first amazed, then indignant, finally contemptuous, the boat drifting back, the discovery in it of their two hats, the disclosure this made——.

"He simply left," Aunt Wainwright said in describing Morton's attitude, "simply *left* as, of course, a man of the world, a real man, would have done. Do you suppose, you silly little idiot, that a man like Lee Morton will sit around and wait upon the scandalous caprices of a girl like you? With at least a dozen women hanging on his every word? You've done it now, for good and all, or I'm mistaken. It's up to you now, up to all of us, to exert every effort we know of, or can invent, to lure him back again. It's just *too* much! The proverbial straw! All this time and effort and money we haven't got—for this!"

Aunt Wainwright monologed for a day and a half, and at the end of the second day, Helen, thoroly convinced that her sole means of salvation lay in putting the perilous sweetness of Scotty from her and making her peace with Morton, departed in search of him. She suspected that he would be at the renovated bungalow, and telling her maid only where she was going, escaped from the house.

In her mind, bruised by the occurrences of the preceding days, and the great knowledge that had come to her, was the single-tracked, fantastic notion that she would be even as a prodigal daughter returning home with the baited millionaire again in tow.

On the trip out Helen knew that the thing she must tell Lee Morton was, that she loved Scotty, that she had been absolutely true to Morton, appearances notwithstanding, but that now, fairly, she must ask him to release her. Family couldn't matter as against the hammering, thrilling thing in her breast. Why, nothing could matter—that aching night of pillowing his head against her breast was all there was of life and one does not give away one's life for a mess of—money.

Morton was at the bungalow, and Helen had the notion that he looked frightened more than any other thing when he saw her. Later on, she was to know why.

She was also to know how it felt to be frightened in just that way, when, in the midst of her explanation (which he seemed to be taking very calmly) Donald Scott's militant footsteps were heard on the veranda, and his voice, with a new ring to it, was heard calling Morton's name.

Helen, gasping, and helped by Morton, stowed herself away in the very first aperture she could find.

If Scotty should find her *here!* In Morton's bungalow, with night coming on, alone! How could she ever explain? Would he ever believe? In the dim recess of that stifling place, Helen had time to know what it would mean to her if he did not, how achingly she longed that he should. The place was filled with gas, and after an hour of it, an hour in which their voices ebbed and fell again like blurry tides, all sense of things fell from her and the first thing Helen knew, she was on the floor with Morton bending over her, with Uncle Wainwright scurrying for water and, most poignantly of all, with Scotty in the doorway staring at her, sick and white. His face was working, and Helen, staring, saw him finger a revolver and point it at Morton. She tried to scream, but her throat was too weak. Scotty saw her, and a peculiar smile touched his lips, blue as they had been the night he had been chilled from the water. His arm dropped listlessly to his side. Helen knew that he felt it didn't matter. Nothing could—now.

As he disappeared in the general direction of the water, as by the coincidence of drama none too subtly planned, Lillian Lord came down the stairs and Helen saw, with that acute receptivity of a weakened consciousness, the sudden flash of unconcealed glory in Morton's eyes. So he, too, had learned. He had had the same lesson as she had had that night on the Island. Helen closed her eyes. His lesson could be had—hers was learned too late.

Then Uncle Wainwright was lifting her. She heard Morton say, "Better take her out into the air"—and all the time he was saying it his hand was holding Lillian Lord's. Why had she never noticed before that Lillian had a tender, lovely face. Or was it love——?

She was sobbing the story out to Uncle Wainwright. She wanted Scotty. She had wanted, too, to play straight according to her code with Lee Morton. She had come out to find him and ask him to release her from an engagement she could not fulfill. She had heard Scotty, and, foolishly, fearing he would, in his young green jealousy, misunderstand, had hidden herself in a closet. A gas fixture in the closet had leaked, but she had resolved to die rather than hurt Scotty by giving him doubts. When she fainted she had fallen against the door—Scotty had seen her—here she was——. All the while Lillian Lord had been there, and Lee Morton loved her, and she was terribly sorry about how Aunt Wainwright would feel, but love could not go where it was directed, nor could money or the need of money buy it. She could go away and not be a trouble to Aunt Wainwright any longer. That would be best. No, she knew she had never been a trouble to Uncle Wainwright and she wanted to thank him.

Helen didn't know how the change was effected, but she had begun to sob out her explanation to Uncle Wainwright, and somehow, miraculously, she finished by sobbing it out to Scotty. They had effected the interchange in a way she didn't ever question. Scotty tried to tell her that he had been on the other side of the hedge and had overheard her story and had rushed to her, but she thought of it always as some sort of blessed miracle.

"We've all learned what love is——" she said afterward, when, in the moonlight he held her as she had held him, against his heart, "you and Morton and I. I think Lillian Lord knew—long ago. Dear——"

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 67*)

all the trouble and, incidentally, the great moment, even as the immemorial serpent in the first garden, was well handled and affords a thrill.

One thing we do not understand. Why is it that two people may spend an entire day together, picnicking in the woods perhaps, or enjoying other pastoral pleasures—unchaperoned and all is well. But should they be overtaken by night and should dawn break the sky before they reach home, they are rushed to the nearest Justice of the Peace. There must be some evil and sinister influence to the night that we know nothing about.

In "The Great Moment" Gloria Swanson is the girl and Milton Sills the hero. Gloria lost much of her exotic charm when she changed her exotic coiffure. As a matter of fact, we dont suppose there was really any connection, but we have noticed that she has not the appeal she possessed in the old days when her hair was the marvel of every film devotee. Milton Sills contributes his usually satisfactory performance.

SALVATION NELL—FIRST NATIONAL

If "Salvation Nell" did nothing else but prove that Pauline Starke is the stuff emotions are made of, it would be well worth seeing. The title rôle of this Whitman Bennett production, which is adapted from the stage play by Edward Sheldon, seems made for Miss Starke, who offers a splendid portrayal as Nell.

Most people are familiar with the story of Nell, a girl of the slums, whose whole world centers in Jim Platt, who is usually much too intoxicated to understand or comprehend the devotion which is offered him, altho he cares for Nell in his own selfish way. When a jail sentence takes him from her, she finds her way to peace and contentment thru the teachings of Hallelujah Maggie, and after her baby is born she becomes one of the leaders of the Salvation Army band working in the slums.

Finally, Jim is released from jail. Once more Nell's battle begins. She knows that she is defeated if she accords with Jim's plans and her struggle to blazon the way for both of them is well told.

As a matter of fact, the entire cast is good with Joe King seen to better advantage as Jim than he has been seen in some time. Evelyn C. Carrington is just as you would expect Hallelujah Maggie to be—just as you would wish her to be, while Edward Langford is his usual capable self as the Major.

The atmosphere, too, is splendid. There is no doubt about the slum scenes. They show that life, sordid, naked, undisguised. We especially liked the scenes showing the Salvation Army band marching valiantly forward, drums beating, voices raised—but then we admit that the corner meetings have always held a thrill for us.

Kenneth Webb, too, deserves commendation for his direction. He has lost nothing in the shadow version of the popular story.

THE GOLDEN SNARE—FIRST NATIONAL

Perhaps if the evening is very warm, you will find an hour or two of pleasure in watching "The Golden Snare" unfold upon the screen. It has for its setting great open spaces, snow covered—and characters whose entire lives have been spent in the out-of-doors. So much for that.

But, on the other hand, it has little to recommend it as a James Oliver Curwood drama. We have seen numerous stories by

(*Continued on page 106*)

WONDER

Will Increase Your Personal Charm

WONDER will give you an air of daintiness, and create an impression of cleanliness and purity of body.

It will check excessive perspiration and destroy all offensive odors.

WONDER is a perfectly harmless and delicately scented snow-white cream. It cannot injure the skin or clothing.

Apply **WONDER** with your finger tips. It will immediately overcome unpleasant body odors, soothe irritation and benefit the skin.

Do not go to the dance without first applying **WONDER!**

Recommended by Physicians, Dermatologists and Beauty Experts everywhere. Tubes by mail, 25c.

Send for a tube today.

WILTON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. B, Brooklyn, New York

MORE THAN $100.00 A DAY

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose incomes would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success.

Federal training gives you the opportunity to develop your ability under the guidance of 60 of America's leading artists and illustrators. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32 page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and many other stars on the Federal staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement. Write your name, address and age in the margin and mail it now. Write for this book today.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.,
1020 Federal School Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Stop Trying to Get Into the Movies!

At Least Until You Have Learned Something About It.

YOU dont know how to take the first steps.
YOU are not able to judge whether you would screen well or not.
YOU know practically nothing about facial expression, or physical culture, or the mere mechanics required to be funny.
YOUR personality is wholly undeveloped.
YOUR mind is a blank on the actual technique of motion picture acting.

BUT—

Do not be discouraged. There is a way, an easy and pleasant and economical way, to learn all these things and many more, without which it is perfectly futile even to try to get into the movies.

Let Us Help You to Help Yourself

Cut out ——→ this Coupon and enclose ten cents, money or stamps, to cover cost, and we will mail you our booklet, **"Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Movies and Why?"**

NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Movies and Why?" Enclosed is 10 cents to cover cost.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please Write Plainly)

BOBBED HAIR—the Fashionable Aristocratic Head-dress

—Be Bobbed Without Cutting Your Hair

FROM New York to Paris fashionable women have turned to bobbed hair. The charm and beauty of the NATIONAL BOB—originated by us—have made it the last word in attractive coiffure. Even if your hair is already bobbed you can also wear the NATIONAL BOB for it saves the annoyance of curling, burning or cutting your own hair. Two tiny combs attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy.

Send a strand of your hair and $10.00

The Bob will be sent to you at once, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Artificial eyelashes, $1.50 a pair. Send for our free hair goods catalogue, showing latest coiffure modes.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. O, 368 Sixth Ave., New York City

Originators of the NATIONAL BOB. U. S. Patent Reg. No. 1,346,718.

Send 85c and dealer's name for Box of six National Hair Nets. State Color and Style.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter
353 Fifth Ave., New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

From factory to you FREE Easiest riding, most comfortable wheel built. We'll ship on approval. You'll be delighted with the **18 exclusive features** of 1921 model electrically equipped

BLACK BEAUTY

—a large variety of models to choose from. Pick the one you like best. We send it express prepaid. A small deposit and **dollar a week.** Five year guarantee—6 months' accident policy.

HAVERFORD CYCLE COMPANY Established 25 years.
Dept. 2910 **Philadelphia, Pa.**
Big new catalog in colors—FREE Send for it—NOW!
Be a Black Beauty Owner Agent

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Power of Perfume

(*Continued from page* 58)

or medium, and are you blonde, brunette, red-headed or medium?

Personality is harder to define. But since, as Shakespeare declares, all the world's a stage, and every man and woman has a part, your part on life's stage is the determining factor of your personality.

For a tragedian, the most appropriate perfumes are orchid or hyacinth or a highly concentrated French perfume. A comedian, or one who is merry, light hearted and good natured, should use lavender, rose, heliotrope, or one of the good, substantial, old-fashioned flower odors.

For the vampire, that is, the tall, slender woman with dark hair and dark eyes, who is a coquette and a flatterer, the heavy Oriental odors of musk, sandalwood, lotus and jasmine are well suited.

The ingénue, or the sweet, unsophisticated girl, may use violet, lily-of-the-valley, lilac, or a combination of several flower odors; while the natural, wholesome sport girl should use a perfume of a very delicate, indefinable flower fragrance, such as trailing arbutus, honeysuckle, laurel or wild rose—odors that suggest the great outdoors, flowers dancing by mountain streams and in open, sunlit spaces.

Naturally, the most fragrant and delicate perfumes are the most expensive as a rule, yet such a very small amount is required that it is probably cheaper in the long run to buy the expensive kind. Frequently a drop has more fragrance in it than ten drops of an inferior quality. However, there are some moderately priced perfumes on the market today that are surprisingly fragrant and possess lasting qualities, too, so that if one may rely on one's own judgment in the matter, it is possible to get a good perfume at a very reasonable cost

In selecting a perfume, it is also well to get face powder, soap and talcum powder of the same odor, or an odor that blends with it.

When you go to the shops to purchase your perfumes and toilet articles, do not let the countless, myriad crystal bottles of colored perfumes and toilet waters dissuade you from the kind you have decided you want. It is well to have your mind made up definitely before you go shopping, or the loveliness of the display will surely affect your decision. To me, the most alluring department in any store is that of the perfumes and other toilet accessories. They are arranged so attractively in tiers, with such regard to harmonizing colors. They gleam from the counters like jewels and flowers. Sometimes it is very hard to resist buying a perfume I really do not care for, because of its color and the attractive size and shape of the bottle.

If you cant decide what scent you want, buy a very small quantity of whatever you get, for very likely you will find that it does not suit you, after all.

The power of an odor to recall events of the past is very strong. It not infrequently happens that one finds oneself dwelling on a certain event of the past or a certain person, and suddenly discovers that one is passing by a bed of violets, the odor of which saturates the air and brings up the memory of that friend, as she always wore violet perfume. Or perhaps one is in the theater, sitting next to a woman who wears the favorite perfume of some old and almost forgotten friend, and one turns, expecting to see her sitting near. And, by the same token that it awakens memories, it arouses sentiment, and one who values this quality of mind should choose her perfume with care and use it consistently, not change to other kinds as the mood leads one.

A domestically inclined woman may add great charm to her home by arranging the right kinds of flowers in the right places, not only because of their ornamental value, but for their fragrance, too. There is hardly a place in the house where a vase of flowers or a potted plant is not welcome, adding cheer, routing gloom.

Jars of dried flower petals, or potpourri, may be placed on stands, tables or mantelpiece. If the jar is of glass, the vari-colored potpourri is very effective, showing the soft shades of old rose, blue and dull yellow. This can be purchased at drug stores or toilet counters in large department stores or in the perfume specialty shops.

The colored potpourri is no better than the home-dried flower petals if the container is silver, bronze, china or anything but clear glass.

If you have fragrant flowers in your garden, why not save the petals for the time when there are no flowers blooming? By doing so, you may have the subtle odor of flowers during the entire year.

Another way to use these petals when dried, to make the home dainty and fragrant, is to sew them up in small bags and place them between the sheets or under the pillows of the bed. Bags of balsam, lavender, or sandalwood may be used instead, or even bags of delicately scented sachet powder.

There is still another way of giving a pleasing odor to a room, and that is by burning incense. For this, one must have incense sticks standing upright in a jar or the incense in powder or cake-form placed in a burner. These burners may be large and ornamental or they may be small, simple and inexpensive. This burning of incense, so popular with the ancient Egyptians and the Chinese of today, is also much in vogue here. However, with the ancients it was a religious rite—with us it is a simple means of pleasing the olfactory nerves.

There are countless other ways in which one may make use of perfumes. In scented bath salts, scented alcohol, perfumed shampoos, and countless other ways. But this means the expenditure of much money and would be uselessly extravagant for the person of limited means.

Sachets may be placed in the drawer with one's gloves, fans and handkerchiefs, also among dainty pieces of lingerie.

If you have garment bags for your evening dresses and pretty frocks, a few tiny silk bags of your favorite sachet should be sewed on the inside or fastened to the hangers. This will keep them smelling fresh and sweet, no matter how long they hang in a dark closet.

Undoubtedly, pleasant odors create an atmosphere of romance by their suggestion of gardens, of fragrant flowers and early dew-jeweled mornings.

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

You have probably quoted this yourself many times, but did you ever stop to wonder *why?*

Isn't it because of that wonderful subtle odor wafted on the breeze, of crabapple blossoms in the wood, trailing arbutus under the rocks and violets by the stream; of tulip and crocus and jonquil and rose bursting into bloom in the garden, and the breath of every living green thing, when

"You may shut your eyes, but you can not
help knowing
That skies are blue and grass is growing."

THE OCTOBER SHADOWLAND

ANOTHER beautiful issue of America's most beautiful magazine. Yet SHADOWLAND has more than mere artistic and typographical appeal. It is vital and absorbing from a literary standpoint, standing foremost among magazines for its intriguing and piquant essays, its unique articles and its broad insight into things pertaining to the arts.

Among the principal attractions of the October SHADOWLAND will be a short brand-new playlet of sheer brilliancy, by **Franz Molnar,** the distinguished Continental playwright, whose play, "Liliom," has been the sensation of the past New York dramatic season. The title of this newest **Molnar** hit is "Curtain," and the translation is by **Benjamin F. Glazer.**

The October SHADOWLAND will carry another contemporary portrait by **Frank Harris,** this time dealing with **Rudyard Kipling. Franz Molnar** himself will be the subject of a vivid article by **Pierre Loving. Benjamin de Casseres** contributes a characteristic essay on **Stendhal. Babette Deutsch** writes another article upon contemporary American poets, this time dealing with that vital voice among poetry, **Carl Sandburg. Sheldon Cheney** writes upon "Expressionism Invades Our Theater." **Herbert Howe** furnishes an amusing account of "The Movie Revolution."

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Disraeli

(*Continued from page* 50)

from all the hearthstones of the world; something of what Lady Beaconsfield knew shone from the tired eyes, rang in the inspired tone. Charles leaned across the desk and wrung his hands. "Gad, sir, you've served her." He was shamed in the presence of emotion and veered away hurriedly, "I'll start at once. How shall I communicate with you?"

Disraeli handed him a folded paper. "I have the duplicate of the code, and no one else has a copy. Take care of yourself, my boy." He chuckled, "I shall have Lady Beaconsfield invite your coy Clarissa to visit us. I fancy, when she hears your praises sung from morning to night, she will be ready to listen when you return."

None would have guessed, to see the Prime Minister in the days that followed, that he bore a troubled heart under the familiar, cynical smile, the exaggerated mannerisms which made him such a boon to his enemies' sarcasms and the butt of coarse, stupid wit. Yet he saw his power tottering. Worse, he saw England's honor questioned, for Myers, shrunken and flabby with fear, had come to him and told him that he was being ruined.

"Some one has started a rumor dot the bank was no goot," he complained, tugging at his beard with tremulous hands. "One after another, they have come to draw their money oud. There is not enough to pay that check—ach! I am ruined, in my old age I am ruined! I shall not have the marble mausoleum over me after all!"

"Keep still about this," the diplomat told him sternly. "So long as a thing is unknown, it can be dealt with. It is tongues that sting. Words wreak more harm in this world than bullets. No one must doubt that England has bought the Canal and *paid for it.*"

To his wife he was the lover as always; gay, tender, full of little gallantries, with every morning the bouquet and the kiss. And she answered him in the same vein, saying no word of the grief heavy at her heart. But one day he looked into her eyes and saw that, tho her lips smiled, there were tears in her eyes, the frightened, bewildered tears of old age.

"You know?" he questioned. "Ah, my dear, I tried to keep it from you."

"I can read you like a book," said his wife. "What is the trouble? I never asked you before, but I must know now."

Briefly, he told her that he had received a message in code from Charles saying that the check had been delivered. And unless he could get funds to meet it today, England was discredited.

"And you?" she asked, trembling. "What of you?"

He looked at her quite simply. "Oh, of course it would mean my downfall. But that does not matter."

"It matters," she thought, fiercely, "more than anything! But God wont let it happen! I have believed in God's goodness all my life." Aloud, she only asked, quietly: "What can we do, dear?"

The "we" seemed to give him courage. He set his glass more firmly in his eye. "I have sent for Sir Michael," he said. "He can save us, if he will——"

A servant interrupted with a card. "Lady Travers," read Lady Beaconsfield. "I will send word that I am ill. I have no heart to listen to a discussion of Her Majesty's latest toilette from Paris today."

"Wait!" Her husband considered quickly. Conquering enemies do not visit their foes under flags of truce. She was doubtful, uncertain; she was here to spy, to dis-

What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? *She* has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it. You can easily double your pay by the PROMOTION PLAN. It is nothing new and untried. The PROMOTION PLAN has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the PROMOTION PLAN. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. G-758, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. G-758, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on how the **PROMOTION PLAN** will help me win promotion in the job checked.

.....Architect	.....Lawyer
..... Building Contractor	.....Machine Shop Practice
.....Automobile Engineer	.....Photoplay Writer
.....Automobile Repairman	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Civil Engineer	.....Shop Superintendent
.....Structural Engineer	..... Employment Manager
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Cert. Public Accountant	.....Foremanship
.....Accountant and Auditor	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor (& Mapping)
.....Draftsman and Designer	.....Telephone Engineer
..... Electrical Engineer	.....Telegraph Engineer
.....Electric Light & Power	.....High School Graduate
.....General Education	.....Fire Insurance Expert

Name.....

Address .....

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

$36 to $56 Weekly in your spare time doing special advertising work among the families of your city; no experience necessary; write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 5142 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161 East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—Every automobile owner wants gold initials on doors of his car; transfer them without experience in 10 minutes; profit $1.40 on a $1.50 job. Write for samples; agency. Transfer Monogram Co., Inc., Desk M. P., 191 Market St., Newark, N. J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Our Associates are building $5,000 to $10,000 incomes, or better. One reports $34,523.43 earnings last year. Another cleared $8,039.07 in March. Names of these and many others on request. Our book tells all. Get it today. American Collection Service, 809 Cass Bldg., Detroit.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Women to Sew—Goods sent prepaid to your door; plain, sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 45, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40.00 to $75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Publishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD HARDWOOD LANDS in Michigan, well located; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, $15 to $30 per acre. Small payment down, balance long time. We help you. Send for book FREE. Swigart Land Co., A-1263, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., 278-B-30, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B-41, Chicago.

Photoplays, Ideas Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS. or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and details—experience unnecessary. Havard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

AUTHORS—Send for "Successful Photoplays," our free pamphlet which tells how to write photoplays and describes our service. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139 R, Chicago, Ill.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Stories Wanted—Immediately for several famous photoplay stars. Write for descriptive lists and sample synopsis. Dept. M, Photoplaywrights' League of America, 623 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

cover if she could whether the check had been delivered—what his plans were. Smiling a trifle grimly, Disraeli bound his fine white handkerchief about his bony forehead and lay down upon the couch. "Send word that *I* am ill. Make her think me broken, dying. If she believes that we have lost hope, she will make no further move."

Lady Travers professed herself desolated, shocked. She went away, triumphant, after being allowed a glimpse of what seemed an old, stricken man, helpless to avert the disgrace that overhung him.

But it was no stricken or helpless man who faced the stony resentment of Sir Michael Probert a few hours later, telling him in crisp, decisive words what he must do to avert disaster. Lady Beaconsfield, occupying her trembling hands with embroidery close by, thought that she had never seen him more assured, more confident. "God!" she kept saying over and over to herself, "Dear God—please, dear God."

"I told you once I would have nothing to do with it," snapped the banker. "You went ahead without my advice; you must face the consequences without my help, Lord Beaconsfield"—the title came with ill grace from lips descended from the Knights of the Table Round.

"You understand fully what your refusal means?" asked the Prime Minister calmly, without stirring in his chair. "England will be discredited before the world. A patriot would think twice before he refused, Sir Michael."

"You speak one word for England and two for yourself," sneered the banker. "I'd hate to be in your shoes when the news breaks."

"Then you are quite positive in your refusal?" said again the suave voice.

"I am," grunted the other, with a flash of malice as he rose. Disraeli rose also, and his fist came crashing down on the table between.

"You fool!" he cried, "I was giving you a chance to prove yourself a patriot, that is all. You will give me your note for the money to cover the check tonight before you leave the house! I am the Prime Minister of England, and I have the power to close your bank about your ears!"

When Sir Michael had gone, cowed and submissive, leaving the desired paper on the table, Lady Beaconsfield laid down her needle with a deep breath.

"You were wonderful!" she told her husband. "I was never so proud! But—have you really the power to close the bank?"

"No," said Disraeli, smiling his sardonic smile as he folded the precious note and put it into his pocket. "No, my dear, I haven't. But—Sir Michael didn't know that!" He bent and kissed the small, trembling hands. "Tonight a week, the Queen holds her reception in celebration of her new title, 'Empress of India.' I must be beside her, of course, but it shall be you, my dearest love, who shall have the honor of informing her Gracious Majesty of her new honors!"

But when the night came that was to crown the Prime Minister's career, Lady Beaconsfield was too ill to move from her couch. "Her heart," the doctor murmured. "It is nothing to cause anxiety—yet."

"You mean," said Disraeli slowly, fumbling with his monocle, "that at any moment she may——"

"It is possible," said the professional man importantly, "but, we will hope, very unlikely. She may recover as suddenly as she was stricken—the heart, it is a very uncertain thing, my lord!"

"You must go, of course, dear," Lady Beaconsfield smiled up at him. "It is impossible for you to miss it, and I shall lie

here and think of you and imagine you in your splendid uniform, the handsomest man there, dear—and the best!"

He managed to smile in the old familiar way. He did not let her guess the dread in his soul. "Send me a wire in case—there is any change," he told the doctor, so matter-of-factly that that worthy shrugged his shoulders behind his stooped departing back, and told the nurse that the old fellow took it easy.

In the Hall of Reception, Disraeli, the Prime Minister, stood alone, waiting the coming of the guests who would acclaim him openly at last, the Sovereign who would do him public honor, and his triumph, striven for thru so many long and difficult years was as dust and ashes. What was there for him if he gained the whole world and lost *her?* Now he knew at last why he had striven, where he had gained the courage for the long fight—that he might lay at her feet a name honored by the whole world, that he might see his reward in her clear, shining gaze.

Into the great hall came the guests, the most honorable names in England come to do honor to a low-born Jew. Shaking off his dread, he greeted them in his familiar fashion, kissed the women's scented, jeweled hands, spoke as tho in a dream to Charles, who had hurried back to be here, to Clarissa, hanging devotedly on her new hero's arm.

"The Queen is coming!"

The great hall is in a ferment of excitement. No one notices that a footman has just brought Disraeli a telegram. He stands motionless, staring down at the yellow envelope that contains the ending of the world for him. The monocle is still there, the limp hair falling over the bald forehead, even the little, thin-lipped cynical smile, but the face is suddenly that of an old man, a tired, broken old man who would like to cry.

"The Queen's ladies!"

Mechanically, the Prime Minister straightens, turns to the door, and gives a cry, lost in the babel of tongues about him. The first to enter, pale, fragile, but more beautiful to his eyes than the glowing young faces about her, is—his wife, Lady Beaconsfield!

"It is you? Really you?" He touches her piteously, as tho to make sure.

"Why, of course!" she smiles. "Didn't you get the doctor's telegram that I had miraculously recovered?" she smiled up into his suddenly radiant face with pretty, faded coquetry. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

Glad! But there is no time to tell her. "The Queen! God Save the Queen!"

Screwing his glass into his eye, carrying himself jauntily, he gives his wife his arm. "Come, we must go meet the Empress of India!" said Disraeli, the Prime Minister, and at last his smile was neither sardonic nor enigmatic, but the joyous, open smile of a little boy.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE

By Frank V. Faulhaber

"I thought your husband didn't attend the movies. I saw him in the second row with you the other day."

"Oh, I made him come along—they were showing *A Model Husband.*"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

By Frank V. Faulhaber

Interviewer: I s'pose there are a lot of tricks in the movie-game, just like in other businesses, eh?

"Extra": Certainly. But you cant work any off on the director.

ASK

Your Theater Manager To Show

AT HOME
AT WORK
AT PLAY

SHADOWLAND
SCREEN REVIEW
Single Reel Motion Picture De Luxe
Every Two Weeks
The Film Magazine of Amusements and Arts
PRODUCED IN CO-OPERATION WITH
"SHADOWLAND" "CLASSIC" and "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"

With Stage, Screen and Dance Stars

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications, Shadowland, Classic and Motion Picture Magazine.

Tell Your Theater Manager to book it from
PRODUCERS' FEATURE SERVICE
729 7th Ave., N. Y., for N. Y. State and Northern N. J.

SUPER FILM ATTRACTIONS
Washington, D. C.

ALL STAR FEATURE DISTRIBUTORS
San Francisco and Los Angeles

HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION
Charlotte, N. C.

DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW FILM EXCHANGE
Philadelphia, Pa.

KLEIN DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Boston, Mass.

STATE FILM AND AMUSEMENT CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

PEACOCK PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., Oklahoma City, Okla.

or

Shadowland Screen Review

17 West 42d Street **New York**

Free! Remarkable Book on Perfect Health via Vi-Rex Violet Rays

We have just published a remarkable book for free distribution. This book explains in detail the manifold uses of Violet Rays in treating almost every known human ailment. This book also contains charts and diagrams of the nervous system, and organic locations, and fully describes just how the Violet Ray works its many seeming miracles, written in a simple style—devoid of all technical language.

Try the Wonders of Violet Rays

Ten Day Trial FREE

Find out how Violet Rays will help you—demonstrate for yourself. Read what hundreds of users say about the Vi-Rex and the astonishing results which have been obtained. Learn why it is the most economical and practical machine of its kind available. There is no limit to its beneficial powers.

Send for Free Book and Trial Offer

Vi-Rex Electric Company
Dept. 1210, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POST TIE

Rich, Knitted, Heavy Pure Silk Scarf

SOLID COLORS
SCORES OF PATTERNS

Not purchasable for this price at Furnishers

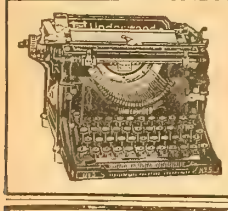
1 for $2.
3 " $5.
6 " $7.80

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded

Carefully packed in boxes

Send Check or money order to

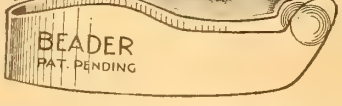
Pol & Treadwell, Inc.
Astor Court, Room 68
25 W. 33rd St., N. Y.
Just West of the Waldorf-Astoria



All Makes Typewriters

Remingtons, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof. Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co.,
58 W. Washington St., Dept. 38, Chicago.



Bead Your Eyelashes

You can do it artistically, easily and safely with this novel instrument. Always ready for use. Makes eyelashes appear long and luxuriant, gives wonderful brilliancy and lure to the eyes. Send $1.00 for complete outfit, including package of our perfumed, antiseptic and greaseless eyelash beautifier. Full instructions. Mention color of hair. Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.
109 Fountain Building, Fountain Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 101)

this author more worthy of the praise his work has been accorded.

There is the hero—a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, of course. And the fugitive, whose protection of the heroine thru the years before the story starts, makes the hero loath to bring him back to the belated justice. And there is the villain—Black Dawson of the Northwoods, to be more exact, who covets the girl to such an extent that he plans an abduction. This results in clearing the plot of its difficulties and they all live happily forever after—that is to say, those who are permitted to live forever after. In the mêlée there are several fatalities.

Perhaps it is Wallace Beery as the madman fugitive, Bram Johnson, who offers the best portrayal. At any rate, it is his sullen image you remember most vividly. Lewis Stone is the Sergeant of the Mounted Police and Ruth Reneck is Celie.

A tiny person called Esther Scott, who is the baby in the story, is the most natural figure on the screen and will undoubtedly be the favorite of the majority in the audience

THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—FIRST NATIONAL

Several months ago Norma Talmadge appeared consistently in mediocre dramas. To them she brought all that she had to give—beauty, dramatic interpretation and charm. We bewailed the fact that she must eternally be handicapped by her vehicles and hoped for better times.

Undoubtedly, the better times have come. Numerous plays which proved successful behind the footlights during the last year or two have been purchased for her use, and "The Sign on the Door" is among them. And, what is more to the point, it makes excellent screen material. There is nothing very subtle or artistic about the story, it is true, but there is suspense, a rarity in this day of trite plots; excellent drama thruout, and excuses galore for logical emotional work.

In general outline, the story tells of Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Regan. Also one Frank Devereaux, whom both hold in contempt. When Ann Regan discovers that her stepdaughter, Helen, is about to become his prey, she risks his disclosure of her previous friendship with him and goes to his apartment in an effort to forestall his plan. While she is there, her husband visits Devereaux on behalf of a friend, and, realizing that he will not understand her presence, she conceals herself in an adjoining room. The complications which follow are unexpected and unusual, and Miss Talmadge offers a splendid study of the woman, hysterical and terrified at the frightful predicament in which she finds herself, yet eager and determined to save her husband at any cost.

The cast is excellent, with Charles Richman as Lafe Regan, and Lew Cody as Frank Devereaux.

Norma Talmadge, too, portrays Ann Regan with a conviction and charm, while, as we said before, she rises ably to her emotional scenes. However, there is something wrong somewhere—her vivacity and beauty are missing. The modeling of her features is far less distinct.

TO AN "EXTRA" GIRL

By Robert Pidge

Little "extra" girl, in the one sweet moment
That you flickered 'cross the screen,
You plucked my soul up from the mire,
And purged it,—made it clean.

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert
Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
Lester Park-Edward Whiteside
Photoplay Productions
214 W. 34th St., Suite 23, New York, N. Y.

Help Wanted

We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions.

If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than $150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income.

It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
5497 American Building, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Have a Clear Complexion

PIMPLES, ACNE, BLACKHEADS, Etc., EASILY AND QUICKLY CURED BY SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT. Write Today for **FREE** booklet, How To Have A Clear Complexion. Simply send name—a post card will do.

MARGOT LABORATORIES,
108 KEYSTONE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

PRICES 50c. $1.00

Revolver Catalog Free

Well made and effective; modelled on latest type of Revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers.

PRICE 50c Postpaid: Better make and superior quality for $1.00. Blank Cartridges .22 cal., shipped express 50c per 100.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 641, 8224 N. Halsted St., CHICAGO

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 74*)

more to the country, her husband and her children.

When **Jack Pickford** completes his directorial work on "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he will immediately begin work on "The Tailor-Made Man," in which he is a star. This will be Jack's first appearance before the camera in many moons.

These summer days **Doug and Mary Fairbanks** have deserted their Rolls-Royces and bicycle to the studios, where they have worked hard and long on "The Three Musketeers," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," respectively. Some say they will attend the Broadway premiére of "The Three Musketeers," but there is nothing definite about their plans as yet.

Mabel Normand liked the Mack Sennett fold so well upon her return when she began work on "Molly-O" that she had decided to remain there. However, in the meantime, between pictures, as it were, she is taking a short trip to Europe.

Jackie Coogan has written editors all over the country, asking for suggestions in the way of stories which would be good screen material for his forthcoming productions. If you have any book or idea in mind, Jackie asks that you send it to him at Hollywood, California. He declares he is having difficulty finding the right stories.

The Hugo Ballin production of **"Jane Eyre"** boasts a splendid cast. Mabel Ballin, of course, creates the title rôle. Norman Trevor is the masculine lead and Crauford Kent is also entrusted with one of the principal characterizations. This screen version of the famous Brontë novel promises to be one of the treats of the autumn.

There have been more wedding bells in screenland. **Owen Moore** found **Katherine Perry,** the Zeigfeld recruit, irresistible while playing with her in "The Divorce of Convenience," and shortly after the completion of the production, their wedding bells rang out. At present they are honeymooning at Mr. Moore's Long Island estate. Whether Owen will follow in brother Tom's footsteps and induce his wife to remain in private life has not been announced. It is possible that she will continue in pictures.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE SHADOW

By Clarence E. Flynn

The sunbeam and the shadow
Are met upon the screen.
Each mingles in the making
Of yonder lovely scene.
If all were only shadow,
A leaden cloud would pall.
If it were only sunshine,
'Twould be no scene at all.

In life are intermingled
The sunshine and the rain.
In each day strangely blended
Are happiness and pain.
Where'er is told life's story,
However grave or fair,
The sunshine and the shadow
Succeed each other there.

The Perfect Hat for Fall— And the Most Popular

when you wear a *Priscilla Dean Tam.* Every girl is—she looks so chic and lovely. No matter what your type may be, a *Priscilla Dean Tam* in the color you choose, will become you. The soft, pliant "Suède-Like" of which it is made is so cleverly draped that there are no harsh lines anywhere—a charming frame for any face.

Attractive and serviceable, too, is the *Priscilla Dean Tam*—and there's something ultra-smart about it. The beautiful material, the artistic way it's fashioned, the grosgrain ribbon band and bow—the cleverly inserted elastic at the back, that enables the tam to fit any head size—all combine to produce the most attractive little hat you've ever seen.

Right now is tam-o-shanter time. Girls everywhere are wearing them. Order yours today—only $2.50 each. There's a *Priscilla Dean Tam* in the color you like best. Favorite fall shades are—

Bright red	Navy
Dark Brown	Copenhagen
Jade green	Tan
Orange	White

the Priscilla Dean Tam
TRADE MARK COPYRIGHT

This is the Priscilla Dean Tam trademark. Be sure your tam-o-shanter carries this label inside the band. It is your guarantee of satisfaction and high quality.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
Exclusive Makers of Priscilla Dean Tams

Leading stores everywhere carry Priscilla Dean Tams. We will send you a tam direct, if you wish. Just send the coupon or letter with $2.50.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
910 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed is $2.50 (Canada $3.00) for which please send me a Priscilla Dean Tam in .....color .....postage paid.

Name .....
Address .....
If I decide to return tam, money is to be refunded

the Priscilla Dean Tam

You can Ukulele!

If you play quaint dreamy fascinating Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele, you will be in demand. Prof. Harry J. Clarke's latest method now enables you to play the Ukulele in a few weeks. As easy as reading a novel. No previous knowledge necessary. Famous Moving Picture Stars have learned to play it. We give you FREE a handsome Ukulele if you enroll now. Write for free Story of Hawaiian Music and offer. No obligations. Send now!
Hawaiian Inst. of Music, 300 W. 34th St., Dept. 3T, New York

FREE **AMBITIOUS WRITERS**
send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.
Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

Use Your Imagination
WRITE PHOTOPLAYS
Spare Time Nets $50 to $1,000.
Our Excellent course of Instructions enables you to develop plots, revise your work. Tells how and where to sell. Not a correspondence course. Sent complete for only $2; worth ten. Address
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
ASSOCIATED PHOTOPLAYS
2300 Eldridge St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Burlington 21 Jewels

See it first. We send it for you to look at and examine carefully. You are under no obligation to buy. A 21-jewel watch sold to you at a price a great deal lower than that of other high grade watches.

$5.00 a month

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only $5.00 a month—no interest. Send for full information.
Free Book Send for the most complete watch book ever produced. 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today it is free. A letter or post card will do.
Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 1267
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Office: 338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

BATHASWEET
TRADE MARK REG.
Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.
PERFUMES YOUR BATH **SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**
Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.
Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.
THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P, NEW YORK CITY

NORMA TALMADGE

in her latest and biggest success

"The Sign on the Door"

FIRST NATIONAL stars and directors are all independent artists, making pictures in their own studios. These artists are working directly for the public, to make pictures of the best quality and high entertainment value—pictures that please. That is because each star and director is his own Boss and is entirely free to carry out his or her own ideals, unhampered by outside influences.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theater owners who are banded together to foster the production of more artistic pictures and who are striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts the work of these independent artists for exhibition purposes strictly on its merit as the best in screen entertainment. That is why the First National trademark stands for quality in production and the highest artistry. Look for this trademark on the screen at your theater.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT'S PRIMER *By L. CASE RUSSELL*

Do you think you can write "as good" stories as you see on the screen? You can write them 100% better. Master the technique of photoplay writing so simply presented in this little book. A child can understand it. Send 50 cents in stamps. BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 75 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. ESENWEIN

Short-Story Writing

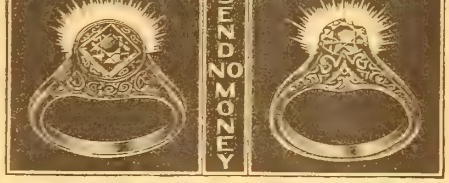
A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 115 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1906



No. 9 $4.50 No. 16 $5.50

STERLING SILVER PLATINUM FINISH LA EGERIA GEM RINGS OF GREAT BEAUTY

Send us the size of your finger, the number of ring you like. We'll send it. Pay on arrival, if not satisfied return in 5 days for money refund less handling charges. The only rival of a real diamond. Our rings are world famous and sell themselves on sight.

EGERIA GEM CO., F-112 Point St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

respondence clubs. Yes, vanity, shame and sometimes temperament, often make the valor of men, and the virtue of women. Gladys Hanson is Mrs. Emerson Cooke, and Betty Ross Clark is Mrs. Arthur Collins.

ROBERT J.—You say "myself and family like you immensely; we like your writings and always read them aloud together, but occasionally we disagree with you. You are all wrong about Eugene O'Brien." Well, I can see where I have stirred up a commotion about Eugene, but I like him none the less. Thanks for your kindness.

IRENE.—Fewer babies are born in June than in any other month. Dont ask me why. Gareth Hughes, in "The Hunch," and Richard Barthelmess, in "Tol'ble, David." Agnes Ayres is married, but is trying to get a divorce for the second time. Katherine MacDonald is married to Mr. MacDonald. Pauline Frederick was, but isn't. Yes, you may write to me every month.

JACK.—So you saw your first movie star in real life. Bet you were thrilled and thought life was worth living. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? Lillian Hall, opposite Antonio Moreno, in "The Secret of the Hills." May Allison's last was "The Last Card." Viola Dana, in "The Match Breaker." Keep busy, Jack, for constant occupation prevents temptation.

ELDEN R. S.—Here is the cast for "The Greatest Thing in Life": Lillian Gish was Jeanette, Robert Harron was Edward, David Butler was Monro, Elmo Lincoln was the soldier, Edward Piel was the German officer, and Kate Bruce, Jeanette's aunt. You're welcome.

EDNA H.—Are you asking questions, or are you making application for a position? No, Corliss Palmer never had any stage experience before she came North. Juanita Hanson and Marguerite Courtot, in "The Yellow Arm." Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino, in "The Conquering Power." Oh, yes, Alice Brady is playing in "The Land of Hope."

ROSE BINZER.—Well, I manage to keep busy all the time. Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools. Give me the holiday. Yes, William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married. You can reach Allene Ray at 1429a Ninth Avenue, New York City.

RICHARD V. P.—You're right, Richard, but many a man makes so much noise blowing his own horn that he cant hear Opportunity when she knocks at his door. Guess I was out to one of the studios when she called on me. You say Australia has a railroad extending for three hundred miles in a perfectly straight line. Our's dont run straight, and I bet we pay more fare than you do, per mile. Mabel Juliene Scott, in "Fanny Herself." Let me hear from Australia again.

GUANTANAMO BOY.—Of course, I dont mind answering you. As Emerson says, "Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly." Both the players you mention are not playing now. Buck Jones is playing in "The Mediator" for Fox. Marion Davies, in "The Young Diana," with Forrest Stanley and Pedro de Cordoba. Yes, Henry King will direct Richard Barthelmess.

CARALIE C.—The wealthiest man is he who is most economical; the poorest is he who is most miserly. No, Jack Mulhall is not related to Eugene O'Brien. Maurice Costello isn't doing much of anything now. Swing low, sweet chariot—dont ask quite so many.

MISS PEACHES.—Ho, hum. I suppose you think I look like the picture you enclosed. Yes, the laundry does up my soft

Plain Unattractive Eyes Instantly Beautified with

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two shades, *Brown for Blonds, Black for Brunettes*: 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-13 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

Flower Drops the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from flowers. A single drop lasts a week. Bottle like picture with long glass stopper, Lilac or Crabapple, $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet, $2.00; Romanza, our latest Flower Drops, $2.50. Above odors in half oz. bottles $8.00, one oz. $15.00. Send 20c stamps or silver for miniature bottle.

Rieger's Flower Drops Toilet Water $1.75 large 5 ounce hexagonal bottle.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour, ounce $1.50; Garden Queen, $2.00; Alcazar, $2.25; Parfum Rienzi, $2.50, nothing finer; Honolulu Boquet $1.00 At druggists or by mail.

Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER & CO. 111 1st St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20¢

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and List of successful students.

Associated Art Studios, 28A Flatiron Bldg. New York

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours--at home--in private by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy--fascinating. Positively no other like it. No music--no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully.

COMPLETE COURSE ON TRIAL. Write me *today* for FREE Information and Low Surprise Offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 127 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Skin Troubles
—Soothed—
With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

shirts at stiff prices. Julia Arthur is to play the part of the countess in "The Two Orphans." John Barrymore married Mrs. Leonard Thomas. She is known on the stage as Michael Strange.

J. L. M.—Phyllis Haver is the only name I have for her. Dont think we will publish that play. Sylvia Breamer was married to Edwin Morrison, of Australia, but they are divorced, and now she is engaged to F. C. Lewis. She is playing in "A Poor Relation."

Francis J.—Please dont apologize. I dont mind the old typewriter. Perhaps she was cut out of the picture. The name of the picture was "Broadway and Home."

Ricardo.—The players you mention are not playing now, and I have no home address. Sheldon Lewis is playing in "The Two Orphans." Perhaps by the end of the inquiries, you will have the full cast. Yes, I understand that "Joan the Woman" is to be revived. Wallace Reid and Geraldine Farrar had the leads.

Aloha.—I dont get you. You sound as tho you were raving about something. Write me when you get over the spell.

Ruth R.—Yes, I will forgive the red ink this time, but dont let it happen again. You see, the quarrel started from your insistence on exploring your husband's pockets, which is not a proper thing to do. Like most explorers, you found material for a lecture. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches tall. Clara Williams is Mrs. Reginald Barker.

Peggy of the Heights.—Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn. She is twenty-three years old. Agnes Ayres is married, but is divorcing her husband. Wanda Hawley, in "Her Face Value." Mary Anderson is playing in "Two Minutes to Go," with Charles Ray, and then she will be starred in a series for Spencer Pictures. William Hart will be shown in "The Whistle," with Myrtle Stedman. David Powell, in "The Princess of New York." It was taken in England.

Bert N.—You say you want me to call you "doctor," but do not say whether it is of medicine, Christian Science, divinity, horse, law, osteopathy, dentistry, or chiropody—everybody is a doctor nowadays. Well, Doc, there isn't anything special that you have to have to enter the movies. But you've got to have everything.

Grace B.—Send along the pecan fudge or butterscotch, and receive my blessings. I have no particular choice, but I prefer both. A friend of mine just sent me half a dozen neckties, and now I am the envy of all the men and the glory of all the women. She has better taste than I have. My taste is all in my mouth. Try Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. You say you saw the sun rise. Were you just getting up, or going to bed?

Marion E. D.—I didn't see "The Love Flower," so cannot appreciate your criticism.

Miss Incognito.—When you look over these answers, you should overlook their shortcomings. Edward Earle doesn't seem to be doing much these days. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. So you like the "thought lines" in Conway Tearle's brow. No, indeed, the good do not die young—they live forever. I am eighty years old! Ha ha, he he, and likewise ho ho!

E. C. M., Pennsylvania.—Well, the misfortune of those who have loved is that they can find nothing to replace love. Roy Stewart is thirty-seven. House Peters is to star in two pictures for Goldwyn. Will Rogers is starting his own company. Yes, Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but they are divorced. No, I dont mind answering questions.

Remove hair with Cold Cream!

--the new, *gentle* method perfected by Laboratory!

Note this *New* and Amazingly *Different* Way!

Unsavory Depilatories, the Razor, or any harsh method now unnecessary!

At last, correct scientific principles have been applied to the depilatory. The result is a snow white, sweet cold cream with the peculiar property of dissolving hair wherever it touches. It is called DOT; and it's as easy to use as powdering your nose; and as quick and harmless.

You apply a bit of this cold cream where there is a hair growth. Then whisk across it with a dampened wash cloth. And that's all. The hair will be gone. The cream absorbs it. And the skin is left white, and with the cool sense of cleanliness. A *gentle* method as amazingly simple as it is thorough. In contrast with the unfeminine razor, DOT definitely discourages further hair growth. Thus making the removal of hair, easier and easier to handle as time goes on. And entirely lacking "after odor" it will be found a toilet accessory without the discouragements of the depilatory.

You are urged to try this delicate cream dissolvent. Well groomed women everywhere have adopted it, gratefully. If your favorite toilet goods counter, Department Store or Drug Store hasn't DOT, send at once direct to the Laboratory - under guarantee of satisfaction or refund - 60c for the regular size, or $1.00 for the large - for a supply by return mail, in plain wrapper.

Address, Charles, Dot & Co. LABORATORIES
1001 Eighth & Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

In White Cold Cream Jars.

10 Buys 100 Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 69-K 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building, Yonge & Shuter Streets,
TORONTO, - - - CANADA

ONE MILLION DOLLARS
can't buy it!

Dear friend Liederman: *New York City*

Six months ago I was a physical wreck on the verge of tuberculosis. I had tried numerous doctors, but none of them seemed to do me any good.

One day I met a friend whom I had always envied because of his marvelous physique, and asked him why he had been gifted with such a strong body, while I did not have the strength or ambition to enjoy any pleasures in life. "Gifted nothing," said he, "I got this by work." He then told me how he had taken your course in physical training and made himself the man he was. This was my start. I wrote you at once and ere long noticed the complete change in my physical make up. I am now 22 pounds heavier, never know a sick day and feel as though I could lick my weight in wild cats. My boss has also noticed my ability to accomplish bigger things, and I have had my salary advanced three times, making a total increase of 60%. I would not change places with my former self for a million dollars.

Yours for bigger things,
Oscar Moffitt.

WHERE DO YOU FIT?

Are you satisfied with your present condition? Do you start each day full of pepp and ambition? Do you feel the thrill of vitality surging through your body? Are you proud of your make-up? If not, get busy, steam up and acquire it. It is a possession that money cannot buy. But if you have the spark of manhood in you, you will jump in and get it.

WHAT I PROMISE

If you are sincere in your endeavor and ready to follow my guidance, I guarantee to completely change you in one month's time. My course will continue on for months, but inside of thirty days your own friends will not know you. Your arm will increase at least one full inch and your chest double in proportion. Your shoulders will broaden and your whole body fill out. You will have the spring to your step and the thrill of life that only an athlete knows. Come then and try me out and make me prove it—I like it.

Send for my New Book—
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"
It is FREE

It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 310. **305 Broadway, New York**

European readers may secure this famous book "Muscular Development" by writing to W. T. EDGAR & CO., LTD., 51 Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 2.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN **Dept. 310, 305 Broadway, New York City**

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Along the Starry Way

(*Continued from page* 55)

change in climate in sunny (Southern) California, he can step aboard a motor bus in his red flanneled undershirt, ear muffs, woolen mittens and other necessary outer apparel, and in a few hours be in Alaska, Northern Canada or anywhere else he chooses to consider himself.

Thus it is that Southern California can offer the most fastidious any-kind-of-climate in the world. Just off San Diego, semi-tropic isles, with their languid breezes, swaying palms and sandy stretches of beach beckon the tourist. A few hours' ride from Los Angeles is the Mojave desert, which out-Saharas the Sahara. Here numbers of men have lost their lives in the sandy, barren wastes in tragic searches for desert gold, often tormented in death by mirages of beautiful lakes and grassy valleys somewhere only a few miles away.

However, aside from the scenic and climatic attraction, there is the intangible lure of romance—for this country teems with strange, absorbing tales of frontier days and the gold-rush era. Deserted cabins, a wild western town, with its dance halls and saloons, their banging, weather-beaten shutters sounding a requiem to past glories, may be seen by the curious autoist, all in remarkable states of preservation—for the desert sands conserve what they conquer. A few human relics of those days remain, and their stories would put the most lurid movie western to shame.

Knowing all this, it is no wonder that Los Angeles holds the scepter of queen of the films; for she is the center of a miniature world, with Alaska, Sumatra, Borneo, the fjords of Norway, the lochs of Scotland, the Sahara, the Alps, Spain or Mexico, and the ocean a few miles away.

And so it is that when you go to your favorite movie and are thrilled with the exploits of the Royal Mounted Police hero, or stalwart trapper or by the desperate battle against whirling snow and frozen death, you're seeing the Big Bear Lake region in midwinter—and its Pine Knot Lodge, tavern and numerous tourists' cabins scattered among the pines have done full duty as settings for many a wild tale of the North.

These attractions are almost irresistible, and so we soon find ourselves aboard one of the huge busses of the Motor Transit Company at its station in Los Angeles, along with numbers of players, property men and other cinema aides, who are on their way to join their companies in Southern California's "Alaska."

But these players are by no means trail-blazers. Griffith made this region famous in "The Clansman." Other pictures filmed here are "God's Country and the Woman," "What's Your Hurry," "The Love Special," "Behold My Wife" and others too numerous to mention.

We flash by thousands of acres of citrus groves and vineyards, thru scores of prosperous valley towns until we reach San Bernardino. We shall soon strike the famous one hundred and one-mile "Rim of the World" drive, which leads to Big Bear Lake by three highways—the Crest route, Desert route and Santa Ana Canyon road.

Glancing at our maps, we find such euphoneously named nearby localities as Devil's Canyon, Box "S" Ranch, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Yucaipa, Cucamonga, Squirrel Inn, Fredalba and Cosy Dell. Several of these we pass as we climb thru a country of wild grandeur where pine, fir, spruce and cedar abound, and carpet the road with their foliage, needles and cones. Along the western slopes the country is thickly wooded, rugged, fierce. Buckthorn, manzanita and sage brush are impenetrably interwoven. Along the upper ridges are peaceful meadows, broad rolling areas carpeted with pine needles and cut with beautiful streams, heavily stocked with trout. Snow fills the canyons. Above the snow-line are sharp broken rocks.

But on the eastern slopes all is desolation with scarcely anything growing except sparse greasewood and scrub grasses of the desert. Thus this country is a delight to the geologist and climatologist, as well as the artist. The former, if anybody will listen to him, can show how the moisture-laden winds from the broad Pacific cool as they rise on the western slopes of the Sierras, become condensed and are forced to deposit their moisture and thus make the western mountainsides rich with verdure. Reaching the summit, they descend the eastern slopes, become warmed and expand. Thus they take up moisture from the land as they go, and Arizona and Nevada owe their deserts to the Sierras, and California's beauty is won at the expense of her sister States.

Thru all this beautiful scenery we pass, until upon rounding a high promontory, Big Bear Lake, an azure gem in an emerald setting, bursts upon our view. The crystalline water stretches thru eight miles of rugged shoreline, typical of the far North. One can almost see the wild elk come from among the trees at the water's edge.

Arriving at the lodge, we find that a distinguished company of film luminaries has preceded us, and are busily engaged in "shooting up" the landscape for arctic thrillers. Among them are Theodore Roberts, Lila Lee, Tommy Forman, Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres, Director George Melford, Mabel Juliene Scott, Milton Sills.

Lined up at the side of the tavern, smiling a joyous welcome, is the whole company of "What's Your Hurry." Introductions are in order, and we all mix in the hand-shaking in true Northwestern style, from Director Sam Wood on down to the assistant property man. E. N. Nathan, bustling advertising man of the bustling bus company, officiates. There are Bob Lee, assistant director; Al Gilks, cameraman; O. H. Borradaile, assistant cameraman; Lois Wilson, leading woman; Louise Long, script assistant; Charles Ogle, who plays father; Charles Sickler, "grip"; "Chuck" Ham, property man; George Krone, assistant cameraman, and Harry Holenberger, cameraman.

And then there was the team of Alaskan malamutes, but we couldn't remember their queer names to save us.

Inside, a huge log fire lights up the rustic furnishings, the animal skins and navajo rugs. Following a "clean-up" from our long ride and a nap on the snow-white beds, we have dinner with stars of the film world. Then there is dancing and we thread the mazes of a waltz to go thru the lively steps of fox-trot and one-step with our film companions until the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home" send us off to dreamland.

On the morrow we shall go hiking toward Greyback, which towers 11,485 feet, or paddle in a canoe over the placid waters of the lake, itself 7,000 feet above sea level. In the afternoon we shall play tennis, or swim, and in the evening we shall go to the movies. But why plan for tomorrow? Each day takes care of itself here. There is so much to do—so much to enjoy in this rustic world, "far from the maddening crowd." And this is about the most beautiful refrigerator in the world. In fact, it's not a refrigerator at all—it's paradise.

DIAMONDS
For a Few Cents a Day

Send No Money

We will send you—upon your simple request—your choice of diamond bargains—the greatest in America! Do not send a penny in advance. When the ring comes, examine it. You are the judge. If it is not, without exception, the greatest value you have ever seen, send it back—at our expense! If you decide to keep it, it is yours—for a few cents a day. You may order direct from this advertisement if you wish. Don't send a cent. You do not risk a penny.

Charge-Account Plan

By our new charge-account plan, you may pay for your choice of hundreds of pieces of exquisite jewelry in sums so small that you would never think of saving them. You are also guaranteed 8 percent yearly dividends—and a 5 percent bonus may be earned.

Send for Bargain Book

Send your name and address today for our new 128-page book, showing hundreds of unmatchable diamond bargains. Sent absolutely free. It explains the dividend offer and bonus plan. Write today to Dept. 1527

J·M·LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York N.Y.

Birth Control $1
5 Great BOOKS for only

What do you know about Birth Control? Inform yourself on this important subject. To introduce our library to one million readers we offer five extremely valuable and informative books on Birth Control, all for only $1. We pay postage. This offer is open for 30 days only—send your order today. These are the titles:

1 **Aspects of Birth Control:** Medical, Moral and Sociological, by Dr. S. A. Knopf.
2 **Debate on Birth Control,** between Mrs. Sanger and Winter Russell.
3 **Evolution of Love,** by Ellen Key.
4 **The Case for Birth Control.**
5 **What Every Girl Should Know,** by Margaret Sanger.

Any one of these books is worth more than asked for the entire set. Books not sold separately. Send check, money order or $1 bill at our risk and say you want "Birth Control Library." Books will be sent immediately postpaid. If not satisfied after 3 days' examination return books and get your money back.

APPEAL PUBLISHING CO.,
205 Appeal Bldg., · · Girard, Kans.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **Landon Picture Charts** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what you can accomplish. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Standard Underwoods
5-Year Guarantee

$3.00 DOWN

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for $3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

10 Days FREE Trial
Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book. Big bargain offer.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM 2027 Shipman Building
Montrose and Ravenswood Avenues Chicago, Illinois

Ideal Cast Contest Growing in Popularity

(Continued from page 80)

Character Man

Lon Chaney	402
Richard Barthelmess	249
Thomas Meighan	141
Charles Ray	126
Bert Lytell	105
William S. Hart	99
James Kirkwood	93
John Barrymore	78
Raymond Hatton	66
Wallace Reid	63

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	261
Pauline Frederick	231
Kathlyn Williams	180
Kate Bruce	166
Lillian Gish	147
Alla Nazimova	144
Mary Alden	114
Mary Carr	111
Gloria Swanson	109
Rose Topley	108

Comedian (Male)

Charles Chaplin	831
Buster Keaton	210
Fatty Arbuckle	195
Charles Ray	183
Douglas Fairbanks	159
Wallace Reid	105
Ben Turpin	84
Walter Hiers	75
Douglas MacLean	66
Larry Semon	51

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge	924
Louise Fazenda	318
Mabel Normand	291
Mary Pickford	93
Bebe Daniels	81
Marie Prevost	60
Viola Dana	51
Mildred Davis	49
May Allison	45
Zasu Pitts	39

Child

Wesley Barry	882
Ben Alexander	174
Marie Osborne	75
Micky Moore	51
Bill Henry, jr.	49
Virginia Lee Corbin	48
Bobby Connelly	42
Mary Pickford	26
Mary MacAlister	24
Madge Evans	21

Director

Cecil B. de Mille	1,218
Marshall Neilan	270
George Fitzmaurice	72
Tom Forman	60
Thomas H. Ince	37
William de Mille	33
King Vidor	28
Allan Dwan	25
F. Richard Jones	22
William Fox	19

HE MUST BE ECONOMICAL

By Frank V. Faulhaber

"They say the director of this company is economical—he keeps the expenses down as much as possible. Is that true?"

"It certainly is. Why, he saved the price of an 'extra' yesterday by playing a part he knew himself he wasn't fitted for."

"What kind of part did he portray?"

"A good-natured man."

Gray Streaked Hair Restored
In 4 to 8 days

Don't say you can't—instead fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive a free trial bottle and application comb. Use as directed on a single lock of hair and watch the transformation!

This scientific restorer is a pure, colorless liquid, dainty and clean as water. You apply it yourself, easily and quickly, simply by combing through the hair. The name of this preparation has been famous now for many years. It is

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Refined women everywhere use this scientific preparation to give their hair its natural becoming color. It leaves it soft and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. Won't wash off.

Fill out the coupon carefully and mail it today. Don't delay—learn now how to keep off gray hair forever.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
734 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
734 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name .....
Street .....
Town .....
Co..... State.....

Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have brought Beauty to Thousands

READ MY FREE OFFER

Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair

This Portrait Is My Proof

of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambition to be beautiful. You owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud that it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the Methods used by famous actresses, society leaders and movie stars, mail the coupon below. I will send you free my new work. "Stepping Stones to Beauty," containing full and complete information of my Methods and **HOW TO USE THEM** in the privacy of your own home, and with the same wonderful results which thousands of others have had. This knowledge has cost me years of patient, faithful, scientific study and research.

Send no money—write your name and address plainly and you will receive at once complete information on the following Beauty Methods—**any or all:**

To Banish Coarse Pores,
To Banish Wrinkles,
To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and Oily Skin,
To Beautify the Figure, Hands and Arms,
To Remove Superfluous Hair,
To Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes,
To Clear the Skin of Acne.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 1110, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send complete information under your FREE OFFER, also "Stepping Stones to Beauty," FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots

ZIP

IT'S OFF *Instantly* IT'S OUT

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."
Faithfully,
Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated *Book*: "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
Dept. M. 562 Fifth Ave.
Entr. on 46 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

A Ridin' Romeo

(Continued from page 57)

cooling breeze. Mr. Mix was clad in white flannels, with a bright red tie. Below his immaculately creased trousers one glimpsed short patent leather boots. His grey-brown Stetson—the P. A., who let no detail escape, had told me that it cost around two hundred dollars—was lying on a table. No wonder he kept it close at hand, I reflected, with a constant stream of interviewers passing in and out. He was taking no chances.

He mopped his brow, pushed back a lock of coal-black hair and subsided unquietly into an easy chair.

"You must be tired of talking," I observed, "and there's a waiting line outside."

"Not a bit tired," he said cheerfully. "You see, I dont often get a chance to talk, and it's good practice, meeting all these people. It's fifteen years since I've been to this old burg. Came here to Madison Square Garden with a Wild West show. Will Rogers was with us. He went into vaudeville after that and I went into pictures.

"Me on the stage? Lord, no! I have to have a regular man-size job, out in the open with lots of room, and I couldn't work without horses. There's something about the feel of a good horse under me—you know, a horse with personality—big, open spaces and the whole sky, not just a piece of it, above me—that's like nothing else in the world.

"Here in New York I'm actually scared. It's so gigantic. Big, tall buildings, towering up all around—as many people in some of 'em as there are in one town out West. Reckon you could go clear thru 'em, too, from top to bottom, and not find a place where a fellow could fix a car, shoe a horse or mend a harness. And millions of people, hurrying to get some place. Where do they all come from? Where do they all go to?

"I reckon I feel like a tenderfoot feels when he comes West all fixed up for hunting and roughing it. I've seen men get off the train, take one look at the mountains and inquire what time the next train leaves for wherever they came from. I've seen others hang around a couple of days and get so all-fired lonesome and just plumb scared they would beat it into a saloon and stay for days. Reckon it was the only place where they felt at home. My ranch—my real ranch—is in Arizona, and a fellow sees strange things happen.

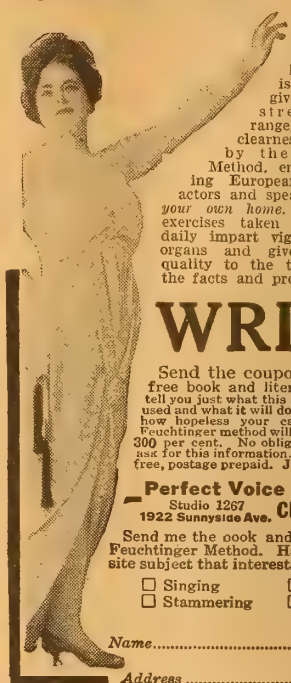
"Yes, it's a middlin' big place—about eleven thousand acres. I raise all my horses there. When I need a few to train for pictures, I have 'em shipped out to Los Angeles. My California ranch, they call it, but it's not much of a place—only twenty-six acres—but it's more ground than a lot of New Yorkers ever saw, I reckon. Some of my men live there, and we train the colts and the ponies and a few mules. Remember the mule in 'Thru the Back Door'? That was my mule. I loaned him to Mary. Last night I dolled all up and went to the theater, and after we got home I sat up till four o'clock to think out a stunt for that mule to do in my next picture."

"And does Mrs. Mix like the ranch—and Western life?"

"She likes what I like," he grinned, "with a difference.

"Fact is," he continued, seriously, "that if there's anything fine in me—*civilized* would be more like it—I owe it to my wife. I was brought up on a ranch down in Texas

Stronger, Clearer Voice for YOU!



Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This is done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. *Use it in your own home.* Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surpassing quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem the Feuchtinger method will improve your voice 300 per cent. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. We gladly send it free, postage prepaid. Just mail the coupon.

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1267
1922 Sunnyside Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking
☐ Stammering ☐ Lisping

Name.....

Address .....

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

$1.00 Down

Very Easy Terms

Your Choice French Coney or "Manchurian Wolf"

HERE is a superb animal scarf at a sensational, slashed price. Last year the stores asked 3 times our bargain figure.

This charming scarf is made of the silkiest, imported French Coney pelts, with an animal head and a great bushy tail. The size is very generous, measuring over 38 x 9 inches. The lining and neck ruffle are of the finest guaranteed satin. A snap jaw clasp fastens it snugly around the neck, and a pretty chain holds it loosely over the shoulders. Your choice of black, brown or taupe. Same scarfs also furnished in silky long hair "Manchurian Wolf" at same price and terms.

Send Only $1

To get the scarf you want, send us only $1.00 in cash. We will send the scarf to you prepaid so you may try it on and examine it carefully. If you do not think you have saved 66 2-3 per cent send it back. If you decide to buy, you may pay for it at the rate of only 5 cents a day. The total price is only $7.47.

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1527
204 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose $1.00. Please send me postage paid the scarf I have marked X. If I do not think it is the greatest fur bargain in America, I shall return the fur and you will refund my money immediately. If I decide to buy, I shall mail you $1.50 a month until a total of $7.47 has been paid.

Kind of Fur: ☐ French Coney ☐ Manchurian Wolf
Color: ☐ Black ☐ Taupe

Name.....

Address .....

Deltah
PEARLS

ILLUSTRATING THREE EXQUISITE NECKLACES OF DELTAH PEARLS

In the eyes of all Womanhood, the beauty and charm of Deltah Pearls is enhanced by the feeling of security which comes with an unquestionable guarantee of utmost value and quality.

At Good Jewelry Shops

From $10.00 the necklace up

Write Heller, 68 Nassau St., New York for booklet with illustrations and prices

L. Heller & Son, Inc.
PARIS NEW YORK
Established over a quarter of a century
Producers of the Heller Hope Ruby and Hope Sapphire

Deltah
PEARLS

and I'm just a cow-puncher, and rough, but I've lived clean. I dont drink, I dont smoke. A fellow cant do it and keep a clear head and a steady hand. And I make decent pictures. Course, I have to throw in a villain runnin' off with a girl and incidents like that, otherwise it would be Tom Mix ridin' a horse or a lot of men on bucking broncos—no story. But I keep 'em decent, and I live decent, so when I meet a bunch of boys, like today, when I was asked to say a few words to a graduating class of boys, I can say, 'Boys, I dont smoke, I dont drink, and I take care of my body. If I didn't, I couldn't do the stunts I do in pic-pictures.' That gets 'em every time.

"But, as I was sayin', the best side of me was brought out by my wife. We have a home in Los Angeles that we love and enjoy, because it expresses both our personalities. I have my chair and couch, with their naval blankets and cushions—my Indian heads, and probably over in one corner a gun. That's me.

"Then there's the breakfast room, all blue and gold, with a lot of Wedgewood china that I wouldn't touch on a bet, and things made of lace on the table. That's my wife.

"In the morning, I dress as carefully as tho I were breakfasting with the Queen of Spain. She dresses carefully, too. You never see her coming to breakfast in one of those kimono things. We eat our breakfast as leisurely as tho there was nothing else in the world to do. Then I go to the ranch, get out of those clothes and into my working togs. But I have begun the day right, and I feel happy. It makes all the difference in the world? See what I mean? At night I get into my bath and into a dinner coat—and I'm a gentleman!

"You know, a fellow has to organize for domestic happiness same as for any other business. Sure you do. You cant forget all the sweetheart stuff just because you have been corralled. She wants candy and flowers and attention, just like she always did. Why shouldn't she?

"It's always been a habit of mine to stop now and then and take stock and see if I'm falling down on my job. And when a fellow's married, it's a good idea to take stock of the domestic organization once in so often to see if anything is wrong, and if there is, figure it out.

"She's out shopping now—seems to be the only thing this town is good for—so I told her to go the limit. Wish you could meet her——"

And I did a few days later, at a dinner given for the star and his party at the Hotel Astor. Mr. Mix's mother-in-law, Eugenie Forde, who has played in his pictures and many others, was present. At his right sat a bright-eyed, slender wisp of a girl, blonde and beguiling. She was Victoria Forde before she gave up her career to marry her cowboy hero. Now she is Mrs. Tom Mix.

A camera was set up at one end of the room and Mr. Mix, who had been rather quiet and a bit shy under the eyes of so many press representatives, left the room. A minute later, the curtains at the end of the Rose Room, where the dinner was held, parted. Into the room and upon a low platform that had been erected for the purpose, came Tony in all his brave trappings of silver and leather—a noble figure of a horse. On his back, boots, spurs, gun in one hand and hat in the other, proud and confident, was the real Tom Mix.

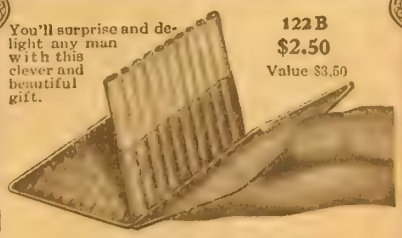
The camera flashed, and as he rode off, disappearing behind the rose silk curtains, his backward glance was for the little figure sitting at the end of the table.

"Hurry back, Tom," she said to her "Ridin' Romeo."

save
Buy Quality Xmas Gifts DIRECT from the World's Largest Mail Order Jewelers

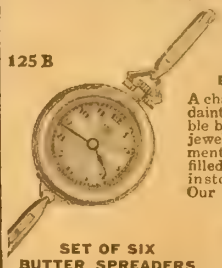
You'll surprise and delight any man with this clever and beautiful gift.

122 B
$2.50
Value $3.50



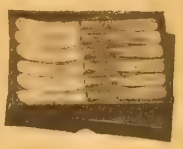
"FILKWIK" CIGARETTE CASE
It is heavily silver plated outside, gold lined and has unique individual spring holder for row of cigarettes. Usually sold for $3.50. Our price only $2.50

125 B



LADIES' BRACELET WATCH
A charming Xmas gift. This dainty, plain round convertible bracelet watch has a 15 jeweled Lady Alton movement, 20 yr. guaranteed gold filled case and bracelet. Sold in stores up to $22.50 Our price only $15.00

SET OF SIX BUTTER SPREADERS
Wonderful value. Six Butter Spreaders, lustrous mother-of-pearl sterling silver ferrules, heavily silver plated blades. Retail up to $7.50. Our price for set of six, only $4.50



114 B

103 B—BABY HEART CHARM
Don't forget baby this Xmas. Here's a cute Heart Charm, made in 10K gold with dainty 18 in. chain. Sells up to $1.50. Our price only $1.00

THIS $5.00 "GILBERT" RADIUM DIAL ALARM CLOCK $3.00
On this well-known "Gilbert" you can see time from 7ft. to 10ft. in the dark. Stands 6 in. high, diameter 4½ inches, plain radium numerals stand out against grey dial. A family friend. Never sold under $5. Our price $3.00

120 B

121 B

LADIES' CAMEO RING
Any woman will be delighted to get this ring for Xmas. It is made in 10K gold set with a charming pink and white shell Cameo. Sold by jewelers up to $6. Our price only $3.50
Send size when ordering.

10K GOLD LOOSE LINK CUFF LINKS
Surprise some man with these loose link 10K Gold Cuff Links in Roman Gold finish. Sold in stores up to $5. $3.50 Our price only $3.50
Monogram .50 extra.

101 B

27th ANNUAL BOOK OF GIFTS—FREE
This wonderful book has 168 pages, profusely illustrated with thousands of Xmas gift suggestions of fine jewelry at big money-saving prices. Mailed free to everybody ordering goods or requesting same by letter or postal.

National Distributors of COMMUNITY PLATE and Other Well-known Brands of Silverware.

Baird-North Co
808 BROAD ST. PROVIDENCE R.I.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Posed by Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Business"—a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

"It was just wonderful—the way everyone complimented my complexion!"

"It taught me how important it is to have a clear, wholesome skin"

THE beauty of a clear, flawless complexion—how much woman's charm depends upon it. A radiant, wholesome skin—how important it is to her attractiveness.

Yet how many, many women have failed to keep their complexions fresh and clear. How often it is that a sallow skin lessens a woman's charm in the eyes of others—that a face blemished by blackheads or tiny eruptions counts against her popularity.

Do *you* realize what a big part your complexion can play in creating for you a new attractiveness—in winning the admiration of friends? A complexion that will bring *you* compliments is easy to achieve.

You can attain the beauty of a fresh, dainty complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will bring to you a beauty of complexion that will mean new charm and attractiveness.

Begin today to gain new charm

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating blackheads, eruptions and other common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the beauty of a fresh, glowing, wholesome complexion—it will add so much to your charm.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark —50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette —50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.
Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 333 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
New Zealand residents address Dimond & Hart, 33 Gluzinee Street, Wellington.
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

(260)

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a 50-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

In Kitchen and Bathroom

Old Dutch makes linoleum; tile; tubs and utensils bright like new. For general cleaning, it lightens your work; is efficient and economical

Brett Litho. Co.,

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE.

NOVEMBER

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Constance Talmadge

2793

lobri-

The Secret of Charm Never Changes

Throughout the ages it exerts its power—this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It's a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder. But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra's time.

Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

Only 10c, yet supreme

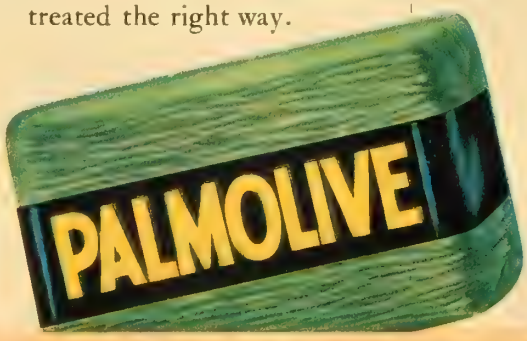
Palmolive soap costs little, yet it forms the best skin soap the world ever knew. It employs palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. It combines them in a perfect emollient.

The Palmolive price is due to the fact that millions have come to employ it. And we have worked for years to bring it within the reach of all.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

10c



The greatest toilet luxuries at a price all can afford

Copyright 1921—The Palmolive Co. 1321

Look under the lid!
"HIS MASTERS VOICE"
VICTROLA
The picture "His Master's Voice" is a registered trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company and identifies all Victor products.
The word "Victrola" is also a registered trademark and applies to the products of the Victor Talking Machine Company only.
To be certain the instrument you buy is a Victrola, be sure to see the Victor dog and the word "Victrola." Look under the lid!
Victrola instruments $25 to $1500.
Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, New Jersey
Victrola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

No Excuse for Being Fat Since New Discovery

One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 20 pounds in less than a month. Still another took off 40 pounds in an incredibly short time. All without appliances, medicines, starving, special baths or massage. No discomforts and no self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial

Mrs. George Guiterman, the day she started reducing the new way

Mrs. George Guiterman, 8 days later. Note the wonderful improvement

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel much better than I have for months."
(Signed) *Mrs. George Guiterman, 420 E. 66th St., New York City.*

Above photographs are just as reproduced by the camera—no alteration—no retouching. Double chins, folds and puffiness under the eyes have vanished. The increased brightness of the eyes shows renewed health.

Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery

Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself

Doctor's Wife Reduces 40 Pounds

Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of a physician of Bloomington, Ind., reduced quickly to normal weight, and also gained perfect health and a beautiful complexion. She writes:

"Before I tried your method my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was all bad; my heart was weak. I constantly had sour stomach and sick headaches. I went to different doctors for help, but I got worse instead of better, until I tried your new discovery. I am now in perfect health; sleep perfectly, and my blood test is 100 per cent pure. I had begun to get wrinkles when I was fat, but my flesh is now free from a single wrinkle. And I now weigh only 128 pounds."

Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day

"In just three weeks I reduced twenty pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous artists' model and Ziegfeld Follies beauty.

This new discovery enabled her to quickly reduce to normal weight, after a long period of exercise, starving and appliances had failed utterly.

Miss Kathleen Mullane, Artists' Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty

A SIMPLE, easily-followed law of Nature has now been discovered which enables anyone to quickly rid themselves of dangerous, burdensome excess flesh. Remarkable results are often apparent in 48 hours. These benefits are secured without the slightest discomfort or effort and without any bitter self-denials. In fact you will enjoy your meals and other pleasures of life more than ever before.

When you have reached your normal, ideal weight, you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Thousands of stout men and women, who have regained their normal figures by this method, find that a pound a day reduction can usually be looked for at the start. Many have lost from 8 to 10 pounds a week—and even more.

Reduce as Quickly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. By reducing more slowly you avoid any necessity of sudden changes of clothing. You can make slight and inexpensive alterations in your garments as you steadily attain a slender, graceful figure.

In addition to normal weight and a more youthful figure you secure other great benefits. For this natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. As the superfluous flesh vanishes, the years seem to drop off also. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirits as well as youthful form.

As one grateful woman says: "It is like being invited to step into an entirely new body, marvellously like what the old one was years and years ago. A body of graceful lines, fairly tingling with health; a body that seems capable of any degree of physical exertion."

And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denial. You make no change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase them.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one, safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up in energy. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly and this is easily done.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is offered on free trial.

Here is what the course will do: It will bring your weight down to normal at the rate of a pound a day or more. It will make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a clearer skin, add new glow to your cheek, a new sparkle to your eye and a new spring to your step. And all naturally—nothing harmful.

Prove this for yourself. See your unnecessary flesh quickly vanish. See why starving, strenuous exercising, medicines and massage are a mistake. See how this new discovery gets down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it by natural and delightful methods.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money, just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER and $1.97 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt and your money will be immediately refunded.

Just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act to-day, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Think of the surprise and envy you will create among your friends by your renewed, more youthful appearance just one short week after the course arrives.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-2811, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-2811, 43 West 16th St.
New York City

You may send me, prepaid, IN PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I thus return the course.

Name .....
(PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY)

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Price outside United States, $2.15 cash with order

OCT -6 '21
©cl.B502843

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 10

JAMAICA, NEW YORK. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Publication Office, Jamaica, New York. Editorial and General Office, Brooklyn, New York

Application has been made for transfer of the second-class mailing privilege from Brooklyn, New York, to Jamaica, New York.

Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.
a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month, and SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third)

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Jamaica, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Herbert Howe
Pacific Coast Representative

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR
ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER
E. M. HEINEMANN
Associate Editors

A. M. HOPFMULLER
Art Director

GUY L. HARRINGTON
Business Manager

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Director of Advertising

RUFUS FRENCH, INC.
Eastern Manager

ARCHER A. KING, INC.
Western Manager

METZ B. HAYES
New England Manager

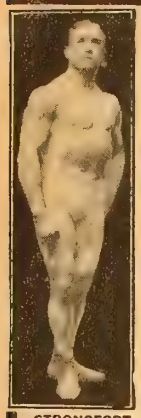
CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Mary Pickford, Lucy Fox, Louise Huff, Elliott Dexter, Rudolph Valentino, May McAvoy, Will Rogers, Florence Vidor, Enid Bennett.
By Candlelight 20
Why Not Put Thought Into Action ..... *Rita Weiman* 21
Essentially a Fireman's Bride ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 22
In other words Irene Castle Treman.
The Philosopher and the Cinema ..... *Grace Tully* 24
Golden Hours 26
The Gishes Two 27
Sunlight on Black Lacquer ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 28
Which typifies the paradoxical Bebe Daniels.
The Cinema Advances! 30
Moral Fibre ..... *Susan Elizabeth Brady* 31
The new Corinne Griffith-Vitagraph production novelized.
Old China Comes to Broadway ..... *Hamilton Williamson* 36
Explaining the art of Tony Sarg's Shadowgraphs.
Heart of Stone ..... *Barbara Beach* 38
The New Thought Vamp ..... *Herbert Howe* 40
That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 42
A Dual Mary 43
A Pickfordian Little Lord Fauntleroy and Mother Dear.
Star-Gazing ..... *Maude Cheatham* 44
Margaret Loomis 46
Dawn of the East ..... *Jean Calhoun* 47
Stuff of Gold ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 52
Illusive realities and Louise Fazenda.
The Community Theater Comes to Hollywood ..... *Mildred Lewis Russel* 54
The theater which boasts many stars.
The Glad Sad Girl ..... *Gladys Hall* 56
When the Water's Fine 58
Turpin Tribulations ..... *Kenneth McGaffey* 59
The Slender Silhouette ..... *Corliss Palmer* 60
Another beauty talk.
Doubling for Romeo ..... *Norman Bruce* 61
That Walsh Filmily ..... *Tony Blythe* 66
Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 67
To the Losers 68
Tom and Mrs. Tom ..... *Clyde Stuart* 69
In other words Zazu Pitts and Tom Gallery.
On the Camera Coast ..... *Herbert Howe* 70
Greenroom Jottings 72
The Answer Man 76
Letters to the Editor 80
The Ideal Cast Contest 90

5
PAGE

Will Your Marriage Be a Failure?



The man who marries a good, pure woman, knowing that he is not physically fit, commits the worst Crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some sweet, innocent girl is trusting in your honor. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. The way looks hopeless to you, but cheer up—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It's a man-builder and life-saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man **DEPT. 538, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 538, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Youthful Errors
..Catarrh	..Pimples	..Vital Losses
..Asthma	..Blackheads	..Impotency
..Hay Fever	..Insomnia	..Falling Hair
..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Poor Memory	..Stoop Shoulders
..Successful Marriage	..Rheumatism	..Muscular Development
	..ManhoodRestored	..Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Day or Evening classes. Easy terms. Cameras and Materials furnished free. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for **catalog No. 29.**

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., New York *OR* **505 State St., Brooklyn**

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

SCENARIOS WANTED

IMMEDIATELY for several famous Photoplay Stars. Write for descriptive list. Sample synopsis FREE if desired.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA
623-M Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Metro's spectacular visualization of Blasco Ibañez's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Honeydew." The Zimbalist musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "'Way Down East." Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Henry Miller's.—"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings."

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Declassee." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

On Tour

"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

"The Provincetown Players" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

OPEN TO EVERYBODY

The Chicago Daily News $30,000 Scenario Contest

This contest, at the close of which there will be awarded $30,000 in prizes to the writers of the thirty-one best scenarios entered, is dedicated to the belief, shared by all leading picture makers, that amateur scenario writers, with proper advice and encouragement, can produce quantities of strong vivid stories, real life scenarios that will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employes of The Chicago Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company.

Prizes are offered as follows:

1st Prize	**$10,000**
10 Prizes of	**1,000 each**
20 Prizes of	**500 each**

You don't have to be a trained writer to win one of these prizes—plain human-interest stories told in simple language are what is wanted.

The winner of the contest will not only receive the $10,000 offered as a first prize but will see his scenario shown on the screen.

Goldwyn will produce it

This means that no effort or expense will be spared to make of it a great picture.

The Judges

The judges of The Chicago Daily News contest have been selected from the most prominent American writers, critics, and motion picture authorities. David Wark Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Roberts Rinehard, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Amy Leslie and Gouverneur Morris compose the committee that will pass on all scenarios submitted. All awards will be made on a basis of merit. The judges will not know the writers' names, scenarios being known to them by number only.

To Assist You

Starting Monday, August 22nd, The Chicago Daily News began publishing a series of daily articles by the leading motion picture authorities of the country telling how to write the kind of scenarios the public wants. These articles, by such eminent motion picture figures as D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn are authoritative. Scenario writing is discussed from every angle. Each article is not only interesting, but instructive.

Back copies of The Daily News may be had by writing to the Scenario Contest Editor, The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois, simply enclose 2 cents in stamps for each issue desired. The Chicago Daily News is published every week day.

Send in your scenario *now* as the contest closes November 1st, 1921.

Rules and Regulations

1. All manuscripts must be sent to The Scenario Contest Editor of The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.

2. Legal assignment to The Chicago Daily News of all copyrights of the scenario submitted must accompany the manuscript—the assignment of copyright will be waived after the awarding of the prizes on all scenarios that do not win prizes.

3. Manuscripts must be of not more than 5,000 words and may be written in short-story form.

4. Manuscripts must be in typewritten form or in legible handwriting, written on one side of paper only.

5. All manuscripts must be in the hands of The Chicago Daily News by 12 o'clock, midnight, November 1st, 1921.

6. No manuscripts will be returned. The Chicago Daily News will take every precaution to safeguard all entered scenarios, but will not be responsible for lost manuscripts.

7. No two prizes will be given to a single contestant.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CO.

Learn Music At Home!

New Easy Method

Piano, Organ, Violin, Drums and Traps, Saxophone, Flute, Clarinet, Ukulele, Trombone, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Harp, 'Cello, Sight Singing. No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just write us a postal today for our new Free Book, fresh from the printer. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without teacher, by our new Improved Home Study Method, *without paying a cent for lessons!* Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercises—no inconvenience. No trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, amazingly easy for even a mere child.

250,000 Pupils

We have successfully taught over 250,000 people, from 10 to 60, *in all parts of the world!* Hundreds write: "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity. My 11-year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn."

Wonderful New Book Free!

We want to have *one pupil in each locality at once* to help advertise our wonderful easy system of teaching music. During the summer, we therefore offer our marvelous lessons at practically no cost. Charges amounting merely to about the cost of sheet music, postage, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. We have hundreds of pupils *right here in New York*, the musical center of America, who prefer our Home Study method in place of best private teacher. Get all the proof, facts, letters, from pupils, *amazing offer* and fascinating New Book just issued, *all free!* Write postal today. Address

U. S. School of Music, 6011 Brunswick Building, New York

You can Ukulele!

If you play quaint dreamy fascinating Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele, you will be in demand. Prof. Harry J. Clarke's latest method now enables you to play the Ukulele in a few weeks. As easy as reading a novel. No previous knowledge necessary. Famous Moving Picture Stars have learned to play it. We give you FREE a handsome Ukulele if you enroll now. Write for free Story of Hawaiian Music and offer. No obligations. Send now!

Hawaiian Inst. of Music, 300 W. 34th St., Dept. 8E, New York

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours—at home—in private by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy—fascinating. Positively no other like it. No music—no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully.

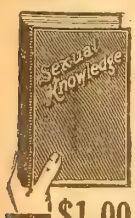
COMPLETE COURSE ON TRIAL. Write me *today* for **FREE** Information and Low Surprise Offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 128 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3026 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis



SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED

By Winfield Scott Hall, M. D., Ph.D.

SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

$1.00 Postpaid Mailed in plain wrapper

Cloth binding—320 pages—many illustrations

Tabl. of contents and commendations on request

American Pub. Co., 1161 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

FOR SICK HEADACHES
BEECHAM'S PILLS

Don't Overlook Any Diamonds

KIMBERLEY was going back. The farmers were disgruntled. They said they couldn't eke a living from the rocky soil.

And all the time, their ragged youngsters were playing with diamonds!

But the farmers didn't know. Many of them died poor. They thought the priceless gems were pebbles.

Some folks are just like those Kimberley farmers. They seek opportunity in some distant place and overlook the wealth that is daily within their grasp.

Advertising is a diamond mine of opportunity. It tells of values you would probably overlook if it was not there to guide you.

Dont miss the advertisements.

They save money—and make it for you!

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Wonderful Opportunity to Become a Beauty Specialist A national System of Beauty Culture needs women everywhere. $40 to $75 a week. Experience not necessary. In a few weeks' spare time at home, we make you expert in all branches, such as Muscle Strap, Mud Packs, Hair Dyeing, Permanent Wave, Marcelling, Skin Work, Manicuring, Electrolysis, etc. You can earn while you learn, giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or open your own Beauty Parlor. **Authorized Diploma, Money-Back Guarantee.**

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Book. Explains this wonderful system and Special Offer.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 511 1548 Belmont Avenue Chicago, Illinois
Originators of the Famous Oriental Preparations

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester** or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book** tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns, 1528 Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn Big Money

Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Dept. MP.

American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York

Go Into Business For Yourself!

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 91, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

AT LAST!

We Can Provide What You Want

In response to thousands of requests every month, we are publishing a booklet for the trifling cost of 50 cents, which answers the eternal question, "How Can I Get Into the Movies?" It is the only thing of its kind in existence, and literally invaluable to the screen aspirant.

"HOW TO GET IN"

is the title of the book and it tells you among other things:

The first steps to take.
Where to go and why.
What to do and what not to do.
How to dress and what to say.
The kind of a letter to write.
Screen types and their different characteristics.
Who can and who cannot get in—and why.
How to stay in, after once getting in.
The mental and physical attributes vital to screen success.
The way well-known stars got in.

AND

A complete list of motion picture studios and their addresses.

Simply fill out the coupon below, enclose 50 cents, in stamps or a 50-cent piece securely wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope. Address envelope to

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield Street - Brooklyn, New York

----------COUPON----------

I herewith enclose 50 cents, for which please send me the booklet "How To Get In".

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please write your name and address plainly and in full

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples, Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161 East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Snappiest household line on earth. Red hot sellers. Steady repeaters. 100% profit. 350 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agents' Outfit Free. Get busy—quick. Write today; postal will do. American Products Co., 5143 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' AGENTS

Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money—Write for 50 sets American Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold, send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. Neubecker Bros., 961 East 23rd St., Dept. 28, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$100,000 Corporation wants capable man; open office; manage sales for high class new device. Every home a prospect. Big money making possibilities for the right man. Opening in every city. Cost $2.00, retails $5.00. $500 to $2,000 necessary to finance exclusive agency. Scott Corporation, 82 W. Washington, Desk D, Chicago.

Our Associates are building $5,000 to $10,000 incomes, or better. One reports $34,523.43 earnings last year. Another cleared $8,039.07 in March. Names of these and many others on request. Our book tells all. Get it today. American Collection Service, 809 Cass Bldg., Detroit.

COINS

Will Pay Fifty Dollars Cash for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head. Watch your change. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40.00 to $75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Publishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Vaudeville Acts, Musical Comedies, Minstrels, Monologs, Dialogs, Musical Readings, Recitations, Special Entertainments, Make-up Goods; Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 62, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerks Needed Soon (men—women) $1,600—$2,300. No experience required. Write Mr. Ozment, Former U. S. Government Examiner, 294 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Men Represent Corporation by interviewing business men at home or traveling. Nothing to sell. Equipment furnished you free. Earnings from $2,000 to $9,000 yearly. National, 3509 White Plains Avenue, New York.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS

GOOD HARDWOOD LANDS in Michigan, well located; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, $15 to $30 per acre. Small payment down, balance long time. We help you. Send for book FREE. Swigart Land Co., A-1263, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., 278-B-31, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B-42, Chicago.

Photoplays. Ideas Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS. or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and details—experience unnecessary. Havard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Authors—Send for "Successful Photoplays," our free pamphlet, which tells how to write photoplays and describes our service. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

PICTURES

Zee Beautiful Girl Pictures—10 wonderful poses $1.00; 18 specials $2.00. Genuine "Taken-from-Life" photographs. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Bairart Co., 953, St. Louis, Mo.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139 S, Chicago, Ill.

Home Study BusinessCourses

The urgent need of business today is for high-salaried executives, managers and departmental specialists. Under the LaSalle Problem Method you can get, in your spare time at home by mail, under expert guidance, training which parallels actual business practice. The University's staff of 1750 people includes 450 business authorities, educators and assistants ready at all times to give prompt counsel and advice to enrolled members on any business question or problem. This is a service not obtainable from any other educational institution.

Write your name and address at the bottom and mail today. We will send full information and book of remarkable records of advancement made by LaSalle trained men; also our interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Low cost and convenient monthly terms which anyone can afford. Money refunded if dissatisfied upon completion of course. Nearly 300,000 have enrolled. Find out what LaSalle training can do for you. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 1178-R Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also a copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic
- ☐ Railway Accounting and Station Management
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
- ☐ Business Letter-Writing
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

SHOW CARDS

Will You Sell Us Your Spare Time? We will train you to write show cards for us. There is no canvassing or soliciting; we supply you with steady work; distance no object; will pay you from $15 to $50 a week. Wilson Methods Limited, Dept. D, 64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

Amateur Scenario Writers—Studios say that you submit narratives when they want plots. Our bulletin 207 explains the difference. Write for one, it's free. Producers School, 629 Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 151 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

To stay youthful looking your skin needs two creams

Every normal skin needs a daytime cream to protect it—and at night an entirely different cream to cleanse the pores

The daytime cream must be dry—oil would reappear and make the face shiny. For night use, only the oil cream can really cleanse the pores or keep the skin soft and pliant.

For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.

In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Catch tiny lines before they deepen. Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This rich cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture so that with it only gentlest stroking is necessary.

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night after washing your face, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. When dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU ***must protect your skin*** from wind and dust, or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Always apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny.

When you powder, do it to last. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

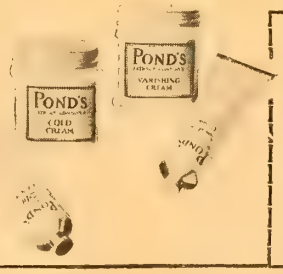
This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 141 Hudson St., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream



GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
141 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MARY PICKFORD

One by one, Mary Pickford is bringing the story-book children, beloved by young and old, to the silvercloth. Her next production is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she characterizes both the Little Lord and his Mother Dear. May her shadow family grow and grow!

Motion Picture Magazine

LUCY FOX

It has been said that the beauty of the American girl is the primary reason for the popularity of the motion picture. Lucy Fox contributes largely then to the cinema's success, for her beauty is unquestioned. She is now serialing at Pathé.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

LOUISE HUFF

Every now and then, Louise Huff forsakes domesticity long enough to add another portrait to the gallery of her characterizations. Her latest effort is with George Arliss in "Disraeli"

ELLIOTT DEXTER

In truth, Elliott Dexter is the man who came back. Even thru his long illness, his public held him enshrined in their memory. He recently signed on the dotted line of a splendid Goldwyn contract

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

The screen portrayals of Valentino are rich in color. First of any importance was Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Recently he played Armand to Nazimova's Lady of the Camellias, and at present he is creating the title rôle of "The Sheik," that love story of desert sands and Arabs, which has thrilled the reading public for many months

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

MAY McAVOY

When the camera caught the elusive quality of May McAvoy, it brought stardom to her door. She is still being considered for the title rôle of Barrie's "Peter Pan," but in the meantime she is busily at work in Realart productions

WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers, minus the perfect features of the matinée idol, and bashful in the fade-out, has won an enviable following—one which reflects credit on the human note always to be found in his portrayals. At present, he is making a series of short subjects for his own company

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

FLORENCE VIDOR

Florence Vidor thinks there is no director like her husband—King Vidor thinks Florence is worthy of far more than he can offer her in his productions——. So, at intervals, she appears in Ince offerings, but a King Vidor picture is usually assured of her charming presence

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

ENID BENNETT

Enid Bennett is now creating her greatest rôle, while she mothers the tiny Niblo baby. There has been no christening as yet, but the daughter will probably be Enid Bennett Niblo. When this young lady no longer demands her mother's entire time, Enid will come back to the screen

Photograph by J. Diamond

By Candlelight

Posed by Mabel Ballin and Norman Trevor in "Jane Eyre"

Why Not Put Thought Into Action?

By

Peter Weiman

"GIVE me physical action or I cant give you pictures!"

That has been the cry of any number of directors for the past decade—ever since the art of a new industry donned swaddling clothes, in fact, then graduated from them to its first pantalettes.

Train rescues, mob scenes, fist fights, weeping heroines and dashing heroes have all been regarded as essential ingredients of the potpourri that made the average picture.

Today, producer and director are waking up. They are realizing that the most thrilling action is the conflict which arises from the clash of human minds, not bodies. That the scope of the motion picture to express this is limited only in so far as symbols are limited. That a handkerchief torn to shreds by trembling hands has far more effect on an audience than a heroine hanging over a precipice.

Why? Because every woman in that audience has at one time or another experienced some devastating emotion that has been expressed by nervous fingers destroying whatever they grasped; while one out of a thousand, if that, has swung over a precipice waiting for friend hero to dash to the rescue. It is self-application of a story that makes it thrilling. The sympathy that goes out thru understanding is one hundred per cent. more potent and memorable than the gasp that follows a scene which is obviously contrived for effect.

Show me my neighbor's struggle against temptation and I will have twice the interest in his resistance or his fall. Show me the expression of that struggle thru a hand on the knob of a door, turning it in indecision, then lifted while its owner turns away, then returning, hesitant, as if trying to pull back, and finally grasping the knob in desperation, and I will tell you exactly what is revolving in the mind of the owner of that hand. A scene of this kind will hold the attention of its audience twice as long as any ordinary physical combat and twice as firmly. When the door-knob at last turns, they will walk thru that doorway with the man who has struggled and won or lost, as the case may be.

It is the personal application of a story that makes for the big thrill—the thrill of reality. All the hair-breadth escapes in the world cannot give rise to the emotional uplift of the scene in story, play or photoplay that might have happened to you.

Essentially a Fireman's Bride

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Irene Castle Treman declared that the man who attracted her most was the man who liked the things she liked—the outdoors, slight danger now and then, and the thrill accompanying it

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

IT was a grey day. The morning sun spasmodically threatened to break thru its wrappings of dull clouds, but without avail. Irene Castle Treman had chosen an early hour for the appointment. Evidently, however, she had expected to be taken at her word, for, when we presented ourself at that time, she had just emerged from the bath. And in less time than it takes to tell about it, we were ushered into her hotel apartment.

Of a certainty, it was not as you would expect it to be. There was not a solitary, unnecessary but nevertheless artistic, trapping. It had not been designed and executed as a background for the girl who inhabited it—the same girl who several years ago introduced the Castle Clip and is today indirectly responsible for the hundreds of attractive bobbed heads all over the country.

Several dogs of the miniature variety and of boastful pedigree scampered about. A monkey chattered volubly in his window cage. Two pink-ginghamed figures immediately proceeded to exhibit their turtles.

Irene Castle Treman, smartly attired in a black and white frock, appeared to give immediately some semblance of order to the confusion.

"This must appear frightful," she told us, "but we're leaving for Ithaca in the morning, and the only time I'm here is during the week while we're working on my new picture, 'French Heels,' you know. Mr. Treman remains in the country. You cant get him into the city, especially in the summer, and I dash madly back there every week-end, tickled to death with the new swimming-pool and the horses, after a busy week in the city."

She introduced her nieces, who were to spend a few weeks with her at Ithaca; admonished the monkey and relegated the dogs, temporarily at least, to

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

another room.

One niece, Jane by name, took her place at the window and studied the clouds, intently. The other pink frock devoted itself to an absorption of the turtles, and the interview proceeded, punctuated every so often by a shrill bark from one of the tiny canine throats, and the patter, unceasing and untiring, of the monkey feet beating rebelliously on the floor of the cage.

"Jane," explained Mrs. Treman, indulgently, "is trusting that the sun will not appear. If it clears, I must finish some exterior scenes, otherwise Coney Island is the program for the day. We were there the day before yesterday, and Jane simply adored it. Last night she asked me how much older I thought she would be before she saw Coney again. We tried all the roller-coasters and the highest slides we could find. Jane and I especially like the slides. If we dont go today, we probably wont get there again, for we leave for the country in the morning."

Jane sighed audibly.

I asked if Mr. Treman liked the idea of motion pictures.

She laughed. "Well enough, if they dont keep me in town too constantly. He knows that it is the sports we enjoy together which make my life worth the living, and he thinks it is foolish to sacrifice any pleasures you are able to enjoy. His business is in Ithaca, and when your father has been good enough to build up one of the largest hardware industries in the country for you, the thing to do is to take care of it."

Jane vouchsafed the information that the sky was certainly no brighter. Personally, she didn't see why anyone would be foolish enough to take pictures on such a day.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

"Clothes," admitted Irene Treman, "are my greatest weakness. I know they are superficial, and that everyone who ever dressed up in finery never came to any good end and all that sort of thing, but I never expect to be indifferent about what I wear"

It was, the all of it, so very wholesome and every-dayish, yet withal so pleasant, that you felt no inclination to talk of hectic theories and, at the same time, it is not likely that Irene Treman spends any great amount of time analyzing her every emotion. However, we did ask her what type of man pleased her most.

"A man who enjoys those things I, too, enjoy," she answered surely. "I might be infatuated with the other kind, the sort who doesn't like the outdoors, slight danger now and then, and the thrill which accompanies it for a day or two, but that would end it. While I do go in for the other things, teas and dinners every so often, they are

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Philosopher and the Cinema

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

EYES, they say, are the windows of the soul. If this be true, I am glad, for the only feature of Milton Sills that was Milton Sills, as God made him and by which I could divine his true character when I met him, was his eyes.

I had seen him often dashing across the silversheet to rescue some maiden in distress; I had watched him at the Lasky studio, clad in sleek outing garments with smooth-fitting boots and picturesque shirt, playing opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Great Moment"; I had seen him in New York walking along Broadway unperturbed by the nudges of passersby. And always he had stood pre-eminently in my mind as the gentleman screen-player—cool, suave, cultured.

Imagine my surprise, after an anticipatory drive from Lasky's to the Ince studio, where he had transferred his make-up box for one picture with the working title "Lucky Damage," when I was let onto a dimly lighted set and introduced to a man with all the usual habiliments of a crook. His trousers hung loosely from a seemingly sparse frame; a soiled old shirt was mercifully half covered by a vest which was split up the back. He wore no coat. But his face—I could scarcely credit my senses. His nose was large, wide nostriled and crooked; his ears protruded at right angles, while his lower jaw bulged like a prizefighter's. Even his voice was rather thick and husky when he spoke.

I dont think I was quite capable of speech.

"It is make-up, you know—quite a wonderful one, dont you think?" said the nice press agent, as he noticed the sinking inclination of my knees.

"Mr. Sills!" said I, trying to acknowledge the introduction cordially, but feeling very much as one of those heroines of war fiction must have felt when her handsome lover or husband was brought home with his face scarred beyond recognition.

"This is a fine way for me to be when you are kind enough to come all this distance to interview me. I hope you'll pardon my appearance."

His eyes—keen, cool, kindly grey eyes—regarded me critically, penetratingly, as if they were trying to divine whether I had the character stamina to stand by such a fiendish-looking person.

"The kindest heart is often found beneath the most hideous exterior," he reassured me. "Handsome should be as handsome does. But it isn't always so. I have known the most perfectly beautiful women imaginable—their faces are masks of all that is good and noble in woman—but in reality they are devils, calculating devils. And I have known plain little women with hearts big enough to mother the universe. As a matter of fact,

"I had always been very active in athletics at college," Milton Sills explained, "and I missed the thrill and excitement when I settled down to a professor's life. I am still vitally interested in philosophy, but I needed more action than I could get as a professor—and more money"

By GRACE TULLY

the character I am portraying now is supposed to be as wicked as I look (the steel-like grey eyes twinkled momentarily); then he meets with a terrific accident and the doctor, who treats him, being a specialist in repairing war-scarred faces, remodels the face, and with the face the character.

"I believe that such a transformation is possible. I know that with a face like this it would be pretty hard to fight for the good things of life."

Lambert Hillyer, the director, approached just then, and in his rather casual and gentle way said: "Mr. Sills on the set, please,

Photograph by Donald Biddy Ke...

Milton Sills considers motion pictures a Godsend to the theatrical profession, because they permit people to live the normal home life which the stage makes impossible

and Miss Manon — now ready — lights!" Mr. Sills drew a murderous looking cigar out of his pocket and clamped it vigorously in his jaw. Then he drew Marcia Manon to him.

"Now kid," he said "you listen to me——" the camera clicked—the sordid went on.

Watching, I wondered. That man out there was a college graduate. University of Chicago, nay more — he had finished his p. g. course and had taken up his career as a college professor when the call of the stage caught him. What, I wondered, was the magnet that could be strong enough to attract a blue-blooded college professor of philosophy, who was more familiar with Einstein's theory than grease-paint, to the rather primitively passionate art.

The company worked steadily then until five-thirty. As soon as his work was finished, Milton Sills hastened back to me——

"It is a shame to keep you waiting like this."

(Continued on pag. 9...

Katherine Perry, an erstwhile Ziegfeld girl, came to the movies and was cast as leading-lady with Owen Moore in "A Divorce of Convenience." The irony of titles. So Owen decided that he wished Katherine to be his leading-lady forever and ever. And the wedding bells chimed. Then came the honeymoon at the Long Island country house. And the first touch of frost finds the honeymoon still in a golden fulness

Golden Hours

The above photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Moore were snapped just as soon as the newly-weds would permit a cameraman to enter their Eden. Certainly, they tell a story of golden hours

Photograph by Abbé

The Gishes Two

A New Camera Study of Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the Forthcoming D. W. Griffith Production "The Two Orphans"

Sunlight on Black Lacquer

Bebe Daniels is the youngest person I ever met. She is young in her girlhood, just curving into womanhood, and in her mannerisms; she's young in her enthusiasm and her serious outlook on life. Yet she is strangely sophisticated

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

BEBE DANIELS is the youngest person I have ever met. She is young in her girlhood, just curving into womanhood, and in her mannerisms; she's young in her enthusiasm and her serious outlook on life, and yet—she is strangely sophisticated.

She has a peculiar habit of speaking like a veteran. "Ever since I was four years old," she says, "I have earned my own living—on the stage."

When she was eighteen and a half, she had to play the part of a woman who seduces another woman's husband in "Why Change Your Wife."

"So you see, I had to know something of life," she says.

Bebe suggests a Fannie Hurst heroine come to life. She is a luxury-loving child, a lover of sumptuous gowns and furs and jewels. She hopes she will never have to play a part that calls for rags; she detests that sort of thing. Quick to make the most of a bargain for herself, she is generous to a fault with her friends. Her maid and those players who have not advanced so quickly as she all love her—no one is jealous of Bebe's success, for Bebe the star is a sane, warm-hearted creature who takes her stardom very sensibly. Stardom has not gone to her head.

"I believe what will be, will be," she explains seriously. "I am a fatalist."

She is a restless individual, a creature whose favorite sports are indoor

By
HAZEL SIMPSON
NAYLOR

sports, who admits she detests golf, tennis, swimming. I cannot imagine Bebe with a coat of sunburn, and yet——

When I was led to get an interview from her, it seemed most appropriate that a slight smoke of oriental incense should seep from her dressing-room door. Ah, thought I, sniffing the perfumed air, she will be languorous, heavy lidded, wearing a peignoir of black velvet. Black velvet, too, would drape the windows and floors. A single soft-shaded lamp of old Japan would throw a single high light on her jet black hair. But——

The door was flung wide open and a very search-light of sunlight blinded me with its sudden power, and, as the strangeness of the glare gradually abated, I saw Bebe, a tall, slightly self-conscious girl, just beyond the awkward stage, standing up to greet her expected guest. Even an interview impresses Bebe as a great adventure, so you see she is not blasé; that is, not blasé where anything concerns her career.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Bebe is a stage child. She has really been brought up behind the footlights. Her mother and father had their own company touring the West, and she played the baby parts

While we lunched, or rather I lunched and Bebe drank grape juice, we discussed cabbages and kings, careers and clothes, and I discovered many things. Bebe wants money for the things it can buy; I might almost limit it to clothes she can buy, but she wants to do really great screen work more than she wants money. Love, and this is the most anachronistic characteristic of Bebe Daniels, has no place in her life. She has hung up the no-admission sign to would-be husbands. At the age when most girls spend their waking and sleeping hours dreaming of their Prince Charmings, Bebe Daniels thinks only of her "work." She hopes (with a naïveté so sincere that it is startling) that she will make good.

All of which, I suppose you are thinking, has nothing to do with black lacquer.

But just as the uncurtained sunlight in Bebe's room is indicative of her startling girlishness, so is the black lacquer of her dressing-room furnishings indicative of her screen personality. Rich is the painted black of her specially-designed furniture, and oriental are the painted figures thereon. She herself designed the orange and black sofa cushions, the hanging pagoda-like lamps and the specially-made black lacquer victrola—and all the time that Bebe is talking, or making up, or dressing, she has her victrola playing jazz music.

Hers is the soul of a Cleopatra with an American girl's brain and culture.

Bebe Daniels offers many piquant and varying phases of the *genus femina*, for as interesting as her personal characteristics are the details of her rise to fame.

Bebe is a stage child. She has really been brought up behind the footlights. Her mother and father had their own company touring the West, and she played the baby parts. The Daniels' family tree traces itself back to the Empress Josephine. Our Bebe was named by her grandmother, who was a daughter of the President of Colombia, South America. Her marriage to the American consul at Buenos Aires was one of that period's real romances.

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Cinema Advances!

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Photograph by Drucker & Co.

The two accompanying photographs depict the latest advance of the cinema. Above is the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, which is being used as a motion picture theater when not required for Shakespearian festivals. At the right is the Town Hall in New York City. The Town Hall, originally erected for lectures and similar occasions, was recently the home of D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street." It is a far hail from the corner-store which formerly housed the movie to these edifices. Of a certainty, the cinema advances!

into his studio and brought him a queer toy. It was a Chinese shadowgraph figure which had found its way into a dusty little shop of odds and ends in Florence.

It really would seem that the shadowgraph has clung to life almost consciously.

"It was clutching at a new form of expression," said Tony Sarg, "when it lured my drift-anywhere friend into that queer Italian hole, and forced him to part with seventeen francs for a badly damaged figure. And that quaint little perforated man has waited with the true patience of the Orient for me to get 'round to him. And all the while, there were dozens of influences working to pull me 'round."

Mr. Stewart Culin, curator of the Brooklyn Museum, was perhaps the strongest of these influences.

A number of years ago, Mr. Culin went to China. He brought back with him many fascinating things which only an expert could have discovered. Among them was a collection of old shadowgraph figures. These, tho his personal property, were given a place of honor in the Museum, befitting their great age and rarity. And now, an odd thing has happened to them. They have been taken from the sanctity of the Museum, and transported to the unsanctified atmosphere of Tony Sarg's studio. There, they are actually handled, with reverence, it is true, and by Mr. Sarg alone. Their ancient limbs are made to move, and they throw quaint shadows when held between the light and a screen of taut white linen.

There is no one who realizes more keenly than Tony Sarg himself his indebtedness to the past. There is almost a touch of mysticism in his attitude toward his silhouettes, a breath of fatalism. They are to him things which simply had to be. Above, Mr. Sarg manipulating his shadow-figures before the filming

It was Mr. Culin's suggestion, this temporary removal of museum treasures to a Ninth Street work-room. He felt that they should be a link between the ancient East and the modern West—that if old China could be brought to Broadway, so much the better for both. A man who knows the past in art, he refuses to regard it in any way as dead, to handle it with gloves.

There are twenty of these old figures. As they lie on a table, their parts loosely jointed, in color a smudgy black, they make just the sort of little heap a careless maid might whisk into the waste-basket. It is only when they are held up between the light and the eye that their wonders are revealed. In outline, they are simple enough, but in each case the entire figure, in its costume of a vanished age, is a mass of beautiful and intricate stenciling. So much is cut away, the parts left are so delicate, that one marvels that the whole thing does not fall to pieces. The answer to this is buffalo hide. There is the voice of the past: buffalo hide, carefully stretched, dried and scraped, and even after more than a hundred

(*Continued on page 88*)

Heart of Stone

Photograph by Leonard

LEWIS STONE and I visited the zoo together. Lest Mrs. Stone and the two little pebbles read this and jump to the conclusion that the pride and mainstay of the Stone family has fallen into the devious ways of some professionals and is rushing a flapper, I hasten to add that we were there for business purposes only—an interview.

You see, Lewis Stone's place of business is in a zoo. He works—I mean emotes—for the Selig-Rork Film Company, which is located on the same lot with Colonel Selig's famous collection of animals. Mr. Stone has just signed a new contract to do three two-reelers and four five-reelers for Colonel Selig, one of the pioneer film producers of America.

There is a certain primeval vigor about Mr. Stone which made it seem appropriate that he should be there among the lion cages and the wild tigers and the smart-faced foxes and the funny little monkeys. I felt that there was a bond of sympathy between these creatures of the forest and the stalwart man who walked at my side. And while he made quips and jests at our watching the animals, I sensed his wish that these restless four-footers could be back in their own free forest. Caged animals are so like many human beings who are trapped in by life's circumstances.

But I wander from my theme.

Mr. Stone gives the impression of dapper slenderness, a slenderness which screens muscles of steel. His eyes are changeable brown and green and grey, as his moods or the lights affect them. His hair is snow white—that lovely white that comes to bless those who turn grey in their twenties.

Lewis Stone was grey at twenty, and, as he was on the stage at the time, it necessitated his making up his hair. One day a friend called his attention to an advertisement for dying the hair. "Just apply at night with a comb," it read, "until you acquire the desired shade."

That sounded fine to Mr. Stone. Why not dye his hair once and not have all this trouble of making it up twice a day. So he purchased a bottle at a nearby drug store and carried it home to his hotel room. There he pinned a large bath towel around his shoulders and started to comb in the dye. So occupied was he with getting the color on that he never noticed that each time he applied the liquid several drops splashed from the comb onto the hotel wall. You see the color went on in streaks and it kept Mr. Stone working to get an even shade across his locks. Finally, he thought he had acquired a wonderful raven hue, and he went to bed well pleased with his efforts. But

Lewis Stone gives the impression of slenderness, a slenderness which screens muscles of steel. And his hair is snow white—of that white which comes to bless those who turn grey in their twenties

By
BARBARA BEACH

alas, when he awoke in the morning the sunlight revealed his hair as being a lovely purple. Since then Lewis Stone has gone about, as he puts it, "as God made him," and if people dont like him white haired, well and good. But they do, for his hair only adds distinction to his virile young face.

All in all, Lewis Stone's career has covered a period of twenty years. He went on the stage when he was twenty and he experienced practically all the joys there are to a stage existence and very little of the hardships, for he always had good parts on Broadway, and the greater part of his travels were generally limited to Philadelphia and Boston. Yet he is the strongest booster for the screen I have ever talked to.

"I dont know what I will do when picture audiences tire of me," he said, "for I absolutely love pictures. I have no desire to go back to the stage. Just look around you——"

I did. We were seated on a bench beside a tiny green pool edged with fragrant flowers. In the distance rose the fresh green hills of California, edging to that alluring purple hue that has a tendency to make one dream and vision, then dream again. Several rods to our right stood the Selig stages swept by invigorating breezes from the hills.

Mr. Stone has just signed a new contract to do three two-reelers and four five-reelers for Colonel Selig, one of the pioneer film producers of America

Mr. Stone continued, motioning to the stages with his right hand. "I work there all during these lovely days, and then when five-thirty comes I am free to go home like a civilized human being. And my evenings are free to read or see a play or have a game of cards, things that I have always wanted to do."

This love of home is Mr. Stone's strongest characteristic. He is a very real person for all his book knowledge and versatility, and he enjoys the real things of life.

You who saw him in Marshall Neilan's "The River's End" got a very good idea of the man as he is. For he is courageous, keen and kind. His eyes have that straight-forward, stern expression that comes only from military training. Twice in his lifetime he has enlisted and served in the army. The second time he won a commission.

During our conversation in the zoo, I was particularly interested in a protest he made against certain movie theaters which charge a dollar and a half for loge seats and send you upstairs only to be greeted by the usher with "no seats now, you'll have to stand back there or take a seat in the balcony."

"What right have movie theaters to charge exorbitant prices and then not give you a seat? If they charge that price, seats should be reserved," said Mr. Stone—and I agree with Lewis Stone, not only regarding movie theaters, but his wholesome outlook on life.

The New Thought Vamp

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Mae Busch has unusual attraction. It is not the attraction of beauty, altho you may believe the whimsically turned mouth, the green eyes and the riotous hair catch your fancy

WE have with us the New Thought vamp. Beware!

Mind triumphing over rag, bone and hank of hair!

She looks like a French *cocotte* and reads Epictetus.

She is a symphony in movement, for she was reared in lithe Tahiti.

But she doesn't hula any more; she reads her bible every day.

She was born English, reformed French, reclaimed English, refilmed French.

She is a remarkable young lady. She is married and friendly with her husband. Perhaps that is because she doesn't live with him.

Francis McDonald was backing out thru the swinging doors of Frank's café waving *au revoir* to someone within.

"*Bon soir, Monsieur,*" said I in best Berlitz.

"Oh hello!" said he. "My wife's in there. Go in and see her."

I swung in with alacrity. Francis McDonald is a fine fellow.

There she was tapping a cigaret beside a demi-tasse.

Mae Busch.

Let me say at once that my motive was viewing, not interviewing.

She looked just as she did in "The Devil's Passkey." The flirtatious hair flared out from under a wide drooping hat. Even the cigaret smoke seemed attracted by her. It strolled upward, then lingered, and wickedly wound a halo about her head.

As dejeuner was finished, she suggested a stroll thru the silken mist toward her apartment in a Moorish structure.

The elevator was one of those evil affairs which require an Edison to manipulate. You need to keep your head when punching the buttons, which range like those on an adding machine—or the back of a vampire's gown. I punched. We descended straight toward the lower regions. Mlle. Busch chortled wickedly.

"We're headed for the cellar!" she exclaimed.

"Instinctive, purely instinctive on my part," I apologized.

But there was nothing in the cellar, so I punched three, which leads heavenward.

The Busch apartment is a velvet grey which rose lights turn to mauve. There was a flutter of gold in an ebony cage. Miss Busch went to it and spoke. The flutter subsided and the lump of gold perched on her finger and gave a canary caress. Maybe it said its prayers in canary. I'm not very well posted on prayers—in canary. At any rate, it folded its wings, bowed its head and retired to its perch for the night.

By
HERBERT HOWE

All photographs by Freulich

As Miss Busch approached a rose canopy of light, I noted a silver tone to her wild flurry of hair. She has been working for a year in "Foolish Wives" under the direction of von Stroheim. When you consider that one's hair may turn white in a single night, there's nothing strange about its turning grey in a year of foolish wifing.

"My hair was perfectly white when I was sixteen," she said. "I'm letting it turn back. I think I shall like it." She drew ivory fingers thru the silvered mass and put it in an electric-excitement. "I shall revive the pompadour vogue," she said.

Then I learned of her plans for conquest.

Let me first explain, so far as one can explain, the feminine intricacy.

"The trouble with most people is that they dont concentrate. They haven't confidence in their own thought—direction. Their minds waver for an instance and then, like a man on a tight rope, they fail unless they can regain their balance in time."
Thus spoke Mae Busch

Mae Busch has unusual attraction. It is not the attraction of beauty, altho you may believe the whimsically turned mouth, the green eyes and riotous hair catch your fancy. She is highly magnetized with that force which hasn't been satisfactorily explained but which has evidence in metaphysical phenomena. I suppose if I were a votarist of some cult I could explain it to you in capitalized terms which would awe you or put you to sleep. But I'm only a nomad among the cults so I have no right to any verbal possessions. Anyhow, Miss Busch's voice has greater melody.

"I can do anything I choose if I project my thought toward an objective." Her eyes defied me thru the narrow drooped lids.

"I've never been a hypnotist's subject," I countered weakly. "But do what thou wilt."

She waived the proffer.

"I dont mean hypnotism—nor egotism. I only believe in the power of my own thought. I believe in a magnetic

(*Continued on page* 82)

By
TAMAR LANE

THE common impression of a movie hero is that he is an individual who gets paid real, honest-to-goodness cash for making love to a wonderful assortment of beautiful leading women, when there are plenty of other ambitious young men who would perform the task for nothing.

PERSONS WE'D LIKE TO MEET

An author who will admit he was overpaid for his story.

An "extra" who believes that stars gain their position simply thru dramatic ability.

A producer who will admit that financial return is the sole object of his energies in the film business.

And Charlie Chaplin's tailor.

We've seen many camera-hogs around the studio, but the one who takes the hard-boiled potato is the star who backs out thru doors so that she wont have to turn her face from the camera.

Henry Ford boasts that he turns out a flivver a minute, but he'll have to do better than that to keep up with the movies.

According to motion picture standards, it begins to look as tho the Canadians are a nation of mounted policemen.

"Is Life Worth Living" with Eugene O'Brien, read the sign outside the theater. Whereupon a sweet young thing fervently exclaimed, "Is life worth living without Eugene O'Brien."

The press agent is one individual who, when he says, "I'll tell the world," means what he says.

If Will Rogers was as good looking as he is good an actor, Wallie Reid would have to look for a new job.

Wanted: A stage star who will not enter the silent drama with the intention of elevating the movies.

A New York theatrical producer has just presented a play, the title of which, "Getting Gertie's Garter," tells what kind of a play it is. Of this the censors will have nothing to say, but let a Sennett bathing girl appear in a perfect one-piece suit and they see dirt immediately.

A film company is now making a series of pictures featuring marionettes. It wont be the first time, however, that wooden actors have been seen on the screen.

DONT PICK ME OUT TO ASK WHY:

In the movies, when a person is shot in the arm, he falls to the ground.

And then a few scenes later appears with his head bandaged up.

Everybody picks on the movies. The latest fad is for all persons acquitted of murder or other such little offences to calmly announce to the press that they intend to "enter the movies." If they would take the trouble to inquire of some of the actors along Broadway, they would find that they will have to do more than commit a murder to break into the films?

REELISM

SEEN ONLY ON THE SCREEN

California license plates in the Sahara.

Telegraph poles in the South Sea Islands.

A motion picture concern filming the Bible has found that one scene calls for three thousand oxen and three thousand asses. They should have trouble getting the oxen.

You cant place too much reliance upon these reported earthquakes in Los Angeles. Often it is just a movie star carting home her week's salary.

A Dual Mary

The production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be rich indeed, for it boasts a dual Mary. In velvet knickerbockers and heavy laces, with golden curls, Miss Pickford portrays the Little Lord. Then she plays the Mother Dear as well, offering a quaint and whimsical characterization

Star Gazing

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

In speaking of his recent elevation to a star's estate, Jack Holt said: "It means harder work, more consecration and a renewed effort to give the best that is in me, for only in this way can I show my appreciation"

AN air of excitement pervaded the Lasky studio in Hollywood, for word had just been received from New York that Jack Holt had been made a star.

Everyone was glad, for Mr. Holt is not only one of the most popular actors among the picture fans, but he is a general favorite with his associates.

Without once losing his fine reserve or modest diffidence, qualities that are a distinguishing part of his character, the new star was vastly pleased and very happy.

Said he, earnestly: "It means harder work, more consecration and a renewed effort to give the best that is in me, for only in this way can I show my appreciation to Mr. Lasky and the Famous Players-Lasky corporation for this honor."

Jack Holt is to be featured in a series of outdoor pictures, which is entirely to his liking, for he is an ardent advocate of all outdoor life and thoroly typifies the clean-cut American manhood that invariably makes a strong appeal to the public.

At present he is heading an all-star cast in William de Mille's new production, "The Stage Door," from the pen of Rita Weiman, and our interview was punctuated by frequent interruptions while he took his place before the camera.

In this gay drama of New York's idle rich, Mr. Holt plays the part of Larry, millionaire backer of musical shows and friend of chorus girls. "He is pretty much of a rotter in the beginning, but proves every inch a man when the test comes," is his description of the rôle.

The elaborate set in which the company was working showed several rooms in Larry's sumptuous country home, and is without doubt one of the most beautiful and artistic ever built on the Lasky stages, carrying the impression of the most lavish luxuriance. In the distance were Japanese servants lighting the candles on the banquet table, while in the foreground, the house-party, comprising chorus girls, among them Lila Lee, Shannon Day and Stella Seager, and a group of Larry's cronies, was at its merriest.

"Later," explained Mr. Holt, during a moment's lull between scenes, "tragedy crashes into this frivolity, and instantly the color of the entire set seems to change. Charles Ogle runs away with the picture, for he has a wonderful rôle, and, believe me, he plays it with gripping power."

Tho he had been in motion pictures something like two years, it was at the Lasky studio that Jack was given his first important part, that of Karl Von Austreim, in Mary Pickford's "The Little American," and most of us readily recall his excellent work when he was forced to witness his little American sweetheart subjected to German insults. It was his skill in superb suppression that made the part so strong.

"Men must control their feelings; they should really never *break*," he replied, simply, when I mentioned this. He continued: "We have some amusing experiences while striving to maintain realism. I remember once we staged a fight and we fought to the finish, for we had agreed to give the audience the real thing. When it was over, we were wrecks and it took us days to recover, yet we were unmercifully panned, our critics saying we had faked the fight, for we were not mussed up enough for it to be *real*. Another time, I had a terrible fall from a horse, which the camera caught from beginning to end, but by some accident my hat stayed on thru the whole thing, and so the fall was dubbed a trick, tho I carried the bruises for many

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

months. It isn't realism, but exaggerated and diagramed realism that counts on the screen."

Jack Holt is very good looking, a stalwart six-footer, straight and lean, and when I asked him how he kept in such perfect trim, he replied promptly, "By riding horseback. There's nothing to equal it. This is practically the only exercise I have when working in pictures, so I ride to the studio each morning, and you may well guess I take the longest way around. Frequently in the evenings, Mrs. Holt and I take long rides. She's fond of it, too.

"I've always been crazy about horses—grew up with them down South," he continued, for a moment forgetting his diffidence in the enthusiasm of his favorite subject. "At present I have three polo ponies and a fine hunter, and when I'm at home I spend much of my time fussing around the stables. We're trying to organize a polo team for Beverly Hills. I hope we can, but it takes a great deal of practice to excell at polo, and most of us have little leisure.

In Jack Holt's opinion, it isn't realism, but an exaggerated and diagramed realism that counts on the screen

"A polo pony must be a thorobred, must be level-headed and have endurance, and probably only about eight out of a hundred will qualify as a top-notcher. Horses have personalities as distinct as people. That is the reason we can become so deeply attached to them. They are real persons, with faults as well as virtues—red-blooded and *human*. My big dream for the future is to have a ranch and raise thorobreds. We are told if we think hard enough our wishes will come true. I'm trying out this theory." He added the last with his characteristic short laugh, which carries a highly humorous inflection.

Mr. Holt was born in Winchester, Va., attended the Virginia Military Institute, and after graduating as a civil engineer, he went up into Alaska, responding to the lure of our last colorful frontier with fashion plates, he emphasized.

Recently, Mr. Holt was loaned to Goldwyn to play a leading rôle in "The Grim Comedian," journeying to New York for several of the scenes. He relates a tragic tale of having been there five days, and yet not seeing even the outside of a theater, as the company worked day and night.

"Aside from being able to see the good plays, New York holds little fascination for me," he told me. "I love the country, being close to the hills, the ocean,

(*Continued on page* 93)

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

MARGARET LOOMIS

A new Portraït Study of the Charming Cinema Star

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

think, by an extra man, the only thing he ever did or tried to do in the writing line. A good many editors are afraid to take the real movie stuff. There is too much combustible tragedy and pain mixed up with the tinsel of it."

It is to be hoped that some day Louise will find the time, between comedies, to try her hand. She can write. She has proved her aptness of phrase, time and again, in the Brewster magazines. She has worked upon scenarios and has a sense of plot development that many students of photoplay writing would give much to acquire. We have yet to find an author, writing of pictures, who has been, formerly, one of the myriad extras, who has lived and starved and walked weary miles for one job or another, who has been part and parcel of the film world. The big authors, the Eminents and the Imminents, have stepped in too easily ever to realize the hardship of it. They may write critically, analytically, brilliantly perhaps, but they wont ring true. When Louise started, she lived on twenty-five cents a day. She has spent the major part of her career in the studio that has probably known more sudden success and quick tragedies than any other—the Mack Sennett studio. One might almost say that the majority of our famous screen women of today have worked there. And Louise has seen them, stripped down to essentials—in spirit as well as in body—fighting for their places in the sun. And now, watching them today, lolling in riches and ease and splendor, she knows them better than a merely curious author with an eye to fat checks ever could. Practically every success, she says, has been built upon the sacrifice of someone else. I remember that Gloria Swanson told me that, too, even named the person who, thru no fault of hers, had had to give way before her greater grace and beauty.

Louise hails from that grand old State of Indiana, that State whose sons, when they can get away from her, almost inevitably become famous. That name Fazenda is her own. It is Italian, altho Italy is too high up on her family tree to figure at all in Louise's appearance, speech, or thought. She's pure American. But when she toured the country recently, making personal appearances in many of the theaters where her comedies had been run, the population of the Little Italies turned out to support her *en masse*. In one town, in the heat of their adoration,

(*Continued on page 95*)

© Mack Sennett—Photograph by Abbé

That name, Fazenda, is her own. It is Italian, altho Italy is too high up on her family tree to figure at all in Louise's appearance, speech, or thought. She's pure American

Photograph by Arthur Kales

The Community Theater Comes To Hollywood

By MILDRED LEWIS RUSSEL

FOUR years ago a little group of business and professional men and women of Hollywood were gathered together by Miss Neely Dickson, teacher and student of dramatic art, to discuss ways and means for opening a community theater. They were college people for the most part, teachers, writers, lawyers—but not students of the little theater movement. Miss Dickson had made long study and personal investigation of the little theater movement and methods in Europe and America. Miss Dickson has vision. She convinced her friends of the feasibility of her pet scheme. But doubtless even she did not foresee the rapidity of its successful growth.

Now, Hollywood, be it known, tho a part of the city of Los Angeles—incorporated—is jealous of its individuality, and justly so. Within a few days, in the hands of a committee, four hundred season tickets, at $3.50 each

Nowhere is there such a movement, where artists of international fame give their services. They do not merely play—they work as on a commercial stage, for theirs is a critical audience of their peers. Above, a scene from the production of "Dear Brutus," with Barbara Gurney, Helen Raymond, Mary Jepp, Wedgwood Nowell, Thomas Ricketts, John MacFarland, Alice Clare and Rosalind Gardner; while at the left are shown Henry Walthal and Gladys Wynne (Mrs. Sills), in "The Man of Destiny"

for the season of five productions were sold. In addition, thirty contributing memberships at $25 each were sold to patrons of the arts. No vote, no stock, went with these tickets—just two tickets, with privilege of choice of seats, went to these "patrons." Five hundred dollars, borrowed from the Hollywood Carnival Association, brought the necessary financial backing to nearly three thousand dollars.

An old bowling alley, on a central side street, was selected for the "theater." Members of a committee cleaned and curtained and beautified the ugly little structure. Still others contributed chairs — two hundred. The newspapers—both Hollywood and Los Angeles—gave generous support. It became a community movement indeed, for, besides the chairs, donations were made of paint, of drayage, of highly skilled work for the lighting, and the wiring.

The little building selected is thirty-five by eighty feet. A latticed and vine-covered pergola, lantern-hung, gives promise of delightful surprises. The lobby, gay in new-art decorations, simple and inexpensive, but effective, gives assurance. (The first fifteen feet of space are used for lobby, box-office and patrons' dressing-rooms.) The little auditorium (thirty-five by forty-five feet), with its high and quaintly beamed ceiling, cunningly tinted to give

(*Cont'd on page* 94)

All photographs by Arthur Kales

Footlights and applause — ever alluring to the gifted actor—draw the stars of the silverscreen back to the stage. That is one of the reasons that Hollywood has the most unusual theater of its kind—talent of the finest, playing a rôle for the fun of it. Above, Barbara Gurney, in "The Sweetheart Game," and left, "Salome" in pantomime, with Betty Blythe, Ramon Zerno, Josephine McLean, Manuel Perez and Edgar Hansen

The Glad Sad Girl

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

"People believe," said Pauline's mother, "that Pauline is sad, but it isn't really being sad. Rather, I should say, that it is being *thoughtful*. Pauline has always been that"

I WAS told, "She is awfully sad. There must be some tragedy in her life. Try to find out what it is."

I had seen her on the screen, and something infinitely wistful and patient in her expression, in her gestures, in her hands had touched me. I thought, concurrently, "I *wonder* what it is——"

I imagined all sorts of things. A love affair that had left a patient, perpetual scar. A memory that gripped her with pain. A hope that had been frustrated. A dream that had never come true.

Perhaps an ideal, sensitively conceived, that had revealed itself with clay feet and had trod upon her sensibilities. She looked as tho she were a-quiver with sensibilities.

For weeks and weeks *and* weeks I tried to secure an appointment with her. The most that I could do was to reach her by 'phone. The impression made upon me was that of a personality, cloistral and certainly evanescent.

And then one day she called me up and asked me to have tea with her at the Commodore.

She came in quite late, and there was another girl with her; her sister, I thought, since there was a marked resemblance between them, save that, where Pauline smiled infrequently and with something of reluctance, the other girl smiled gaily and frequently.

We made ourselves known all 'round, the one to the other—and the other girl was Pauline's mother! I nearly didn't get the interview at all, gasping out my astonishment, accustomed as I am to the mothers in the movies, at that! Having just read Ring Lardner's discussion on being thirty-five, I felt full of ages and the discussion thereof. I asked Mrs. Starke how she did it. She said, she "thought young."

Pauline interpolated that she had never thought of her mother *as* her mother, but rather as a child to be taken care of and protected. "I *always* felt," she said, "that I must watch out for mother. It never occurred to me that mother was to watch out for me."

"People believe," said Mrs. Starke, putting her finger upon the pulse of my curiosity, "that Pauline is sad, but it isn't really being sad. Rather, I should say, that it is being *thoughtful*. Pauline has always been that. I have never had to worry about her or about what she might do. She has always been such a wise and discreet little person, from childhood up. She has thought things *out*."

"Hasn't she ever had any trouble?" I asked. Was I then to be denied the Miserere for which my ears had been attuned?

"I dont think so," said Mrs. Starke. She looked toward Pauline, wistful, somehow remote under the hat with the drooping black veil. I knew that she *hoped* not.

Pauline aroused herself from whatever realm of delicate remoteness she mentally inhabits.

"On the contrary," she said, "things have been wonderful. Perhaps I am so far away most of the time that people think the far-offness is being sad, but, really,

By
GLADYS HALL

it is only plotting and planning and dreaming."

"Haven't you ever been in love?" I persisted. I was determined to come upon a heart-throb, if there was one to be had.

"Oh, I've *thought* I was," Pauline laughed, "many, many times. What girl hasn't. But I suppose I never have been, really, because I have never seen the man who wouldn't seem an intruder with mother and me—and my work."

"How about a collaboration—eventually"

"You mean marriage and work? No. I am probably more sincere than I am any other one thing, and I dont believe sincerity can be halved. I shall have the career first, and give all that I have to give to that and then, I hope, I shall have marriage. I dont want to be only half a woman, and an unmarried, a childless woman is that—unconsummated, undeveloped."

"Are you going to continue to free lance?"

"Until the right opportunity comes along—yes. I believe in letting well-enough alone."

"What will you do immediately upon your return to California? I mean is there a rôle waiting for you there?"

"There is," Pauline Starke assured me. "The Vitagraph Company is producing the James Oliver Curwood story, 'Flower of the North.' David Smith, who directs the majority of the Western special productions, again takes the megaphone.

"Tell me about the very beginning."

"It all came about," said Miss Starke, "because I wore a green sweater."

"And had a sad expression," amended her mother. "That was what Mr. Griffith noticed, Pauline, not the green sweater.

"I have thought I was in love many, many times," laughed Pauline Starke. "But I suppose I never have been, really, because I have never seen the man who wouldn't seem an intruder with mother and me—and my work"

All photographs by White Studios, N. Y.

Pauline smiled. A faint humor. She said: "Are you sure? Men, even artists, are sometimes more susceptible to green sweaters than they are to sad expressions. However, Mr. Griffith did single me out from among some onlookers, ask who I was, and say: 'She is the type I need. She has such a sad face.' He took me on. Pure luck, you see."

"*Or* the sad expression," choired her mother and her interviewer.

"*Or* the green sweater," amended Miss Starke again, politely but firmly.

We let it go at that.

Pauline *would* have the last word. Her dreams are not indefinite ones. In her remoteness there is reason.

The call of the ole swimmin' hole in the early autumn days, when the sun is hot—the cool, limpid waters winding their way between the shaded banks. These are vivid memories of every boy grown into manhood

When the Water's Fine

Johnny Jones, more familiarly known as Edgar, thru his portrayals in the screen versions of the Booth Tarkington stories, is like every other boy his own age where swimming is concerned. The accompanying photographs tell their own story

Turpin Tribulations

By
KENNETH McGAFFEY

LITTLE would one think, seeing this pampered idol of the cinema, this spoiled, luxury-loving Adonis of the Silver Sheet; that he, too, had once known adversity. Seeing him now, reclining on silks and satins, treated with the tenderness and consideration that a mother gives her child, one could never dream that the cruel, cold, relentless hand of Misfortune once had him by the back of the neck. When he sweeps, with majestic strides into the love scenes that have made him famous, and clasps the object of his adoration in his arms, one can imagine that he has lived, but one cannot dream of aught but sweet music and soft words greeting his ear. I refer to that popular idol of the fair sex, that mirror of beauty and poetry of motion, Mr. Benjamin Turpin, who wears graven on his coat-of-arms that famous Latin motto "I am honest, altho I look crooked."

Photograph (below) © by Mack Sennett

Ben Turpin has not always been cross-eyed. It was when he was working with Essanay, about nine years ago, that he used to cross his eyes just for the fun of it, until one morning he woke up, gazed in the mirror and found them definitely and substantially crossed. He says he could have them straightened, but what's the use? His motto is, "I'm honest, altho I look crooked." Above, a portrait, and below, a scene from a Sennett comedy

Now that Ben is a star, and deservedly so, he can look back on his turbulent career with more or less amusement, but, believe me—or believe him—it was not so gosh-hanged funny when it was happening. Old John R. Adversity gave him a number of sharp and severe kicks in the shins before he assembled himself on the Mack Sennett lot and really got his chance. Ben unhesitatingly gives Sennett the credit for finding and developing him. Come to look back on it, Mack has found and developed quite a few of our well-known stars, but there are few, very few, who will admit it in Turpin's emphatic manner.

Turpin was born in New Orleans, some while back, and while he was a kid there, he spent most of his spare time learning acrobatics, from the colored stevedores along the levee he picked up a few dance steps, until it wasn't long before he had pieced

(*Continued on page* 112)

Photograph by Apeda

The Slender Silhouette

By

CORLISS PALMER

THE author of "Eat and Grow Thin" says the saddest sight in the world is that of a fat man eating a potato. I am going to disagree with him because, I think, the saddest sight in the world is that of a pretty girl eating marshmallow sundaes. If a man is fat, he has already lost his greatest physical attraction. If he insists upon eating potatoes, he will just get fatter. If a pretty girl eats marshmallow sundaes and sweets, she is running the risk of losing something that she will mourn all her life, unless she puts forth her will-power to regain it.

Usually the prettiest girls, you know, are softly curved and of medium height. Now as nice as this seems to the girl herself and to all beholders of her beauty, it is not going to be so nice in a very short time, unless that girl has the good sense and forethought to look into the future, determined that she will develop into womanhood with all her girlish attractions, plus the mellow-ripened quality of added years. The very fact that she is of medium height and rounded means an extra hard struggle. It is always that type that gains weight the fastest, and in a short time what were soft curves have turned into bulging curves, which naturally look worse on a woman of average height than on a tall woman who can carry the added weight with dignity, tho suffering the loss of her youthful slender appearance.

The reason I mention sundaes and sweets, especially, is because sugar and cream are two of the most fattening foods there are, and because they form at least fifty per cent of the food eaten by school girls and débutantes.

Eternal vigilance in the diet is the price of liberty from the ogre, obesity.

If you are one of those persons whose food is readily assimilated and quickly turned into fat, you will have to control your appetites and learn the proper diet, and do it now. For it is much easier to keep from gaining flesh than it is to lose it, having once gained it.

But whether you are too heavy and wish to lose weight, or whether you merely wish to keep from

(*Continued on page* 96)

A new photograph of Corliss Palmer, who says, "Eternal vigilance in the diet is the price of liberty from the ogre, Obesity. And, remember, it is much easier to keep from gaining flesh than it is to lose it, once having gained it"

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Above, Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells"; at the left, a scene from "The Old Nest," and below, Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw in "Experience"

IN the first place we argue with the truths held forth in "Experience." This story may have been all right on the stage with clever lines and good dialog, but on the screen it fails to convince us. Too, the plot interest has been sacrificed in favor of the throbbing moral, and, personally, we prefer entertainment sans a sermon. To those who do not agree with us, "Experience" may prove enjoyable.

According to the moral of the tale, success does not come to those who give their time to the pursuit of pleasure. That is why Youth, coming to the city with high hopes and dreams, fails in his quest. He frequents the primrose path, and woe betide anyone who does this. But we couldn't help thinking of the scores and scores of successful business men we know who find surcease from their financial worries and responsibilities, hand in hand with pleasure, habitués of the well-worn path. Perhaps they didn't go in for this sort of thing in the very beginning—that is to say, when they first came to the city. We cant say as to that. We admit that temptation, intoxication, despair and crime are dangerous acquaintances, altho many of the world's greatest preachers declare that one is only strong after they have known temptation and resisted her. This Youth does, but he is doomed to despair nevertheless, with apparently no reward for his victory. As

(*Continued on page* 111)

To the Losers

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

are willing to wager she will not need it, for her head with its high forehead bespeaks brains as well as beauty. She is a brunette, weighs 128 pounds, admits to seventeen years and is 5 feet 4 inches in height.

The girl at the bottom of the page is Nancy Belle, 3424 A Street, Philadelphia, Pa. She has had ten years experience in musical comedy and vaudeville. She is blue eyed and blonde, weighs 124 pounds and is 5 feet 5½ inches in height. Miss Belle in her billowy frock, moves thru the stately measures of the old-fashioned minuet with a most engaging charm. We can just see her doing it.

At the left is Flaurance Coleman, of New York City, N. Y.; at the right, Sophia Doman, of Buffalo, N. Y., and beneath is Nancy Belle, from Philadelphia, Pa.

Photograph by John Howard, Wash.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE presents as its last Honor Roll in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest, three charming and unusual girls.

The one smiling so alluringly from the top of the page is Flaurance Coleman, 440 Riverside Drive, New York City. She is eighteen years old, and a distinct brunette. She weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. An unusual name, an individual coiffure, a back to rival Kitty Gordon's and a perfect nose, are the distinguishing attributes of this young contestant.

The young lady with her ornamental head topping the circle, is Sophia Doman, 15 North Central Street, Buffalo, New York. She has had no picture experience but we

Next month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will announce the lucky winner or winners of the 1921 Contest. The judges are hard at work now eliminating, this hopeful one and that. It has to be so, altho it brings a heartache to many.

Now the reasons why *you* lost the contest are these: Your mouth did not photograph well, your front face was lovely but your profile was bad. Your teeth were defective—a tiny flaw, perhaps, that could only be seen under the searching eye of the camera.

(*Cont'd on page* 86)

Tom and Mrs. Tom

By
CLYDE STUART

EIGHTEEN months ago Tom Gallery had never thought of becoming an actor. Today he bears the promise of becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men. In other words, despite the dirge of the disgruntled, the age of the movie miracle has not passed. There is still a chance for *you!*

It started way back in France when Tom and Herbert Howe, a well-known writer on things *cinematique,* were bunkies together in one of the divisions of the American Overseas Force. They shared each other's possessions, and the possessions of others, as only bunkies can, and when the time came for the return voyage and separation, arrangements were made whereby they might keep in touch with each other. Tom Gallery lived in Chicago; Howe in New York. The latter, after a few weeks, found occasion for going to California—and Hollywood. On the way he stopped off at Chicago, saw Tom, and suggested that he come on with him and try to break into the movies.

Tom Gallery is tall—big, for that matter, in every way. Obviously, he is young. Youth is in his smile and his blue eyes and his easy, confident manner. Right, a new photograph of Mr. Gallery, and below, as he appears in the title rôle of "The Son of Wallingford"

"Tom was looking splendidly," Howe told me one evening, "and I didn't see why, since he hadn't decided on anything else, he shouldn't try pictures. He didn't fall in with the idea right away. I got on as far as Omaha, where I stopped to visit some friends, before he wired me that he was coming. He caught up with me there and we finished the journey together."

The first few weeks for Tom were the same old story that every ambitious newcomer has known. He plodded from one studio to the other, doing extra work, gradually working into bits and small parts. It was while he was being tried out for a rôle that he met Zasu Pitts.

She told me about it on the

(*Continued on page* 102)

On the Camera Coast

Above may be seen Eric von Stroheim, cutting the film of his new production, "Foolish Wives." Eric believes in getting ahead of the censors. At the right is Stuart Holmes enjoying a restful afternoon at his Hollywood home. Stuart's villainies are as popular as ever. And below, John Bowers serenades Molly Malone between scenes of their Goldwyn picture

THE South Seas—where Stevenson, Loti, and Somerset Maugham unearthed romantic treasures—are to sweep over the screen in dramatic tides.

An expedition, which left San Francisco in August, is due to return in October with a film depicting the Marquesan splendors as set forth in "The Moon and Sixpence," "White Shadows in the South Seas" and other works of contemporary vogue.

The story tapestried against Tahitian life is "The Lagoon of Desire," by W. F. Alder. It appears this fall in novel form. Mr. Alder has explored the Far East and has written several novels and short stories. The dramatic possibilities of his "Lagoon of Desire" gave inception to the Far East Productions Company, organized to produce pictures in the Orient.

The players who went to the South Seas to do the picture are: Ruth Reneck, Edward Hearn, Walt Whitman and Fred Stanton. The producers, S. M. Unander and W. F. Alder, declare they have a "find" in a native girl of rare beauty who enacts a leading rôle. I wonder if it can be Vanquished-Often, who is such an alluring figure of the isles, as described by O'Brien. According to her photographs, she would never pass the censors. Let us hope that they really are wearing them longer in Tahiti and that they gave her plenty of hay. Otherwise, the island princess will be Vanquished - Again—by order of the censors.

SHAW WARNS LOS ANGELES

Altho Hezi Tate, assistant for the magnificent De Mille, addresses me as Mr. Lubitsch, because of my love for "Passion" and Pola Negri, I still eat dachshunds, caress wienerwursts and praise German pictures in public.

Great is the groaning of the film *flaneurs* under the autocracy of censorship, yet these poor oppressed used the censorcratic methods when they stirred up an agitation that barred German pictures from Los Angeles. Thus one city of our great democracy is deprived of seeing four pictures which Frederick James Smith pronounces among the triumphant ten of 1921. They are "Deception," "The Golem," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Gypsy Blood."

The film folk might learn from their enemies, the Germans, how to make novel pictures that are yet decent enough to pass their enemies, the censors.

Bernard Shaw addresses us succinctly on this subject. He says:

"The American audience must be deathly sick of seeing nothing but cowboys, American sob stuff, close-up, make-up and all the rest of it.

"They want French films, Italian films, English films and Scandanavian films for variety. If they do not get them, the American

By
HERBERT HOWE

films will drive the American public out of American theaters and the glory of Los Angeles will pass out as that of Babylon passed. I think tariff is a reduction absurdum which will soon cure itself."

Let the Babylonians take heed.

WELCOME, MRS. WALLY

Mrs. Wallace Reid, my favorite of the stellar wives, is coming back to the screen—she who was Dorothy Davenport, Universal star and discoverer of Wally. Her first appearance will be with Lester Cuneo in a Western feature, "Behind the Mask." Lester used to be a regular guest this summer at the Reid's swimming parties in the pool on their estate—"Tank Teas," Mrs. Reid called them. Now anyone who has been to Mrs. Wally's parties knows that she has screen requisites. Even Mr. Sennett would agree that her place is not the home. Let it be said that Lester is not one of the "heavies" who lure ladies from their hearthstones for the wicked studio life. Wally has challenged him to nothing more serious than a swimming bout.

HE SHOULD HAVE SHAVED

A young man applied to a producer for a certain part in a production.

"Just the type!" exclaimed the producer. "How much do you want?"

"Two hundred a week."

"No, I can see now you are not the type," said the producer. "You should have a beard."

The young man went away and grew a beard. In a month he reappeared.

"How much is the salary?" asked the producer.

"Two hundred a week," repeated the applicant, "is my beard all right?"

The producer cogitated a moment.

"No," he exclaimed triumphantly. "The wrong color!"

Will Rogers, as may be seen above, does not enjoy being well groomed. The durn tie jest dont git to hanging straight. At the left, Marie Prevost adopts the methods of the Stone Age, along with the costume, and threatens her director, while beneath, Tom Moore gives a vivid impersonation of a foppish Englishman

GLORIA A RENO RESIDENT?

We are informed by a reliable runner from Reno that Gloria Swanson has leased a residence in that popular Hollywood surburb and plans to transact business there that will cut down her overhead considerably. Once Mrs. Wallace Beery and at present writing Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, Gloria may soon be free again to wed her art. Mr. Somborn also is enamored of art. He has promoted a company to star Juanita Hansen in serials.

A QUERY FROM MR. CHAPLIN

When the girl played by Gloria Swanson in "The Great Moment" tells her father that a snake bit her, and that a gentleman

(*Continued on page* 102)

Greenroom Jottings

Last season **Wesley Barry** created the title rôle of "**Penrod**" on the Los Angeles stage, and in his heart there burned a great desire to bring Penrod to the screen. So it was with reluctance that he left the cast for a rôle in "The Lotus Eaters," which was filmed in the East. However, his desire is now to be gratified, for Marshall Neilan is producing the famous Booth Tarkington story for the screen, and Wesley will characterize Penrod.

The New York premiére of "**The Three Musketeers,**" the new **Douglas Fairbanks** production, was a gala affair. The notables of filmdom were there, while Mary and Douglas Fairbanks occupied a box. Needless to say, the box received quite as much attention as the screen, despite the fact that an interesting story was being shadowed in an artistic manner.

Since the death in Naples, Italy, of **Enrico Caruso,** the public has demanded the reissuance of the Paramount production, "**My Cousin,**" in which he was starred. In this story Caruso played a dual rôle, a famous opera singer and a poor struggling sculptor. The big scene was filmed in the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House and shows Caruso on the stage singing his favorite rôle in "Pagliacci."

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Conrad Nagel has many interests—but none greater than that interest with which he is photographed above, namely, Ruth Margaret Nagel

Lulu Bett is coming to the movies. Perhaps you met Lulu between the covers of Zona Gale's widely read novel or perhaps you saw Carol McComas portray her behind the footlights last season. If so, you will agree that "**Miss Lulu Bett**" deserves a place in the screen library. William de Mille will supervise Lulu's activities while **Mildred Harris** will be responsible for her portrayal.

Estelle Taylor who has been playing consistently in the productions filmed in the Fox Eastern studios recently left for California where she will continue her work before Fox cameras. The name of her first picture to be made under Hollywood skies has not yet been announced.

Alice Calhoun, the young Vitagraph star, has been working steadily lately with little or no vacation between productions. Perhaps that is why the Powers That Be have given her a holiday. It comes at an opportune time, too—just when Alice's big brother, together with his wife and three-year-old son, arrive from Cleveland for a visit.

Gloria Swanson is enjoying a vacation in New York, with excursions to Atlantic City and other nearby resorts. Needless to say, she is in great demand. She was entertained by the Masons at their special table in one of New York's leading restaurants and many nearby diners found themselves wondering why they had never joined the order.

Speaking of the titles of pictures—and the lack of them the Famous Players-Lasky production of "**Peter Ibbetson,**" with **Elsie Ferguson** and **Wallace Reid** will be released under the title of "**Forever.**" And even tho we do not believe in the mad changing of titles in which the producers ceaselessly engage, we admit that "Forever" is appropos of the story, which is more than can usually be said.

Pola Negri who won the plaudits of the public thru her impersonations of Du Barry in "Passion" and Carmencita in "Gypsy Blood" will soon be seen in another imported offering, namely "**One Arabian Night.**" Those who have seen advance showings of this production declare it compares favorably with its predecessors.

Madge Kennedy who has now been absent from the screen for almost a year recently returned from a vacation abroad. Madge's departure was unheralded—she slipped quietly away. The next season will find her on the road with her stage play "**Cornered**" in which she pleased Broadway last season. Yes—it is whispered that she will return to the screen but there are no definite plans yet.

Cutting the cuticle makes it coarse and unsightly

Olive Tell- one of the loveliest of the famous Selznick stars—using Cutex. As a professional woman, Miss Tell knows the value of getting results with the least time and effort. To the millions who follow her work on the screen her fastidious taste and well-groomed appearance are a constant delight.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The more you cut the cuticle the uglier it grows

The right way to manicure

First, the Cuticle Remover. *Dip an orange stick, wrapped in cotton, into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work carefully around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off, leaving a smooth shapely rim.*

Then the Nail White. *The Cutex Nail White will remove the stains that will persist and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails, directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.*

Finally the Polish. *A delightful, jewel-like shine of just the right brightness is obtained by using first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of Cutex Liquid Polish.*

WHEN you cut off the hard, dry edges about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through, in places, to the living skin.

You know what always happens to a cut—over the wound there forms a tough little ridge. If cuting is continued, the cuticle will soon be composed entirely of this coarse, unsightly tissue. Surplus cuticle *has* to be removed; this can be done easily, quickly and harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle. It does look like magic to see the hard, dry cuticle disappearing as dirt melts before soap and water. It is a delight, also, to find that you can give your nails that professional grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and any of the Cutex Polishes. Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c or in sets—the Compact Set—60c; the Traveling Set—$1.50; and the Boudoir Set—$3.00; at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory set—now only 15c

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Fill out coupon and mail it with 15 cents to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, *if you live in Canada, to Dept. 811, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

The marvelous new Cutex Liquid Polish

Northam Warren
Dept. 811, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Mail this coupon with 15c today.

Greenroom Jottings

Mrs. Wallace Reid is not content to let Wally corner all the family honors. Therefore she has consented to appear as leading lady with **Lester Cuneo** in his forthcoming production "**Behind the Mask.**" Mrs. Reid will henceforth use her husband's name instead of **Dorothy Davenport** as she was known before she retired from the screen several years ago in favor of domesticity.

Theda Bara is going on tour—not in her stage play of last season, but in connection with a two-reel motion picture which is being made especially for this purpose and which will be displayed at cinema houses. The story of this picture is taken from two remarkable novels which Miss Bara purchased on her recent trip abroad.

"**A Prince There Was,**" an adaptation of the George M. Cohan stage play, is in progress at the Lasky studios. **Tom Forman** is directing and **Thomas Meighan** is starring.

Trips to distant climes are in order between productions. **Hugo** and **Mabel Ballin** are the latest to return from a foreign shore. Immediately upon the completion of "**Jane Eyre,**" Mr. and Mrs. Ballin vacationed at the Bermudas.

Notice the smile of Dick Barthelmess. It is occasioned by the fact that he is actually at work on his first starring production, namely, "Tol'able David." This photograph was taken in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, where many scenes are being filmed. With Mr. Barthelmess are Joseph Hergesheimer, author of the story, and Henry King, the director

Louise Fazenda is again in New York. This trip is not for pleasure, however; rather it is for the purpose of playing with **Raymond Hitchcock** in the five-reel adaptation of the musical comedy "**The Beauty Shop.**"

Barbara Bedford, it is announced, is the latest Fox star. Miss Bedford, who has shown great promise in recent characterizations, will immediately begin work upon her first Fox production.

For a time it was thought that **Elinor Glyn** would have her own company for the purpose of producing her stories on the screen. A few days ago Mrs. Glyn announced that she had abandoned the plans, temporarily at least. It is likely that she will soon return to England to visit her mother. At any rate, her story, "**Six Days,**" is not to be filmed yet.

When **Charlie Chaplin** announced that his next production would be "**Vanity Fair,**" he received scores of letters imploring him not to do Thackeray, when he is such a wonderful comedian. The picture is now ready for release under the title of "**The Idle Class,**" and Mr. Chaplin wishes it known that it has nothing to do with the classic or the popular magazine of the same name.

Everyone who has read the Hull novel, "**The Sheik,**" has wondered how the screen version would affect the censors. Along this line, it is interesting to hear what **George Melford,** the director of this production which features **Rudolph Valentino** and **Agnes Ayres,** has to say on the subject:

"We have handled the frank scenes in 'The Sheik' so delicately," explained the director, "that I think the censors will be the only disappointed reviewers."

Selah!

Will Rogers is about to complete the third of his series of two-reel features with **Irene Rich** heroining and **Clarence G. Badger** directing. The title of the first production is "**Faith.**"

The **James Oliver Curwood** story, "**Flower of the North,**" is being photographed at the Western Vitagraph studios. David Smith is directing this new special production, while **Henry B. Walthall** and **Pauline Starke** are entrusted with the leading rôles.

Monte Blue came East to play with Mae Murray in her first independent picture, "**Peacock Alley.**" He intended to return to the Coast immediately upon its completion but D. W. Griffith changed his plans. Monte is

(*Continued on page* 108)

Why You Must Have Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

COPYRIGHT, 1920.
THE R. L. W. CO.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides, and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly, all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter

AMBITIOUS AUSTIN.—You want Earle Williams again. Very well, we'll page him. No, to your second. You want some "scholarly advice." Well, how'll this do? Be frank with the world. Frankness is the field of honesty and courage. Say on every occasion just what you mean to do; and let your intention be to do what is right, whether the world is mad or pleased. Never do a wrong thing, either to make a friend or keep one. Never buy friendship or abuse it. Deal kindly but firmly with all. Hate hypocrisy. Do not be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If you have a complaint against any one, tell him, and not others of it.

DODO.—No fault to find, whatever. Marie Osborne is now in California. Yes, there are several pictures of John Barrymore that have been produced. I hardly think that is true of Wallace Reid. You know you cant believe all you hear, and can only believe half you see. I am quite sure Wallace Reid will answer your letter. You can get "Who's Who on the Screen" direct from us. I'm very much interested in you. Write me again.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Are you running opposition to Mary Pickford? Always glad to hear from Australia. I hardly think Wallace Reid has been there. He was born in St. Louis, Mo. The Lee children are playing in vaudeville just now. Have mailed you the pictures.

E. L. N.—Cant say that I agree with you. I prefer feasting to fasting. Mary Miles Minter, Realart, Los Angeles, Cal.; Conway Tearle, Selznick, Fort Lee, N. J.; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, E. 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LULU HOYE.—You cant quarrel with me, milady. It takes two indiscreet individuals to make a quarrel and I shall not be one of them. Yes, Blanche Sweet has been ill, and she is not married. Priscilla Dean married to Wheeler Oakman—no children. House Peters married to Mae King. Dorothy Davenport is back in pictures. You're welcome. Come again.

LLOYD S. K., ASHLAND, O.—That was some verse of yours. Never heard of the comedies you speak of. Pearl White has been divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Ruth Roland is working on "The White Eagle."

LIAR.—Who? Well, they may omit me from the index, but I refuse to be squelched. I'm sorry, but I dont know of a company who is looking for scenarios. All of them are, but many are called and few are chosen. You sure have a good line of ideas. Wish I could help you.

C. C. S., DENVER.—You want to know if the interviewers really tell the truth about the players, especially Mary Miles Minter. Yes, they do. So you are very much in love with her. I'm sure she would be delighted to hear that story. Herbert Rawlinson played in "The Black Box." You say if that fee isn't enough you will send along enough hair-tonic, whisker-dye or hootch to make it quite right. It's 'nough. Hope you write me again.

RUTH, KANSAS.—You women are all the time trying to get what you call liberty and independence, but it is a fact that the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. Jane Novak is in California. Jack Mulhall opposite Viola Dana in "The Fourteenth Lover."

DIZZY DILL.—We never know what we will do until we get a good chance. You want to know my real name. My child, dont you know it's much against the rules. Some call me Rip Van Winkle, others St. Nicholas, and so on. Yes, I do live in a hallroom. I really dont live, but I manage to exist. Sure, I like Agnes Ayres. I'm anxious to see her in "The Sheik." Be patient, *omnia vincit amor*.

Hector Cargill, 24 Buick Street, Petone, Wellington, New Zealand, would like to hear from American readers.

TWO-LIP TOWN.—They were divorced. People take great pains to catch each other, but very little pains to hold on to them. Yes, Dorothy Gish wore a wig. The cast of Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley" will include Monte Blue and Edmund Lowe.

THELMA D. OAKLAND.—I am not your friend unless I am willing to share in your misfortune. I wish I could help you. So you dont like to hear about the personal affairs of the players. Yes, it is true that Hope Hampton has had an offer to appear on the stage in a play for Daniel Frohman called "The Bride." Should she accept she will also have the film rights to this play.

STAR GAZER.—Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Mine registers about 50 in the shade. Yes, Noah Beery is quite a villain. No, we have our own cover artists.

GINGER.—Oh, everybody should have a hobby. But you want to stable it and do not give it too much freedom; or instead of your riding it, it will ride you. So you are fond of Florence Reed. She was born in Philadelphia in 1883.

DUINO W.—Come now, dont be so severe on me. As my friend Shakespeare says, "It it excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." No, I dont know how you can get in pictures. Jane Novak is playing in "The Rosary." Jerome Storm is directing it. Thanks for yours.

EARNEST ERNEST.—I guess that was really Corliss Palmer you saw in the Pullman at Atlanta, because she passed thru that village on her way home to Macon on August 3rd. You have sharp eyes. And she refused to throw you a kiss. Now wasn't that mean of her? She is back here now and as busy as a bee.

ETHEL G.—You say I should take good care of myself so nothing will happen to me. I dont think anything will happen unless it be enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery. Shoo fly, dont flatter me. I dont happen to remember whether Charles Ray ever played in a picture with Bill Hart. Edna Purviance is a blonde. She has been loaned by Charlie Chaplin to appear in "Grand Larceny" for Goldwyn. But she's going back to Charlie.

ETC., ETC.—Who was Hamlet? What, you go to Sunday School and dont know that? So you want a lot of news about Louise Lovely. I'll tell the editors. Gaston Glass is playing with Mary Miles Minter. Thanks for

For Halitosis use Listerine

If your friends were entirely frank with you

THERE are some subjects that your most intimate friends habitually dodge in conversation. Even wives and husbands often back away from them.

Halitosis is one of these.

What is it? Why, halitosis is the medical term meaning offensive breath. And nine people out of ten suffer from this trouble either chronically or from time to time.

One of the most trying things about halitosis is this: the victim of it is usually not aware himself of the fact that his breath is not agreeable to those about him.

Halitosis may come from a disordered stomach, from bad teeth, catarrh, too much smoking, eating or drinking. It may be temporary: it may be lasting. When it is chronic it's a case for your physician to look after. Let him get at the seat of the trouble.

For temporary relief, however, and for that comfortable assurance that your breath *is* sweet and clean, there is one simple, ready precaution you may yourself observe.

Listerine—used as a mouth wash.

Thousands of people now know this delightful toilet aid for its wonderfully effective properties as a breath deodorant. They use it systematically as a mouth wash and gargle because it relieves them of that uncomfortable suspicion that their breath may not be just right.

By doing so, of course, they are at the same time observing a sensible method of preserving mouth hygiene, guarding against sore throat and the more serious germ diseases that find entrance to the system through the mouth—all of which the antiseptic properties of Listerine combat.

If you are at all sensitive about your breath, you will welcome Listerine. It is the most agreeable and effective way to counteract halitosis.

To those who are not familiar with this use of Listerine we shall be glad to forward a generous sample if you will fill out and mail to us the coupon below.

Once you have tried Listerine and enjoyed the fresh, clean feeling it leaves about your mouth, throat and teeth, you will never be without it—at home or in your traveling bag.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., 2119 LOCUST ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Please send me a sample of Listerine as you suggest in this advertisement.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

The Answer Man

your valuable hints on how to economize. What we all want, however, is some hints on how to live without economizing.

MILDRED.—You might have enclosed the stamp, but you must stick it on the envelope and address it to yourself. I'm a busy man, you know, and I haven't enough licking stuff to go round. Yes, Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree. Dont forget to send that parcel. I'll be looking for it.

MIRIAM E.—Yes, I am strictly temperate. I have to be. This is the temperance age when we must keep up our spirits by obeying the law that prevents us from putting them down. Mother of saints—What a question! You want to know if it is safe for a virtuous girl to join the movies. Why not? Some virtuous girls are safe anywhere, and some are safe nowhere. Your other question was forbidden fruit—kindly keep off the grass.

B. V. D., PITTSBURG.—Do they wear them there, too? We have had pictures of Rudolph Valentino in the April, 1921, MAGAZINE and March, 1921, CLASSIC.

STAR GAZER.—You in again? Oh course, I like my fans. I couldn't live without them. Dont forget that it's awfully easy to be critical and awfully hard to be correct. James Kirkwood, Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in "The Sin Flood" for Goldwyn. Yes, Gareth Hughes and May Collins have the leads in "Little Eva Ascends."

JUST ME.—You are fastidious in your tastes. Viola Dana is 23. You want to know what she uses on her eyelashes. So you want to get stout, and dont know what to do. Eat a lot of carbo-hydrates such as sugar, potatoes, white bread, cream, candy, nuts, and oils. As a rule, most people are trying to get thin. Me f'instance.

GERRY.—It so happens that I have the information you want. The word *Booty* comes from the Gothic *botyan,* to profit. Hence booty is something that the soldier derives profit from. We have a "bootless errand," "what boots it?" and "so much to boot." All of which are from the same root. In Canada, "booty" means a man's personal luggage on a journey.

GREEN EYES.—Thanks for the picture. You know I save them all. Well, I say, to do a mean thing is bad, but to keep on doing it is wicked! It is easier to quench a spark than a fire, so stop now! Alice Terry is starring in "Turn to the Right," the famous stage play, directed by Rex Ingram.

VELMA I. B. O.—Good night! You send me twelve long letters and expect me to rush answers thru to you. Have a heart. Pity the feeble and thirsty. Better send a stamped addressed envelope if you want that many answered.

JOSEPHINE T.—Happiness is simply unrepented pleasure. If you have what you want, you have as much as the most. *Compos mentis* is Latin, meaning of sound mind. *Non compos mentis* is not of sound mind. Mary Astor, who was discovered by our Fame and Fortune Contest in 1920, and Huntley Gordon have signed to do a series of two-reel dramas of life in the Maine woods to be released thru Pathé. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen. I enjoyed every word of yours.

WAITING.—No, "Deception" was produced in Germany. Emil Jannings was Henry the VIII.

KATHERINE M. MADISON.—No, child, I am not a genius. When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him. Yes, Mildred Harris has been operated upon for appendicitis. Mary Thurman with William Russell for Fox. Write me again.

B.—Well, I read every line of your interesting letter criticizing the last issue. It was very helpful. Thanks for what you say about me. Just learned that Irene Castle's "Broadway Bride" has been changed to "French Heels." But remember, in love, old wood burns better than green.

NO-ZEE.—What a beautiful penman. You sure do wield a wicked pen. Let me see some more of it.

HOWARD C.—How can I ever thank you for writing me that wonderful letter. It must have taken you hours to compose it. Monte Blue and Mary Miles Minter in "The Cumberland Romance." Dan Mason is the "skipper" in "Toonerville Trolley." Let me hear from you some more.

EDITH M.—Heigho! One-tenth of the Jewish population of the world is contained in New York City. You can see for yourself when you come to New York. Mary Hay is about 4 feet 10 inches. She was born in Oklahoma. Your letter was very fine and your verses very clever. Keep at it and some day you will have them printed and become famous.

RUTH P. IDAHO.—You are in hard luck. As Helen Rowland says, "The worst thing that can happen to a woman: at 10 to be without a playmate; at 20, to be without a lover; at 30, to be without a husband; at 40, to be without henna, and at 50, to be without philosophy." Anita Stewart has finished "Her Mad Bargain" and "A Question of Honor." Yes, Edward Earle has been in pictures for some years.

BESSIE P.—To be happy, one must ask neither the how nor the why of life. William Scott and Eileen Percy in "Maid of the West." No, Agnes Ayres isn't married now. Buck Jones is married, but he is living with his mother.

STAR GAZER.—You here again. This is three times you're up, three strikes is out. You are referring to Wallace Beery. Thomas Chatterton was directing last time I heard from him. Shoot again.

I'LL GET 'EM YET.—Keep after 'em and you will. If you work only when you have to, you will always have to work. Shirley Mason in "Ever Since Eve" for Fox. Constance Binney, Realart, Los Angeles, Cal. Sorry I haven't Harrison Ford's home address.

WORRIED.—What's the use? You want a picture of Carol Dempster. Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mabel Normand is playing in "Molly-O" her first picture under her new Sennett contract. Jack Mulhall, Lowell Sherman and Jacqueline Logan are playing in it.

LOREN E. J.—You mustn't mind that, a woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat. Most of the players you mention are not playing any more. Rubye de Remer has finished work on "Pilgrims of the Night."

FARNUM FREDERICK FAN.—I'll say we ought to die when we are no longer loved, so I want you all to love me. I will do all I can. George Nichols and Jack Curtis in "The Coming of the Law." Bernard Randall was Eddie, and Jack Donahue was Cassidy in "Within the Law." Yes, Marion Davies was in California this summer.

EVELYN S.—So you wouldn't want my job. I wouldn't want you to have it. I want it myself. Mary McAlister is about 12 years. Lester Cuneo and Francelia Billington in "Blue Blazes."

FLORENZ.—No trouble at all. Write Dorothy Gish, Griffith studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Eugene O'Brien in "Clay Dollars." William Faversham is playing in "Justice" for Selznick.

JOSE O.—No, they are not married. Here you are—Matt Moore, Harry Morey, Faire Binney, Roland Bottomly, Kathlyn Williams, and Grace Valentine in "A Man's Home." Any man ought to be willing to make a home with these beauties.

C. A. L., JERSEY SHORE, PA.—Glad to hear from you. Carlyle Blackwell is on the stage and that is why you dont hear of, or see him. Wallace Reid is with Lasky, Hollywood, Cal. Conway Tearle, Selznick, Fort Lee, N. J. You neglected the stamped addressed envelope, and that is a very important matter. Texas Guinan has finished eight Western pictures. It is rumored she will return to musical comedy.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—So you think I am a young girl—thanks. No, but a person with brown eyes screens better than one with blue eyes, as a general rule. Constance Talmadge in "The Good for Nothing." Louise Huff is playing in "Disraeli."

MYLREA.—Thanks, but the word "tip" originated from the former customs of placing a box in restaurants marked "To insure promptness." I would like to see all tips abolished. Let employers pay a fair salary and not make their employees subjects of charity.

(*Continued on page* 101)

We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet ELIZABETH THATCHER *never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story-telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?*

ELIZABETH THATCHER is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see, there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays"

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. There is a critical shortage of photoplays. Producers pay from $500 to $2,000 for stories.

Not for "born writers" but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE
Thos. H. Ince Studios

CECIL B. DE MILLE
Director General *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

LOIS WEBER
Lois Weber Productions, Inc.

JESSE L. LASKY
Vice-President *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
Author and Producer

FRANK E. WOODS
Chief Supervising Director *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*

JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor and Publisher *Photoplay Magazine*

ALLAN DWAN
Allan Dwan Productions

ROB WAGNER
Author and Screen Authority

With the questionnaire we will send you a **free** sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P-11
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PALMER PLAN OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

PLEASE SEND ME, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 33 Aurora, Illinois

Play the Hawaiian Guitar
Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Our complete course of 52 lessons includes **FREE** a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar, and 52 pieces of music. Special arrangements for lessons if you have your own guitar.

This makes a splendid Christmas gift.

Send Coupon NOW
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... County.....State.....

Please write name and address clearly. M.P.M.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

The stars have a champion in this reader, who feels they deserve more than adverse criticism for their effort to please. And there is recognition of the extra, too.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have enjoyed very much reading the letters from "film fans" and I often feel like smiling at the way in which they criticize the players.

My! Dont the stars get enough criticism among themselves without the public's venturing forth to find one of the players who try so hard to please us in every way, and then going into detail over every minor fault. None of us are perfect and the film folks are just as human as we are.

It is certainly no enjoyment for them to toil unceasingly day after day for us and then to be criticized. What is the matter?

I think as much of the dear little extras as I do of the stars. God bless them!

We often see the faults in others which we cannot see in ourselves. Or if we do see them, we are too vain to acknowledge them.

The actors and actresses strive to do the impossible. They strive to please everybody. Do we? I know that we do not. We think of ourselves only.

I would be glad to hear from fans.

Wishing the MAGAZINE more of the success which it daily receives, I remain,

Sincerely,
LORRAINE NAAMAN,
211 Des Moines Ave., Salina, Kansas.

Perhaps no topic introduced in the MAGAZINE has won more attention than that of happy endings. Ever since the editorial published many months ago, "And They Lived Happily Forever After," a deluge of letters has come to us. Here's another plea for the happy ending.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I voice my opinion regarding the endings of pictures? I have just read in the August issue several letters regarding this important subject. I wonder how many people leave a theater feeling fine and happy after seeing a picture that has a sad ending? Most people, I believe, go to the movies to be amused, forget their own troubles and at least for the time being are happy. That is, if the pictures are strong enough to make the spectators forget themselves.

Personally, when I see a picture that has a sad or tragic ending, I leave the theater wishing I had not seen it, and usually feeling in a depressed mood.

I feel that in reality there is so much sordidness in life, that even tho the film plays are filled with dream happiness, if they have the desired effect of making the millions of people who see them feel happier and better for having seen them, why desire pictures with sad endings when they undoubtedly have exactly the opposite effect. I believe the majority of people would rather see the picture end happily.

In another letter in the same issue, a writer says, "Mary Pickford has had her day." I most emphatically do not agree with him. I think she will continue to be "America's Sweetheart" and stay at the top of the list as long as she remains in the films. She has outlived any other star in the affections of the movie-going public and I doubt if there will ever be another like her.

A great many of the new players are splendid and I wish them every success.

I think your new Ideal Cast Contest is great and am watching the results very closely.

Wishing the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and other Brewster publications every success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA MOVIE FAN,
Norfolk, Va.

In defense of many things, but mainly versus Pola Negri—— This letter is very interesting.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your very good book, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for some time and have always liked it very much.

For the last few months I have noticed your praise of Pola Negri in "Passion," and I waited impatiently for its exhibition here. At last it came and I sallied forth to see this play, played by an actress who wasn't afraid and had more than a pretty face to recommend her. I went. I saw. I was disgusted, disillusioned.

You sang the praise of Pola Negri and of "Passion" until I thought at last I should see a vivid, truthful story with a really good actress, one who could act.

After seeing "Passion," I came to the conclusion that Pola Negri is absolutely the worst actress I have ever had the misfortune to see. When she was born the Gods must have been very angry, or asleep, as they certainly didn't endow her with any charms. She is decidingly ugly and if she has expression I fail to see it. She acts just about as well as a three months old babe. If one really can act, the looks do not matter but if one is not attractive and cant act—!!

In my opinion, the whole of "Passion" was forced action and dull as could be—not that I think it too bold. Not after seeing "Salome." But it simply reminded me of an old Edison play revised with the beginner of old.

One critic even went so far as to say that America hasn't one actress to compare with Pola Negri, indeed we haven't, unless it be Polly Moran. This same critic said we had a number of young, so-called actresses with starry eyes and curls who didn't know the first lesson in acting. Has this critic seen Betty Compson in "Prisoners of Love"? It was broad, perhaps not quite commendable, but Miss Compson made her so human that you felt sorry for her and wished her fate might be different. The story was not very good but Miss Compson made it at least interesting and lovable. Not so of Pola Negri. You felt that she deserved her fate and that she ought to have been shot in the first reel. She didn't appeal to you at all. So much for the charms of Pola Negri.

I think we have some very beautiful young actresses who can win one's emotions as they please. Among these are Mary Pickford. Who can resist her? It is my belief that she can act in any kind of play and make a success of it. And Norma Talmadge. I wonder what she would do with "Passion." I sincerely be-

lieve she could make the little milliner live, and everyone would sing her praise far and near. And Lillian Gish. She could make us really love that naughty little heroine. And what is more—feel sorry for her.

All three of these are very beautiful women and they certainly can act. I am not against foreign-made pictures, but do let us have good ones and please dont give us any more that remind one of nothing so much as the early efforts of the American producers.

Then again "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" won my attention and I went to see it. There were about twelve people in the theater when I arrived and it was the second showing on the third day. And when I came out, there were about five of my companions left in torture—still watching the doings of the Doctor. The picture but let us draw a curtain over the details.

With the best wishes for a prosperous future for your most wonderful magazine, I remain,

Yours truly,
MISS IDA WALLACE,
1 Lenox St., Charleston, S. C.

Undoubtedly the state of mind has much to do with the impression created by the motion picture in every instance. And at this time, when censorship threatens to entirely ignore this truth, the following letter holds much interest:

DEAR EDITOR:—I am one of the many readers of your magazine and consider it the most interesting on the market today.

Naturally, like a number of other readers, I wish to voice my sentiments on the movies. Every now and then, one will come across articles in the various magazines on "Better and Cleaner Motion Pictures." Such articles, it seems to me, are a waste of brain energy. I happen to be one who sees a movie almost every night and I cant remember ever having seen anything suggestive or vulgar. Do not the censorship people criticize all pictures before they are shown publicly?

I would really like to know what is meant by Better Pictures. For the last three or four years, producers and directors have given the people some wonderful productions. Consider "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "For Better, For Worse," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Miracle Man," "The Right to Happiness," "Midsummer Madness," "Humoresque" and numerous others. What do they mean "Better Pictures"?

Perhaps there are people who think it's terrible to see a girl in a one-piece bathing suit, or a bevy of chorus girls dancing with bare shoulders, or a man in his pajamas, and such things. Well, there are many girls on the shores the world over, displaying the contour of their figures and it is simply regarded as an ordinary sight. With reference to the chorus girl, do they expect a movie director in portraying a musical show or cabaret for the screen to have his chorus girls dance about in dresses to the ankles, long sleeves and necks covered up to the ears and chin? Is that portraying real life? Is it a natural thing for a man to don his nightclothes on retiring? Why then are these things out of place?

My only solution for this is that the minds of all those who attend the movies are of different character.

With best of luck to your wonderful magazine, I remain,

An ardent reader,
CARL L. KRAUS,
722 West Diamond Ave., Hazleton, Pa.

All Races

are learning a new way to clean teeth

This new way to clean teeth is spreading all the world over. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To millions of people it is daily bringing whiter, safer teeth.

Everyone should make this ten-day test. See and feel the benefits it brings. Compare the new way with the old.

To fight film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It dims the luster, spoils the beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much stay intact

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact. So teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Very few people escape.

Dental science has long sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. High authorities advise them. Many careful tests have proved them.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this modern tooth paste, nearly all the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

This pleasant ten-day test

We supply a pleasant ten-day test to everyone who asks. That test is most convincing. The results are a revelation.

Each use fights film in two effective ways. It also brings three other effects which authorities deem essential.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use immensely aids the natural forces designed to protect the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch the five effects. Repeat them for ten days. Then let the clear results show you what this method means, both to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 684

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 120, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

ARE YOU A REAL SALESM
If you can answer in the affirmative, there is a
for you in our organization We are the largest m
facturers of Loose Leaf Devices and Accounting Syste
in the East Therefore, we have the best proposition to
offer We want men with red blood—men big enough to
develop into state representatives and eventually handle
zones A knowledge of accounting would help, but is not
essential Can you measure up to these requirements?
If so, write immediately with full details to "SALES
MANAGER."
SALESMEN WANTED
We want men—salesmen (preferably those with road ex-
perience although this is not absolutely essential) The
increased demand for our product has exceeded our expecta-
tions and we are in position to use a number of real live
salesmen The field for our product covers almost every
line of industry—store, factory, garage railroad, etc. It
is favorably known everywhere, having been widely adver-
tised and successfully sold since 1885 While we prefer
men who have made a success in sales work, we have
found that clerks and men of other lines have made re-
markable records for themselves No technical knowledge
required This is your opportunity to secure a good ter-
ry, backed by the heartiest co-operation of a House of
r, and practically start in business for yourself
equipped. The financial results are commensu
effort put forth Address

You Can Make More Money As a Salesman!

EXECUTIVES are willing to pay almost any price these days for good salesmen. Hundreds are earning $5,000 to $15,000 a year. Many star salesmen make more than the President of the United States!

"The demand for efficient salesmen is greater than the supply," says one prominent sales manager. "There isn't a single house in the United States which has all the first-class salesmen it wants and needs."

In every office there are several star-salesmen-in-the-making—men like you who know every inside detail of the business, and who, with just a little special training, could make big money selling goods.

All you need to get out of the rut of office drudgery is the same practical I. C. S. course in Salesmanship that has brought success to so many other men situated just like yourself. You can learn easily at home in your spare time without losing a day or a dollar from your present work.

FREE BOOK ON REQUEST

Write for the 84-page I. C. S. book on SALESMANSHIP. It describes the course in detail and gives the life-stories of scores of successful I. C. S. students.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6628, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your book describing the subject I have checked below:

- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ COMMERCIAL LAW
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ BUSINESS CORRESPONDENT
- ☐ PRIVATE SECRETARY
- ☐ CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANT
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Clears Away Blotches

and

Promotes Skin Health

Keep a jar on hand

Sunlight on Black Lacquer

(*Continued from page* 29)

Bebe was always very apt at learning rôles. She can relate many interesting experiences when, as a child, she was called on at the last second to learn umpty-steen lines and take some failure's place.

When she entered pictures, via comedy, she did so deliberately as a step to drama.

When she was first appearing in Harold Lloyd comedies, she met Cecil de Mille.

"Come see me when your contract runs out," he said.

Bebe never forgot, but she thought Mr. de Mille would have entirely forgotten her.

When her contract with Harold Lloyd Comedies expired, she sent her newest photographs to Cecil de Mille. He wrote, asking her to call at once, and when she did, he offered her a contract, "without even having a test taken," she marveled.

Hal Roach, of the Rolin Comedies, offered her double the De Mille sum to return, but Bebe preferred the smaller salary and a chance for straight dramatics.

"I was afraid Mr. de Mille would find I did everything wrong, and would make me change my way of doing everything—but he only made me stop frizzing my hair," recounts Bebe.

And then, one day, when she had been at Lasky's almost a year, Cecil de Mille called Bebe into his private office.

"I was frightened silly," is the way she tells about it. "I thought he was going to can me. But he said, 'Bebe, how would you like to be a star?'"

And then and there the old contract was torn up and a new one, with the alluring figures of an increase in salary and stardom, were added.

"I should have liked the experience of doing at least another picture with Mr. de Mille," said Bebe. "I dont know whether I was quite ready for stardom or not—but I do hope I'll make good."

But Bebe is by no means always serious-minded. She has a jazzy sense of humor.

She dislikes only one rôle that she has played. That was in "Sick-a-Bed," with Wallace Reid. She just hated the nurse's costume she had to wear, and just couldn't get into the spirit of the thing.

She was made to be—dressed up.

Long, clinging trains, the shimmer of pearls and the softness of furs—these are the accoutrements that bring out her personality.

Sunlight on black lacquer.

An American girl with an Oriental soul.

The New Thought Vamp

(*Continued from page* 41)

force which can be utilized by the mind. I'm very sensitive to it. Instinctively, I know people. I can almost tell their thoughts by looking at them."

She was looking straight at me. I hoped my thoughts were properly dressed.

"When I went to get that part of the French *cocotte* in 'The Devil's Passkey,' I had been off the screen for four years. You know what that means in this business. But I knew positively that I was to have it. I simply went to the Universal studio to tell them that I would play it. After Mr. von Stroheim had wasted time looking at several girls, he turned to me. I said, 'I just ran out to talk over my part.' He questioned me narrowly. I knew his object with each question and I reacted to each question precisely as I saw he wanted. When I went to the set to play the *cocotte*, my thoughts wavered for a moment. I knew nothing of the Parisian flirt. But I thrust out that idea. Why shouldn't I know her? I was *her!*"

Miss Busch was born in Melbourne, Australia, of Irish-English ancestry. While still in rompers, she migrated to the hula-land, portrayed in "White Shadows in the South Seas." She speaks of them, however, as "The Friendly Isles." As you know, they are French possessions, and *la petite* Busch resided with a French aunt. Thus she was completely adapted to the French. When she came to this country and entered St. Elizabeth's Convent, in Madison, N. J., she spoke no English. Now she has quite an idiom, a most versatile idiom.

She eventually went on the stage, but her real success was in the Mack Sennett surf. She was magnificently endowed for the aquatic drama. Her dramatic training on the beach at Waikiki had developed her talents. Then came her marriage and retirement from the screen. The decision to return brought her to von Stroheim and "The Devil's Passkey." After that, she seemed to retire for another year. Actually, she has been working all the time in that extravagant drama, "Foolish Wives," in which she is a Russian siren who heightens the excitement at Monte Carlo.

"I was left entirely to my own ideas in working out my characterization in 'Foolish Wives,'" she remarked. "And I have followed the method I think the only effective one. I never act. I simply *think*. I never pay any attention to the cameras, nor do I ever think how I may be looking. I walk on to a set as I walk into this room, and do whatever my mind happens to direct. If I want to scratch my head, I do it. The outlines of the character in 'Foolish Wives' are those of a vampire, or 'heavy.' But what woman ever thinks of herself as being a vampire? The effect is simply the expression of the thought, and comes of its own volition—correctly.

"Prettiness has rapidly decreased in screen value. Everything now depends on individuality. And individuality depends entirely on your thoughts.

Miss Busch is thinking success. She has a clear objective. Nothing will obstruct her course, she declares.

"The trouble with most people is that they dont concentrate. Their minds waver for an instant and then, like a man on a tight rope, they fall, unless they can regain their balance in time.

"I dont propose to be that sort. I'm not like the ginned gentleman who waved up to a passer-by and said:

"'Shay, can you tell a fellow where the other side of the street is?'

"'Why, yes; over there,' said the passer-by, pointing across.

"'Thas'h funny,' said the intoxicated one. 'A fellow over there just told me it was over here.'"

Miss Bush's wit is celebrated in the film colony. It is deadly, as many know, when directed at affectations. She can fling a pretty stiletto. Her only match, I would say, is her best friend, Mrs. Wallace Reid. Pride taketh a heavy fall when it jostles against these two.

Thus, brilliantly armored with wit and the stoic philosophy of Epictetus, Mae Busch attacks her objective. I predict it will fall in the second round.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S Toilet Preparations

ESTABLISHED 1868

Our Preparations are Distinctive. Known the World over.

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 35c.

GLORA LILY LOTION An emulsion which softens and whitens the hands and complexion; removes tan and redness; cures rough, dry skin and will not irritate the most sensitive skin; imparts a refreshing sensation with fragrant perfume. 4 oz. bottles, 65c.

ONGOLINE bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 65c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 35c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

Get a Bart Drawing Table

The Bart Table in Use for Chalk Talk.

Adjustable to every need of the practical draftsman, illustrator, card writer, cartoonist and chalk talker, the Bart table and chalk talk equipment starts you in these most fascinating callings. Send 50c today for Bart's special assortment of colored crayons from the American Crayon Company, together with "Do's and Dont's" of Chalk Talk.

For 6c in Stamps

When writing for price on table, enclose **6c** in stamps and Bart will send you his chalk talk folder, color card and Sid Smith's alphabetic faces.

BART SUPPLIES
503 Eustis Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Study Beauty Culture

We teach you Beauty Culture thoroughly and practically by mail in your spare time. Manicuring, Massage, Facial, Scalp Treatments, Hairdressing, etc. Full course $20 on easy payments. Graduates earning $60 upward weekly. Money refunded if unsatisfactory.

PARIS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. "C", 911 Garden Street, Hoboken, New Jersey

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Moral Fiber

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Well, it is good, even if I did paint it myself," she said with a slow smile. "Buell will like it, and now if he will just get me that assignment, I can——"

She turned and looked at a little sketch she had made of Jared years before. Immature it was, but very like him, and holding a promise that she had now fulfilled.

"My brother," she said, walking over to the mantel, where it lay, next to an old harmonica, "the time is almost here. It has been a long wait, dear—five lonely years. But I made the vow in good faith, and I will keep it," she added aggressively, as if to reassure herself.

She sank into a low divan before the fire and gave herself over to retrospection. Five years of tireless study and brilliant progress in her chosen career—illustrating—but five hard and lonely years for all that, since Jared's tragic death. Hard, because a naturally gentle and tender heart had been forced by an indomitable will into the narrow and high-walled path of a bitter and unreasoning mission. Lonely, because a naturally friendly spirit had been locked up away from friendship as a result of the inimical destiny circumstances had thrust upon her.

The business of life was smooth for Marion, for she had had plenty of money to start with, and success had come to her, and love was even now beating his wings at her door. It was hard not to let love in. But she could not. Her life was consecrated to a single purpose—revenge. But when that was consummated, perhaps she would ——John was so dear, so faithful, so persistent. She knew she had found her man, but she could not go to him yet. Not until——. The telephone rang. It was Buell, telling her she was to do five illustrations for George Elmore's latest novel. The long-coveted assignment! Here was her chance to strike. Her knees shook as she hung up the receiver. She felt suddenly weak and sick, with an instinctive repugnance for the business at hand, which she quickly stifled in iron determination to see the thing thru. Buell was bringing George Elmore to her apartment that afternoon for tea. She started to straighten up her big studio room. Luxurious and individual, it was a fitting background for the lovely girl whose artistic success had made it possible.

She had herself well in hand when the two men finally appeared. Buell had introduced her as Fay Dreem, the name she had elected to sign to all her paintings, and by which she was generally known. He left early, pleading another engagement, and Marion deliberately set about the ensnaring of George Elmore, who was ripe for trouble, because of another distressing and rather recent domestic upheaval.

Elmore had enthusiastically invited her to have dinner with him and his wife the next night, to discuss the all-important illustrations. Would she come with Buell? Would she! And business being thus agreeably disposed of, they sat a while in contented silence, the man carried away by the spell of the girl, loath to leave.

John Corliss, Marion's lover, frowned heavily downstairs, in response to the clerk's information that Miss Dreem had an important caller and did not wish to be disturbed. Corliss was miffed. It had not occurred to his masculine vanity that there could be a more important caller than he. He decided to 'phone up to her, anyway.

For a breathless moment, Marion did not know what to say. She did not wish her lover to know, or even meet, the man whose wife she was about to destroy. She did not

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Stand in front of your mirror and look your body over carefully from head to foot. Observe the present condition of your neck, shoulders, chest, arms, waistline and legs. Take your measurements by tape and focus your reflection thoroughly in your mind, so that you will remember what you saw. Then take up some scientific, systematic, progressive training that has been thoroughly tried and proved, and work diligently fifteen or twenty minutes a day for one month. Again stand before your mirror and note the wonderful transformation that has taken place.

You Will Not Know Yourself

An entirely new man will reflect from the glass. Your neck will be stronger, your shoulders broader, your chest deeper, your arms enlarged with bulging muscles and your legs will have a more pleasing form. Your whole physique will be completely transformed. Isn't this worth thirty days' effort? Think of it. A new person in so short a time. I do not promise that you will become a finished athlete in this short space of time, but you can become this in a very few months. Have you the moral courage and the will to take up a course of physical training that has been pronounced the finest in the world for muscle building?

The Result

With the enlarging of your muscles will come unlimited energy. Do you know what this means? Unlimited energy means never to feel tired. Even after a hard day's work you will feel refreshed. You will feel like running and jumping at all times. You will just thrill with vitality and never know another sick day. With enlarged muscles comes great strength, which is not to be sneered at. You never can tell just when you will need this. It is a wonderful feeling to know that you can play a man's part at all times should the occasion warrant it. You need fear no one.

All This Means Success To You

Are you satisfied with your present earning capacity? With a healthy, vigorous constitution, your personality will be so strong that you will command respect. This will not only bring success in the social world, but you will reap your reward financially many times over.

Send for my New Book—
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"
It is FREE

It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 26 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 311 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 311, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."
(Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh, and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

Men who can make people laugh are highly paid for doing so. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Fox, Briggs, King and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

Send For This Book

If you really want to learn to draw, send for "A Road to Bigger Things." It describes the Federal Master Course and shows how it will develop your originality while teaching you the technical details of cartooning. Through the Federal Course you get the composite experience of more than sixty of the greatest cartoonists and artists for your personal use. Send six cents today for your copy of this book. Be sure to state your age and present occupation.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
1020 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

It's the powder, and not the box, that makes Lablache the favorite among fair women.

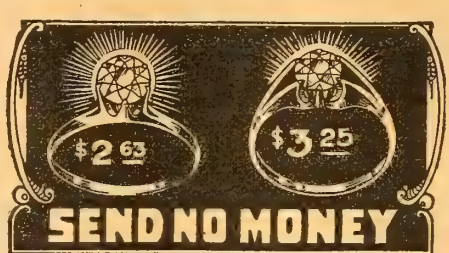
It's the powder, and not the perfume, that bespeaks its beauty—charm—and satisfying comfort.

Economical—clinging—daintily fragrant.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 55c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring (Cat. price $4.98) for **Half Price to Introduce, $2.63,** or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. price $6.26) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free** Catalog. **Agents Wanted.**

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO. Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interiere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

know that Corliss already knew him quite well, had known him for ten years—in fact, ever since he had married Corliss' sister, Grace. But she could not overcome the ever-present desire to see him, so she told him to come up, and hastily dismissed Elmore.

"Who was your caller, Marion?" John Corliss asked as soon as he had entered the room.

Marion stalled. "Oh, just a man for whom I am doing some illustrating," she replied, but she could not conceal a little shudder.

"Marion, dearest, you know I love you," John said, looking at her with grave eyes. "You know I want you to be my wife. Wont you tell me what the terrible shadow is hanging over your life? Cant you tell me, dear? Perhaps I can help you. Must it be forever between us? For the thousandth time, will you marry me, Marion?"

The girl swayed slightly toward him. She wanted to belong to him more than anything else in the world. For six months she had been on the point of giving up her fantastic vendetta, but now, with its accomplishment so close within her grasp, she could not. As she turned toward him in sweet submission, the eyes of the little sketch of Jared, from its resting place on the mantelpiece, looked at her reproachfully, her tired brain thought. She drew away from John's outstretched arms and said with a wistful sigh:

"Soon, dear heart, very soon, you will know. I'll give you your answer next Monday night. Will you come for it then?"

"Yes, darling. It shall be as you wish," he replied. "I'm going away for the week-end, but I'll be back Monday for sure. Shall I go now?"

"Yes," said Marion, worn out with her silent struggle.

The dinner party the following night at George Elmore's was a great success—for Marion. Grace had eyed her suspiciously, forced to pay unwilling tribute to her beauty and charm. She felt a new and undreamed of pain at her obvious influence over George. They had walked in the garden after dinner and Marion had exclaimed at the matchless beauty of the spot. Grace had listened to her husband's explanation that it was the setting of his last novel, and, inasmuch as Marion was to do the illustrations, she should be given an opportunity to sketch the gardens.

"Why dont you spend the week-end with us, Miss Dreem?" he had added as an enthusiastic afterthought.

Grace was obliged to acquiesce, and seconded the invitation with a specious cordiality that Marion felt immediately. Nevertheless, she accepted with alacrity. She would wreck this woman's happiness without scruple—as she had wrecked Jared's—with whatever weapon might be at hand. She had already sensed Grace's jealousy of her, and knew the instrument would have to be her husband. The thought that an innocent man must suffer was a sickening realization to her, but she hardened her heart again, by sheer force of will, and ignored her troubled conscience, as a curable weakness.

"Your esteemed brother-in-law is coming, too, you know, George," said Grace. "We'll be rather crowded, but you wont mind that, I am sure," she added with misleading sweetness, turning to Marion. "He is quite a charming fellow, and you will find him altogether as attractive as my husband." And, with this parting shot, she left them, George in embarrassment and Marion in exultation.

Marion made careful preparation for her week-end visit. That is, she went out and bought a daring negligée. She had her

ugly little plan completely evolved, and the negligée was part of it. She fought a constantly increasing distrust of herself and a steadily mounting disgust for what she was about to do; but the accumulation of five years of persistent hatred could not be brushed aside, and it was with a sick heart but a determined spirit that she returned to Grace Elmore's house. She had builded better than she knew, for Grace, who had not yet found herself, and her husband had had many bitter quarrels about Marion in the few days intervening between her visits, and when Marion finally presented herself, the constraint between husband and wife had assumed formidable proportions.

Dinner was rather an ordeal. Grace's ill humor was further aggravated by the fact that they had had to wait half an hour for her brother, John, and then to dine without him. She had counted heavily on his monopolizing Marion. Marion was brilliant, scintillant and irresistible. Her eyes sparkled, albeit they were a little hard. George Elmore let down the guard with which the average husband protects himself. He assumed, as husbands frequently do, as a sop to their conscience, for their petticoat peccadillos, a sort of oh-well-what's-the-use attitude toward his wife. She didn't care anything for him, anyway. With the usual masculine obtuseness, he could not see that Grace was actually suffering. One moment Marion gloated and the next regretted, but each little kindly reaction she stifled in a flood of bitter memories.

At eleven o'clock Grace and Marion went up to bed. George said he would write a while longer, as he thought some one should be up to greet the belated John. Marion thrilled at the dear familiar name, but it spelled no connection with this household for her.

Neither woman went to bed. Both slipped into a negligée and waited behind closed doors, both keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement, and neither, for all their acute speculation, fathoming the mind of the other.

For Marion, after her five long years of waiting, events were moving in a swift, resistless tide. At one o'clock she unsnapped the shoulder-strap of her exquisite negligée and opened her door—not without noise that she knew would be heard. She hesitated. Grace's door, almost opposite hers, had opened slightly. It was well. She tiptoed downstairs, an alluring swish of silken draperies trailing after her. At the foot of the stairs she paused. George Elmore jumped to his feet.

"My dear girl," he said, "what is the trouble?"

"I—oh—nothing. I couldn't sleep and I'm lonely. Let me stay down here and talk to you," she whispered in dulcet tones, turning the full battery of her luminous eyes on the hapless George.

"Why, certainly," the man replied, with a madly racing heart.

He led her over to the fireplace. She caught the heel of an absurd little mule in the rug, tripped and would have fallen except for the immediate support of George Elmore's arms. Oh, deathless ruse! Oh, human frailty! With an inarticulate cry, he swept her to his breast and kissed her passionately on the mouth, kissed her bare shoulder, from which the silver gauze had slipped. Marion cringed involuntarily, but lay passive in his arms, watching Grace descending the stairs in agonized haste. When she came near enough, Marion slipped out of George Elmore's arms, simulating well surprise and fear. Grace's feelings were so outraged that they precluded speech.

"I'd better go," said Marion, breaking

Another Mystery Cake

Can you name it?

THE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay $250. For the second, third, fourth and fifth choice, we will pay $100, $75, $50 and $25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
142 WILLIAM STREET NEW YORK

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

½ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
Grated rind of ½ orange
1 egg and 1 yolk
2½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
1½ squares (1½ oz.) of unsweetened chocolate (melted)

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with mill; lastly fold in beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 min.

FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups confectioners sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice
Grated rind of ½ orange and pulp of 1 orange
1 egg white
3 squares (3 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use ½ square). To remaining icing add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

3334-3338 West 38th Street, Dept. 1192 Chicago

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's

Famous Medicated

Reducing Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians.

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 Per Pair Extra High, $9.00

No Need of Dieting

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter

353 Fifth Ave. - New York

(Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

San Francisco Representative: Adele Millar Co., 345 Stockton St.

Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50

the tense silence with a false assumption of chagrin.

"No. This woman need not go. I will leave your house tonight, George Elmore," said Grace, with ominous calm.

"Then I will stay with the man I love," said Marion, a triumphant smile beginning to curve her lips. But it died, stillborn.

John Corliss confronted the group.

"Had a smash-up," he said hastily. "Nobody hurt—couldn't get here any sooner. For God's sake, what has happened? What are you doing here, Marion?"

His sister answered him.

"She is illustrating my husband's latest novel, and seems to find love-making a necessary part of it. I—I have just now discovered the sort of illustrating she does. They have confessed and I am leaving immediately."

Marion made a step toward her.

"Dont come near me, you unspeakable creature," Grace said with an angry sneer, sweeping majestically out of the room.

Marion winced.

"Dont believe her, John," she said to her lover. "It isn't true. I—I can explain to you later. Will you let me? I didn't know she was your sister. Please understand."

But John Corliss felt that he did understand and turned his face away, the better to withstand her appealing gaze.

Marion walked slowly upstairs on leaden feet. What ghastly havoc she had wrought. In trying to hurt one person, she had hurt four—herself most of all—her lover, Grace's brother, what a mockery! An innocent man, victimized in his own home—it was no comfort to her that Grace was one of the four. Well—she had accomplished her mission, and wrecked her own happiness doing it. She had fulfilled her vow, and paid for it with more than her life. Who was it said "Revenge is sweet?" It wasn't. It was bitter aloes to parched lips. The bright flame of triumph had turned to ashes. What was this insistent pain tearing at her heart? Remorse? Surely not. But Grace's eyes had looked just like Jared's, on that well remembered day when George Elmore came to Glendale. She could not bear that look in any human countenance. She could not endure the thought that she had brought it there—even to Grace Elmore. Ah, well——. It was not too late to make amends. The sounds of hurried packing were quite audible in Grace's room. Marion crossed the hall and opened Grace's door.

"I do not love your husband," she said slowly, "and neither does he love me. He is innocent. Do not leave him. You are the one he loves. I did this hateful thing all myself—for a reason."

Grace paused, one hand hidden behind her, and looked at Marion with startled eyes.

"What do you mean? Why did you do this thing?"

"I am Jared Wolcott's sister," Marion said in a lifeless voice. "One week after you left Glendale he shot himself because of your heartless betrayal of a boy's adoring trust. When I found him lying dead in the grass, I made a solemn vow to Heaven to make you pay for it—but I cant see it thru—please believe me."

She turned to go, but caught the glint of the tiny pearl-handled revolver Grace was hiding behind her.

"What are you going to do with that?" she cried, stepping quickly over to Grace and trying to take the thing from her.

"I'm going to kill myself," Grace said passionately, struggling frantically to retain her grip on the revolver. "Now, more than ever. I didn't know about your brother——. I'd much better die." The two women fought furiously for possession of the tiny instrument of death.

Downstairs George Elmore and John Corliss eyed each other in angry silence. At last Corliss spoke.

"You low hound! To betray a wife and seduce an innocent girl."

But any defense that George Elmore might have made in his own behalf was never uttered. The muffled sounds of the scuffling in his wife's room caused him to run hurriedly upstairs, leaving John Corliss to his own mournful reflections.

Marion had succeeded in wresting the gun from Grace's frenzied grasp. She stood there clutching her breast, still panting from the struggle, when George Elmore broke into the room. Grace sank into the nearest chair and began to cry, the swift, hot tears of mingled anxiety and relief. Without a word, her husband took her in his arms and she sobbed out the whole wretched story on his shoulder. He stroked her hair tenderly.

Marion had slipped away, back to her own room, as unable to contemplate their happiness as their despair. She leaned against the door in mute submission to the harsh decree of an arbitrary fate that was already claiming its "eternities of tears." Ineffable weariness dulled her brain, infinite misery lay deep in her eyes, utter hopelessness expressed itself in the dejected droop of her shoulders. It was the end of all things for Marion Wolcott.

Her door opened gently, scarcely jarring her loose from its support.

"My own girl," said a well loved voice, "they have told me everything. I should have known. Can you forgive me? Marion—Marion."

And the girl, dazzled by the bright flame suddenly shining thru her inconsolable dark, found no words to speak. But her heart, beating against his heart, spoke for her—"Beyond the night somewhere afar, waits for the great unborn, some white, tremendous daybreak."

To the Losers

(*Continued from page* 68)

Your carriage was poor—you could neither stand nor sit well. You were pretty and attractive and intelligent, but some one else was prettier and more intelligent. The emotions you tried so hard to convey, did not register at all on the screen. You were very pretty, but just a little bit stupid. You lacked breeding. You might have been stunning to look at, but it was not "camera beauty." You were too self-conscious. Your hair was lifeless and unbecomingly arranged. Your hands were large and not well-kept, your feet badly formed, altho your face was lovely. And so on *ad infinitum*. Any one of these reasons, trivial enough by themselves, and, of course, not enough to spoil one's chances of ever getting into the movies, is enough to cost you the coveted reward in our contest.

For the girl who wins the Fame and Fortune Contest, is the girl who has beauty and brains, too, who is pretty from any angle, whose hands are tapering and slender and whose feet are well-shaped and in proportion. She will be young. She must have a good figure, and an attractive presence. She must have quickness, magnetism, personality, and at least a spark of the "divine fire." And she will be beautiful.

If, by any chance, you think you have, then the only answer is, that someone else had the necessary qualities in a greater degree than you had. Is not this fair enough? At any rate, dont miss the December MAGAZINE, when you will see the paragon of perfection.

Essentially a Fireman's Bride

(*Continued from page 23*)

not the core of my life. I must admit they are always purely secondary—nothing more."

"But clothes," I persisted. "You have always been fond of them and noted for the manner in which you wore them. How about that?"

"Now you have me," she admitted. "They are my great weakness. I know they are superficial and that everyone who ever adored dressing up in finery never came to any good end and all that sort of thing, but nevertheless I never expect to be indifferent about what I wear. Even when I'm living constantly in the country, with no earthly excuse for buying smart things, I keep sublimely on. I dont do very much designing these days, because I've found that I can get individual things at the good shops. But that doesn't mean that I'm not quite as keen about what I wear. You know that if we came to town and I was not looking well, someone would be sure to say:

"'Poor Irene Castle. She certainly isn't what she used to be since she's taken to living in the country.'

"I would far rather the woman at the next table to say:

"'There's Irene Castle. She's a wonder for her age,' or something like that."

"Do you think you ever will do your own designing again?" I asked.

"It's hard to say," her gaze following Jane's tiny finger, which indicated a sky more glowering than ever. "I've had an offer to dance again, and in that event I may design my costumes. However, pictures keep me pretty busy, and they permit me to work out of doors most of the time. I'm afraid, too, that I never could find another dancing partner like Vernon Castle. Then, if I did make a success of it, I'd never want to give it up, and if I didn't, I'd always be sorry I even attempted it. I know Mr. Treman wouldn't like it, for then I'd have to be in town week-ends, too, and, as I've said before, he couldn't and wouldn't leave Ithaca entirely. It's part of him, and he of it. Why, he's captain of the fire department, the volunteers, you know, and he'd be miserable in town. And I'd be miserable without him. There you are"

Undoubtedly, she has kept a clear perspective and some degree of idealism, even thru the strange affair her life has been. Success came to her and Vernon Castle only after they had endured hunger in Paris. They were the idols of Manhattan, lauded and feted. He enlisted in the Aviation Corps and was shortly taken from her, but she valiantly carried on. She wanted the world to know more of the man they had known so thoroly as the dancer, and she wrote a book of him, which she called simply "My Husband." Her marriage to Robert Treman, a great friend of Vernon Castle's, was undoubtedly a wise one, and together they revere the memory of him who gave his life to his country. Life to her is splendid and fine, happiness to her is the natural thing, because she has erected her life upon worthy things.

She will leave behind the name of Irene Castle, which she has endowed with renown, and take the name of Irene Castle Treman because she is essentially, as she herself declares, a fireman's bride.

By this time all chances of sunshine had disappeared. The sky was even greyer than before, and Jane was undoubtedly now wishing that the interview end soon.

So, in favor of Coney Island, I departed.

And as the door closed behind me, I heard Irene Castle Treman announce, "All aboard for Coney Island—the steepest roller-coasters and the highest slides."

Streaked, faded or gray hair banished in 30 minutes

The Art of Hair Coloring Revolutionized

The glory of permanent youth is now possible through the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

This scientific formula, Inecto Rapid, employs an entirely new principle ranking in importance with other discoveries of the Pasteur Institute.

It gives streaked or faded hair the original or desired color, banishes gray hair in 30 minutes and brings back the original beauty and lustre to hair which has been damaged by ordinary "dyes."

INECTO RAPID in a natural manner accomplishes repigmentation by penetrating their hair shaft instead of merely coating the surface of the hair as in the case of commercial coloring preparations.

INECTO RAPID may be applied to any texture of hair with absolute and positive assurance of success.

INECTO RAPID is used exclusively in the fashionable hair dressing salons of London and throughout all of Europe where it has raised the art of hair coloring to a position never before approached. It is employed by 1500 of the foremost European hairdressers and is endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

INECTO RAPID applications are made at the leading hairdressing salons throughout the world.

In New York it is used exclusively in the Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Plaza, Pennsylvania and other leading salons.

INECTO RAPID is given to the public under the following specific guarantees:

1. **To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.**
2. **Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.**
3. **To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.**
4. **To be harmless to hair or growth.**
5. **Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.**
6. **Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.**
7. **To color any head, any color in 30 minutes.**
8. **To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, perspiration, Russian or Turkish baths.**
9. **Not to soil linens or hat linings.**
10. **To produce delicate ash shades heretofore impossible.**

INECTO RAPID is packed in new and very attractive manner that eliminates waste.

Every woman who wishes to improve the appearance of her hair should investigate INECTO RAPID.

Send No Money

Just fill out coupon and mail today. We will send you full details of INECTO RAPID and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," which will enable you to find the most harmonious and becoming shade for your hair.

INECTO, Inc., Laboratories
818 Sixth Avenue, New York

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

INECTO, Inc., Laboratories,
818 Sixth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen:

Please send me at once your "Beauty Analysis Chart" Form L I and full details of INECTO RAPID.

Name .....

Address .....

Restore Those Silver Threads

These disfiguring gray streaks which make you look a hundred years old—comb them away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Mail coupon for free trial bottle and test on single lock. This proves it.

No danger of streaking or discoloration—nothing to wash or rub off. Leaves your hair soft, fluffy, lovely to curl and dress. Restoration complete in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Fill out coupon carefully—enclose lock if possible. Trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your druggist or direct from us. Don't risk ruining your hair with cheap substitutes.

Mary T. Goldman, 783 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 783 Goldman Bldg., St Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is black—jet black—dark brown—medium brown—light brown—

Name_____

Street_____ Town_____

Co._____ State_____

Wash Away Hair

El-Rado washes away undesirable hair whether it be from the face, underarm, limb or arm. It removes hair so quickly and daintily that the tenderest skin is left smooth and soft. El-Rado is so comforting—you will love it. It is the true "womanly" way to remove hair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Two Sizes: 60c and $1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Send your order for $1.00 size to us if your dealer is out of El-Rado, enclosing stamps or money order. El-Rado will be sent by return mail.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. B-126
112 East 19th Street NEW YORK, N. Y.
Canadian Distributors: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., Dept. B-126, 66 Spadina Ave., Toronto

El-Rado SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

TRUE BEAUTY

AND POWER TO FASCINATE
come only with health. Bring out all Mother Nature's charms by using a delicious, strength-giving malted food

HEMO

to make new red blood.

Samples and booklet "Beauty and Health" sent free upon request

THOMPSON'S MALTED FOOD COMPANY
DEPT. 31 Waukesha Wisconsin

Old China Comes to Broadway

(*Continued from page 37*)

years, unshriveled and uncurled. Moreover, it is beautifully tinted. The figures, manipulated by slender bamboo rods with the right hand, are held in position with the left. When the light strikes thru, carrying the colors with it to the screen, the effect produced is charming and most Chinese.

Here was not only a touch of poetry for Tony Sarg's inspiration, but a very simple and practical device which could be copied and elaborated. The lesson in mechanics he has fully taken to heart. The poetry is, as he puts it, still "germinating." We are, he says, to hear from that later.

A happy accident was the meeting of Mr. Sarg with Herbert M. Dawley. Major Dawley had just finished his series of animated pictures of prehistoric animals. He was full of ways and means of getting actual results for the screen. He was confident that he could "film" all the humor that Mr. Sarg might crowd into the outline and movement of silhouettes. Together, they threw themselves into the work with the enthusiasm of boys determined to dig to China, only it was China that they started with. Broadway was their goal, and from Broadway the wide world of motion picture houses. That it was really the world they intended to reach, and not just English-speaking countries, is evidenced by the fact that there are no "balloons" coming out of the mouths of the actors, filled with words to point the drama. It is pantomime pure and simple, wedded to humor.

It is hard to realize the tremendous difficulty involved in getting an idea over in pantomime. Ask a deaf and dumb man. Ask an analytical actor. David Warfield said to Tony Sarg: "Old man, you've given us actors something to study."

The method of making these motion silhouettes, when described in a casual sentence or two, sounds absurdly simple. Cut from black cardboard animals and human figures, make them jointed, place them near to, and behind a screen, manipulate them amusingly, photograph them with a motion picture camera, and there you are.

And yet, Tony Sarg and Herbert Dawley go about with the air of men who are moving mountains.

"Suppose," says Major Dawley, "you were required to spread the movements you go thru in a very busy one and two-thirds minutes over an eight-hour day—would you know just how it was done?"

An honest answer to this must be an unequivocal "No."

In the rôle of photographer, he is able, in a hard day's work, to put his two-dimensional puppets thru an amount of action which takes just one and two-thirds minutes to enact on the screen.

This is, of course, race-horse speed, when compared to the meagre results that the maker of animated cartoons has to show for his daily output. One and two-thirds minutes on the screen would represent, for him, about sixteen hundred drawings on celluloid, at least two months' work. But he has this advantage: he can have a comfortable meal and a smoke, go back to his job, review what he has done and recapture the spirit of it. With motion silhouettes, the poses which have been photographed are tightly locked away in the camera. The photographer must not only be capable of a minute analysis of action, of vivisecting movement, but he must bring to it a nerve-racking intensity of concentration.

Major Dawley has another complaint to make against his work. He insists that he no longer hears his friends when they speak, so intent is he on noting how they lift their hands and wag their heads.

There are moments when the Sarg silhouettes depart from shadowgraph limitations, and take on, in effect, a third dimension. This is when the paper actors turn. One waited, perhaps, to catch them at it, to see them become a mere edge. But, no—they make the turn naturally enough. This is done by the device of combining drawings with the figures. The result is a puzzle motion picture: Find where the figures leave off and the drawings begin.

Tony Sarg has given his pictures depth of perspective after the manner of French shadowgraphers. He uses oiled paper of varying thickness, and for the heavy shadows several layers superimposed.

All this has led him into an exhaustive study of what has been done in shadow work in Egypt, Java, Siam, Turkey and France, with the result that, captured by the ancient art, he has determined to produce a real shadowgraph drama, something to be actually seen and heard, and not distributed broadcast by the motion picture camera.

From the interest which Mr. Frank Buhler and Mr. Riesenfeld, both powers in the motion picture world, have evidenced in this venture, one is tempted to jump to the conclusion that it will come into being in a motion picture house.

Of one thing we may be certain: it will reflect the past. But Mr. Sarg has not determined whether it will be Javanese, Siamese, Chinese or French in spirit.

If it be Javanese, it must, to have a wide appeal, be greatly modified, for the shadowgraph figures of Java are startlingly grotesque to the Western eye. The arms, for the purpose of exaggerated gesticulation, are made almost twice the natural length. Really, the little creatures hardly do more than suggest human beings. Like the Chinese figures, they are made of buffalo hide, and are also tinted, but they are moved, as a rule, by delicate rods of horn rather than bamboo. Their successful manipulation is not only a matter of practice, but dramatic sense as well. The shadowgraph man of Java, who speaks for his little men and women, must have a flexible voice, and temperament. And what gentle heroines he has to present to his public! Anjasmara, for example. "She was the virgin in the house of Pati." She has a most beautiful write-up in a Javanese poem, which Helen Haimen Joseph quotes in her "Book of Marionettes."

"She was truly queen of the accomplished, neat and charming in her manner, sweet and light in her gestures. She never neglected the five daily prayer hours. She was sprayed with rose-water. Her body was hot if not anointed every hour. Everyone who saw her loved her. She had only one fault. Later, when she married, she could not endure a rival mistress. She was jealous."

There was the makings of drama!

In Siam, the creators of shadows are content to follow somewhat more closely the lines of the human form, but their figures are examples of extreme elaboration, so closely and finely perforated that when performing before a light, they suggest little beings bejeweled from head to foot. And this light often comes, in Siam, from a carefully placed bonfire.

The Turks love shadowgraphs, which they make rather crudely of camel skin. They have used them for centuries, for the expression of the last word in vulgarity. They are happy to see thrown on the screen a hunchback, a dwarf or an opium fiend,

but their hero or heroes is Karagheuz, which, translated, means Black Eye. This is literally a descriptive title, for the figure, being in profile, looks out from the screen with a wicked black eye of exaggerated proportions. He has, in his repertory, this Black Eye, an endless list of indecencies, at which audiences scream with laughter.

Théophile Gautier, having seen some of these tricks, fairly sputters with disgust. "It is impossible," he writes, "to give in our language the least idea of these huge jests, these hyperbolical broad jokes which necessitate, to render them, the dictionary of Rabelais, of Beroalde of Entrapel, flanked by the vulgar catechism of Vade."

The origin of the shadowgraph plays is a matter of dispute, but the French have tacitly acknowledged the supremacy of the Chinese by calling them *Ombres Chinoises*.

Perhaps the best test of a people's love for an art is *food*. How many followers of a given art can earn their daily bread, or, in the case of China, their daily rice, on its proceeds? A whole class of itinerant showmen have lived in comfort in the Celestial Empire on the returns from a simple sort of shadowgraph play. They carry a miniature stage on their shoulders, light, screen, actors and scenery complete. They may halt at any corner and begin a performance, moving the figures with their hands, from below, and reciting the lines for all of the characters, with telling contrast. They always gather a responsive audience of children with shaved heads.

The shadowgraph play is in the blood of China, but when the French took it over, the inevitable happened. They gave it great charm, which was distinctly French in spirit. Dominique Seraphin was their first shadowgraph showman. He started a little theater in Versailles in 1770. He was successful, and Paris drew him like a magnet. He established his theater there, under royal protection, and with great political tact, maintained it after the downfall of the royal house. Seraphin was ambitious. His shadows gave Molière's "Imaginary Invalid," and a little thriller called "The Broken Bridge." There was a short period, beginning in 1790, when the Seraphin theater was given over to the management of one Moreau. These were dark days for shadowgraphs. Moreau was tempted to use them for the expression of a homely vulgarity unwelcome to Parisians. Perhaps his downfall was a piece entitled "Harlequin Changed to a Wet-Nurse." At any rate, he was retired [illegible] after [illegible] or two, and Seraphin was recalled.

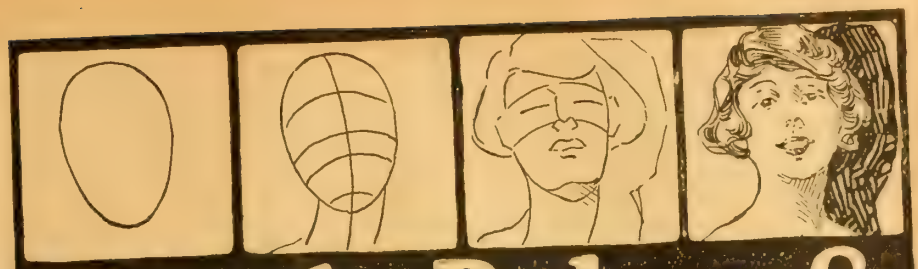
The triumph of the shadowgraph is a matter of contemporary history. In the Chat Noir, the cabaret of Montmartre, shadow plays were given of poignant beauty and emotional appeal. It was here that Caran d'Ache gave his masterpiece, *"Epopée,"* an epic of the Grand Army of Napoleon. There were masses of men in the background, advancing, receding. Faint martial music was heard, a distant word of command, and sharply outlined in the foreground rode Napoleon on horseback.

Henri Rivière, following Caran d'Ache, added the Oriental element of color, and with the magic lanterns, created dissolving views as backgrounds. He gave "The Prodigal Son" and "The Temptation of St. Anthony," with ingenious elaboration.

Rehm writes about his work:

"We saw the sun setting in the sea, the forests trembling in the morning breeze; we saw deserts stretching out into the infinite, oceans surging, cities flaming with lights, and the moon silvering the ripples of rivers on which barges were silently and slowly gliding."

When Tony Sarg begins his work on a real shadowgraph play, he will find a wealth of inspiration both in the East and West.



Simple Rules of Drawing

Easily Learned at Home

Become An Artist

If you have ever wanted to become an artist here is the opportunity that you have been waiting for! We have brought the principles of drawing right down to fundamentals. Through our wonderfully simple home study course in art hundreds of men and women have become high salaried artists. And so can you! A few hours a week of study is all that is required.

Wonderful New Method

This amazingly simple method makes it possible for *anyone* to learn Illustrating, Designing or Cartooning. All superfluous technique and dry theory is omitted. You enjoy studying—it's actually fascinating! In a few weeks you should be drawing pictures that you can *sell*—pictures that you never before thought could come from your pencil. You will be astounded at your own rapid progress! Many of our students have gotten as high as $75 for a single drawing even before they finished the course. Get into this field of big opportunities! No profession is more fascinating or better paying.

Hundreds of Trained Artists Needed

Never before have artists been in such big demand as they are right now—to-day. Magazines and newspapers cannot get enough of good cartoons. Designers are at a premium. Business concerns are actually bidding against each other for the service of men and women to handle their art work. Everywhere there is a crying scarcity of trained artists. There are hundreds of vacancies in all parts of the country. Follow the footsteps of our successful graduates and students. Many of them are now making from $75 to $250 a week. You can do as well! A little study in your leisure moments each day is all that is necessary.

"How to Become an Artist"—FREE

Write for this wonderfully interesting book at once! It explains in detail our wonderful new method of teaching and contains many interesting stories of our students, telling of their remarkable progress. Shows how you can quickly step into one of the big-paying artist's positions now open. Gives you full particulars of our SPECIAL ARTIST'S OUTFIT to a limited number of new students. Our amazing book is yours absolutely FREE! Send for it NOW—before you do another thing!

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1697, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

—FREE COUPON—

Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1697, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," also full information about your special offer.

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Tires at Half Price

This direct-to-consumer plan enables you to save 50% to 60% on your tire bills. Our process of reconstruction makes our tires one of the best buys on the market today.

Brand New Standard Tube FREE With Every Tire Ordered

30x3	$6.30	33x4	$10.40	35x4½	$12.65
30x3½	7.40	34x4	10.75	36x4½	14.00
32x3½	8.35	32x4½	11.50	35x5	13.85
31x4	9.60	33x4½	11.90	37x5	14.30
32x4	9.95	34x4½	12.40		

We will ship tires same day as ordered. Examine carefully and if satisfied, pay expressman. State S.S. or clincher, plain or non-skid as desired. Send $2.00 deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C.O.D.

PEERLESS TIRE SALES CO., Dept. 549
2108 South Racine Avenue, Chicago

SPECIAL DISCOUNT 5 per cent cash discount by sending full amount with order.

Scores Vote Guessing Final Leaders

Popularity of Current Contest Exceeds Greatest Expectations

The month of August brought the closing date for the ballots, guessing the names of the winners, together with the votes which brought them to the top of the list—and with it came an avalanche of votes which threatened to swamp the offices and those who counted the returns as they came in At present the ballots are being classified and they will then be counted. This, of course, will take time, but as soon as the result is determined, announcements will be made.

The last voting coupon appears in this number. That means that this is your last opportunity to announce your favorites—to do your share for those players who have pleased you most thru their work upon the screen.

It is not likely that the final announcements, both as to the winners in the cast and the winners who guessed the results most correctly, will be made next month, but be assured that there will be no time wasted. The classification and counting of the ballots is being handled in a systematic manner and the final results will be arrived at in the shortest possible time.

Constantly during the duration of this contest, directors and producers have inquired by telephone and telegraph as to the latest results. They have felt that public opinion would be of infinite assistance to them in the casting of their production—undoubtedly, the contest has served a two-fold purpose. And it has given credit where credit was due.

The character man or woman is as great an artist in his or her way as Mary Pickford in hers or Charlie Chaplin in his. In the ordinary contest they are slighted. And their friends are legion. Perhaps that in itself explains the great popularity of the Ideal Cast Contest, for it held a niche for everyone.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have endeavored to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Once more we repeat the rules and regulations which we found necessary.

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, you were privileged to put her down opposite both of these rôles on the ballot you submitted, which gave the names and votes of those you thought will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast was to be submitted and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which each player would win.

VI. All ballots must [illegible] ments you [illegible] two-thirds [illegible] ld you

IDEAL CAST CONTE[illegible]
175 Duffield [illegible]
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

IDEAL CAST	VOTES
Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	1,722
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	2,523
Villain—Lew Cody	1,593
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	1,959
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	2,319
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	933
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd	1,707
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish	1,869
Director—D. W. Griffith	2,016
Child—Jackie Coogan	3,375

Leading Woman

Gloria Swanson	831
Mary Pickford	753
Katherine MacDonald	297
Agnes Ayres	186
Lillian Gish	114
Anita Stewart	108
Ethel Clayton	93
Bebe Daniels	87
Dorothy Gish	66
Constance Talmadge	63

Leading Man

Thomas Meighan	1,107
Richard Barthelmess	579
Eugene O'Brien	277
Douglas Fairbanks	219
Conway Tearle	183
Elliott Dexter	144
Clyde Fillmore	87
Harrison Ford	72
William Farnum	66
Jack Mulhall	63

Villain

Lowell Sherman	540
Stuart Holmes	462
Lon Chaney	462
Robert McKim	429
Erich von Stroheim	333
[illegible]	303
[illegible]	189
[illegible]	165
Irving Cummings	135
George Arliss	69

Vampire

Theda Bara	942
Louise Glaum	465
Pola Negri	345
Gloria Swanson	216
Nita Naldi	153
Betty Blythe	120
Mona Lisa	111
Rosemary Theby	105
Marcia Manon	63
Nazimova	48

(*Continued on page* 100)

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	100
Third Prize	75
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

NOVEMBER MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

Leading Woman.....
Leading Man.....
Villain .....
Vampire .....
Character Man.....
Character Woman.....
Comedian (Male).....
Comedian (Female).....
Child .....
Director .....
Name .....
Address .....

but their hero o
which, translated,
is literally a descr
profile. Jo

langu
these

The $100,000 Drop!

Something bringing beauty, something bringing youth—drilling into mines, slaving in dungeons—searching the earth and sky.

So men have sought through [illegible] always seeking for this magic [illegible]. At any after or two, ter- [illegible] papers toon Bu [illegible]

Victor Vivaudou, master perfumer of romance, finally saw the light. He dredged the ocean for costly ambergris, culled the gardens of the world for flowers and then fused them with the rare secret essences of Ancient Araby. After twenty long years of effort—constantly blending and re-blending—he finally obtained in one single shimmering drop—the Perfect Perfume.

THAT FIRST DROP COST $100,000

And he called it MAVIS (The Song Bird)—for it was Spring and he had reached the end of his quest.

It is this costly fragrance—as fresh as a flower, yet subtle as incense—that is to be found in all of the irresistible MAVIS toilet creations—each one of which combines the rarest perfume and the best ingredients, carefully blended under Mr. Vivaudou's personal direction, by chemists whose art has been handed down to them for generations.

If you do not know the delights of MAVIS perfume, tear out the coupon TODAY and send it to VIVAUDOU, [illegible] Building, New York, [illegible] will send you a [illegible]ous trial bottle.

MAVIS

Talcum Powder	$ .25	Cold Cream	$ .50
Face Powder	.50	Vanishing Cream	.50
Fatties	1.00	Sachet	1.25
Compacts	.50	Lip Sticks	.25
Toilet Water	1.00	Brilliantine	.50

Also Creator of the famous La Bohême and Mai d'Or Preparations

of inspira

VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

V. VIVAUDOU
Times Bldg., New York

I want to know the fragrance of the famous $100,000 drop. Please send me the sample bottle of MAVIS perfume, the same as that contained in the original essence. I enclose 15c for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Street ..... City .....

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a 50-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

That Walsh Filmily

(Continued from page 66)

ducive to soul slumber and heart trysting. A Spanish town dreaming in romance as it drowzed in the sun. The silence was so sleepy it seemed to snore. Perhaps the hum was of insects napping in the bed of earth. The balconies that bordered the little square were empty and the palm leaves never stirred. I looked for lizards, but they, too, seemed to be at siesta. Steeped in silent sun, I quite forgot it was the Brunton lot and wondered vaguely how that Ford had flopped into the distance. It's terribly confusing to tarry on a studio domain. Like watching a Shaw play, you begin to wonder whether you are crazy or they are. It's worse than "Intolerance." For instance, there I was a century ago in a Spanish town somewhere in Mexico with a Ford in the distance and D'Artagnan driving up in a Packard to take Lord Fauntleroy to lunch.

Miriam Cooper sat plucking the fringe of her scarlet mantilla, which matched the flower in her shining black hair. Rose glasses shielded the sun from the brilliance of her eyes. George stood plucking the leaves from a bush. Raoul sat by the camera directing the placement of reflectors.

"Are you to be starred in this picture, Miss Cooper?" asked the publicity man.

"No," was the laconic murmur.

"What shall I call you in publicity then?"

"I dont know,"—a faint smile and a shrug —"Anything you like."

I marveled; few stars would dare give their publicity men that privilege.

"I never want to star again," she said. "I used to star for Fox, you know," again a smile, "It is much wiser to play a small part in a picture than a great part in a —feature. That was proved to me by my experience in 'The Birth of a Nation' and 'The Honor System' and my experience later in my starring pictures. I only play in pictures because Raoul wants me. He cant find the type he wants—then he takes me."

Her smile this time was faintly audible. I suppose it is amusing to let one's husband go seeking for The Right Type—as for the Blue Bird—and to behold him each time returning home to find her at his own door. I'd never think of asking Miriam Walsh for an article on How To Hold A Husband. She'd smile. Or she might say, "by not holding him."

"I'd never recognize George in censor-made clothes," I remarked, glancing to frere-in-law George who was still plucking, plucking, plucking the leaves from the yellow rose bush. Already he had the bush stripped to its B. V. D.'s. If he'd pulled another leaf, it would never have passed the censors. Luckily, Raoul called "Camera!" and the bush was saved for the Baptists.

There was no rehearsing, yet perfect co-ordination. I suppose this is to be attributed to family discipline. When George strolled off to bowl over a greaser who was kicking a horse, I thought the scene had been spoiled by George's love for animals. But it was all in the 'script.

"What do you think of 'Serenade' as a title?" asked Raoul of me, after the man who kicked the horse had been kicked by George.

I thought it sounded musical, but so does "Carmen," and yet it was changed to "Gypsy Blood." One mustn't get classical with the movie *moujiks*, so I suggested "The Love Jazz." Raoul looked rather ill and strolled away. George by this time was picking on another bush, and Miriam alone was left to me. It was well. Miriam is the decorative feature of the family; the rest, she told me, are Irish. Raoul had always been the leader. George had said as much. Thru appearing in his pictures both George and Miriam Cooper-Walsh had become stars in Fox products. "Serenade" is their reunion jubilee. Upon its completion George flies Eastward, but Miriam remains in Hollywood to appear in Raoul's production of "Kindred of the Dust"—unless, of course, Raoul finds another type to suit him—which he probably wont, altho he feels his wife should star in her own pictures. The combination suggests the Vidors. King Vidor considers Florence Vidor too good to play parts in his productions, while Florence considers King the only director in whose productions she really shines. Thus a Vidor production seldom appears without Florence among those present.

Stars in family groups are becoming quite the fashion again. It may be the hard times. Anyhow, there's Jack Pickford directing Mary with Mother directing both. The Gishes are planning another sister act with "The Two Orphans." But the Walsh filmily is the only triumvirate of which I am aware. George was an honest workman of some sort in New York when Raoul, famous and rich in pictures, decided to bring in younger brother and let him attack the melon.

"I owe everything to Raoul. He got me started, and he taught me all I know," observed George. It was thru his success in Fox productions directed by Raoul Walsh that George was made a star. He had a smile and physical agility, even as Doug Fairbanks, hence it was logical that William Fox should star him. While Miriam Cooper came into prominence first via "The Birth of a Nation," her début, I believe, was under Raoul's direction. In his "Honor System" she followed up the success she had achieved with Griffith. After "The Honor System" the Walshes were pictorially divorced, and Miriam never appeared to such advantage again. Nor did Raoul. He couldn't find The Right Type. And she couldn't find The Right Director. In the meantime, George had got down to his B. V. D.'s. and couldn't go any further. Thus a reunion seemed the logical thing, and it is appropriately celebrated with "Serenade."

Star Gazing

(*Continued from page* 45)

and enjoying the freedom the city would deny me."

There is a charming Mrs. Holt, a tall, slim girl, and as both the actor and his wife are quiet and retiring in their tastes, they find the greatest pleasure in their beautiful Hollywood home with their family, there being three wee ones in the household.

As I watched William de Mille adding vigorous punches to his scenes thru an occasional suggestion to Mr. Holt, I recognized anew the excellent technique, poise and unlimited reserve power of this actor's work, and I found myself trying to visualize the screen character the new star will create for us.

One thing is assured. Jack Holt's men will be essentially of the masculine type, and whether in the broad and sweeping measure or the more restrained moments of his acting, his own sincere efforts will be felt.

Save Money ON XMAS JEWELRY

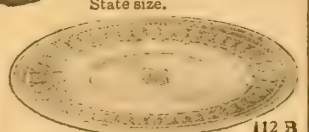
BUY DIRECT FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER JEWELERS

$15.00 FOR THIS $22.50 LADIES' BRACELET WATCH

125 B—You actually save $7.50 in buying this charming Xmas gift direct from us. This dainty, plain, round convertible bracelet watch has 15 jewel Lady Alton movement and 20 year guaranteed gold filled case and bracelet. You'd pay $22.50 for this watch elsewhere; our low price **$15.00**

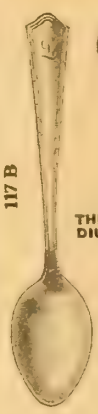
128 B

LADIES' 10K GOLD RING Mounted with fine reproduction of genuine stone. Your choice of ruby, topaz, emerald, pink or blue sapphire. Retail value $7.50. Our price **$5.00** State size.



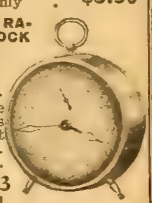
112 B

SANDWICH TRAY Pierced sandwich or cake tray in heavy Sheffield Plate, 10" in diameter; grey finish. Engraved with one Old English letter. The regular retail price on this item would be $5.00. Our price only . **$3.50**



117 B

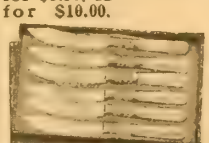
THIS $5.00 GILBERT RADIUM DIAL ALARM CLOCK The "Gilbert" shows 7 ft. to 10 ft. in the dark. Stands 6 inches high, diameter 4½ inches, white radium numerals and hands stand out against grey dial. A family friend. Never sold under $5.00. Our price **$3** Don't wait till they're all gone.



120 B—$3

STERLING SILVER TEA SPOONS 117 B—These spoons are full size, sterling silver, beautiful Mayflower pattern. Sold in stores up to $1.35 each and $15.00 a doz. Our price only **$1 each; six for $5.50, 12 for $10.00.**

105B—MEN'S BELT AND BUCKLE You can make no mistake giving any man this genuine leather belt with sterling silver buckle with any initial engraved in Old English. $4.00 value for . . **$2.50**



115B-SIX FRUIT KNIVES Have beautiful mother-of-pearl handles, sterling silver ferrules, silver plated steel blades. Sold elsewhere up to $7.50. Our price for set of six only . . **$4.50**

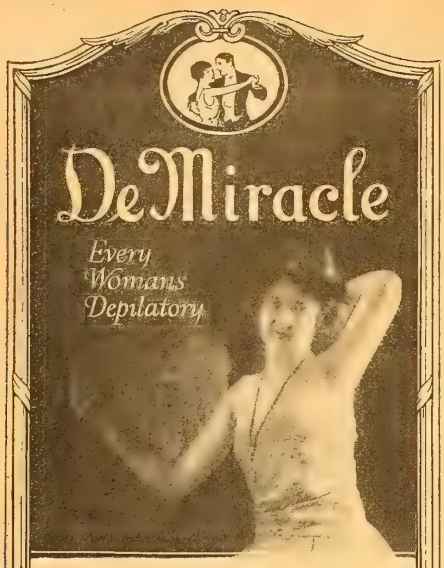
110 B—BABY SET Baby spoon and fork. The set is in the high-grade Rogers Silver Plate; both pieces engraved with script initials. The regular retail price on this item would be $1.25 or $1.35. Retail price **$1**

27th ANNUAL BOOK OF GIFTS—FREE This wonderful book has 168 pages, profusely illustrated with thousands of Xmas gift suggestions of fine jewelry at big money-saving prices. Write for it.

National Distributors of COMMUNITY PLATE and Other Well-known Brands of Silverware.

Baird-North Co

835 BROAD ST PROVIDENCE R.I.



The Perfect Hair Remover

WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes War Tax.

DeMiracle

Dept. F-29, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

The Burlington
21 Jewels

See it first. We send it for you to look at and examine carefully. You are under no obligation to buy. A 21-jewel watch sold to you at a price a great deal lower than that of other high grade watches.

$5.00 a month

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only $5.00 a month—no interest. Send for full information.

Free Book Send for the most complete watch book ever produced, 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today it is free. A letter or post card will do.

Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 12C8
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Office: 62 Albert Street, Winnipeg

The Community Theater Comes to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

height, Chinese lanterns, mystical drapes and curtains—its close-packed audience of celebrities, and devotees, dispels any last lingering doubt, and leaves you on the *qui vive* for the curtain.

So it was that first night, in September, 1917—just two months after the first plans were made. There was a mob! Wallace Reid, Louise Huff and Raymond Hatton, in William de Mille's farce-satire, "Food," were featured, but there were also three other one-act plays by amateurs. From that night forth the Community Theater of Hollywood has been a success, dramatically, artistically and financially.

Since that night, under the wonderful direction of Miss Dickson, this theater has given performances of such high standards it has won tributes from even England's foremost dramatists. Sir James Barrie, John Masefield, John Galsworthy, John Drinkwater have sent personal tribute to Miss Dickson's splendid achievement.

For the dramatic artists it has been a source of constant delight. The lure of the footlights is ever upon them and their community theater affords them opportunity for self-expression in their art.

Nowhere is there such a movement—where artists of international fame give their services. They do not merely play—they work, as on a commercial stage. For theirs is a critical audience of their peers. All of the famous folk are not upon the stage. Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond is generally there, and William de Mille, and Beulah Marie Dix. In its audiences have been Basil Ruysdael, Madame Elizabeth Rothwell and Walter Henry Rothwell, Richard Buhlig, Samuel Merwin, Clayton Hamilton, John Masefield, Elinor Glyn, Elsie Ferguson, Sir Gilbert Parker, and many, many others—an inspiration to the best of actors. And the professional and business folk of all Los Angeles, especially the teachers, attend regularly.

The brightest stars of the stage and screen world have appeared upon its stage during the last four years. Henry Walthal, Henrietta Crossman, Theodore Roberts, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Winter Hall, Helen Jerome Eddy, Betty Blythe, Ann Forrest, Wilfred Lucas, Charles Meredith, Vivian Martin, Harrison Ford and a dozen others—all say it is great fun.

There has been such demand for a longer period than two weeks of production—so many people have been turned away at every performance—that Miss Dickson is now seeking a larger theater. There seems to be no limit to her wonderful achievements. Furthermore, with the desire to stimulate creative work in play-writing, she offered a prize of $400 for the best full-length play, and one of $100 for the best one-act play. There were restrictions, reservations, and guarantees—but no danger of the author's being restricted as by the producer in the commercial theater.

For the Hollywood Community Theater has produced many brilliant plays, never before brought to Los Angeles by the commercial stage—in fact, sixty—and many others already popular. Most of these have been one-act plays, tho popular exceptions have been "What Every Woman Knows," "The Mollusc," "Paolo and Francesca," "Dear Brutus" and "Belinda." Their scope and variety, during these four years includes nine from the Irish dramatists, eighteen from the English, forty from the American, one from the Japanese, four Russian, three French and two German. Plays from the pens of such well-known writers as Barrie, Dunsany, Kummer, Wilde, Glaspell, Moliere, Tchekhov, Shaw, Maeterlink, Hallem, Hudson, Mitchell de Mille, Prosser, Schnitzler, Drinkwater, Milne, Ade and Zona Gale.

And before closing, it is interesting to note what the players and producers think of the theater. The following are typical expressions of opinion:

WILLIAM DE MILLE: Choice of plays is most essential to the development of a community theater. I thoroly approve of Miss Dickson's selection—especially my own! If they keep on censoring the motion pictures, little theaters will be the only means of expression left us!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: It's a bully idea—the community theater. Everybody is entitled to a chance at the thing he wants to do, providing that thing is constructive. And since the primary purpose of the community theater idea is to give those who think they have ability to act the chance to find out, why, I'm for it.

CHARLES RAY: The Community Theater and other little theaters, operating along unselfish, earnest and artistic lines, lead to upbuilding and achievement. Such theaters must, therefore, be beneficial to the drama and its uplift.

KATHERINE MACDONALD: I have attended every production when possible since the opening of the Hollywood Community Theater four years ago. I was present at the first night production, at the Empire Theater in New York, of "Dear Brutus," also at the first night of "Dear Brutus" in Hollywood, and found it equally enjoyable! Friends, recently returned from Europe declared Miss Crossman, in "Belinda," better than anything they saw abroad.

CHARLES CHAPLIN: I rarely go to the theater out here, but the Community—excellent short plays, artistically presented, splendidly cast—jolly, you know—tra-la-la, tra-la-la, la-la! Yes, indeed, I like it.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS: This little theater should, and does, embrace the whole community. People are quick to grasp that which is good. Physicians, merchants, ministers, teachers—all support this theater, appreciating the rare opportunity often afforded them of seeing all-star casts, splendid plays, beautifully artistic productions.

KING VIDOR: Much new talent has been discovered among amateurs working with professional actors at the Community Theater. What an opportunity for the beginner! Then, too, it keeps the star happy—just a taste of stage-life. In just the same way, the community theater, everywhere, should develop new talent in *play-writing*—be an outlet for new efforts, unrestricted by commercialism.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR: To be a success, every community theater must have (1) a sound business basis, (2) talent of a quality to satisfy the community standard, (3) a director of ability and tact. Hollywood, community of artists, musicians, writers, is fortunate in having all three. Hence its success.

And the proof of the pudding is—it tastes like more! Here is the one community theater that has consistently made good. Unendowed, but with a director of most exceptional dramatic, artistic and executive ability—it has proved, despite heavy expenses of royalties, production and equipment, a financial success.

Long may it continue to prosper, long continue to evoke praise unstinted from its famous artists, and give inspiration and happy diversion to the stars of the silent drama.

SHADOWLAND
for November

LONG ago SHADOWLAND established itself as one of the most beautiful—if not *the* most beautiful—magazine in the world. But SHADOWLAND is something more than a thing of rare pictorial and typographical beauty. It has a literary personality all its own, for in its pages are appearing the best work of the best writers in the world today.

Such distinguished authors as:

THEODORE DREISER
FRANK HARRIS
FRANZ MOLNAR
W. L. GEORGE
ALFRED KREYMBORG
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES
OLIVER M. SAYLER
WALTER PACH
PIERRE LOVING
ARCHIE BELL
SHELDON CHENEY
WALTER PRICHARD EATON
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
BABETTE DEUTSCH
KENNETH MACGOWAN
LOUIS RAYMOND REID
THOMAS J. CRAVEN
HERBERT HOWE
HAROLD STEARNS
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

are regularly writing for SHADOWLAND. If you wish to be first in painting, literature, drama, motion pictures, poetry and kindred arts, you must read SHADOWLAND.

The November issue will be an unusual number, both in points of artistic appearance and in literary value. Be sure to get it!

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Stuff of Gold

(Continued from page 53)

a solemnly awkward committee presented her with a floral tribute—a huge funeral wreath! Louise at first didn't know whether they were being subtle or what, but she soon sensed their blissful unconsciousness in the matter and thanked them with a little speech.

Louise, with all her work in pictures, has had time to give an occasional and profitable thought to business. After seeing her upon the screen you'd never think it, but she has headed a successful taxicab company, has maintained a large auto park in the busy district of Los Angeles, and has turned over a good many big deals in real estate. In doing so she has again violated all the conventions of the screen. That has been her way from the beginning. She has clubbed her path-way to success, leaving behind her a pallid mass of shocked and bleeding traditions.

"And so now," she says, "if ever my picture work should go wrong, should fail me, I know that I can retire comfortably to a farm somewhere in the country and raise chickens!"

But she never will. She is teetering now between a tempting offer to go into vaudeville and to make five-reel comedies.

"But I want to get into dramatic work," she says, a little wistfully. "I've always wanted that. Griffith not long ago offered to write me into one of his pictures as a cockney slavey girl. At that time I was not free. It nearly broke my heart."

She lives with her mother in a district of Los Angeles set apart from the usual habitats of the film players. Her home is a novel affair. It consists, really, of two distinct houses, placed, so to speak, side by each. One of them is recognized as Louise's own particular retreat.

"I think every one should have a place like that," she said. "A place where they can be alone when they want to. There are moments in everyone's life when they feel that they must be alone, dont you think? I often feel that way."

She has surrounded herself with an astonishing array of pet animals: Killarney, a self-sufficient Irish terrier, a parrot, Waddles, the trained duck that has appeared so often with her in pictures, Mary Garden, a baby goat who follows her faithfully wheresoe'er she goes. She is in amazing rapport with all animals. Teddy, the Great Dane, left Mack Sennett when she did that he might continue to work with her.

It is to be hoped that some producer will come to the realization of the "stuff" that it is in Louise. It is the stuff of which, ofttimes, gold is made—when the alchemist is one who can mix his realization with opportunity and his opportunity with sound finance. She is capable of other arts than that of buffoonery and bumps. In the hands of Griffith, if he did not let his tendency toward slapstick dull the keen edge of more subtle humor, she might attain the zenith of mirth and the nadir of pathos. Even as it is, there are tears in her smiles.

USEFUL INSTRUCTION

By FRANK V. FAULHABER

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE: Let's go down to Filmco's location; it is very entertaining to see them take the pictures.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S HUSBAND: Yes, and educating. I've learned several tricks already from the director, in the art of training a woman.

"Here's an Extra $50!

"I'm making *real* money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S."

Today more than ever before, money is what counts. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 30 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 130,000 now. And they are ready and anxious to help *you*.

Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6627 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card and Sign Ptg.
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ Spanish
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Teacher
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking

Name _____

Present Occupation _____ Business Address _____ 3-1-21

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Use Only Genuine MASCARO

PANAFIEU MASCARO
is the only genuine MASCARO

Panafieu Mascaro is a simple and safe means of darkening the eyelashes so they look long, luxuriant and curling. It darkens the lashes, the brows or the hair without injury to them. There is only one Mascaro—Panafieu's, the original. Insist upon *Mascaro*.

L. Panafieu, Paris, France

At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere

Park & Tilford
529 West 42nd St.
New York

Sole Agents in U. S.

POLA NEGRI

The Wild Desert Dancer in

"One Arabian Night"

FIRST National pictures are made by independent artists—stars and producers who are their own bosses. They are unhampered by outside influences and are free to carry out their own ideals. Consequently their one aim is to make pictures of high artistic merit and splendid entertainment value—pictures that are a credit to themselves and pleasing to the public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc. is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners, which fosters the production of more artistic pictures and which is striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts for screen entertainment the work of these independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

When you see a First National trademark on the screen you see the work of one of these independent artists—pictures that are both fascinating to watch and of high production quality.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

NEW METHOD—COMFORTS

Painful Feet

10 DAYS TRIAL TO PROVE IT

Thousands now getting relief from Weak Arches, Flatfoot, Callouses, Bunions, Weak Ankles, Crooked Toes, Morton's Toe and sore, tired, burning feet using the NATURE-TREAD METHOD. No arch supports. Not habit-forming. Natural. Scientific. Proven. Army and Navy principles used. Costs little. Write at once for FREE foot measuring chart and other valuable information. State your foot troubles. The Nature Tread Mfg. Co., 200 N. Jefferson St., Dept. 520, Chicago

10 Buys ¢100

Millions Billions in use to-day

Engel "Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 69-L 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO

BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M-P. NEW YORK CITY

The Philosopher and the Cinema

(*Continued from page* 25)

he said, and I tried to forget the hideous make-up and look only at the kindly eyes. But the effort was too much for my truly feminine susceptibility. I said I would really have to run along.

"Oh, but I cant let you go with this impression of me," he protested, "cant you spare just a few moments and I'll show you how this make-up comes off."

I looked at the nice eyes and said I'd be happy to wait. And so we walked across the cool wind-swept studio grounds to his little grey dressing-room over which climbed a profusion of tiny pink roses. The one object in the business-like room besides his huge make-up box was a chair which looked for all the world like a dentist's. In this he leaned back while his man drew off the horrid, ugly clay nose with a piece of string, and two huge pieces of clay from behind each ear. Then from his mouth he took two false jaws. The transformation was uncanny. Sort of screen flash-back in flesh and blood. At last I was looking at the Milton Sills I had always been accustomed to expect. With several deft combings his naturally wavy hair was put back in meticulous order and the change was complete.

And then I told him of my wonderment at his choice of the stage as a career.

"I had always been very active in athletics at college," he told me, "and, to tell you the truth, I missed the thrill and the excitement when I settled down to a professor's life. I am still vitally interested in 'Philosophy,' but I needed more action than I could get as a college professor—also more money."

Milton Sills is the greatest booster for pictures with whom I have ever talked.

"I consider them a Godsend to the theatrical profession. When we are on the stage, we have to sleep while normal people are working and we have to work in the evenings to amuse others. Our time is never our own and we can never enjoy normal home life. But in pictures it is different. Out here we have beautiful homes, we work during the day and we have an opportunity to live like sane people."

Milton Sills is happily married and has a young daughter. He is just what the picture profession needs—a sane cultured gentleman who cannot but raise the standards of the screen by his association with it.

The Slender Silhouette

(*Continued from page* 60)

gaining weight, here are some simple instructions to aid you:

First, and do not doubt this, no matter what anyone may say to the contrary, it is the food you eat that makes you fat, and if you do not eat food you will not get fat, and what is more, you will lose whatever fat you already have. So when some acquaintance says, "Dieting doesn't do any good; I tried it for months and I didn't lose a pound," dont let that bother you at all, for it is not true. Probably they started on a diet, but hadn't the will-power to keep to it, or perhaps they did keep to a diet of some kind, but certainly not of the right kind.

Now, to begin with, dont think I am going to put you on a starvation diet. I am not. You may eat plenty to sustain your strength and health. You may even eat for the mere pleasure of eating. But you must eat only certain things and let others entirely alone.

Here are some of the things you must

eliminate from your diet at once: Sweet or Irish potatoes, corn, soup, ham, bacon, or any form of pork, milk, butter, salad dressings made of oil, lima beans, or any dried beans, cocoanuts, bananas and grapes and nuts.

Here are some of the things you may eat without fear of gaining weight: Beefsteaks, broiled, not fried, or lean beef in any form; turnips and turnip tops, spinach, green beans, green peas, tomatoes, carrots, parsnips, mushrooms, radishes, onions, lettuce, watermelon, cantaloups, grapefruit, oranges, apples, peaches, plums and almost any fruit, berry or melon; fish, oysters, terrapin, lobster and almost any game, such as duck, quail, turkey; salads made of fish, fowl or lean meat, celery, fruit and lettuce, and served with a dressing made without oil or butter—this can be done with vinegar, an egg and a slight amount of flour, and then cooked—may be eaten without compunction. Beets and olives are not taboo.

And here are some more donts: Dont eat bread at all unless you can get gluten bread, which absolutely will not fatten, while all other breads will—if anything will. Dont drink with your meals. And dont drink between meals any more than you consider necessary for your health. All liquids are fattening. Especially alcoholic liquids. If you must have coffee or tea with your meals, use saccharine instead of sugar for sweetening, and leave out the cream. Lemon in tea makes a more healthful combination, anyhow.

After you have eaten a meal, do not lie down and take a nap. Do not even sit down unless you are in an office and have to do desk work. Take a walk if possible, not necessarily a brisk one, or engage in some mild form of exercise. Get into the habit of this, especially after dinner, and you will do much to keep the food you have eaten from turning into fat.

If you are overweight now and follow my directions for a week, you will not lose weight. If you follow them for a month, you may not lose weight. But after that month, just see what happens! Weigh every few days, or at least once a week, and see how fast the pounds fall off. There is now no limit to the slenderness you may acquire if you keep the diet up with a reasonable amount of natural exercise. It will be a pleasant surprise to you after the first few discouraging weeks of going without the foods you like best and seeing no result. I really think this is the reason so many people fail to get the desired result. After trying it for a week or two and seeing that they have not lost an ounce, they become discouraged and think they have been especially cursed by providence and are doomed to be forever unsightly. If you will just remember this and not expect much until after the first month, you will be amply rewarded for your patience and your struggle.

Of course, my directions must be modified to suit people of different stages of obesity. The very stout person should observe a more stringent diet than one who is only very plump should; eat only when very hungry, and then only enough of the right kind of food to give strength and nourishment, not necessarily enough to satisfy the appetite. Then when she has reduced to the weight proportionate to her height, she should endeavor to maintain this weight by continuing on the diet, tho she may naturally increase the amount of food at each meal.

Retaining a slender silhouette is a task for one unaccustomed to self-denial. But regaining slenderness after having lost it is still more difficult. Remember that anything worth having is worth working for.

"How handsome she is!" Much of her charm lies in the hat—the pretty *Priscilla Dean Tam* that makes a charming frame for every face.

The Charming *Priscilla Dean Tam*

Smart and serviceable, it is the perfect hat for Fall and Winter.

Soft, beautifully colored "Suède-Like," artfully draped, a band and neatly tailored bow of grosgrain ribbon, and an inner elastic band to insure snug fit for any head size, and lo!—Fashion presents you with the *Priscilla Dean Tam*—the ideal hat for women and girls—popular the country over.

Only $2.50, *it represents the best value you ever did see!* You can get it in White, Bright Red, Jade, Green, Navy, Tan, Dark Brown, Orange and Copenhagen, and other popular Fall shades. Whatever your type may be, the *Priscilla Dean Tam,* in the color you select, will become you! Order yours today—now!

Stores everywhere carry *Priscilla Dean Tams.* Look for the label when you buy—your quality guarantee. We will send you a tam direct, if you wish. Just send the coupon or letter with $2.50.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.,
908 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed is $2.50 (Canada $3.00) for which please send me a Priscilla Dean Tam in..... postage paid.
color

Name .....

Address .....
If I decide to return tam, money is to be refunded.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
Exclusive Makers of
Priscilla Dean Tams
908 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
The *Priscilla Dean Tam* in Lyons Velvet, satin lined, $4.00, now ready.

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good second verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a second verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
Lester Park-Edward Whiteside
Photoplay Productions
214 W. 34th St., Suite 24, New York, N.Y.

Superfluous Hair Roots Now Removed at Home

Glorious news for women troubled with disfiguring hairy growths! By means of an entirely new and very simple method you can now remove not only the surface hair, but the roots as well! Just get a $1.00 stick of Phelactine at any drug store or toilet counter, follow the easy instructions—see the hair-roots come out before your very eyes! Yes, you can hardly believe your eyes, it is done so quickly, completely, harmlessly. Phelactine is non-irritating, non-odorous, non-poisonous.

Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. **Big Profits.** We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. **Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.**

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
409M Broadway New York

MULTI-CORD TIRES

Built for 6000 Miles Service—Standard adjustment to govern

Our dependable process of reconstruction doubles the life of the tire and represents a saving which you cannot afford to miss.

A New Standard Tube Free With Each Tire Ordered

30x3 .. $6.80	31x4....$10.10	32x4½..$12.00	36x4½..$14.00
30x3½.. 7.90	32x4.... 10.45	33x4½.. 12.40	35x5 .. 14.35
32x3½.. 8.85	33x4.... 10.90	34x4½.. 12.90	37x5 .. 14.80
S.S. or Clincher	34x4.... 11.25	35x4½.. 13.15	

Orders shipped same day received. Send $2.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether SS or CL, plain or Non-Skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount with the order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash with order discount.

RACINE TIRE SALES CO., Dept. 1078, 2108 So. Racine Ave., Chicago

GENUINE
FLACONETTES!
TRADEMARK REG.

FILLED WITH WORLD-FAMED PERFUMES

At last—Houbigant's, Coty's, Guerlain's and other Famous French extracts at $1 and $1.50—in FLACONETTES.

At last you can carry your favorite perfume wherever you go—just as they do in Paris! The exquisite FLACONETTE vial, in its French gray satinum case, is easily carried in your handbag.

FLACONETTES are safe, convenient, economical. The special applicator draws just a drop at a time from the bottle—without any spilling or waste.

FLACONETTES are the last word in smartness and novelty.

For sale at dept., drug and specialty shops. Or check perfumes you want, and remit direct, adding 10c for each FLACONETTE for war tax, postage and packing.

IMPORTERS' EXCHANGE, INC.
220 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
Mail Inquiries, address Dept. M 11

$1.00 EACH

HOUBIGANT
Quelques Fleurs : Parfum Ideal
COTY
L'Origan : Styx : Chypre
GUERLAIN
Jicky : Apres l'Ondee
ROCCA
Brise d'Or
GRENOVILLE
Bluet (Supreme Creation)
ROGER & GALLET
Fleurs d'Amour (Flowers of Love)

$1.50 EACH
Super-Perfumes
COTY
Ambre Antique : L'Effleurt
HOUBIGANT
Mon Boudoir (His Latest Creation)
GUERLAIN
Rue de la Paix : L'Heure Bleue
ROSINE
Nuit de Chine (Most Extraordinary)

DEALERS:—Be prepared for the tremendous demand for Flaconettes. Write for details.

DIAMONDS
A YEAR TO PAY
$48.50
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

7 perfectly matched Diamonds, set in Platinum, resembles 1¼ K Solitaire $48.50. A full year to pay. No money in advance. If not satisfied return at our expense.

8 PER CENT YEARLY INCREASE GUARANTEE on all diamonds bought from us. All transactions confidential, no references demanded.

Thousands buy the ROYAL way without feeling the cost. Our money saving catalog is yours for the asking. Get this free catalog with thousands of articles to select from 10% down—10 days trial on anything you order from our $2,000,000 stock. Write Dept. 371.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

A Slim Figure—
how to obtain it

You may comfortably and healthfully obtain slender grace through your daily bath, easily taking off superfluous flesh, thereby securing the contour that ideally displays the most fashionable gowns. Sprinkle your daily bath with the flesh-reducing, invigorating

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

a delicately perfumed bath powder, *guaranteed* to contain no alum, epsom salts, or any harmful ingredient.

If your druggist cannot supply you send $2.00 ($3.00 in Canada) direct to Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co. Inc. Dept. 236, 49 E. 102d St. N.Y.

Dawn of the East

(*Continued from page* 51)

ture serial. 'The Yellow Menace,' or some such rot! In a city with a cop on every corner and the baseball scores up on the billboards twenty minutes after the game is finished in the New York Polo Grounds—nonsense!"

Not entirely convincing from a purely logical viewpoint, perhaps, but Natalya was reassured. Very slowly, like a rising tide, the color swept her face to the line of dark hair masses; very bravely she met his embarrassed eyes. "What I told you—you are not angry? It is as you said—to him, my Ausca—you believe in me?"

"Sure," muttered, inelegantly, her husband. Scowling along the length of his cigar, which had gone out from inattention, jamming his hands into his pockets, striding the floor. "But it makes me *sick* to think of you in that place!" he burst out between set teeth, "and that saffron devil, that Wu Ting! God! I never thought I could want to *kill* a man before, but if I ever ran across him——" He made an eloquent gesture with one big, angry brown hand, as tho gripping a throat, closing about it.

Natalya broke the tenseness with a laugh, purring, soft—the satisfied sound of the triumphant female creature whose mate shows his teeth in her defense. With a swift change of mood, she flung off fear, humility, memory, and ran to the piano, where her fingers found mad chords. Behind her, Austin Strong picked up the evening paper. His eyes rested on the familiar headlines—"Senate Begins Graft Probe," "Broker Sues Chorus-Girl Wife," "Thugs Hold Up Bank Messenger in Broad Daylight"—with a sense of relief at getting back to the sane, normal things of everyday. The Senate was always beginning a graft probe, brokers were always suing—these things were American, understandable.

Whatever Austin Strong determined to do, he did thoroly. He had made up his mind to forget the story he had heard from his wife's lips, and so far as she could see in the days that followed, he did forget. If anything, he was a trifle more tender, and her heart was filled with singing. It was with a sense of shock that she heard her little Chinese factotum say glibly one morning, almost a month later, after a telephone message: "Please, Missee, Honorable Sotan say telle you clome his shlop pretty damn quick. I show you. Honorable husband gone, mebbe you like clome now."

She drew herself up, the great lady towering above a serf. "Tell you master I shall not come!"

"Allee light. Say, mebbe you likee know Wu Ting clome."

"Wu Ting!" Natalya drew back. Her first impulse after the shock of the news was to repeat her refusal to go. Then she thought of Austin, and the way his lean, sinewy fingers had closed on an invisible throat—if he should find out the man was here, there would be terrible trouble. "You shall take me," she said breathlessly, "now! At once."

Sotan's curio shop was set back from the street, behind a bamboo gate. Within was the usual miscellany, chosen to attract the untutored and undiscriminating tourist eye—the blue crockery, the fans and dolls and sleazy blue and pink kimonos, embroidered with plum blossoms. Natalya had dressed for the visit in a dark skirt and shabby blouse to attract as little attention as possible, but here, among the gaudy fabrics and insouciant trifles of the bazaar, she felt that she was glaringly conspicuous.

Sotan, sleek, smirking like one of his

own grotesque wooden carvings, approached from behind the screens at the back.

"You are most becomingly in thas costume, Madame!" He bowed. "When your unworthy husban' see you so, he will be much gratified."

"My husband!" Natalya gasped. He isn't *here?* No! he was going to the library today——"

"I ask very pardon," murmured the shopkeeper oilily. "I speak of your true husban', you make mally to in Tientsen, the Honorable Wu Ting!" Making a motion for silence, he led the way into a back room, with casements looking out into a backyard that was evidently used for a teahouse in the summer. Now it was bleak and dingy, the little temples and pagodas looking forlorn against the unfriendly Western sky. "You do not believe? It is true! He payee money, he send you the chair of betrothal, he take you to the tomb of honorable ancestors. Thas Chinese malliage. You Mrs. Wu Ting!"

Natalya opened her lips, but no sound came from them. Her eyes burned out of the paper whiteness of her face as thru the holes of a mask.

"*Bud* I can save you," continued Sotan, rubbing his yellow little hands softly." You promise fin' out w'at Mlister Strong know about thas island and tell me, and you can go home. I tell my fliends—they kill Wu Ting. You likee?"

The pent horror in Natalya's brain found outlet in a scream. Thru the glass door at the side of the room glided another figure. Wu Ting made a gesture and his former servant obeyed it sullenly, shuffling from the room, but leaving the glass door ajar.

Leaning against the wall, with a shrinking that was of the soul as well as the body, Natalya stared into the twinkling, beady eyes of the man whom Sotan had just called *her husband.* Her mind clutched at a frail straw of hope—if she could get him away from her, if she could escape from this hideous place, Austin would take care of her. "That man"—she gestured toward the door—"he was bargaining with me! He offered to have you killed if I would agree to his terms!"

Not a quiver of the flat, yellow face before her showed that her desperate device had succeeded, but the small, unblinking eyes of Wu Ting were venomous. Without a word, he turned. Clutching at the table, Natalya watched him go out the door and close it behind him, then her heart gave a suffocating throb. On the glass of the door was cast the shadow of Murder's Self, with lips drawn back from teeth, fingers crooked into fangs!

When Wu Ting slipped back into the room he was smiling softly. "I should have had him stabbed long ago," he said affably. "I fear I am soft-hearted. But his lips shall never speak lies again!"

"Then it was a lie?" panted Natalya. "He said I was married to you! Tell me it was a lie!"

Wu Ting shook his head regretfully. "No. Even the mire produces sometimes a white blossom. He spoke the truth that once. You were my wife by Chinese law, and I came to claim you. But this little incident"—he motioned gracefully toward the glass door—"has, I fear, changed my plans. It is necessary that I leave at once, and with as little notice as possible from these impertinent police of this barbarous country, who interfere between a gentleman and his enemy. You are not exactly inconspicuous, my dear lady!" He spoke English with a suavity and precision that made melody of the words.

Moving across the room, Wu Ting opened one of the casement windows and clapped his hands. Like a genii of the

The Famous YORK Saxaphone

The Easiest Instrument To Play

SENT TO YOU ON FREE TRIAL

Yes, you can have the world famous YORK Saxaphone shipped to you on 10 days' FREE TRIAL. Play on it at home for 10 full days. No obligation to buy. Convince yourself of its superb quality and richness of tone.

Then, if you are not more than pleased with the instrument, simply ship it back to us, and it won't cost you a penny.

In fact, you can get any fine band instrument made by the House of York on FREE TRIAL. Send the coupon below for beautifully illustrated literature, and take your pick of the following:

Saxaphones Cornets Trumpets
Clarinets Drums Zylophones

Easy Payments

You can pay while learning to play. Make a small payment down and the balance in monthly remittances. We send you everything you need—carrying case, and all necessary attachments.

Send Coupon Now

Fill out the coupon now with your name and address, and simply mention the instrument you are interested in and we will send illustrated circulars and the full details of our Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan. These circulars tell you how to practice and how to learn to play. Send coupon today.

J. W. YORK & SONS
Dept. 1808, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Established in 1882

FREE COUPON
J. W. YORK & SONS
Dept. 1808, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kindly mail me, without cost to me, your beautifully illustrated circulars, and also details of your Free Trial and Easy Payment Offer.

Name .....
Address .....
Inst'ment .....
(Mention above instrument most interested in)

Clear-Tone
The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly removing

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ACNE

Eruptions on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, and over

100,000 Men and Women

test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else. Write today for my Free booklet, "*A Clear-Tone Skin*" telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E.S.GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

OF THE BETTER KIND

These genuine photos are the best obtainable, specially posed for by the various artists. Size 8x10, 50c each or 12 for $5. Beautiful and artistic and they are sure to please you. If not, we refund your money.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THIS LIST

Theda Bara	Clara K. Young
Alice Joyce	Frank Mayo
Mary Miles Minter	Katherine MeDonald
Mabel Normand	Mae Murray
Olga Petrova	Charles Ray
Mary Pickford	Nazimova
Blanche Sweet	Charles Chaplin
Anita Stewart	Mildred Harris
Pearl White	Richard Barthelmess
Earle Williams	

or any of the other popular stars.

Norma Talmadge

50 Cents Each—12 for $5.00.

Check those you want and enclose money order, currency or U. S. Stamps only covering your purchase together with this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly thereon and mail TODAY to

S. BRAM, Dept. 116, 209 W. 48th St. N. Y.
Special Proposition to Dealers.

BLITHEDALE SCHOOL

MRS. LEONORA VON OTTINGER-LADD, Director

60 West 94th Street, New York City

DRAMA *MOTION PICTURES* *PUBLIC SPEAKING*
OPERA *MUSICAL COMEDY* *ORATORIO*

Special attention to out-of-town young ladies, including chaperonage and boarding. Highest references, including Brewster Publications. Departments for dancing, fencing, gesture, the speech arts, beauty, culture, make-up, facial expression, and any or all branches necessary for stage or screen and a professional career.

(Write for full particulars, stating what branches are desired, and if pupil wishes a large or small room including board and chaperonage, and with one or more in a room.)

Mrs. Ladd also offers to chaperone young ladies to the theater, opera, pictures and other entertainments.

Address:

BLITHEDALE SCHOOL, 60 West 94th St., New York City

"I Don't Enjoy Society Because This Unsightly Hair Makes Me Look So Ugly"

If you are miserable because your face is made ugly and unsightly by a growth of superfluous hair don't give up hope and let yourself grow bitter.

There is a method that will permanently relieve your trouble.

It kills the root so that it is impossible for the hair to grow again. No other treatment does this. There are depilatories which temporarily remove superfluous hair from the skin, but it grows again thicker and stronger than ever.

There is only one method which kills the root of the hair, making it impossible for it ever to reappear. It does not injure the skin, and is comparatively inexpensive. You can use it in the privacy of your own home. This is the MAHLER Method. Send three stamps for information sent in plain sealed envelope. We Teach Beauty Culture. 25 years in business. Write today.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 881-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Don't Send One Penny in Advance Just tell us the number of ring you want—your name, address and finger size, and a beautiful sparkling **Liznite Gem Ring** will be sent you for ten days trial. So sure are we that neither you nor your friends can tell a Liznite Gem from a genuine diamond that we want you to make comparison at our risk.

5 STAR FEATURES

Solid Gold Mountings
Hand Engraved
Extra Heavy Ring
Gem Full Karat Wt.
Exclusive Designs

Gifts That Last a Lifetime

As a gift or for yourself you will be convinced that after making a careful examination, a beautiful dazzling **Liznite gem** with its pure white color, brilliancy, cut and polish is the closest thing to a diamond ever discovered and will stand every diamond test; fire, acid and file. Send for yours TODAY.

We Manufacture Rings—Import These Stones—SAVE YOU HALF!

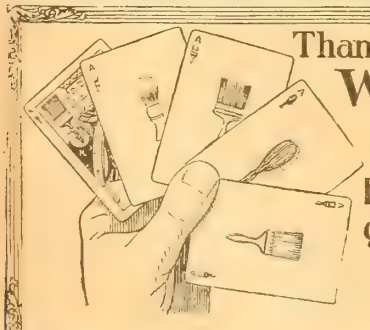
Because we are manufacturers, we save you considerable, every ring is hand made, hand engraved, exclusive designs, extra heavy.

Get Your Choice TODAY—*Just deposit $4.50 with postman when ring arrives, wear it—if not satisfactory send it back in ten days, at our expense. If you decide to keep it, pay balance $3.00 monthly.*

THE LIZNITE GEM COMPANY
"House of Quality and Price" **Dept. 1135, 128 N. Wells St., Chicago,**

PRE-WAR PRICES

No. 1..	$18.50
No. 2..	16.50
No. 3..	15.50
No. 4..	15.50
No. 5..	12.50



Thanks to a good dealer you can get
WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES
Buyers of them always get good deals, no discards - -
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

fairy tale, another Chinaman appeared from somewhere out of the gathering autumn dusk. "My servant will conduct you safely home," bowed Wu Ting.

Still, with satirical politeness, he helped Natalya to descend from the casement into the deserted tea garden. Already the squat figure of her guide was disappearing toward an ornate gate in the farther wall. As she turned to follow, Wu Ting leaned from the window. "Perhaps it might interest you to know," he smiled, showing a row of square teeth, stained black with the betel-nut, "that by leaving me as you did, you divorced me according to the law. So you are my wife no longer."

As she stumbled across the frozen grass tufts toward the gate that meant freedom and happiness, Natalya whispered something over and over like a prayer of thanksgiving. "I'm leaving the past behind forever, and I shall learn to make gingerbread and sew on buttons and be an American wife! But we must go away from this city before long, because I want the first thing my American son can remember to be a robin sitting in an apple tree——"

Scores Vote Guessing Final Leaders

(*Continued from page* 90)

Character Man

Lon Chaney	561
Richard Barthelmess	390
Thomas Meighan	273
Charles Ray	228
Bert Lytell	189
William S. Hart	162
John Barrymore	159
James Kirkwood	123

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	678
Pauline Frederick	390
Kathlyn Williams	282
Alla Nazimova	246
Kate Bruce	234
Lillian Gish	228
Gloria Swanson	168
Mary Alden	165

Comedian (Male)

Charles Chaplin	1,241
Buster Keaton	327
Fatty Arbuckle	261
Charles Ray	240
Douglas Fairbanks	234
Wallace Reid	168
Ben Turpin	144
Douglas McLean	108

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge	1,425
Louise Fazenda	495
Mabel Norman	402
Mary Pickford	192
Bebe Daniels	129
Mildred Davis	84
Marie Prevost	81

Director

Cecil B. de Mille	1,884
Marshall Neilan	303
Thomas H. Ince	108
George Fitzmaurice	84
William de Mille	78
Tom Forman	72
Allan Dwan	48

Child

Wesley Barry	1,287
Ben Alexander	222
Marie Osborne	165
Bobby Connelly	78
Virginia Lee Corbin	78
Bill Henry, Jr.	75
Micky Moore	69
Mary MacAlister	54

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

TRIXIE 16.—I know of no cure for grey hair. There are various remedies that will restore color so long as you keep using the preparation, but nothing will turn it permanently, because it keeps on growing from the roots. When you get up in the morning and discover that grey hair No. 19 has made its appearance, dont get the glooms, but smile sweetly and say, "Ah, wisdom and good sense are coming at last." For every hair that fades, or fades away, figure that you are the gainer by about one ounce of brains. Yes, The Blazed Trail Company is taking pictures in the Adirondacks. Evangeline Russell is the leading woman. Never heard of the other player.

ERNEST B.—Well, I guess Orville Erringer is nearest Mary Miles Minter's ideal. I used to wing a wicked ball years ago. First base was my station, and I could shoot them across to third on a line.

GUMBLOSSOM.—Horrors, no, Charlie Chaplin is not dead. Long live the king.

ENZEDDER.—Well, the measure of a man is the quality of his hope. If this is your debut, I certainly wont put you in the "Also rans." Yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting Mme. Petrova. So you really worship her. You ought to come to New York this winter to see her in her new stage play.

LYNDHURST.—Well, in the long run you will find that it is much cheaper to learn from other people's experiences than to let them learn from yours. Lottie Pickford is playing in "They Shall Pay." Jean Paige "The Prodigal Judge." Doris Kenyon is playing with Conway Tearle in "Shadows of the Sea."

ELMO LINCOLN FAN.—*Le jour viendra.* Words fail me. I enjoyed yours muchly. So you are getting tired of the eternal grind that Dorothy Phillips shows in every picture, and you are tired of the Spanish posing of Bebe Daniels. Yes, I saw "Prisoners of Love," and it was a fine play, altho a trifle raw. You refer to Barbara Bedford. You can get a list of the correspondence clubs. Richard Tucker in "A Voice in the Dark." Richard Dix in "The Poverty of Riches." Yes, Rosemary Theby is Mrs. Harry Meyers. I believe they met at the old Lubin studios.

WALTER F. CUMBERLAND.—Have mailed the letter. There is one Gladys Walton in the pictures with Universal, and there is another on the stage. Sylvia Breamer and Tom Moore in Goldwyn's "The man with Two Mothers." Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was."

L. H., BUENOS AIRES.—No, I dont think any of the players you mention are Hebrews. There is no complete book on the subject. Well, this magazine was the first magazine devoted to moving pictures, and it was started with the February issue 1911. And well I remember it.

CALIF BUCKAROO.—Where in this department have you found any witticisms? Once in a while there is a brain flea that jumps about among slumbering ideas, but they are hardly witticisms. Didn't you know that Florence La Badie died some years ago?

PITOL MAC.—So you want to be an aviatoress. Better wait five or six more years until the blame things become more perfected. Hoot Gibson finished his Universal picture "Action." Clara Horton opposite him.

ROLLING PIN.—Why our printers print from electrotypes on rubber rollers. You surely write a clever letter. When you come to America, be sure to look me up.

(*Continued on page 109*)

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, and for the benefit of their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy the magazines by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	2.50	3.00	3.50
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	8.50	10.00	11.50

Payable in United States Funds

Date.....

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Girlhood

When your complexion of after years is determined.

That critical period of youth between childhood and young womanhood mars the beauty of many a complexion. The skin eruptions of adolescence may leave permanent blemishes. Cosmetics can but hide these annoying marks —pimples, liver-spots, sallowness. Perfect physical health will prevent their forming. Wise mothers will instruct their daughters in the use of a good aperient to keep the skin fair and the blood clear.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), a vegetable aperient, is a real aid to a beautiful complexion. It acts naturally to improve the general health and prevent headaches and biliousness. *It does more than a laxative.*

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets.

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy-coated.

For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive BLUE and YELLOW box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

Tom and Mrs. Tom

(*Continued from page 69*)

evening that I went to interview Tom. For she's Mrs. Gallery now!

They live in cozy seclusion somewhere behind Hollywood, where the unfamiliar visitor soon gets hopelessly lost in the crisscross of streets and the numberless canyons that have become the favorite dwelling places of many stars and movie folk. I didn't attempt to find the way myself. Instead, they came down to the Boulevard, in a big car, to fetch me. I squeezed into the front set with them and we were presently throbbing and jolting our way up the steep road that leads past their home. The house clung to the side of a sharp hill, so sharp that the garage behind it was no more or less than a big hole dug into the earth. It was when we got out that I had my first full glimpse of Tom.

He is tall—big, for that matter, in every way. Obviously, he is young. Youth is in his smile and his blue eyes and his easy, confident manner. There is an undeniable charm in his face, not at all dependent upon the mere fact of its being good-looking.

Zasu—but everyone knows Zasu! The delightful, unbelievable girl who startled the world into a warm welcome by her performance in Mary Pickford's "Little Princess." She has made their home charming with simple, comfortable furnishings.

"But you ought to taste her cooking!" exclaimed Tom, when I voiced my admiration.

Apparently Zasu is a real wife.

And then, when we had got settled, I in a big armchair, they facing me on the couch, she told me how it had all come about.

"I was working at the Brentwood Studio when I saw Tom first," she said. "We were making tests for a leading man to play opposite me. When I saw Tom, I just knew that I must have him. We had to weep and laugh together for the test, and I tried so hard to make it a success that I nearly went into hysterics! Henry Kolker, my director then, finally went to the office and said, 'Well, I guess we'll take Gallery all right. The Pitts girl is crazy about him.'"

Zasu laughed and looked at Tom.

"I didn't hear about that until some time afterward. Anyway, all I cared about was the fact that they *did* take him."

Once started, Tom continued to play opposite her as long as she remained with Brentwood. "The Heart of Twenty" is perhaps the best known of the productions that they made together. Since then he has played with most of the big companies. In Marshall Neilan's "Dinty" he had a good part. His most recent work is the title rôle in "The Son of Wallingford," the ten-reel Vitagraph production that Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester just completed. It is the most important achievement of his young career.

During a moment when he was out of the room, Zasu, whom I had known in the days before their elopement to Santa Ana—yes, her marriage had all the thrills of a picture romance—said earnestly:

"I dont think I should mind it if I never went back to the screen again. I am so absolutely happy this way. I think I'd rather just help Tom get ahead. It doesn't seem possible that there can be success for both of us, and if it is to be for only one, I want that one to be Tom."

But Tom is not in full agreement there. When he came in again, he mentioned, without going into any details, the probability that when he finished "The Son of Wallingford" they would soon start working together. He is wise, then, in realizing that he has in his wife one of the most unusual actresses in motion pictures.

If faith can mean anything, I think that there is no doubt that Tom will eventually attain the pinnacle of success. Besides Zasu, whose belief in him is boundless apparently, there is a father—or was it an uncle?—back in Chicago, who nearly drove the *Chicago Tribune* into hysterics by the vigor of his support of Tom in a popularity contest, run by that paper. He held an important position as an official of the Police Department, and when he announced his boy's candidacy the whole police force fell to with a will to collect the necessary votes. The result was that Tom swamped the other contestants so heavily that even Wallace Reid had no chance. It's that sort of support that'll put any man almost anywhere in time. To be sure, winning a popularity contest in Chicago is no criterion of how Tom stands with the country, but a lot of darn good things have started in the Windy City.

It cannot be questioned that in Tom Gallery there are possibilities which, provided he steers a sane course thru the present foment and stress that has beset the movies, should place him at the very top. For ten years now we have sat and watched the same ingénues and the same juveniles flit across the screen. It's an even chance that they cant last much longer—much more than even. Already we are beginning to stir at the sight of unexpected wrinkles, suddenly flabby chins. One by one, the idols are falling. It means that very soon there are bound to be new ones set up. Among the most worshipped of them, I shan't be surprised to find Tom Gallery.

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 71*)

sucked the poison from the wound, the irate Dad declares that the man will have to take his gal in marriage. Then up speaks Charlie Chaplin with the query, "Why not make the snake marry her? He bit her first."

BEBE AND JACK DEMPSEY

The ladies of Hollywood have been observing Bebe Daniels in the company of Jack Dempsey and have announced the engagement of the two. Unable to guess engagements unless advertised in five-carat type, I cannot speak with authority. The ladies do say that Jack was in the automobile with Bebe the night she was doing the sixty-miles-an-hour that took her to jail for a week. Mr. Dempsey is being well entertained by the cinema set, among whom he has many friends. Perhaps Bebe is just one of the hostesses. At any rate, we have Jack's word to say that a prize-fighter is not good enough for any woman. But maybe Bebe prefers the opinion of Madame Georges Carpentier.

ENID BENNET A MOTHER

Enid Bennet is starring in the rôle of mother, Fred Niblo directing. It is their own drama, but some pictures of mother and child will be released very soon, I believe. At this writing, the baby has not had time to be christened. I venture to guess it

Watch for the **November** Number of

Motion Picture *CLASSIC*

IN it are new and exclusive pictures of your screen favorites and the true stories of their characteristics.

It presents, in the most thrilling story form, the forthcoming **Griffith** production, **"The Two Orphans,"** starring **Lillian** and **Dorothy Gish,** and illustrated by the most artistic photographic stills.

Other new photoplays, told in picture and story, are **"The Sheik," "Jane Eyre," "Forever,"** and **"A Fool's Paradise."**

Herbert Howe writes entertainingly about the Curly Kid, who is **Cullen Landis** himself.

Lillian Gish is the charming subject of a personality story by **Frederick James Smith.**

Ruth Roland, Mae Murray and **Agnes Ayres** appear in delightful character sketches and camera studies.

News of the **Eastern** and **Western Studios** make a perfect number of

The Motion Picture *CLASSIC* **for NOVEMBER**

will be Enid Bennet, jr.—or rather, Enid Niblo. Miss Bennet's latest picture is "Keeping Up With Lizzie." Mr. Niblo has been directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," and will also direct Doug. in "The Virginian." As soon as baby Bennet-Niblo can dispense with her mother's entertainment, we may see the lovely Enid on the screen once more.

MRS. CHAPLIN AS MISS BETT

Mildred Harris, once Mrs. Chaplin, is to appear on the screen as Miss Lulu Bett. The staggering news was just received. William de Mille is to film Zona Gale's story, which was produced on the Broadway stage last season. Miss Harris won the high esteem of Cecil de Mille when she worked under his direction in "Fool's Paradise." He pronounced her a fine actress. Certainly, she has developed rare beauty—a beauty that will flatter Miss Lulu Bett. Assisting Miss Harris in the De Mille endeavor are Theodore Roberts, Helen Ferguson, Ethel Wales, May Giraci, Mabel Van Buren and Clarence Burton.

And still I marvel o'er the freaks of casting. With a real Lulu Bett on the lot in the person of Lois Wilson, why employ the orchidean Mildred?

HOLLYWOOD NEWS SERVICE

The Hollywood news service, operated without the use of telegraph or cable, surpasses anything which Mr. Brisbane ever dreamed. The day after Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres departed for location at Oxnard, to do scenes for "The Sheik," there were "extras" on Hollywood boulevards announcing that a romance was on. Upon the return of the company, I proceeded at once to the Lasky studio, and sure enough, found the pale Agnes in the arms of the swarthy Rudolph. The gallant sheik embraced her at least five times, for periods of ten minutes each, and still the director yelled for more. Now, I ask you, dear reader, isn't that enough to start a romance, even with a wind machine blowing on you? But Miss Ayres managed to shake herself free to come forward and chat of her trip to New York. She appeared not the least palpitant after the hot love-making, but you never can tell about these women. It's the man who gives things away. I shall see Signor Rudolph at once and report the whole truth next month. (Buy your copy early.)

MARY PICKFORD RESTING

After completing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary Pickford has given herself a vacation. She accompanied husband Doug to Wyoming, where he is filming "The Virginian." She and Doug plan to take a long rest on the Italian Riviera after "The Virginian" is finished. However, I'm skeptical about this. Mary has never rested for long. Doug says they are going to retire some day to the Riviera, and he is going to write the story of his life. Not being literary, I'd rather see him act it. While Mary is away, brother Jack will make pictures at her studio. I still maintain that Mary will not be away for long.

THE WALLFLOWER: POPULAR VARIETY

Rupert Hughes and Sam Goldwyn searched Hollywood for months to find a wallflower suitable for use in Mr. Hughes' picture, "The Wallflower." She had to be as pure as the driven snow. Production was held up indefinitely. Driven snow is rare in Hollywood. Finally, Colleen Moore blew into the studio. Rupert and Sam leaped to their feet and gave three lusty cheers. She is, they say, the perfect wallflower. I objected, for every time I've seen Colleen at a dance she was as far from the wall as the center of the floor permitted. But it seems that in the picture she

Edith Roberts, popular Universal Film Star favors Garda Face Powder

Fine in texture, smooth and clinging is Garda Face Powder. Its fragrance is new and unusual.

Watkins
GARDA
FACE POWDER

Garda toilet necessaries—and 130 other Watkins products—are delivered direct to your home, city or country, by over 4,500 Watkins Retailers. Watkins service, and Watkins Quality (known over 50 years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users to-day. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

How to Get a Sample

Send 2c stamp and receive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also an attractive booklet about Garda, the mysterious spirit of Health and Beauty.

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY
Dept. 248
WINONA, MINN.
Est. 1868 The Original

RUTH TAFT
our beauty expert, gladly will answer your questions on beauty problems. Write to her care of the J. R. Watkins Company.

Men and Women
Desirable territories, city and country, await responsible men and women. Experience of more than 4,500 Watkins Retailers shows opportunity for you. Write for complete selling plan.

TYPEWRITER SENSATION

$4 or $5 a month WILL BUY
Any Standard Make Guaranteed TYPEWRITER With Every Modern Writing Convenience.
Write Today For Illustrated Catalog Explaining Try-Before-You-Buy Plan.
SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
(Free Trial) 307—218 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

REMOVES WRINKLES ALMOST INSTANTLY

and makes a flabby skin firm. Try a jar of my *Face Pack*—a pure herb treatment—and be convinced. Price $4.50. KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN, Dept. S, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Single Drop Lasts a Week

You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before

Flower Drops the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made from flowers. A single drop lasts a week. Bottle like picture with long glass stopper, Lilac or Crabapple, $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet, $2.00; Romanza, our latest Flower Drops, $2.50. Above odors in half oz. bottles $8.00, one oz. $15.00. Send 20c stamps or silver for miniature bottle.

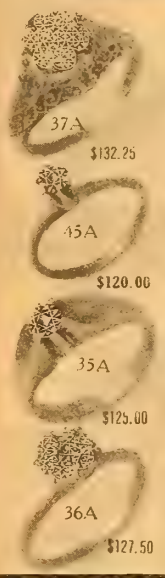
PEACE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour, ounce $1.50; Garden Queen, $2.00; Alcazar, $2.25; Parfum Rienzi, $2.50; nothing finer; Honolulu Boquet $1.00 At druggists or by mail.

Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.
PAUL RIEGER & CO. 123 1st St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature Bottle 20¢

Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now
Only a few cents a day



No Money Down

JUST send your name and address for our 128 page Christmas book of bargains in diamonds, watches and jewelry. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your selection sent on your simple request, *without a penny down.* If you don't think it is the biggest bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you keep it you can pay at the rate of *only a few cents a day.*

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 6 per cent bonus privilege.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog

Send your name and address *now.* No obligation. Beautiful Xmas catalog comes free by return mail. Explains all about the Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collection of jewelry bargains now. *Send your name today to Dept. 152*

J·M·LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York N.Y.

Become an ARTIST!

The ambitious girl who likes to draw is indeed fortunate. Well-trained commercial artists earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week, and sometimes even more. Develop your talent—learn the secrets that make your drawings worth **real money.** Women naturally excel in many kinds of commercial art.

Learn at Home Quickly

The Federal "Master" Course contains **exclusive lessons** by leading illustrators and designers. Every step is clear and simple, no previous training needed. You receive **individual personal criticism** on your work. Write for "YOUR FUTURE," a book telling all about this Course, and how to turn **your** spare hours into money. Send 6c in stamps, giving your age.

Federal School of Com'l Designing,
3806 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

All Makes Typewriters

Remington, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof. Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co.,
58 W. Washington St., Dept. 38, Chicago.

DR. ESENWEIN

Short-Story Writing

A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly.*

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 115 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

blooms forth eventually with the colors and contours of a daisy. That makes it all right. Colleen will be the first popular variety of wallflower.

GOLDWYN SEEKS NEW FACES

Most anybody has a chance to get a screen test at the Goldwyn studio just now. Mr. Goldwyn seeks new faces. Among those recently tested was Rush Hughes, son of Rupert. He was quietly led to the projection-room by Richard Dix to behold the verdict. After the test had been run, Dix asked young Hughes if he'd like to see it run over.

"No, thanks," said he. "Let Dad shine on his own. I wouldn't like to hear them referring to him as Rupert Hughes, the father of the genius, you know."

But Sam Goldwyn is not so considerate of Rupert's future. Young Rush will appear in the film version of his father's story, "The Wallflower." To show you how the film business makes cowards of us all, let it be said that Hughes *perc* has given orders that Hughes *fils* receive no publicity. He gives as reason that Rush is liable to get heady after a taste of film fame and refuse to return to Mercersburg Academy this fall. It's a wise father who keeps his son from film fame.

LIFE'S GREATEST PROBLEMS

Rex Ingram was criticized for putting an automobile and a fountain pen at the disposal of *Eugenie Grandet* in "The Conquering Power." According to Honore Balzac, Eugenie was somewhat in advance of Ford and Waterman.

"But, what's that got to do with it?" asks Mr. Ingram. "A work of art is great in the degree it is universal. Life's problems change little with the centuries."

But, the price of tires do, Mr. Ingram, and, while I grant that the greatest of life's current problems are the fountain pen and Ford, they do change with the centuries. All we ask is—if you decide to present Salome, dont have her worrying over dressmaker's bills.

ALICE TERRY TO MARRY IN DUBLIN

Alice Terry, the golden high-light of "The Conquering Power" and "The Four Horsemen," will marry Rex Ingram in Dublin, Ireland, according to present plans. Mr. Ingram intends to have his father, an Episcopal clergyman of Dublin, tie the marriage bow, thus adhering to the production policy of cutting down expenses. It is Mr. Ingram's intention to produce several pictures abroad, among them "Ivanhoe." In this he is wise. The Ingram metier is the romantic drama, and surely no time is better than immediately after his marriage and before romance has forever fled. However, dont let us rear our hopes. We've been fooled so often. They're probably married now, and by an unromantic magistrate of Santa Ana.

ALL THE MORE CREDIT——

Tom Moore was reminiscing on the good old days when he worked for fifty a week in Philadelphia.

"And I had more than I've got now," said he. "No, I'm wrong; I've got more debts now."

AND THINK OF DEBS!

Recently a Los Angeles newspaper carried a story which listed Bebe Daniels' salary at three hundred a week.

"Now, why should we pay our stars big salaries," demands a producer, "when over at Realart they get them to go to jail for three hundred?"

Well, some of us have gone for less than that.

Double Your Enjoyment

YOU now enjoy seeing Motion Pictures, but we want you to enjoy them MORE.

We want you to learn *why* you enjoy them, and how to *increase* your enjoyment.

You know what you like, and what you dont like, but can you tell *why?*

Can you tell *why* some pictures are universally declared GREAT and why some are not?

Can you analyse a picture? Can you point out its faults and its merits? If you could, you would not only double your pleasure and interest but you would be doing the Moving Picture industry a great service. It would mean *Better Pictures!*

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents.* Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS
175 Duffield St. - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAIR ON THE FACE
PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

Cuticura Talcum
Facinatingly Fragrant
Always Healthful
Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass. Everywhere 25c.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO VIDOR?

King Vidor seems to be running in fright from the principles he once advocated. As an artist in pastorals, he was at least distinctive. As a melodramatist, he is in the chromo class. We hear little now of "The Principle of Good" and "The Power of Right Thought." Mr. Vidor reminds one of the boy who is shamed for being a goody-goody. Perhaps I misjudge. As an independent producer, Mr. Vidor had sad financial experiences, and great is the temptation of Mammon. The fault of the Vidor pictures, such as "The Jack-Knife Man," lies in their failure to build to a climax, not in their failure to supply hokum. Now that Mr. Vidor is associated with Thomas H. Ince, a master drama-builder, he may catch the dramatic spirit. But we hope he doesn't abandon his homely philosophy, for that, and nothing else, earned him distinction.

BILL HART'S RIVAL

Let Bill Hart and Tom Mix look to their spurs. Gareth Hughes is able to mount without 'em. Sentimental Tommy has a grand old nag which he rides until both are sore. Everywhere that Gareth goes, the nag is sure to follow. It followed him to the studio one day and parked among the motors. Some gay blades around the Metro lot attached a sign, "For Sale—Fifteen Dollars." A crowd gathered and soon there were many buyers. Then out rushed Gareth, his makeup all awry.

"Get away from that horse's head," he cried. "You fools, the saddle's worth a hundred boners!"

How unpoetic.

ETHICS AMONG THIEVES

A certain producer was threatening another producer who he claims is stealing the story of "Turn to the Right."

"What you got to yell about?" demanded the accused. "Metro owns the original—you dont."

"That's all right," shouted the plaintiff, "but I stole it first."

And so he did, going to all the trouble of changing it by substituting orange marmalade for the peach jam.

LAEMMLE'S PLEA TO THE CENSORS

Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, brought a crowd of censors to California to review "Foolish Wives," and paid all their expenses. Knowing the power of suggestion, his counsellors advised that placards be placed in the hotel rooms occupied by the guests——

"Dont Cut Our Films: Cut Our Expenses."

VARIEGATED MORALS

Cecil B. de Mille received two censor reports on his "Forbidden Fruit." They arrived in the same mail.

One from a State board in Ohio praised him for producing a picture so clean that only ten feet had to be cut.

One from a local board in Washington denounced him for producing a picture so filthy it had to be barred entirely.

May God save our souls while the censors disagree!

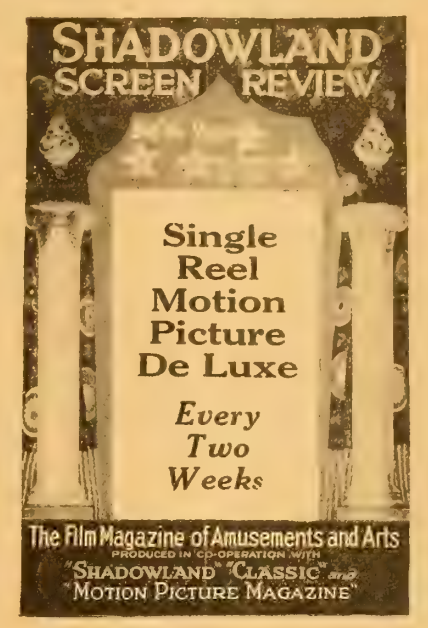
TO CONSTANCE BINNEY:

My Dear Miss Binney: I herewith present to you the beautiful antique hatchet with which George Washington slew his father's cherry tree. You are the first star out of the East who did not feed the vanity of the West by raving over its sun-baked palms and half-baked gentry. You could not tell a lie; you said you preferred electric-lit Manhattan to sun-lit Hollywood. By so doing, you take your place among such immortals as George Washington and Mary Garden.

Cut It Out!!!

Give This Adv. to Your Theater Manager and Ask Him to Show

AT HOME
AT WORK
AT PLAY


SHADOWLAND
SCREEN REVIEW
Single Reel Motion Picture De Luxe
Every Two Weeks
The Film Magazine of Amusements and Arts
PRODUCED IN CO-OPERATION WITH
"SHADOWLAND" "CLASSIC" and "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"

With Stage, Screen and Dance Stars

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications, SHADOWLAND, CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Tell Your Theater Manager to book it from

PRODUCERS' FEATURE SERVICE
729 7th Ave., N. Y., for N. Y. State and Northern N. J.

RELIANCE FILM EXCHANGE
Washington, D. C.

ALL STAR FEATURE DISTRIBUTORS
San Francisco and Los Angeles

HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION
Charlotte, N. C.

DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW FILM EXCHANGE
Philadelphia, Pa.

KLEIN DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Boston, Mass.

STATE FILM AND AMUSEMENT CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

PEACOCK PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., Oklahoma City, Okla.

or

Shadowland Screen Review
17 West 42d Street **New York**

DIAMONDS
and other Jewelry
ON CREDIT

N1—$60.00 N2—$85.00 N3—$110.00

These 14K. solid gold rings with white gold prongs are set with superior quality blue-white, perfect cut diamonds unexcelled in quality.

N4—Seven blue-white diamonds set in Platinum, forming solitaire cluster ...$48.50

N5—Artistic Platinum top, white gold shank Friendship ring set with 5 blue-white diamonds. $135.00

N6—Beautiful hand-engraved white gold mounting set with superior quality blue-white diamond. $50.00

N7—Unique Platinum top, green gold ring with one superior blue-white diamond.. $50.00

N8—Gentlemen's massive hand-engraved Belcher ring, one superior diamond. $45.00

N9—These white gold inverted hearts are set with one superior quality sparkling diamond...$75.00

BUY TODAY

N10—"Sweetheart" Platinum ring—diamond set in heart shape design. The sides of ring are hand carved and pierced with four Cupids—synonymous of love. PLATINUM $150.00

10 MONTHS TO PAY

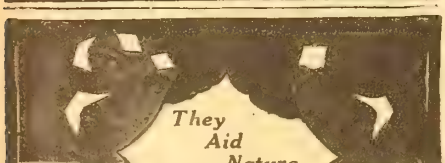
Your choice of these splendid SWEET specials; genuine, blue-white, perfect-cut diamonds. Sent ON APPROVAL. Examine at Our Risk, then pay only one-fifth of the price if satisfied; **balance in ten monthly payments.** SWEET'S Policy: You must be satisfied or no sale.

Beautiful De Luxe Catalogue FREE

Amazing collection of precious gems, watches, jewelry, silverware, etc., richly pictured. The Lowest Prices, the Highest Quality, ***Ten Months to pay on everything.*** Write to-day. **Address Dept. 311-S.**

Capital $1,000,000

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK



They Aid Nature

Smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

B&P Wrinkle Eradicators *and* **Frowners**

Made in two styles—***Eradicators*** for lines in the face. ***Frowners*** for between the eyes. Sold in 65c and $1.00 boxes at most drug and department stores. Trial package 35c, including booklet, "Dressing Table Hints." If your dealer's stock is exhausted, sent direct, postpaid on receipt of price.

B & P CO. (Two Women), 1791 East 68th St., Cleveland, O.

Doubling for Romeo

(*Continued from page* 65)

public'll go wild over me. I was pretty good!" I says, warming up to the professional tone. But Lulu just pouted.

"All you've learned is to talk about *yourself!* You cant make love any better than before—and I thought you'd come back a perfect Romeo!"

The band began again, and Steve comes up and leads her off, and I go into the next room, which was a bar before Mr. Volstead took to interfering with a man's inalienable rights to get drunk, and since then was a bar, too.

"You look like you just lost your last ace, Sam!" says Pete Hardy, behind the counter. "Have something for what ails you? Sorry, but I'll havta make it only half whisky. This here's a soft-drink emporium nowadays."

"Gimme a Romeo!" I says.

"A what?" says Pete suspiciously. "You haven't taken to insulting your stummick by these here fancy pink liquids that come in bottles?"

"I'm ashamed of your ignorunce!" I says. "Romeo is a book, not a drink. He was a fellow that lived long ago and made love like ladies like it."

"Oh, a *book!*" says Pete, contemptuous. "The only person I know that owns a book is the parson. You might ask him."

Well, the parson had the book, and I took it to the Drummer's Roost an' sat down in the parlor to read it, but, owing to not having had much schooling, being exposed to an education without catching it, I suppose it took longer than I thought. Anyhow, before I was done the red lambrekin on the mantel, the black walnut parlor organ and the picture of a lady in a white nightdress hanging onto a rock with a gilt cross on it in mid-ocean, sort of faded away and I seemed to be standing in a garden, all dolled up in a white satin suit that ended at the knee and made my legs look bower'n usual, which is saying a mouthful. Overhead, leaning over the rail of a balcony and dressed like the pictures in the book, which wasn't like girls dress nowadays, was Lulu, looking down at me romantically.

"Romeo!" she says, with the tremulo stop out. "Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"Oh, that I were rouge, that I might touch that cheek!" says I, making a graceful leap up into the balcony beside her. "How's that for service?"

"Dost thou love me, my Romeo?" asked Lulu, tenderly.

"I'll say I dust!" says I. "Thou is the prettiest girlst I ever sawest."

An old dame in a cap brought out a tray with glasses and a pitcher, proving that Verona hadn't suffered the disadvantages of Freedom as yet. "Thou has a fine balcony," says I, after a drink, "and thy father has a knockout of a cellar!"

It's easy to talk that highbrow way once you get the hang of it! Juliet, or Lulu, wrung her hands. "Ah, my father!" she moaned. "My father wishes me to marry Paris, one of our own set, you know!"

"That simp!" says I. "If thou must marry him, shoot him, I prithee—any joury would acquit thou for it, and bring in a vote of thanks besides!"

"I am to lead the grand ball tonight with him," moaned Juliet. "By my halidome, was ever such a wretched girl as I?"

"Now, by yonder moon I swear," says I, getting real het up.

"'Tis not a moon, but an electric sign advertising Chew-Chew Gum," sighed she. "However, 'twill suffice! What sayest thou, my Romeo?"

"I sayest that if that cabaret cootie jazzeth with you tonight, he'll find that I shake a mean fist!" says I. "Come, promise that after the hop thou will beat it to Parson Lawrence's, where I'll meet thou and we'll be hitched."

So we fixed it up like that. And next came the ball. It looked like a convention of the Shriners, and they was dancing a minuet, which is the most sanitary dance I ever saw, being as the man never gets closer to his partner than arm's length. None of this cheek-to-cheek, park-your-corsets-in-the-check-room stuff for Mrs. Capulet.

A dude with a white feather in his hat was dancing with Juliet. When I see him, I pushed by the doorman, but he grabbed me by the arm. "Admission fifty cents for gents unattended," says he.

"Beat it, thou!" says I. "Find out what the boys in the next room will take and leave me be!"

When this guy Paris sees me he gets green round the gills. "Excuse me, my dearest love," says he to Juliet, "I—I must go answer the phone!"

"Nay!" says I. "S'death, you cant get away with that! Hastn't the lady told thou your face maketh her sick? Come outside, and I'll change it!"

"Something tells me," murmurs he, "that tomorrow I shall be a grave man!"

We go out into the street, and while he is telling the reporters for the *Verona Morning Star* that he was never in better condition, I find a fellow and give him a dollar to double for me and fight Paris.

When it was all over but the floral set-pieces, I hurried to the parson's. He met me, wringing his hands. "She's dead! Struck down in her sweet youth——"

"Did thou get the license number?" I yells despairingly.

"Nay, nay, my son," says the parson; "'twas not an auto—she took the knockout drops with her own hand, thinking thou wast killed——"

His flowing robes seemed to turn white as I looked——

I was staring at the dame in the nightie, clinging to the cross in the middle of the ocean! There was an unromantic smell of frying bacon in the air from the All-Night Lunch across the street, and the sun was just coming up behind the fire-house cupola.

"Gosh!" says I. "I dont see as romance got poor old Romeo any forreder, as the farmer said when he drunk his home-brew!"

There was still a few horses tied in front of the dance-hall, where their masters was recovering from too much Prohibition. I went out and helped myself to the one with the wickedest eye.

Lulu, still in her dancing dress, was in the kitchen making pop-overs. When she saw me, she comes out, tossing her head. "Well, Mr. Tongue-Tied," says she, "have you thought up something pretty to say to me, after all?"

For reply, I leans over and lifts her up to the saddle in front of me before she can say Jack Robinson. Away we go like a cyclone back toward town.

"Are you crazy, Sam Cody?" screams Lulu above the pound of the pinto's hoofs. "My pop-overs'll burn. Take me back at once!"

"Git up, you wall-eyed, piefaced son of a

(*Continued on page* 108)

Two Hundred Years

Trade Mark WURLITZER Registered

of Musical Instrument Making

Your Choice, On Trial

THE Wurlitzer plan gives you *any instrument* with a complete musical outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

Payments are arranged in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument and complete outfit. The Wurlitzer plan effects a tremendous saving for you as everything is at factory cost. You get the outfit and instrument practically for the cost of the instrument alone.

Artistic quality of Wurlitzer instruments is known all over the world. Wurlitzer instruments are the favorites of artists and have been used in the finest orchestras and bands for years.

Complete Outfits

The new plan includes with the instrument everything that you need with it—velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories and extra parts, extra strings, picks, tuners, self instructor, book of musical selections. The instruments are genuine Wurlitzer instruments. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for more than 200 years.

Every musical instrument known including Pianos and Victrolas, is embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

A Wurlitzer Outfit

This shows the Wurlitzer Violin Outfit. Cases are professional style, beautifully finished. Complete outfits like this are now furnished with all Wurlitzer instruments. Send the coupon below today for new catalog.

Beautiful New Catalog Send this Coupon

Every known instrument illustrated and fully described in detail with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book contains much musical history and information about musical instrument making. More pictures of instruments than in any other book published. (*Also complete stock of accessories, repairs, strings and all needs for replacements for any instrument made. Instant mail service.*) Book is absolutely free. No obligation. Send coupon now.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio Chicago, Illinois New York, N. Y.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1528
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago 120 W. 42nd St., New York

Send me your **new catalog** with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....
(State musical instrument in which you are especially interested)

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Start Their Day

With extra-flavory oats

You want children to love oats—the greatest food that grows.

The almost complete food, rich in 16 needed elements.

The body-builder that supplies 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound.

The vim-food with an age-old fame.

Then make the dish delicious—make it with Quaker Oats.

These are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Quaker Oats hold first place with oat lovers the world over. The mothers of all nations—nearly—send over seas to get them.

Your grocer supplies them for the asking—without any fancy price.

The large 30-cent package makes 62 dishes.

Remember how well it pays to get them.

Quaker Oats

The choicest one-third of choice oats

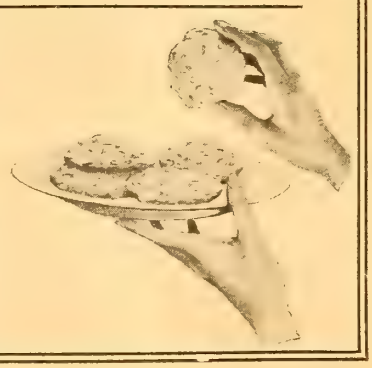
Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Quaker Macaroons

A dinner confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Doubling for Romeo

(*Continued from page* 106)

snail!" I yells at the horse; "we'll be back in time to take 'em out of the oven! I saw the parson weeding his garden when I started out."

"The parson!" shrieks Lulu. "What's the parson got to do with it? I tell you I wont——"

I drew up the horse so sudden that we both got off over his head at the parsonage gate. "I've seen 'em making love in the movies," says I, grabbing Lulu's hands. "I've read 'Romeo and Juliet'—but the fellow with the club had the right idea! Come in here with me and get married, or I'll knock your block off!"

Lulu cuddled up against me. "Oh, Sam!" she cried happily, "aren't you the most *romantic* man!" and she followed me up the steps, meek as a clipped lamb.

There's something to be said for old-fashioned methods, after all!

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 74)

now at work at the Griffith Mamoreneck studios in one of the principal rôles of **"The Two Orphans."**

And speaking of **Mae Murray** and her independent venture—her next picture will be **"Put and Take,"** from the scenario Fannie and Frederick Hatton have prepared for her. While husband Robert Z. Leonard is at work cutting "Peacock Alley," Mae is studying the script of "Put and Take" and conceiving ideas for original costumes.

Milton Sills finds himself in demand these days. As soon as he completes one engagement, he begins another. His most recent work is with Mildred Harris in **"Miss Lulu Bett"** in which he plays the leading male rôle.

In truth all the world's a stage. **J. Gordon Edwards** writes from Rome that he has been able to get some exceptional settings for **"Nero,"** the Fox production which he is directing at Rome, Italy.

A HARD-LUCK STORY

By Blaine C. Bigler

Charles Chaplin gets a thousand bucks
For falling down a flight of stairs,
And so I tried it, but, oh shucks,
I laid myself up for repairs.

Arbuckle rolls around in fat
And gets a smile from every queen,
While I, tho quite as big as that,
Get grins instead of smiles, I ween.

A Sennett beauty doesn't wear
Enough to hide her form divine;
I went in swimming mostly bare—
A fine, or thirty days, was mine.

Bill Hart can always get his man,
And bluff the villain off the map;
But when I tried it, gee, ker-slam!
I settled down and took a nap.

And so it goes, these movie folk
Can get away with anything;
I try the same—now, do not joke—
No flowers, please—the choir will sing.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 101)

LONESOME MARY.—You flatter me by calling me Job, but I fear I am making a poor job of it. Patience? Of course, I can eat watermelon and corn on the cob. I have my own teeth. Where did you see the old films? Howard Estabrook and Jean Southern in "Mysteries of Myra." Juanita Hansen and Thomas Chatterton in "Secret of the Submarine" and Grace Darmond and Ralph Kellard in "Shielding Shadows."

FARNUM-FREDERICK.—Yes, I will pray that Dame Fortune visits you. She is a respectable old lady who calls wherever she can, but who more frequently sends her daughter, Miss Fortune. I hope that the old lady herself will be your visitor and guest. Treat her well and she will remain with you. Alice Mann was the daughter, Marie Burke, the wife and Evelyn Bent the cashier in "Help, Help, Police."

CUSHLA D.—Glad to hear from you Australians. We have quite a subscription list in your town. Sylvia Breamer is opposite Cullen Landis in "The Man With Two Mothers."

NORMADGE.—You bet I'm 80 and I dont use any monkey glands either. I hope to live to be 100. Why not? Guy Empey is playing in "A Millionaire for a Day." Well, Dave Warfield is seriously thinking about playing in "The Music Master" and "The Return of Peter Grimm" for the screen. Wish he would.

G. T. R.—You never bore me. Your letters always inspires me. You think that Lillian Gish is so spirituelle and etherial. She is, and very charming, I met her here at the office. Dorothy is also charming. J. B. T. The trouble is many people when they get married, quit being friends.

ANSWERMAN'S GIRL.—You write a very sensible letter and I am glad you look at your career in the light that you do. Stay at school for a few more years. You will need it when you get older.

PIP.—I dont know what to say, but Balzac says, "It costs more to satisfy a vice than to feed a family." Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal. Viola Dana in "There are no Villains."

MR. ROY BERNARD.—Dot Bernard's father writes me the following facts about his daughter. Thanks, and I am glad to know more about her. "When she was six weeks old I took her from her birth-place, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to Kimberley, the diamond fields of renown, and from thence to Johannesberg, The Transvaal, where her father, the late William Bernard, was then leading-man with The Australian Comedy Co. playing thru South Africa; and it was some rough journey, across the veldt, just before the Boer war, when they were so hostile to all British people. When she was one year old, we left Capetown for Australia, and she celebrated her first birthday on board the S. S. *Damascus,* bound for Melbourne, Victoria, and it was celebrated in true style! Captain Douglas had a birthday-cake made, with her full name in sugar-icing on top—'Dorothy Norah Bernard'—and that night at dinner, everybody drank her health in champagne!

"We left Australia for London, en route to the United States with John Sheridan's 'Fun on the Bristol's' company. Several years later went again to Australia with Harry Conor's 'Trip to Chinatown' company also playing thru New Zealand, with that company and later with Nance O'Neil's company thru both those countries. Some travel!"

MISS T. N. T.—Dont shoot this way. Frank Keenan has been playing on the

Jaz-z-z

It's Easy With BUESCHER

True-Tone Band Instruments

They are the choice of the most successful professional musicians of America, as well as thousands of amateurs who play only for their own amusement.

Get a True-Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band in 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

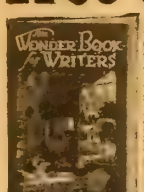
You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT COMPANY
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2131 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana

FREE!

"The Origin of the Saxophone." Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band, and how to transpose for 'cello parts in orchestra. Ask for your copy.

Free to Writers!



A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to win!* This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now.* Just address
AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 130, AUBURN, NEW YORK

WRITE and SPEAK MASTERLY ENGLISH

Every time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. No matter what you do, real command of English will help you to your goal. Stop making mistakes in spelling, punctuation, pronunciation. Increase your vocabulary.

WONDERFUL INVENTION

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's New Invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to do the RIGHT way. Wonderful self-correcting lessons include Expression, Spelling, Punctuation, Grammar, Reading and Conversation.

BOOK FREE Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you. It costs nothing to find out. Mail postal card or letter this very minute for free book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address
Sherwin Cody School of English, 4011 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Here's The Job For You—

Electrical Experts Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a Year
You Can Do It Too!

Why hang on to a long-hour, small-pay, no future job, earning $20 to $30 a week, when you can make the same amount in a few hours as an Electrical Expert?

I Will Train You At Home

Yes, right in your own home in spare time, I will qualify you for a big-pay job in the fascinating field of Electricity. I will furnish complete outfit of tools free, and will guarantee your success and satisfaction.

Write today for big Free book, "How to Become an Electrical Expert." It's the first step towards bigger pay.

Yours for success,
L. L. COOKE, CHIEF ENGINEER
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS
Dept. 73-X, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

The Cooke trained man is the "Big-Pay" man

Dont Miss These Plays

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION

With Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, supported by Edwin Markham, the great poet, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, Dorian Romero, the Cuban actor, Octavia Handworth, favorite screen star of a few years ago, and thirty other players, in a

Five Reel Feature Drama of Intense Interest.

FROM FARM TO FAME

A Two-Reel Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer.

First-Prize Winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Also showing the other winners, gold medalists, and Honor Roll Girls of that memorable contest.

THE ETERNAL TWO

A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Rôle and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave-man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eilene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

Every reader of the Brewster Publications—and there are about 4,000,000 of them—is interested in these plays, and if your theater manager knows it he will book them. If he does not know it, you should tell him.

Send him a postcard or a letter enclosing the announcement, or speak to him personally. He will thank you for calling his attention to it. Be sure to tell him that these plays are released and distributed by

THE CLARK-CORNELIUS CORPORATION

117 West 46th Street, New York City

This is one of the most reliable organizations in America on the State Right basis. This company will inform your theater of the nearest exchange where the plays can be secured. The Brewster Publications stand back of these plays and your theater can make no mistake in booking all three of them.

stage. Yes, I like cats—that is, the four-legged ones. No, I never play football—it's a little too messy. You can reach Pauline Frederick at 449 Park Avenue, New York City.

MRS. HORACE S.—I wish you could have had a dictagraph in my office when I read your letter. You would have heard some nice things. Why, Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Leonard, have formed the Tiffany Company, and her first picture will be "Peacock Alley." Herbert Rawlinson, in "The Black Bag," a Universal picture. Yes, she had her hair bobbed. Better write to our Circulation Department about that. Earle Williams is playing, but I never see him. His last was "The Silver Car." Call again.

D. R., Dallas.—You say you want to see more pictures of J. Warren Kerrigan. So do I. George Loan Tucker, the director of "The Miracle Man," died June 20, 1921. Mae Marsh, in "Nobody's Kid."

FLORENCE, Vancouver.—Yes, the censors are getting strict. Next thing, they wont allow a photo-player to lick a stamp. You say it is none of the public's business what a star does in private life. Yes, but you cant make the public think that. Players are watched with eagle eyes. Dorothy Davenport is playing, but Mary Hay isn't.

DARLING MINE.—You sound like the name of a song. Well, you might just as well give your cow beer and expect her to give malted milk as to ask me which is my favorite player. Thanks for the verse; wish I could print it here, but haven't the room.

JACINTHE.—You say my department is too short—that you want to see more of me. Watch out, Cynthia, the Board of Censors is coming!

BEANIE.—There is such a thing as being too conservative. He who fears to climb lest he fall, or to lie down lest he be trampled on, or to walk lest he be overtaken, will neither freeze nor burn: he will simply sizzle, dry up and blow away. Harold Lloyd is playing in "Among Those Present." You bet, he is funny. Lowell Sherman, with Sennett.

AN OLD MAID.—The Lord forbid! What's wrong with you? You say you are always getting ladders in your hose. Yes, I know, they both have some connection with limbs. Monte Blue is in California. William Hart, in "The Whistle." Let me hear from you some more.

LESTA.—Of the twenty-eight richest men in the United States, more than half live in New York State, but I dont happen to be included as one of them. Pearl White is with Fox. Virginia Valli is married to George Lamson.

EDNA B.—You say love may be less thrilling, but it lasts much longer, when diluted with a little common sense. But where does romance come in? Love and common sense are not related. Agnes Ayres is getting a divorce from her husband, Frank Schusker. Dorothy Dalton was married to Lew Cody for the second time, I understand, but they are now divorced.

A NAZIMOVITE.—You ask me how I lived to be eighty and kept in good health. I did it by living rightly and by keeping ever before me the magic word, Moderation. The things that I like that are not good for me, I try not to indulge excessively. That's the secret. Edna Flugrath is the other sister, and I believe she was married in London. Why, it doesn't take any nerve to write Nazimova, does it? She will be glad to hear from you. I liked your snappy letter.

INVITO.—This sort of work is play for me. Yes, he was in service. Alice Joyce was Tom Moore's wife once.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 67*)

a matter of fact, "Experience" might be considered depressing—it depicts life as being cruel to youth, and we dont think that is so, certainly, not to such a great degree.

Richard Barthelmess is featured in the role of Youth, while Marjorie Daw is Love. These two players did some excellent work together, and cause one to hope that the future will find them cast in the same production once more. However, with Mr. Barthelmess starring in his own productions, this is unlikely.

The portrayal of Youth calls for a versatile characterization, interspersed with the emotional, and this Richard Barthelmess adequately supplied. The other symbolical characters, too, were in the majority of instances well chosen, but it seems to us that the ensemble would have been far more convincing if it were toned down. There is thruout a tendency to overdo, to overact. The moral of the story is obvious from the beginning. It needs no intense driving home.

To our mind, George Fitzmaurice was not the man to direct this production. He rarely goes in for the delicate suggestion—rather, he is extravagant in his production always.

WEDDING BELLS—FIRST NATIONAL

Since time immemorial, men have advocated for other women that which they taboo for their wives. And, since an equally early age, domestic difficulties have been the result. It is this idea, then, which causes "Wedding Bells" to be; and it is a good idea, for it gives Constance Talmadge one of the best vehicles she has possessed in many months. Here, at last, is a story which does not depend entirely upon the star's farce for its very being. There is a central idea—a slight idea, and a far-fetched one, it is true, but an idea nevertheless. And the idea, incidentally, is particularly timely, dealing as it does with bobbed-hair femininity.

Rosalie Wayne Carter's brand-new husband admires a bobbed-haired restaurateur, with the result that Rosalie bobs her glorious locks. A quarrel ensues, and, thru a misunderstanding, a divorce is finally secured. Every complication known to the farce-brand of comedy results, and Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford maintain a high spirit to the final fade-out.

Too, Constance Talmadge photographs to better advantage than she has in some time, and, while "Wedding Bells" is not an exceptional production in any way, it will be sure to please the host of Talmadge enthusiasts.

AFTER THE SHOW—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

"After the Show" is in some degree different. It is not the eternal triangle, nevertheless it strikes a deep and vibrant note thruout. It does not strive to the classification of a super-feature; it has no cast numerically resembling the erstwhile German army and it is not an all-star production. William de Mille directed the story, which is from Rita Weiman's pen.

The building of each and every character is so naturally done that there is nothing to obtrude on the story and it moves along to a close, the interest always well maintained.

The story is quite different from the majority which have been selected for screen material lately, telling as it does of a stage-doorkeeper who adopts one of the many who are striving for a place in the chorus, first of all—then, perhaps the heights. He shares his income and his pleasures with his protégée. Finally she wins a place in the chorus thru his interception with the manager. Then a man comes into her life, an unworthy man and old Pop interferes. It is not his fear of the loneliness he has heretofore known which prompts him, rather a fear for the girl who has come to mean so much in his life. In the beginning she has told him that she would come from the ends of the earth if he needed her and when there is no other ways to save her from an endless heartache, Pop makes it necessary for her to prove her words, even at a great risk to himself.

Lila Lee, Jack Holt and Charles Ogle are the featured players. Lila Lee once more proved her ability and charm, and you are glad of Jack Holt's recent stardom when you find him offering consistently worthy characterizations.

However, there is much to be said about Charles Ogle. For months and months we have watched him playing various rôles in various productions. And whether his part has been major or minor he has given it his best—— Because he has felt a small part worthy of effort, he is able to give his rôle in this production, which incidently is by far the most important rôle in the production, a portrayal which will not soon be forgotten.

Charles Ogle's Pop is a splendid shadow portrait.

THE OLD NEST—GOLDWYN

Frankly, we hesitated about viewing "The Old Nest." We heard it was a sentimental production, and did not stop to think that it might be that and more. It is. It presents a timeworn question logically and naturally against a sentimental background.

"The Old Nest" asks whether the joy a mother gets from her children during their babyhood and schooldays is worth the heartache and sorrow which so often follows when they have left the old nest for their own firesides and foreign fields to conquer.

Rupert Hughes penned this question vividly and vitally. Reginald Barker directed it naturally, and the characterizations are, for the main part, very real. Dwight Crittenden, Johnny Jones, Cullen Landis, Lucille Ricksen, Louise Lovely, Molly Malone, Lefty Flynn, Helene Chadwick and Mary Alden are entrusted with the principal rôles. Mary Alden's portrayal of the mother will not soon be forgotten. It was possessive of the very spirit of motherhood, and will remind you of your own mother, whoever and wherever she may be.

As the children grow up and leave home, the erstwhile long dining-room table gets smaller and smaller. Some of the family are successful; one is a failure. And in the rush of their individual lives they grow neglectful of the loving couple left at home. Finally the table permits the mother and father to reach across and clasp one another's hands once more—but in this they do not find the joy they first knew. You cannot miss what you have not possessed—but they have now known it otherwise.

Even if it is your custom to avoid the sentimental, we believe you would enjoy "The Old Nest." It is a simple story, simply told, and, while there are several thrilling episodes injected into the action, it is for the main part a story of everyday, rich in the poetry of todays and tomorrows.

THE HELL-DIGGERS—PARAMOUNT

"The Hell-Diggers" may interest those who are concerned about dredges and en-

(*Continued on page 115*)

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Dr. Lawton October, 1916 weight 211 pounds

Dr. Lawton using his Fat Reducer

Dr. Lawton February 1917 weight 152 pounds after reduction of 59 pounds

FEW DAYS SHOWS REDUCTION

NO need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my FAT REDUCER has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose, whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

The cost of FAT REDUCER is $5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 50 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your REDUCER TODAY. Remember, it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter, "HOW TO REDUCE FAT," mailed upon request.

Fatty arms quickly reduced, also takes away fatty parts top of corset and reduces fatty ankles

Reduced bust safely

Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly

Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 58, New York

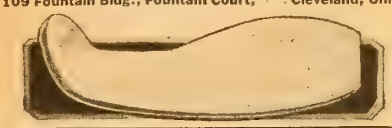
Bead Your Eyelashes

No woman is more beautiful than her eyes. Give to your eyes the fascinating lure that hints of romance. Poirier Eyelash Creme, applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Beader, will make your eyelashes appear silky and luxuriant and your eyes radiant and lovely. Poirier Eyelash Creme is perfumed and greaseless. Will not smart or burn the eyes or smear.

Send $1 for Poirier Beauty Set, including one Poirier Eyelash Beader, handsomely silver plated, one box Poirier Eyelash Creme, one ebony handled eyebrow brush and mirror.

Full Instructions. Mention color of hair
Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.
109 Fountain Bldg., Fountain Court, Cleveland, Ohio.



EVA NOVAK
"Universal Star"

whose hair is the admiration of "movie" fans, created a coiffure perfectly reproduced in the new

Pirouette Bob

Twelve puffs of Extra Quality 12-inch hair on a weft reaching from temple to temple. Dress your hair in Pirouette Bob style and save cutting your own hair. It cannot be detected.

No. 86011—$5. Greys extra.

Complete CATALOG FREE on request.

GUARANTEED HAIR COIFFURES

MADE TO ORDER TO MATCH YOUR SAMPLE
Transformations, Pompadours, Wigs, Curls, Switches, etc.
"VOGUENETS" (Hair-Nets—none better) $1 doz.
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Frances Roberts Co.
96 Fifth Ave., Dept. 959, New York

How to Reduce Your Weight

YOU CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I know you can, because I've reduced 45,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It's so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthusiastic.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height and weight, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 49, 1819 Broadway, New York

GIMME

SEND TODAY
For the FASTEST GAME Ever Known

Everyone is crazy about it. Simple yet most fascinating. Appeals to young or old.

Just the game for playing at home and parties. Any number can play. Wonderfully attractive. You'll want to carry it in your pocket and play night and day. Be first in your crowd to own a Gimme.

If your dealer cannot supply, "Gimme" 35c. for a Gimme only, or better yet "Gimme" $1.30 for a Gimme Outfit with 100 counters etc. If you don't think you have $5.00 worth of fun "Gimme" back the Game and we'll return your money. We don't want Gimme in the hands of those who can't have fun with it.

Send 35c. or $1.30 RIGHT NOW and see for yourself.

BART MFG. CO., 76 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Turpin Tribulations

(*Continued from page* 59)

himself together a vaudeville act, or variety, as it was known then, and hiked out to get himself a job. There were no vaudeville theaters at that time, and variety was given in the dance halls connected with the big saloons.

Ben finally got a job working in a "honkytonk" in Houston, Texas. While the rest of the entertainers assisted in serving drinks to the thirsty cow-gentlemen on the floor, Ben put on a neat rough-and-tumble comedy tramp act. Sixteen to twenty shows a day were a mere nothing. He would follow the fat ballad singer, do his act, wait for the comedy soubrette to do her turn, preceding the ballad singer, and then go on again. He worked quite a few of these temples of alcohol and art, until one day he saw an advertisement in a paper that a boy was wanted to handle props, act, and do a different specialty every night, by the Mabel Page Repertoire Company—"salary fifteen dollars a week, money for ticket wired." This fifteen was considerably more than Ben was making, so he wired for the job, the ticket was sent, and he joined the company. The actors in those days tried to be just as impressive as they do now, and Benjamin was considerably awed by his important surroundings. He reported to the manager, a pompous person, who promptly asked him if he could play a part.

"What do you mean, play a part?" queried the hero of these immortal words.

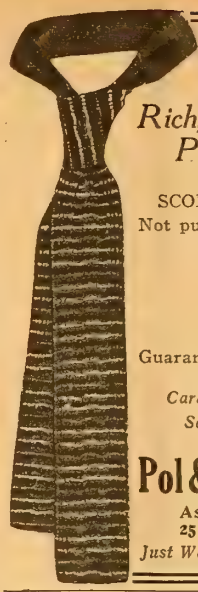
"Why, speak lines! Carry a rôle!" explained the manager.

"I didn't get the idea," said Ben. "I can rustle props and do a specialty, and I guess I can speak a rôle, if you show me how. I'm a bright boy and trying to get along."

Ben, being so proficient, played a part in "Tennessee's Partner" that night, rustled props for the rest of the actors and went out between the acts and did a specialty. He made a hit and kept the job. The Mabel Page Company played each town or hamlet two weeks, with a change of bill every night. Monday night, "The Billionaires"; Tuesday, "Lend Me Five Shillings"; Wednesday, "The Road to Ruin"; Thursday, "Over the Hills to the Poor House"; Friday, "The Two Orphans," and always Saturday night, "East Lynne."

All Ben had to do was to go around town during the day and borrow what props and furniture was to be used in the play that night, haul it to the theater, put it on the stage, open the trunks and see that the actors received their proper costumes, rehearse his part, see that the scenery was all right, call the other actors when it was time for them to appear, play his part, and perhaps double in a couple of small rôles, get out at the end of the first act and do his specialty, rush back and change his make-up and costume so as to be able to get ready for the second act. After the show, pack the costumes, move the scenery out of the way and get the furniture ready to be returned bright and early next morning. The rest of the day he could pose up and down the main street, and give the girls a treat. You know those actors are certainly fascinating.

Ben was with the Mabel Page Company for nigh onto two years. Then he quit, went into Chicago, and for quite a while barnstormed around there, playing the variety theaters, occasionally breaking the monotony by taking a tour with some musical comedy or "turkey show," as they were known. The actors would organize a company, play some town Thanksgiving Day, when good business was always as-



Appearance Counts

Rich, Knitted, Heavy Pure Silk Scarf

SOLID COLORS
SCORES OF PATTERNS
Not purchasable for this price at Furnishers

1 for $2.
3 " $5.
6 " $7.80

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded

Carefully packed in boxes
Send Check or money order to

Pol & Treadwell, Inc.
Astor Court, Room 68
25 W. 33rd St., N. Y.
Just West of the Waldorf-Astoria

Standard Underwoods
5-Year Guarantee

$3.00 DOWN

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for $3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

10 Days FREE Trial
Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book Big bargain offer.

Standard Keyboard

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM **2028 Shipman Building**
Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co. Chicago, Illinois

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue New York City

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

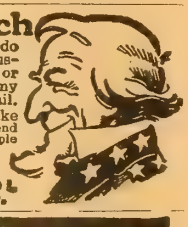
PERFUME YOUR ROOM
Surely You Will Love the Scent of This Charming Perfume Filling Your Room.

Pour a few drops of "SWEET-ODOR-HOME" on this "HEAD," and hang in your room. It's LASTING and BEWITCHING. You'll LOVE it. This beautiful modeled "HEAD" size 4 inches sent with order.

SEND 60 cts. for small bottle or $1 for extra large bottle. Sent postpaid.

Sweet-Odor-Home Co., Dept A, San Francisco, Cal.

Copy this Sketch



and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail.

Landon Picture Charts make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what you can accomplish. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 **National Bldg., Cleveland, O.**

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building, Yonge & Shuter Streets,
TORONTO, - - - CANADA

SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY

$2

EVERY *married* man or woman, and those intending to be married, *must* read this remarkable book.

"SEXUAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY" is written by Dr. William J. Robinson of New York, a scientist of World Wide reputation and the foremost authority on sex problems. In this book he *answers* the intimate sex questions that confront every man and woman. Dr. Robinson's book will give you information that has never been *publicly* printed before.

One person writes: "If I had this book before I was married it would have saved me a life-time of misery."

Only Part of Contents

- The Relations Between the Sexes and Man's Inhumanity
- The Double Standard of Morality
- The Psychology of Sex
- The Woman at Forty.
- The Limitation of Offspring
- The Woman Pays
- The Wrecking of Human Life
- For Young Men
- The Price of a Kiss
- Torturing the Wife When the Husband Is at Fault
- No Danger of Race Suicide
- Four Absolutely Infallible Means for the Prevention of Conception.
- Women Defending Their Honor
- The Dangerous Age
- My Sex Propaganda
- Unfaithfulness and Forgiveness
- Contraception and Abortion
- The Gospel of Happiness
- The Duration of Our Passions
- Illegitimate Mothers
- Separate Beds

Any *one* chapter is worth the price of the book

"Sexual Problems of Today"

contains 350 pages and 76 chapters of vital interest. Printed on fine paper, beautifully cloth bound.

The price is only $2.00 sent prepaid.

Secure your copy while we have the privilege of sending it to you. Order at once. Don't delay.

TRUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY
1400 Broadway Dept. 30-SP New York

FREE BOOK

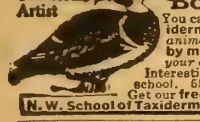
LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write **today** for free book.

Quinn Conservatory, Studio MG-31 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Be a Taxidermy Artist



Marvelous Book Sent FREE

You can *now* learn **Taxidermy,** the wonderful art of mounting *birds, animals, tanning skins, etc.* Learn **at home, by mail.** The **free book** tells how. *Mount your own trophies.* Decorate home and den. Interesting, fascinating, *big profits.* Join our school. 65,000 students. Success guaranteed. Get our **free book** without delay. Send *right now.*

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1528 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

PROFESSIONAL ENGAGEMENTS

depend largely on your having a perfect figure. Round out the hollows of your face, neck, bosom and arms by taking Natural Flesh Builder. No drugs or medicine, but simply a food tonic you make at home. No cooking or difficulty to prepare. Nourishes and rebuilds wasted tissues and eliminates weariness. Send $2.00 for formula.

NATURAL FLESH BUILDER,
P. O. Box 523, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

Have a Clear Complexion

PIMPLES, ACNE, BLACKHEADS, Etc., EASILY AND QUICKLY CURED BY SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT. Write Today for FREE booklet, How To Have A Clear Complexion. Simply send name—a post card willdo.

MARQOT LABORATORIES,
108 KEYSTONE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1178-L Chicago

sured, and if they got enough money, they would continue on to some other town; if not, at least they had enough to buy turkey that night—hence the name.

As for stranding with shows in strange and awful towns, Ben asserts that he holds the championship of the world. Once he was in some show and stranded out in Kansas. He had nothing but his trunk, a day's board paid in the hotel, and sixty cents in cash, and was miles from any place where he could get a job or borrow money. It had rained for two days before, and the town was ankle deep in mud, so Ben goes up to the local hardware store, buys fifty cents worth of these iron mud scrapers, at five cents each, and also a screwdriver.

Going out into the residential district, he carefully screwed a scraper on a step at several of the most prosperous looking houses. Then, firmly wedging a piece of mud between the heel and the instep of his shoe, he would mount the porch, and ring the doorbell. When the woman of the house appeared at the door, Ben would point out what he had done, and ask her to buy it.

"But," the lady would reply, "we have a nice doormat here, with 'Welcome' on it, and everything."

"Let me show you," would explain the versatile Turpin. He would wipe his feet vigorously on the mat, and then, going down the steps to his five-cent scraper, would deftly remove the huge clot of mud caught under his instep. "You see," he would point out, "that mud would have been tracked all over your beautiful carpets and clean floors if it were not for my little scraper."

"How much," would ask the woman.

"Twenty-five cents," would reply Benjamin.

"Sold!" If two bits were too much, he would sell them off as cheap as a dime. With his fresh capital, he could buy more scrapers and continue. He made himself railroad fare back to civilization before the sun came out and dried up his principal asset.

Shortly after the first pictures began to come out, enterprising showmen around Chicago rented vacant stores, filled the floor with seats, put up a screen, and a small stage, and for a five-cent piece or a dime would furnish those who sought motion pictures and vaudeville one reel of pictures, one song, and some other act. For this he received $3.50 a day. Sundays he worked from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, and once did twenty-five shows in that time. Incidentally, the Chicago firm for whom he worked at this trade most recently offered him one thousand dollars for one-a-night personal appearance, and Ben couldn't spare the time to do it. He was on a vacation.

About this time Happy Hooligan was the comic idol of the children, and more or less of the grown-ups, so Turpin changed his make-up and did a Hooligan act. For a long time he had been trying to get on the Western Vaudeville Association time, but without much luck. Other people were doing a Hooligan act, and Ben could never attract the eyes of the heads of the organization long enough to see him work. One day he happened to be in the office when the manager of a theater wired down for a comedy act to be sent for the opening show the following day. The manager had booked an act, but had cancelled it at the last moment.

Well, we'll let Ben tell it.

"I had about a dollar to my name," explained Ben. "Not enough to pay my railroad fare to Marion, so there I was, with

Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have brought Beauty to Thousands

READ MY FREE OFFER

Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair

This Portrait Is My Proof

of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambition to be beautiful. You owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud that it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the Methods used by famous actresses, society leaders and movie stars, mail the coupon below. I will send you **free** my new work. "Stepping Stones to Beauty," containing full and complete information of my Methods and **HOW TO USE THEM** in the privacy of your own home, and with the same wonderful results which thousands of others have had. This knowledge has cost me years of patient, faithful, scientific study and research.

Send no money—write your name and address plainly and you will receive at once complete information on the following Beauty Methods—**any or all:**

- **To Banish Coarse Pores,**
- **To Banish Wrinkles,**
- **To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and Oily Skin,**
- **To Beautify the Figure, Hands and Arms,**
- **To Remove Superfluous Hair,**
- **To Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes,**
- **To Clear the Skin of Acne.**

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 1111, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send complete information under your FREE OFFER, also "Stepping Stones to Beauty," FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots

ZIP

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."
Faithfully,
Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated *Book*, "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
Dept. M. 562 Fifth Ave.
Ent. on 46 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

BOBBED HAIR—the Fashionable Aristocratic Head-dress

—Be Bobbed Without Cutting Your Hair

THE charm and beauty of the NATIONAL BOB—originated by us—have made it the *last word* in attractive coiffure. Even if your hair is already bobbed, you can also wear the NATIONAL BOB, for it saves the annoyance of curling, burning or cutting your own hair. Two tiny combs attach it securely on and off in a jiffy.

Send a strand of your hair and $10.00

The Bob will be sent to you at once, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free hair goods catalogue sent on request.

WIGS FOR DOLLY

Make your old dolly look like new with a National Dolly Wig

For Beautiful bobbed wig—natural ringlet hair — send **$4.50.**

For good quality wig—long curls—send **$2.50.**

State color desired and number of inches around Dolly's head with your remittance. Wig will be sent postpaid.

Buy National Nets in BOUDOIR BOXES or send 85c and your dealer's name for Box of 6—each net guaranteed perfect and extra large size. State color and style.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. O. 368 Sixth Avenue New York

Wedding

Engraved Invitations, Announcements and Calling Cards. Moderate Prices

Samples sent free upon request.

Royal Engraving Co., 814-M Walnut Street, Phila., Pa.

Stronger, Clearer Voice for YOU!

Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This is done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. *Use it in your own home.* Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surpassing quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem the Feuchtinger method will improve your voice 300 per cent. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. We gladly send it free, postage prepaid. **Just mail the coupon.**

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1265 **Chicago, Ill.**
1922 Sunnyside Ave.

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking
☐ Stammering ☐ Lisping

Name .....

Address .....

a job and no money to get to it. Finally, I took my suitcase and expressed it to Marion. Then, that night I sneaked down into the railroad yards and when the train slowed up, I jumped on and climbed up on the roof or deck, as it was commonly known. It was cold as the dickens, but I wrapped myself around a ventilator pipe and hung on. From up the pipe I could hear someone in a berth below snoring, and I wondered if I would ever be wealthy enough to be laying down there under nice warm blankets, taking life easy. When the train got into Marion, I slid down on the far side from the station and got uptown without being caught. I got my suitcase out of the express office, went up to a hotel that had a dining-room in connection, cleaned up, ate a huge breakfast, for which I signed, and then took my stuff up to the theater. It being Monday morning, all of the acts for the week were rehearsing, and the theater manager had on an awful grouch.

"'What's your act?' he asked me, as soon as I came on the stage.

"'Knockabout Hooligan,' I replied.

"'Oh, Lord!' he yelled. 'We had a Hooligan here last week, and he was so rotten I had to cancel him in the middle of the week. You'd better pack up and go right back to Chicago.'

"There I was, without a cent, in pawn to the hotel, and a long ways from home and money. You bet I put up an argument.

"'Maybe my act is different,' I said. 'It goes big everywhere I play it.'

"'Well, it better be good, for if it isn't, I will close you after the first show,' the manager said.

"To make a long story short, I never worked so hard in my life. I pulled falls that I had never done before, and I made good. The manager had put me on to open the show—the worst place on the program—but before the middle of the week, I had the star-act position. He got over his grouch and wrote a nice letter about me to the Chicago office. When I got back there, with what was left of my thirty dollars for the week's work, I had a route booked and was kept pretty busy for some time.

"Then I got a job over at the Essanay plant in Chicago, as one of the comedy cops. When they moved out to Niles, California, I came with them. Then I went with Mr. Sennett, four years ago, and have just signed a contract for two more years.

"What do I do with myself in my spare time? Well, I'm in bed every night at eight o'clock, and Sundays my wife and I generally take a long ride. We are looking for a good place to buy a ranch."

Ben has not always been cross-eyed. It was when he was working with Essanay, about nine years ago, that he used to cross his eyes just for the fun of it, until one morning he woke up, gazed in the mirror and found them definitely and substantially crossed. He says he could have them straightened, but what's the use, when they have made millions laugh and made Ben wealthy.

Ben is around fifty years of age, and has to take good care of himself, as the life of a rough-and-tumble acrobat, such as he is, is not long. They either break something or injure themselves in some way, so as to make them unable to perform, and Ben dont intend to retire yet.

Recently, Ben took a trip East, and created such a sensation that wherever he went—that he wanted a peaceful time—he had to put on dark glasses to hide his eyes. New Orleans just did itself proud for her

Plain Unattractive Eyes Instantly Beautified with

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Perfectly harmless. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and two brushes. Two shades, *Brown for Blonde, Black for Brunette;* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-13 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

Do You Need MONEY?

If you are making less than $150 a month, write me today. I have no "get-rich-quick" plan. But if you are wide-awake, honest, willing to work with me and give me at least part of your time, I offer you

MAN OR WOMAN

the Special Agency (local or traveling) for our great line of Household Necessities. Experience is unnecessary. I will furnish everything, so that lack of capital shall not stand in your way. Hundreds of prosperous men and women who started this way are now making $150 a month and more. It's your great opportunity—and I say don't miss it. Just drop me a post card today for complete particulars FREE.

FREE Ford AUTO
NOT A CONTEST. We have a new plan whereby we furnish our new representatives with a new automobile Free, in addition to their regular pay. Write quick while this special offer is open.

Albert Mills, Mgr. 5498 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in **"Where Knowledge Means Happiness."** Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says: *It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.*

From "Where Knowledge Means Happiness"
Copyright 1921

Sent in plain cover, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.

Dept. S, Counsel Service, 246 W. 76th St., New York

A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in all the world—sells at $15 an ounce and worth it! Rieger's Flower Drops — a Perfume made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
122 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers.

Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.
Lilac, Crabapple $1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, . . . $2.00
Mon Amour Perfume sample offer, 1oz. . $1.50
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The Only Book

of its kind in the world!

ALO STUDIES—the Art Edition De Luxe, by Albert Arthur Allen, are *photographic* creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature.

Thirty-two full page, wonderfully clear, large sized reproductions, art paper in gold, postpaid $1.00

ALLEN ART STUDIOS
4123 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. U.S.A.

Alo Studies

We are the Sole Agents for the

Corliss Palmer Preparations

No other manufacturer, chemist or distributor has her formulas, nor the right to handle her preparations. At present we are doing a mail order business only, and we will mail postpaid any of the following preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully in small packages to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

Face Powder
The only kind that will photograph perfectly, that will stay on, look natural and not injure the complexion, 50 cents a box.

Face Rouge
A natural pink paste for the cheeks, which if applied before putting on the powder in the morning will remain until you retire at night, and will not look like "paint". The only rouge that can be applied evenly and will blend perfectly, 50 cents a jar.

Foundation Cream
A face cream that not only improves and benefits the complexion, but which if applied before putting on the powder will hide all imperfections and prevent perspiration from dissolving the powder, 50 cents a jar.

Lip Salve
A salve that looks perfectly natural, and will remain on all day, even after eating and drinking. Applied discreetly, nobody will ever know your lips are not naturally red, 50 cents a jar.

A $2 bill will bring all four to you

We guarantee all of Miss Palmer's preparations to be perfectly harmless. Her formulas call for only the best of ingredients. She has been declared by competent judges, the most beautiful girl in America, and she has made a thoro study of beauty and of what helps it and of what injures it. We have thousands of the most glowing testimonials praising her preparations. Try them once and you will use none other.

"Art that Conceals Art"

is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

Wilton Chemical Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

local boy. Ben never had a dull moment. Hundreds of people would wait in the lobby of the hotel, just to see him come downstairs. If he went into a café, in a few moments the place would be packed with crowds standing outside waiting to come in.

In Chicago, he was escorted, with great state, into the innermost offices of the vaudeville managers, doors to throne rooms were thrown open like magic.

"I told 'em," said Ben, "that many a long and anxious hour I had spent outside those doors, just waiting for a chance to get a day's work at whatever salary they cared to give me. This success is sure fine.

"What I would like to do in pictures is to burlesque the present big features," says Ben. "Or the old, familiar plays."

"'Uncle Tom Without the Cabin,' was a big success, and so was 'Home Talent.' I think 'Love's Outcast' will be good, and we are sure putting in a lot of work on these specials of mine, because, after such a long time of hard knocks, I want to put my best work in them. Roy Del Ruth is my director, and he is a good one. Mr. Sennett and all of us lay out the story, and then Roy and I work out the gags. It takes about a month of hard work to make one of these two-reelers, just as long as it takes to make a big feature, and if a thing isn't right, we do it over and over again." He pointed to Roy, who had been for some time, and still was, engaged in trying to make a collie pup with a fan tied to its tail, wag it enough to stir up Phyllis Haver's golden tresses, as she leaned over the counter in a delicatessen store. The director, cameraman, a few prop boys, and Miss Haver, had evidently been at it some time before I arrived. Ben and I talked, then went to lunch, and when we returned to the set, the poor pup's tail was still wagging.

The Turpins have a beautiful home in Hollywood and he has invested quite a little of his surplus wealth in Hollywood real estate, so that he no longer has to worry about where next week's rent is coming from. But, with all his prosperity, he still remembers the days when things were not breaking so good, because I noticed him in the café, altho he tried to keep me from seeing it, when he appropriated and paid the lunch checks of two of his acquaintances who had not been working for some time.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 111)

gineering construction. On the other hand, it may amuse them. We cannot say. We doubt, however, if it will prove entertaining to any others.

The title is descriptive of the men who, with the aid of a huge dredge, turn farms and vineyards into stone-piles in their search for gold. Hell-diggers is the name given them by the irate farmers. The designer and foreman of the dredge—and this is where Wallace Reid comes in—is in love with the daughter of one of the farmers, the most irate farmer, as a matter of fact. And Lois Wilson, in the rôle of the daughter, suggests that Foreman Teddy construct another dredge that will leave the farms as it finds them. Girls beloved usually have their own way, and this instance is no exception to the rule. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the picture which is the exception to any rule. Complications follow, but in the end everything is quite all right, and they apparently live happily forever after.

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. **And I do it in a few days.** My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.

My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. **You know that.** I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

DOROTHY RAY
14 E. Jackson Blvd. Suite 6, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dorothy Ray,
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Suite 6, Chicago, Ill.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT'S **PRIMER**

By L. CASE RUSSELL

Only a few copies left. We will mail one to you if you will send us fifty cents in stamps.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Use Your Imagination
WRITE PHOTOPLAYS
Spare Time Nets $50 to $1,000.

Our Excellent course of instructions enables you to develop plots, revise your work. Tells how and where to sell. Not a correspondence course. Sent complete for only $2; worth ten. Address

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ASSOCIATED PHOTOPLAYS
2300 Eldridge St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Posed by Anna Q. Nilsson in "Venus in the East"—a Paramount motion picture. Miss Nilsson is one of many lovely women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

As the focus of hundreds of critical eyes—are you at perfect ease?

Can you be sure that ***your*** *complexion is all that it should be?*

IT may happen to you at any time—an entrance into the brilliantly lighted theater, where you suddenly find yourself unavoidably the center of all eyes.

How satisfying *then* if you can be absolutely confident of your fresh, clear complexion. How reasuring if you can be certain that your skin is free from unsightly blemishes, that it glows with radiant health. How truly do you realize at such a time that a wonderful complexion, after all, is the one thing that contributes most to charm and attractiveness.

You can attain the radiance and bloom of a clear, wholesome skin. You can gain the confidence that comes from a charming complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—*revitalizes*—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is beyond reproach.

Begin today to gain more charm

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. Begin at once to make your complexion as beautiful as it should be. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark —50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette —50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

There is Beauty in Every Jar

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
21 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario.
Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 383 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

(269)

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

COLGATE'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Large size cake 25c. Medium size, 10c by the cake, 55c by the box of six. An ideal guest-room soap. At your Dealer's

Cashmere Bouquet

The favorite perfumed soap for three generations

Among the refinements with which dainty women have always loved to surround themselves—and always will—Cashmere Bouquet Soap has for three generations held a favored place.

Its flower-born fragrance is delicate, yet lasting; piquant, yet refined; reminiscent, yet elusive. Nor is that exquisite perfume its sole attraction, for Cashmere Bouquet is luxuriant in its lather and so wholesomely pure that it is safe even for baby's delicate skin

COLGATE & CO. *ESTABLISHED 1806* NEW YORK CITY

For your special type of skin— there is a special treatment

Skins differ widely—are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

NO matter what your type of skin happens to be—by the right treatment you can overcome its defects.

For your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the special care suited to its needs—and see how beautifully soft and fine and clear you can make it!

To correct an oily skin, use this special treatment every night:

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

To rouse a pale, sallow skin and give it the brilliance and color it should have, use this new steam treatment:

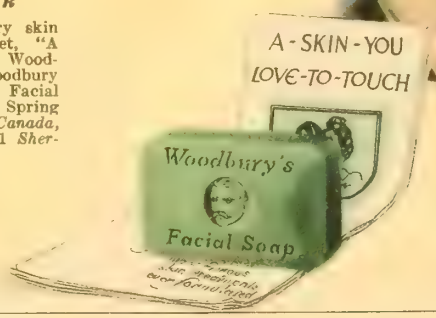
One or two nights a week, fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing with a piece of ice.

In addition to the two treatments given here, you will find other special treatments for *all the different types of skin* in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight. A 25c cake lasts for a month or six weeks. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

If you have the type of skin that is subject to blackheads—find the special treatment you need on page 3 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If your skin is of the tender, sensitive type—learn the right treatment for it on page 6 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."



"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25c for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,* 1311 *Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Copyright, 1921, by the Andrew Jergens Co.

Brett Litho. Co., N. Y.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

25 CTS

Dorothy Phillips

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

A typical Mellin's Food Baby

Katharine R. Atherton
Shreveport, La.

This robust little girl shows the good health and happiness that is characteristic of Mellin's Food babies.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mas

Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds and more.

Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion as well.

Doctor's Wife Takes Off 40 Pounds Through New Discovery!

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, starving or discomfort. Many others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start!

"BEFORE I began following your course, my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak, and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick.

"With your help, I am now in what you could call perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is wonderful and my weight is 128 pounds—a loss of 40 pounds."

Above is an extract from a letter written us by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Vermilya was distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure. Not one pound of unnecessary flesh marred her exquisite slenderness. No matter what she wore, the simplest little summer frock or the most elaborate evening gown, she was at ease. For she knew that she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

Begins to Put on Flesh

With marriage came more happiness, more friends. "I felt that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for!" Mrs. Vermilya confides. Yet even then a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy her youth.

It was hardly noticeable at first. Then, slowly, she began to realize what the trouble was. She was putting on superfluous flesh. But how could she prevent it? It seemed that most men and women, once they became overweight began naturally and more flesh came very stout. had gained flesh ghed 168 pounds, more than her ht.

n Vain to e Weight

to starve herself to reduce. She one meal a day ly enough to satger. But it only r without taking of flesh.

drugged herself es. "I even used set to reduce my writes, "but it k just awful." ised and dieted— She was still 40 rweight, and no she did she could the excess flesh oiling her figure her health.

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered a way to reduce weight by eating. And she had been starving herself!

Finds Right Way

"I grasped at that new discovery as a drowning man grasps at a straw," Mrs. Vermilya tells us. "I had tried almost everything and I was still 40 pounds overweight. I couldn't enjoy my meals any more—I felt sure that everything I ate would add more flesh. Oh, if this new discovery would only show me the way to regain my normal weight!"

A Remarkable Reduction

She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments" and just followed the one simple new law that has been discovered. It meant almost no change in her daily routine. She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable. She slept better than she had in months.

"Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything discomforting, didn't have to deny myself anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health improved 100%, too. I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret!"

What is the New Discovery

The remarkable new discovery — weight control — is the result of many years of extensive research by Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist. It is one of the most amazing—and yet one of the most simple and inexpensive methods of weight reduction ever discovered.

He found that certain foods when eaten together are almost immediately converted into excess fat. But these very same foods, when eaten in combination with different foods, actually cause the fat which has already accumulated to be consumed. It's the simplest thing in the world. It's **just a matter of eating the right food combinations** and avoiding the wrong ones.

This is not a starving "treatment" or a special food fad. It's entirely new and different. You can bring your weight down to where you want it and keep it there with practically no trouble. Instead of starving yourself, or putting yourself through any trying discomforts or painful self-denials **you actually eat off flesh!**

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course absolutely free to any one sending in the coupon. No money. Just the coupon.

You don't starve yourself, or punish yourself with strenuous exercise. You just keep on doing practically whatever you please, eating many of the delicious foods you may now be denying yourself. All you have to do is follow one simple little natural law and you can weigh exactly what you should.

Send No Money

Mail coupon at once. The complete 12-lesson course will be sent to you promptly. When it arrives pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) and the course is yours. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary. You have the privilege of returning it and having your money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied after a 5-day test.

Don't delay. This is a special offer and you can lose nothing—yet if you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon **NOW!** The course will be mailed in a plain container.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W2812, 43 West 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W2812, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me prepaid in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning the course to you within 5 days after its receipt and my money is to be refunded at once.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Price outside of U. S., $2.15, Cash with order.

Read What These Users Say!

Following are excerpts from just a few of the scores of letters on file at our office describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control. The names are withheld out of deference to our subscribers:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. .....
New York City.

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost 40 pounds."

Mrs. .....
Glens Falls, N. Y.

100 Per Cent Improvement

"Weighed 216 pounds when I started, and today weigh 158 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent better than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs. .....
Woonsocket, R. I.

48 Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully, I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results will say that I have lost 18½ pounds."

Mrs. .....
Colville, Wash.

If it's a *Paramount Picture* it's the best show in town

—best in plot, presentation, staging, starring, dressing, laughs, thrills, pathos, everything,

—best because it is made up to a standard and not down to a price,

—best because the organization behind it is great enough to draw on the best talent of every kind in America and Europe and co-ordinate it to produce a perfect photoplay.

If you are a real fan you know a real photoplay, and the way a real fan can pick out a Paramount Picture just by seeing a few hundred feet of it in the middle is the biggest tribute to quality a film can have.

Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre's announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Sept. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers"
By Byron Morgan.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks."

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World"
By Ernst Klein
Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws

"The Golem"
A unique presentation of the famous story of ancient Prague.

Cecil B. DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Jeanie MacPherson
Suggested by Schnitzler's play
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye.

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by John S. Robertson.

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne.

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
with Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart.

William deMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle.

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production, "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand"
A William S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," with Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Briar Bush"
By Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik," with Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
Adapted from "Conjuror's House"
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was." From George M. Cohan's play and the novel "Enchanted Hearts," by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
By Clara Beranger.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything"
By Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
By Alice and Claude Askew.

A William deMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

OCT 31 1921
©CLB501374

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII DECEMBER, 1921 No. 11

Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

JAMAICA, NEW YORK. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Publication Office, Jamaica, New York. Editorial and General Office, Brooklyn, New York.

Application has been made for transfer of the second-class mailing privilege from Brooklyn, New York, to Jamaica, New York.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Herbert Howe
Pacific Coast Representative

Hazel Simpson Naylor
Eleanor V. V. Brewster
E. M. Heinemann
Associate Editors

A. M. Hopfmuller
Art Director

Guy L. Harrington
Business Manager
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Director of Advertising
Rufus French, Inc.
Eastern Manager
Archer A. King, Inc.
Western Manager
Metz B. Hayes
New England Manager

CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Portraits in gravure of Alla Nazimova, Dorothy Dalton, Mae Marsh, Corinne Griffith, Nita Naldi, Eugene O'Brien, Irene Marcellus, Alice Lake and Henry Walthall.

The Altar of Alcohol ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 20
Elinor Glyn and her impressions of Hollywood.

Even As You and I ..... *Maude Cheatham* 22
Which describes Lois Wilson, the Screen's Miss Lulu Bett.

Formerly of Brooklyn ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 24
Walter McGrail's admissions.

The Rural Courtship 26

On Desert Sands 27
Advance views of "The Sheik," cinematically speaking.

Instead of the Silken Gloria ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 28
A vivid interview with Gloria Swanson.

Censor-Nonsense ..... *Helen Carlisle* 30
Truth and poetry illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman.

No Woman Knows ..... *Jean Calhoun* 31
The screen version of "Fanny Herself" novelized.

In Case You're Fired, Dont Quit ..... *Herbert Howe* 36
Which is the advice Priscilla Dean gives.

Portraits 38
Posed by Mary Carr, the mother of "Over the Hill."

——Of the Novak Clan 40

The Little Picture Theater in the Desert ..... *Frank Stokes, Jr.* 41
A story telling what the motion picture did for two old timers. Illustrated by Olive Butler.

The Primitive ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 46
Which is paramount in Ruth Roland.

When the Fairbankses Frolic 48
Informal pictures of Mary and Doug at "Pickfair."

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 50

One Arabian Night ..... *Norman Bruce* 51
The new Pola Negri production in short story form.

The Fountain of Youth and Beauty ..... *Corliss Palmer* 56
Another beauty talk of interest and value.

The "Barrie Director" ..... *Dorothy Herzog* 57
In other words, John Robertson.

Presenting—— 58
Mary Alden receives honorable mention.

The Editor's Page 59

Hope Deferred 60
And incidentally another Honor Roll.

Under the Lash ..... *Susan Elizabeth Brady* 61
A novelization of the forthcoming Gloria Swanson-Paramount production.

Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 66

I Remember, I Remember ..... *Gladys Hall* 68

On the Camera Coast ..... *Herbert Howe* 70

Greenroom Jottings 72

5
PAGE

No Woman Loves a Weakling

The man who marries a good, pure woman, knowing that he is not physically fit, commits the worst Crime known to civilization. Where do you stand? Are you fit to marry? Some sweet, innocent girl is trusting in your honor. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry until you are physically fit. The way looks hopeless to you, but cheer up—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It's a man-builder and a life-saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man DEPT. 577, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 577, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

Colds	Increased Height	Youthful Errors
Catarrh	Pimples	Vital Losses
Asthma	Blackheads	Impotency
Hay Fever	Insomnia	Falling Hair
Obesity	Short Wind	Weak Eyes
Headache	Flat Feet	Gastritis
Thinness	Stomach Disorders	Heart Weakness
Rupture	Constipation	Poor Circulation
Lumbago	Biliousness	Skin Disorders
Neuritis	Torpid Liver	Despondency
Neuralgia	Indigestion	Round Shoulders
Flat Chest	Nervousness	Lung Troubles
Deformity (Describe)	Poor Memory	Stoop Shoulders
Successful Marriage	Rheumatism	Muscular Development
	Manhood Restored	Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' course. Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Day or Evening classes. Easy terms. Cameras and Materials furnished free. The School of Recognized Superiority. Call or write for catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY

141 W. 36th St., New York *OR* 505 State St., Brooklyn

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents in stamps for 288-page cloth-bound book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. B. N. Bogue, 3027 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis

BE A DETECTIVE Earn Big Money

Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Dept. MP.

American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book** tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. **Farmer Burns** 1539 Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—"The Blue Lagoon." Lavishly staged melodrama of two children shipwrecked on a desert island. Motion pictures have destroyed the possibilities of this sort of footlight offering.

Belasco.—"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltinge.—"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

Empire.—"Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner. Dramatization of Ibañez's novel of the career of a toreador. Catherine Calvert in the leading feminine rôle.

Fulton.—"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Harris. — "Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Knickerbocker.—"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

Lyceum.—"The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr. Interesting David Belasco revival of the vivid Eugene Walter drama of New York's tenderloin. One of the big plays of the last twenty years.

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune"; Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb sublety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

Republic.—"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn. If you do not mind blushing, you will be amused by this piece, which has an interesting cast, including Walter Jones and Dorothy Mackaye.

Selwyn.—"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Dont miss "The Circle."

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square.—"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but wont admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

On Tour

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

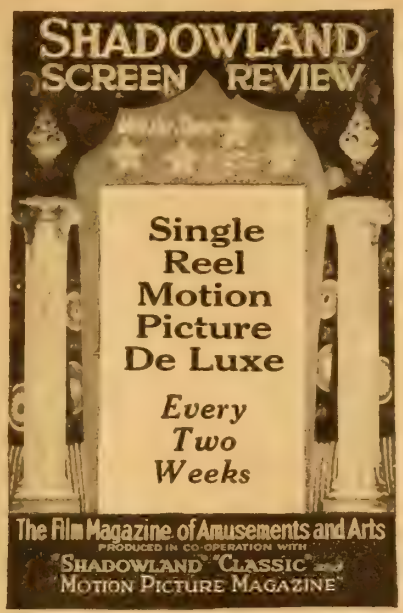
"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned [illegible] turned out to be a pugilist. [illegible].

"Wake Up, Jonathan," wit[illegible]. An attractive and distinctly o[illegible]

(*Continued on page*

ASK Your Theater Manager To Show



AT HOME
AT WORK
AT PLAY

With Stage, Screen and Dance Stars

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications—
SHADOWLAND, CLASSIC, and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Tell Your Theater Manager to Book It From

PRODUCERS' FEATURE SERVICE
729 Seventh Avenue, New York,
For New York State and Northern New Jersey
RELIANCE FILM EXCHANGE
Washington, D. C.
ALL-STAR FEATURE DISTRIBUTORS
San Francisco and Los Angeles
HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION
Charlotte, N. C.
DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind.
NEW FILM EXCHANGE
Philadelphia, Pa.
KLEIN DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Boston, Mass.
STATE FILM AND AMUSEMENT CO.
Cleveland, Ohio
PEACOCK PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Kansas City, Mo.; St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Texas; Oklahoma City, Okla.
STRAND FEATURES, INC.
Detroit, Mich.

or SHADOWLAND SCREEN REVIEW, 17 West 42d Street, New York

OFFENSIVE
PERSPIRATION

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. Destroys all bodily odors.
2. Checks perspiration without discomfort.
3. Absolutely harmless.
4. Actually benefits the skin.
5. Serves as a vanishing cream.
6. A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and *the only one.* You will use no other after once trying *Wonder.* Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.

is a necessity for every lady (or gentleman) who perspires too freely. You will be in many hot, close rooms this winter and you surely want to avoid being unpleasantly conspicuous. No soap, powder or perfume can hide offensive perspiration.

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

Wilton Chemical Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stronger, Clearer Voice for YOU!

Weakness, hoarseness and hoarseness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This is done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. Learn to *Speak with Ease.* Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surpassing quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

Do You Stammer?

If you have any voice impediment the method will help you. You need not stammer or lisp—if you will follow our instructions. Mail coupon for free book.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem the Feuchtinger method will improve your voice 500 per cent. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. We gladly send it free, postage prepaid. Just mail the coupon.

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1269
1920 Sunnyside Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking
☐ Stammering ☐ Lisping

Name.....

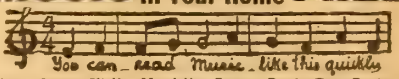
Address.....

Large List New Vaudeville Acts, Stage Monologs, New Minstrel Opening Choruses and Finales, Blackface Afterpieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

PLAYS

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 45. CHICAGO

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Big Band Catalog sent free

Whatever you need—from a drumstick to the highest priced cornets in the world. Used by the Army and Navy. Send for big catalog; liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music stores everywhere.

LYON & HEALY
69-97 Jackson Blvd. Chicago

BEAD YOUR EYELASHES

No woman is more beautiful than her eyes. You can have radiant, lovely eyes with the fascinating lure of romance if you use Poirier Eyelash Cosmetic, perfumed and greaseless, applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Beader. Makes eyelashes appear silky and luxuriant. Will not smart or burn the eyes.

Send $1.00 for Poirier Beauty Set for eyelashes and eyebrows, which includes one silver plated Poirier Eyelash Beader, one stick Poirier Eyelash Cosmetic, one box Poirier Eyebrow Creme, dainty eyebrow brush and mirror.

Full instructions. Mention color of hair. Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.
132 Fountain Bldg.
Fountain Court
Cleveland, Ohio

AT LAST!

We Can Provide What You Want

In response to thousands of requests every month, we are publishing a booklet for the trifling cost of 50 cents, which answers the eternal question, "How Can I Get Into the Movies?" It is the only thing of its kind in existence, and literally invaluable to the screen aspirant.

"HOW TO GET IN"

is the title of the book and it tells you among other things:

The first steps to take.
Where to go and why.
What to do and what not to do.
How to dress and what to say.
The kind of a letter to write.
Screen types and their different characteristics.
Who can and who cannot get in—and why.
How to stay in, after once getting in.
The mental and physical attributes vital to screen success.
The way well-known stars got in.

AND

A complete list of motion picture studios and their addresses.

Simply fill out the coupon below, enclose 50 cents, in stamps or a 50-cent piece secutely wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope. Address envelope to

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield Street - Brooklyn, New York

----------COUPON----------

I herewith enclose 50 cents, for which please send me the booklet "How To Get In".

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please write your name and address plainly and in full

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS
175 Duffield St. - - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

nary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"The Provincetown Players" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand. — Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

WORK AND PLAY

It takes hard work to make the photoplay.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Finds you turning homeward with the movies yet "undone"!

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of MOTION PICTURES

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
Alpha Pictures, Inc., 126 West 46th St.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Authors' Film Co., Times Bldg.
Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St.
Blackton, J. Stuart, 25 West 45th St.
Bray Studio, 23 East 26th St.
Bulls Eye Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Callaghan, Andrew J., 25 West 43d St.
Character Pictures, 17 West 42d St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmofoto Film Corp., 220 West 42d St.
Cosmopolitan Prod., 2278 Second Ave.
Crest Pictures Corp., Times Bldg.
Edison, Thomas A., Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave.
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Exclusive Pictures, 126 West 46th St.
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
  Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Fox Film Co., Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Frohman Amusement Corp., Times Bldg.
Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 509 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway.
  Studio, Orienta Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Hemmer Superior Prod., 137 West 48th St.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42d St.
Kalem Co., 1482 Broadway.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.
Mayflower Prod., 1476 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, 1476 Broadway.
  Studio, 3 West 61st St.
Moss, B. S., 1441 Broadway.
Outing Chester, Pictures, 120 West 40th St.
Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Pioneer Feature Film Corp., 126 West 46th St.
Prizma, Inc., 21 West 23d St.
Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Ave.
Robertson-Cole Co., 1600 Broadway.
Seitz, George B., 1990 Park Ave., New York.
Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
  Studio, West Fort Lee, N. J.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 111 West 42d St.
Talmadge Film Co., 318 East 48th St.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway.
United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.
Vitagraph Co., 469 Fifth Ave.
  Studio, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Warner Brothers, 220 West 42d St.
Wilk, Jacov, 1476 Broadway.
Williamson Bros., Inc., 1476 Broadway.
Young, Clara Kimball, 33 West 42d St.

OUT OF TOWN

American Film Co., 7227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
American Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Brunton, Robert, Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Christie Film Corp., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 South State St., Chicago, Ill.
Essanay Film Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill.
Ford, Francis, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Ince, Thomas H., Culver City, Calif.
Kleine, George, 166 North State St., Chicago, Ill.
Lasky Feature Film Co., 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.
MacDonald, Katherine, Prod., Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
Neilan, Marshall, Studios, 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Pathé Frères, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.
Ray, Chas., Studio, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rolin Studio, 406 Court St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
Selig Polyscope Co., Carland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Sennett, Mack, Studio, 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Tourneur Film Co. Prod., Inc., Universal City, Calif.
Universal Film Co., Universal City, Calif.
Vidor, King, Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Walleene Film Comedies, 25th and Lehigh Aves., Philadelphia, Pa.
Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y.

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest — For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431F N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents—Quick sales, big profits. Outfit Free. Cash or Credit. Sales in every home for our high-class line of Pure Food Products, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc. Write today for Money-Making Plan. American Products Co., 5144 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents Coining Money selling Universal Gas Savers for every gas stove. Wonderful device. Cuts gas bills in half. Increases heat. Popular prices. 100% Profit. Exclusive territory. Write quick. A. W. Moore, Gas Saver Company, Topeka, Kansas.

General Agents—Something New. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 78 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161 East Orange, N. J.

BEAUTY CULTURE

Superfluous Hair Permanently Destroyed with roots. Painless and Harmless. No electricity nor chemicals. Postpaid, $1.00 a package. NUART Laboratories, Dept. M, South Orange, N. J.

FARM LAND FOR SALE

Clay Loam Lands—20, 40, 80 ac. tracts in Mich. Excellent for clover, grain, potatoes, etc. Rich clay loam soil; $20 to $35 per ac., small pmt. down, bal. long time. Booklet of facts sent free upon request. Swigart Land Co., A-1263, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

At Once—Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $40.00 to $75.00 per week, railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Nebr.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Publishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerks Needed Soon (men—women) $1,600—$2,300. No experience required. Write Mr. Ozment, Former U. S. Government Examiner, 294 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Men Represent Corporation by interviewing business men at home or traveling. Nothing to sell; equipment furnished you free; earnings from $2,000 to $9,000 yearly. National, 3509 White Plains Avenue, New York.

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted—Have you an old or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for coin circular. May mean much profit to you. Send *now*. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide-book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured—Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Write TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 129 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., 278-B-32, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B-43, Chicago.

Photoplays, Ideas Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS. or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and details—experience unnecessary. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

AUTHORS—Send for "Successful Photoplays," our free pamphlet which tells how to write photoplays and describes our service. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

$ $ $ $!—Make hundreds of easy, spare-time dollars writing photoplays, short stories. We SHOW you. Criticism, details FREE. Advance Pub. Co., P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139-W, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen—Ambition and training! That's what it takes to get the Big Jobs today. We train you and secure the position; write today. American School of Salesmanship, Eighth Floor, 20 E. Jackson St., Chicago.

Traveling Field Representatives wanted. Should net $10,000 yearly. Choice of territory. Weekly advances. Merchants' School of Advertising, Dept. 6, 22 Quincy St., Chicago.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

Home-Study Business Courses

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an "X" below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion In One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success.

Coupon

LaSalle Extension University
Dept. 1278-R Chicago, Ill.

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management.** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar: LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference, and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **Business Letter-Writing:** Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and all Executive Letter-Writing positions.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants:** Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

Every day your skin is changing. By the right care, any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion

Every girl knows—

nothing can make you look right if your skin is not right

IF your skin is smooth and clear—radiant with freshness and color—you cannot look unattractive, no matter how simple your toilet.

But not even the prettiest clothes will make up for a sallow, lifeless complexion—a skin that is disfigured by blackheads or ugly blemishes.

Don't neglect your skin.

Remember—any girl *can* have a smooth, lovely complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms in its place. By giving this *new skin* the special treatment it needs, you can actually make it over.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin.

For instance, if your skin is of the pale, sallow type—it needs the following treatment to stimulate the pores and blood vessels and give it a clear, fresh, healthy color:

ONCE OR TWICE a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

THIS treatment and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin, are given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Rice

Motion Picture Magazine

ALLA NAZIMOVA

Madame Nazimova has brought a twentieth century Camille to the silvercloth—and now she plans to lend her exotic charm to a series of short subjects, among which will be found several of the Ibsen heroines she portrayed so colorfully in her previous stage work

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

DOROTHY DALT

Miss Dalton is one of the stars in the all-star De Mi of "A Fool's Paradise"

Photograph © by Ned Van Buren

MAE MARSH

This season finds [illegible] urned to the stage in "Brittle." However, it is rumored that she will return to the Griffith fold. Selah!

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Miss Griffith has been appearing consistently in feature productions—and her popularity increases with great strides

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

NITA NALDI

The stage and the screen—both claim some part of Miss Naldi's attention. At present the stage is favored

Photograph by Abbé

EUGENE O'BRIEN

Eugene O'Brien won stardom as Norma Talmadge's leading man. He has retained it thro[illegible]terizations in Select productions

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

IRENE MARCELLUS

ther who has found the "Follies" the surest road to a cinema career. At present she is at work under the direction of Marshall Neilan

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

ALICE LAKE

A[illegible] d her stardom at the M[illegible] -and there she has re[illegible] next picture will be [illegible]olden Gift"

HENRY WALTHALL

For a season or two, Henry Walthall gave his efforts to the stage. However, the shadowed drama again claims him, and the early winter will find him featured in the Vitagraph production of "Flower of the North"

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

Madam Elinor Glyn

A New Camera Study of the Famous English Novelist Who Recently Spent Several Months in Hollywood

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*On the opposite page is an interview Elinor Glyn, who has written a series of three articles for the* MO PICTURE MAGAZINE, *the first of which will appear in the Jan number.*

In these articles, Madam Glyn has painted a vivid pictur Hollywood as she found it, touching on those who comprise th dustry—their lives and their morals. She has not been fearfu facts, telling of certain cliques which reflect small honor on the m picture profession; while, on the other hand, she tells of the scor earnest players who give their all to their work.

The Altar of Alcohol

As Described by
Elinor Glyn to Gordon Gassaway

PICTURE, if you will, a woman who has spent the greater part of her maturing life in and about the courts of Europe, intermingling with the keenest intellects of her day; achieving international prominence for herself in the field of letters——

Then imagine this woman suddenly transplanted into the very heart of a film colony with its maelstrom of production, its social [illegible]nts—and [illegible]ow-lifes. [illegible]nid un-[illegible] —

[illegible] Elinor Glyn in Hollywood.

Madam Glyn, together with Ella Wheeler [illegible], has achieved her greatest prominence in the public mind for her personal interpretation of souls stirred by passions.

It is interesting to hear her impressions, how she regarded the personalities which have sprung into prominence on the American screen; what she thinks of Hollywood's great beauties; of Hollywood itself.

When Elinor Glyn moved in on Hollywood, she announced that she was in search of a Perfect Man in America and that such a man should be found in Hollywood, where it is believed that all the perfect men go, either before or after they die.

Did she find her perfect man? And what does she think of movie men anyway, of their lives, of their morals?

After talking to her in her lavender-draped boudoir at the Hollywood Hotel, where all prominent authors go, it is evident she thinks a mindful.

"I have never seen so many perfect human beings together in one place in my life!" she explained with a glance out of her marine-green eyes across the tips of the palms branching up toward her windows from the hotel gardens.

"And Hollywood is itself a Fountain of Youth. I am ten years younger than when I came here a few months ago. The spirit of youth pervades the movies. I dance here—and I never danced before in my life.

"The movies themselves are young, and they have attracted youth to them. I dont care whether it is at Fort Lee, or Culver City, or Hollywood—wherever there are movie studios there stands Youth incarnate. But alas—it is a youth which is sometimes prone to burn the candle at both ends and in the middle. Splendid young men are, in some instances, throwing their lives away on the Altar of Alcohol—and it is not such very good alcohol at that. I worship clean youth—but it must be clean. I cannot stand a taint, either in morals or in character—it is as repugnant to me as the smell of stale liquor on a young man's breath!"

"Dont you think," I put in, "that absolute lack of brain development, plus a large sense of mimicry, fits a person best for a motion picture career?"

"I do not," she flashed back at me, distracting my attention from a rather worn tiger-skin, which covered a lavender couch heaped with pillows of many pastel shades.

"I think that every actor and actress in the films who wishes to reach and maintain the top of the ladder should study. They should study history, and the drama—and English. Most of them are not what we in England would call well educated. They are too young for that. Many of them were taken out of high-school to go into pictures, so now they should secure good tutors and have themselves well informed."

"Who," I asked apropos of nothing, "is the world's greatest lover?"

"Wallace Reid," replied Madam Glyn without hesitation.

"And who," I went on, "is the world's greatest screen actress?"

"Miriam Batista. You remember her as the little girl in 'Humoresque.' She is really the only perfect actress on the screen today."

"But what of Gloria Swanson, and Mary Pickford, and Pauline Frederick?"

"Miss Swanson has her very great moments—greater perhaps than many other women acting today—so does Miss Frederick. As for Mary Pickford she is alone in her supremacy—but Miriam Batista as an actress is perfect. She is the only perfect actress on the screen. Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks are also very great—these people are the kings and queens of the world. It is said of me that

(*Continued on page* 92)

Even As You and I

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

LOIS WILSON stopped for me on her way home from the Los Angeles Ad Club luncheon where she had been the honor guest. She was excited and radiant, for she had been the recipient of many favors, made a speech, received much applause, been presented with a huge bunch of pink roses and altogether had a beautiful time.

She looked like a lovely pink rose herself with her flushed face dimpling beneath an adorable pink hat, and I could well imagine the pleasing impression she had made, for Lois Wilson's greatest charm is her refreshing naturalness and happy, wholesome girlishness.

She is very pretty, too, with perfect features, eyes of a soft, warm brown and clear complexion which is totally free from make-up. She is rather tall and very graceful, moving with the easy swing of a school girl.

As we drove to Hollywood, Lois told me all about the luncheon.

"I was terribly scared when the toastmaster introduced me and I shook so I could hardly stand," she could laugh now that it was all over. "You see, the 'Silent Drama,' does not teach us the art of facing an audience and *talking*. Well, I managed to say a few things that they seemed to like and then I told them my knees wouldn't let me say any more, they were shaking so.

"A globe trotter was called upon next and he began by saying, 'When Miss Wilson has made as many talks as I have, she will find it is no *kneezy* matter.' Wasn't that clever? No one caught it for an instant, but when they did what a roar of laughter went up."

Arriving at the Wilson home, a beautiful white stucco house nestled close to the picturesque Hollywood hills, we were greeted by Mrs. Wilson, who listened with keen interest while Lois recounted the events of the luncheon and her share of honors, all told simply and unaffectedly.

Lois Wilson has been chosen to create the title rôle in the William de Mille production of "Miss Lulu Bett." Undoubtedly, she will be splendid as heroine of this story, which has enjoyed great popularity, both in book form and on the stage. At the left is a portrait of Miss Wilson, and she is seen below with her mother on the veranda of her Hollywood bungalow

Now, probably every interviewer wildly hopes the prospective *interviewee* will exhibit some weird tendency, have a Greenwich Village temperament, for instance, or advocate a strange *ism, ology* or rant on the Red's philosophy.

All this, you must know, means good copy—a thrilling story, a colorful chronicle.

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

To the credit of the motion picture industry, tho to the despair of the interviewer, we seldom find such material among our film stars. They are merely normal young people, fired with ambitions, bravely struggling toward the top, striving to fulfil their lofty ideals—sincere, fun-loving, busy, happy, in fact—*just folks;* even as you and I.

I thought of all this, sitting in the quiet living-room chatting with Lois and smiled to myself as I tried to picture her in some bizarre environment. She is distinctly a home girl, frankly, sweetly so, with no desire to flash in the public eye except thru her work on the screen. She reflects the wholesome home life with which her Canadian father and Bostonian mother surround their little brood, over which they hover, affectionately, guiding and guarding each step and sympathetically sharing the pleasures, joys and triumphs of their four daughters.

Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keys

"As I do each picture, I am sure my work is best in that particular one," said Lois Wilson. "However, I prefer dramatic and emotional rôles, for they offer a wider opportunity for real acting, and I hope some day to do something really worth while in this line. I have high hopes for 'Miss Lulu Bett.'" Above and left, two camera studies of Miss Wilson

"I often wonder what girls do who have no homes," said Lois, and her eyes swept the cheerful room, while we listened to the gay caroling of a canary in the pergola beyond. "I know I could never accomplish anything worth while, if I didn't have the whole family back of me."

One sister, Roberta, is married and lives in Chicago. She played leads with Universal for a year or two. The next sister, Janice, is breaking into pictures, having played in Tourneur's "The White Circle," and a recent Sessue Hayakawa production, while the baby of the family, Constance, is in High School and at the interesting age where the world is rosy or clouded according to the High's football score.

I soon made the discovery that Lois Wilson has no desire to be starred, that is, not at present.

"A star," she said, "must have many talents to attract and hold her audience if she wishes to retain her popularity. When the public makes me a star, then I shall feel I am ready. In the meantime I am willing to work hard

(*Continued on page* 87)

Formerly of Brooklyn

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Walter McGrail said he hadn't the slightest idea why he chose the stage as a means of earning his bread and butter. "Heaven knows," he said, "none of my ancestors ever had such a failing. The men were all doctors. A doctor gets so he likes to hear himself talk—maybe that's why I went on the stage——" Left, a new portrait, and below, with Anita Stewart, opposite whom he has played in a number of productions

WE met at Victor Hugo's, Walter McGrail and I. Victor Hugo's, I might explain, is not the tomb of the dead novelist, but a cozy restaurant, where one can get the most delicious food in Los Angeles.

We progressed nicely—talked about the weather, and then about the weather again. We consumed great quantities of food. I worried thru the meal somehow, wondering if it was the heat that had short-circuited the spark-plugs of my usual loquaciousness. My conversation was certainly in low gear; his wasn't running at all. I tried to content myself in a rapt study of his ruggedly good-looking profile. I mentally decided that his light grey suit was extremely good looking, and that his silky mustache was fascinating. I liked his hands and his manner of doing the little things. He acted, talked, and looked like a perfectly proper gentleman.

After several more moments of silence, I concluded definitely that he lacked the self-satisfaction and egotism that is usually the stock in trade of an actor, or he would be talking about himself. He wasn't morbidly introspective, like so many men are, or he would have talked of his loneliness, how he was misunderstood by the world at large, or his unaccountable soul longings.

We had progressed to the salad course. It struck me suddenly that I only had the ice-cream to look forward to and still I had to learn all about the twenty-six or eight years that had passed lightly over his head before I met him. Feeling like a bandit who orders his victim to hold up his hands, I said:

"I'm sorry, but I shall *have* to ask you where you were born."

He turned slightly, grinned sheepishly and said: "Brooklyn, N. Y. Could anything be more thrilling?"

But a crash and spatter diverted my attention. A gesticulating waiter, apologizing volubly in French, was picking up the remains of a huge silver bowl of

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

shrimp salad that he had deposited down the front panel of my best frock. Everybody was looking my way, and the head waiter was scowling majestically at his shivering subordinate. Walter McGrail at last gave me his entire attention. He protested he wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I laughed. "Dont worry," I said. "No damage is done, but I do feel sorry for the poor waiter."

He turned to me, all interest. "You're the first person I've found who feels the same way I do about it," he said. "Poor devil, think of the cussing-out he'll get in the kitchen. I loathe people who curse out waiters."

At last a spark! I could have blessed that waiter and his shrimp salad.

"Last night," went on McGrail, eagerly, friendlily, "I decided what I'd tell you. Namely, that I haven't a bungalow, nor a motor, nor a Jap servant. So far as I can make out from the magazines, I'm the only actor out here who hasn't. Outside of that, there's nothing interesting about me. I've always sidestepped interviews, you know. I dont believe the public *really* wants to know what we eat, wear or do. Do you?"

"There is just one subject upon which I am 'bugs,'" admitted Mr McGrail, "and that is David W. Griffith. I think he is the most wonderful man in the business, both personally and as a director. The greatest thrill I had in all my life was when he wired, asking me to play in ''Way Down East.' It was the keenest disappointment I have ever known that I was tied up here and could not accept his offer"

All photographs by Spurr, L. A

I nodded that I most certainly did.

"Well, maybe I'm wrong," he apologized. "Anyway, there's so little that's interesting about me. I haven't the slightest idea why I chose the stage as a means of earning my bread and butter. Heaven knows, none of my ancestors ever had such a failing. The men were all doctors. A doctor gets so he likes to hear himself talk—maybe that's why I wanted to hear myself on the stage.

"I started in comic opera. Yep, carried a spear. The stage manager told me I had 'Some Voice!' I leave what he meant to your imagination. A short while after that I met a friend in Brooklyn. He started raving about pictures, said I ought to get in them—told me to come along with [illegible] knew all the important peopl[illegible]raph and he would introduce [illegible]id introduce me—to the man a[illegible] then he left me flat. I wandere[illegible]nd the lot until I happened [illegible]o a director I knew.

(...on page 85)

The Rural Courtship

Posed by May McAvoy and Casson Ferguson in the Realart Production of "A Virginia Courtship"

On Desert Sands--

The hush of the desert—brilliant arabesque tents populating the oasis—the lure of the stretching sands—above, the panoply of the night sky, studded with gold—all this has been caught in the screen production of the popular novel, "The Sheik." Rudolph Valentino lends his colorful personality to the title rôle, while Agnes Ayres portrays the abducted maiden——

Instead of the Silken Gloria

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

THEY have called her the silken Gloria. And she has given material proof to their words, for, framed in the lavish De Mille backgrounds, she has seemed part and substance of them. Remembering her, you thought of other things, luxuries all—costly perfumes perhaps, gowns brought from the Rue de la Paix, orchid corsages, sparkling gems.

With this portrait of her well implanted in our mind, we visited her late one afternoon at her suite at the Ritz-Carlton. And our first impression of her, gleaned in the sunset's afterglow, caused us no reconsideration. Her gown of heavy silk, wine red, shimmered with a dull gold thread entwining a Chinese pattern, heavy and intricate; her bronze sandaled feet shaped into silken ankles, her marcelled hair showed burnished glints in its dark strands. She wore pearls.

From a box, a dozen times the size of any sweetmeat box we have ever seen, she offered us French chocolates. We believed ourself to be in a De Mille production. Nowhere else could such boxes of chocolates exist. And we murmured a fervent prayer that our limited knowledge of French novels, *thé dansants* and importations would hold out as long as the interview.

Then Gloria Swanson went over to a great chair standing by the window and curled up in its recesses comfortably. We took heart. In her grey eyes there was an earnest light which bespoke other things.

"I'm homesick," she told us, in her quiet voice. "Were you ever homesick?"

We remembered two or three instances specifically, and nodded our head.

"The years need hold no terror for anyone who has built a storehouse for age," said Gloria Swanson. "And cultivating a mentality is a pleasant and profitable business. I think it gives you greater pleasure than you could possibly derive from so many of the things upon which we are often tempted to build our very lives themselves." Left, a camera study, and below, as the silken wife in "The Affairs of Anatol"

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"It's a horrible ailment, isn't it?" she continued. "The next time I come East, Gloria will be with me. They wire me daily, but that doesn't help very much. I suppose, when I get back, she will be even more grown up. Children change so when they're babies. If you could only hold on to their babyhood——"

It was the cry of mothers thru the years.

We had already forgotten the silken part of Gloria—it had slipped away into an unobtrusive background, while she talked.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, L. A.

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Gloria Swanson is avid for knowledge, and for life. We doubt, too, if she cherishes eidolons, for in the very truths of living she has been able to find overwhelming beauty

We asked her if we might have a photograph of Baby Gloria, but she shook her head. She was courteously firm.

"Gloria signed no contract with Mr. Lasky," she told us. "I'm trying hard to remember, too, that she is an individual, and must not be hampered by anything I may or may not do. I must prepare her for the issues which will undoubtedly come to her, as well as I am able; be near if she wants me; talk things over with her without giving dogmatic advice, and brave enough to let her ultimately make her own decisions, whatever they may be.

"She has been such a wonderful gift that I do not wish to abuse that gift in any way. I look at her often and wonder if it is true—if she is really my own."

"Life is complicated and difficult," we said. "Do you think it is worth while?"

Oh, yes. Rather. People often make it more difficult. We court misfortune. At one time or another, every blessed one of us will find a cross to bear, but it will never be greater than our strength. It intensifies the next happiness, too, as a matter of fact. Tho I dont think you pay for any happiness you have known by a commensurate sorrow. But then, I believe firmly in

(*Continued on page* 93)

Censor---Nonsense

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

FLICKER, flicker, little Star . .
I see the Censor Man
Afar . . . . . .

Now put away your . . . . .
Negligée . . . . .
With the rosettes that
Did adorn it . . . . .
It is a silken, gauzy thing . . . . .
You *know*
You never should have worn it . . .

When you appear in
Such attire . . . . .
Upon a pillowed chaise-longue
Seated . . . . .
Ah me! The thoughts that
You inspire
. . . . . .

(The rest of this has been
DELETED . . . . .)

In mothballs fold your
Bathing suit . . . . . .
No more can you flirt with the . . .
Ocean . . . . .
And as for romping on the shore!
Discard that anarchistic . . . . .
Notion . . . . .

Beware of . . . Situations . . .
The day of problem plays
Is over . . . . .
If you *must* have excitement . . . .
WILD . . . . .
Run out and play with
Little Rover . . . . .

Is there a Bandit in your
Troupe?
His make-up will stand alteration . .
Lest Willie learn his
Wicked Tricks . . . . . and
Sink a ship or rob
THE NATION . . . . .

The bedroom farce
Has gone its way . . . . .
(At least . . . . . in all things
Cinematic . . . . . .)
So if you have a Plot
Risque . . . . . .
Just park it up in
Grandma's attic . . . . .

And then return to us, my dear . .
In garments wise . . . .
With thoughts inspiring . . . .
Proving . . . . . despite the
Yester-year
You are advancing . . . . .
Not retiring!

Flicker, flicker
CENSOR MAN . . . . . .
Try and catch us
(If you can . . . . .)

No Woman Knows

By

JEAN CALHOUN

"THE worst thing that can happen in a family is genius," Fanny Brandeis muttered. She said the word as she might have said "kleptomania" or "a weak chin," resentfully with a curl of her firm smooth red lips. Her confidante looked back at her out of the mirror, Fanny herself, a tall, severely dressed young woman with a rather gallant carriage and a face that would have told an interesting story to a student in the new science of character reading.

Winnebago folks said that Fanny took after her ma, and lucky for her too—the Pattersons were people that come out of the wash without fading or shrinking, but the Brandeis family was slimpsy. Look how Ed Brandeis was; you never went into the Brandeis Bazaar without finding him humped over a book! Not but books were all right in their place, on the shelf in the parlor, nicely dusted, or to keep on the center table, but a grown man reading *poetry* —and spang in the middle of the day, too! No wonder that boy, Ted—or Theodore which was the highfalutin name they called him now he was in that foreign place named after china—Dresden, yes that's it—no wonder he had turned out worthless and took to fiddling instead of keeping store.

Fanny's chin, square, firm, Fanny's mouth, repressed, the least trifle grim, went with her position behind the wash goods and infants' counter of her mother's Bazaar, but at times there was a book in her eyes—a poetry book. When the breeze that came in thru the open door of the dingy old store on the corner of Bliss and Main was freighted with the warm purple odor of lilacs, instead of the usual Winnebago scent of dust and yeasty bread from Schmidt's Home Bakery, and laughing-gas from Doc Meyer's Painless Dentistry upstairs, Fanny's blue gaze was apt to grow absent and far away and, likely as not, she would not hear Molly Brandeis' annual comment on the advent of spring. "I c'n tell by the smell of the air that we'd ought to be goin' over our stock of light-patterned lawns and send in an order for overalls, and maybe a coupla dozen of those new-fangled smock things."

That there was a part of Fanny's soul that loathed the hateful necessities of scrimping and making out bills and taking money over the counter her mother did not guess. She was as shy about undressing her soul before other people as she was about undressing her beautiful young body in her mother's presence. Molly Brandeis had not seen her daughter except in a trig gingham dress, every button firmly fastened, not a hook or an eye missing, or in her Sunday foulard since she was a little girl. So no one except Fanny herself knew that her neck, beneath the harsh stripes and checks, was smooth and white and delightfully curving, or that her arms had dimples in the elbows.

No one but Fanny herself ever heard such a revolutionary remark as the one she made now, standing before the mirror fastening with stiff fingers the snaps of the blue serge that took the place of gingham in the winter. Below in the kitchen she could hear the persistent clatter of iron against iron as her mother shook down the ashes of the kitchen stove, and grey flakes floated up thru the register in the floor. The bedroom was sunless, beyond the window the boughs of the maple moved mournfully against the sodden sky. There would be a run on ear muffs and knit mittens at the store today in preparation for the skating party on Prouty's Pond that evening.

"Genius!" said Fanny in a fierce undertone, "that's what's the matter with this family, that's why mother

No wonder that boy Ted—or Theodore, which was the high-falutin name they called him, now he was in the foreign place named after china—Dresden, yes, that's it—no wonder he had turned out worthless, and took to fiddling instead of keeping store

has to slave and grow old before she's fifty, that's why I'm going down stairs and eat oatmeal and kippered herring and then go down to that old store that smells of wet woolen and a hot stove and rubber and moth balls and jockey club perfume and coal gas when I want——"

She hesitated, slowly flushing all over her rather large, handsome face. Even to herself, Fanny had never tried to formulate what it was that she wanted, or put into cold, unblushing words the vague longings, the heart-stirring dreams that seemed somehow unsuitable to a girl who was sensible and twenty-four and an admitted old maid. If Clarence Hoyl had not gone away to Chicago when she was twenty—but he had gone. She had not even heard from him for three years now, and she was quite aware that to the new generation of fluffy high school girls and boys who affected belts under their armpits and smoked cigarets ostentatiously she was beyond the possibility of romance.

Jerking her belt sternly into place, fastening the white cotton lace collar at her neck with a confection of gilt wires that spelt her name with elegant flourishes, Fanny turned away from the mirror and went down the steep back stairs. The Brandeises never used the front of the house. It would be a waste, just for the two of them.

In the kitchen Molly looked up as her daughter entered. She was a large woman with a face built for humor and comfortable curves, but sagging into folds and wrinkles like a gown that is too big for the wearer. Between her brows the last years of struggle and worry and insistent effort had grooved out a frown which she would wear in her coffin, but the harassed, faded blue eyes beneath were affectionate as they rested on Fanny.

"Set right down! I'll have your breakfast on in a jiffy." She hugged the shawl about her flat chest as she flung the dishes on the bare table with nervous haste, "I'm late this morning—the stove wouldn't draw—I must see Hutchinson about the coal he's giving us—I must—"

Fanny interrupted the stream of duties impatiently. "Mother! You look bad, as if you didn't sleep. You ought to stay home today, I can manage all right for once—"

Molly's eyes did not meet the girl's anxious ones. "Oh, I'm all right enough. Besides I dont want you should have to work so hard, and there's bound to be a lot of customers a day like this with the sudden spell of weather and all. Folks that thought they could make their last winter's ones do will be coming around to get new fleece-lined—" she paused to lay a discolored hand, corded with dark veins on the girl's shoulder with rare tenderness. "I wish you could take things easier, Fanny, and have a few good times—young times! Seems as if you'd ought to—to remember when you're old." She rattled the stove lid, elaborately careless, "why dont you go to the skating doings at the Pond tonight? You could wear your red cashmere under your coat and one of those fur neck pieces at four ninety-seven?"

"Me?" Fanny gazed at her mother, astonished, "why I haven't gone to anything since Ted went away. I'm all out of practice being young," she made a sorry attempt at a laugh, "besides it wouldn't be any fun standing round watching the girls and their beaus."

"I hear that Clarence Hoyl's back on a visit." Molly Brandeis blurted. "As a matter of fact, I—I saw him at the Post Office when I dropped by last night, and he asked about you. I expect he'll be at the Pond tonight, Fanny."

She thought that he meant she could not succeed. "I'll start in a small place in the mail order house we've bought from," she said, *"and I'll go up to a high place"*

The girl looked down at the pale gluey mass of oatmeal in her dish. "Oh, I guess he wouldn't hardly know me now," she remarked indifferently, but the spoon clattered against the china with the sudden trembling of her hand.

All that day, as she waited on the wants of customers seeking fleece-lined, and red flannel—the kind with the long legs, you know—Fanny felt a queer little glow in her heart, a sense of expectancy, altho she told herself that Clarence Hoyl was likely married to one of those society ladies with low necks, and anyhow if he wasn't what was it to her? She had schooled herself under the hard tuition of necessity to believe that she had no right to think of herself. It was Ted who mattered; Ted with his white face and big burning eyes and the wonderful fingers that could play tears and west winds and moonlight on the violin; Ted whom the great Schabelitz himself had called a genius; Ted who must have all the money they could pinch and wring out of the Bazaar to study in foreign lands and become famous.

It was dusk when Clarence Hoyl came, tall, with the lean, boyish handsomeness she remembered, and wearing his well-fitting city clothes with an air of prosperity. As soon as she met his eyes across the counter of red flannel, Fanny knew that she had been wrong, and he had not forgotten, and the sick thudding of her heart answered her question and told her what it was to her.

"Gad, but you're pretty this morning," said Fenger, in a queer, thick voice. And before she knew it, she was in his arms . . . She sprang from him, unconsciously lifting an arm to defend herself from the greed of those lips — the hot clutch of his arms

There wasn't time for much then, with an acidulous maiden lady clamoring for wool stockings and Doc Meyer's wife fingering the flannel-by-the-yard.

"Fanny! You haven't changed a bit except to grow prettier!"

"Clare! But you always were

Clarence objected to her independence, the charming apartment, her work—and Michael Fenger. Yet he kept coming back to quarrel with her. And every quarrel ended by his asking her to marry him

kind o' sleazy to me!"

"Fanny—" he caught her hand, unabashed by the curious stare of the maiden lady in search of stockings, "I've got to talk to you. There's four years full of things to say. Will you be at the Pond tonight? Promise."

Fanny moved thru the next few hours in a sort of dream, selling goods mechanically, redding up the shelves without knowing whether she was putting the infants flannel bands on the shelf sacred to the flannelette petticoats or not. For the first time in years she did not feel a pang as she sat at the bare, bleak kitchen table dinner, a sick desire to be "different," to have crisp white damask, and shining silver and separate dishes for the vegetables.

The Pond was illuminated with paper lanterns, and the strains of the Fireman's Band playing "You'd Be Surprised" gave an air of festivity furthered by the bright wool sweaters of the high school girls, the tinkle of high pitched laughter and clash of skates. Fanny, in her old coat and long skirts—it was the year when legs were in style—was awkwardly silent while Clarence Hoyl, in all the splendor of an English tweed overcoat and a plush hat that couldn't have cost a cent less than seven forty-five wholesale, strapped on her skates.

She listened to his story of the struggle of the last four years to a secure place in the journalistic world as they glided over the ice, and her heart beat fast with pride of him. It had been a hard struggle, a clean one—a *man-fight*, among men and she thrilled to it. All the repressed longings, the vain dreams of her life behind the counter awoke to fierce life at his words. But she said little, only now and then a prim "You dont say," or "I want to know."

"But I'm not the important one," Clarence declared, breaking off suddenly, "I want to know about you, Fanny! That was what I came back to find out. I heard an old hurdy-gurdy the other day playing Narcissus and it made me think—" he bent over her, "do you remember how we used to sing it in your parlor, Fanny?"

a kidder, and you haven't changed either!"

"Will it shrink?" Doc Meyer's wife was asking suspiciously, "looks

NO WOMAN KNOWS

Fictionized by permission from the Universal production of the scenario by Lucien Hubbard, based on the novel, "Fanny Herself," by Edna Ferber. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast:

Fanny Brandeis	Mabel Julienne Scott
Molly Brandeis	Grace Marvin
Brandeis	Max Davidson
Rabbi Thalman	E. A. Warren
Father Fitzpatrick	Dick Cummings
Bauer	Snitz Edwards
Shaublitz	Joseph Swickard
Aloysius	Danny Hay
Fenger	Stuart Holmes
Theodore Brandeis	John Davidson
Clarence Hoyl	Earl Schenck
Little Ted	Raymond Lee
Little Fanny	Baby Bernice Radow
Little Bella	Dorothy Dean
Mrs. Emma McChesney	Eugenie Forde

"With Ted playing on his violin—" nodded the girl, "yes, I—I remember—"

They were far away from the other skaters now and he took her cold hand in his clasp. "Now tell me everything!" he commanded. "Darn it, I'm glad I came back! I've wanted to all these years, but the city is a jealous master—it has to be served whole-heartedly if it's to be your friend instead of your enemy, and I've been mighty poor, Fanny. I couldn't come back till I was on my feet, but I've put in some bad hours imagining that Jud Mason or Shorty Williams or some of those other boys had persuaded you to put on white satin and march up the aisle of Father Fitzpatrick's little old church!"

She laughed mirthlessly, "Oh nothing like that! I've not had time for falling in love. You see it takes quite a lot to make a violinist famous, and there isn't much money loose in Winnebago."

"But what have you done?" he urged, "what have you been thinking about?"

"I've sold shaving soap and percale wrappers and a yard and a half of unbleached muslin," said Fanny Brandeis hardily, "and I've thought about—shaving soap and percale wrappers and a yard and a half of unbleached muslin! That's my life to date, and as far ahead as I can see!"

"You poor girl!" the handclasp tightened, "it's wicked you should sacrifice your splendid life to make a genius when there are too many geniuses in the world already—"

"Oh!" Fanny was shocked at such sacrilege, "of course, Ted has to have his chance. It wont be so hard soon—he's thru studying and ready to start in on his career, but we'll have to keep on till he's made his place. If he was hampered by having to take care of anybody now, all he's done would be wasted—" she seemed to be repeating something she had learned by heart.

"He may be a great violinist, but he's a damn poor *man!*" flared Clarence Hoyl, and she saw that his face was stern in the red light of the lantern they were passing, "I'd like to tell Mr. Theodore Brandeis a few things! Listen Fanny! I wont let you stay behind a counter. I—"

She started. "Hark! Somebody's calling me."

Thru the skaters came a small boy, bloated by his importance as the bearer of stupendous tidings, "Fanny Brandeis! Father Fitzpatrick says to come home quick's you can get there! Your Ma's took sick—"

Molly Brandeis died an hour after Fanny reached her. As she knelt by the comfortless bed with its old patchwork quilt, holding her mother's cold hand, Fanny found herself thinking, by a strange freak of fancy, of a bed she had seen in a moving picture—with cane panels and painted roses, hung with a canopy, covered with lace. She knew that she would suffer, but now her heart felt frozen, numb. As she straightened out the counterpane, smoothed the skimpy pillows, she found the letter that had broken Molly's tired old heart.

"Dear mother," she read in Ted's weak, flourishing script. "You'll be surprised to hear I've got married—she's Yvonne Delas, the daughter of a butcher in the street where I've been living. You'll see from the enclosed picture she's awfully pretty. Of course, I cant keep on with the music

(*Continued on page 90*)

"We'll go to Winnebago to be married," planned Fanny happily. "I know now what it was that the lilacs made me think of — a honeymoon! Winnebago would be the loveliest place for a honeymoon in all the world"

In Case You're Fired, Dont Quit!

That's the Advice Priscilla Dean Gives

All photographs by Freulich

She tells me she detests interviews which psalm of women's beauty. And she reads all picture magazines from cover to cover. I therefore court her wrath and the Carnegie medal by deeming her sirenic.

She had just returned from location in the Canadian north woods.

I asked her if she had met Fred Beauvais.

A growl was the answer to my pleasantry.

"Pardon," she queried, "what did you say?"

"At least, they've quit firing me," remarked Priscilla Dean, with candid relief. "Fire me? I should say they did. They were always firing me. Even after I starred in 'The Wildcat of Paris,' they couldn't see me. By that time, I'd gotten used to it, tho, and wouldn't quit. I made up my mind to stick on that lot and show them'

SHE opened the door and let out a growl. So *this* was the Wildcat of Paris!

Before me stood Priscilla Dean, the most advertised crook west of Washington.

I remembered her as the Silk-Lined Burglar, yet did not flinch; neither did I shift my costly flask from hip to hose.

With alert eye, I sought for evidence of the growl.

She was smiling, a hand extended.

Perhaps, thought I, the lady has ventriloquial gifts.

Satisfied by this conclusion, I entered the drawing-room and followed her gesture to a deep divan astrew with gilded cushions. Ivory shades tightly drawn over windows, melted the sun to a cool mellow light. Miss Dean seated herself in a high-backed chair where the shadows enhanced the luster of eyes and flesh. She appeared very queenly sitting there, her head thrown back, her arms resting along the edge of the chair. Feline and gracile, ivory and black, she might have been a Young Duchess painted by Sargent.

By
HERBERT
HOWE

"Nothing," I murmured. "I thought you might have met some of those romantic Indian guides with which, I'm told, the woods are full."

"I lost twenty pounds," said she evasively, holding aloft two slender arms. "No wonder—canned corn, canned beef, canned tomatoes, canned beans. We ate in a mess hall with lumberjacks. To say 'please pass' anything was to talk foolish. You just stood up and —reached."

Priscilla demonstrated the far-flung gesture. She is pantomimic in conversation. As on the screen, she speaks crookedly —thru the right corner of her mouth, to be exact. This is congruous with her pictures of crooks, but not so congruous with Sargent's picture of a Young Duchess. For all her optic diablerie and the opulence of a houri, Priscilla speaks pure Brooklyn. She is the justification of incongruity: a poem by Keats set to music by Irving Berlin.

Roughing it in the North Woods certainly would not become her, particularly with "the air full of knats and the bed full of bugs." She hadn't seen her husband, Wheeler Oakman, for three months. Wheeler had been in Mississippi filming "Slippy McGee."

"Do you know Wheeler?" she asked.

At mention of the name there came another of those growls which punctuated our tête-à-tête so ominously. Between the growl and the cuckoo in the clock, my nerves were well-nigh shattered. This time a swinging door opened wide enough to reveal a savage black eye belligerently fixed on me.

"Will you be still!" exclaimed Priscilla, her own eyes waxing belligerent.

The Priscilladean eyes under brows of Mephistophelian arch speak graphically. They have a power that's magnetic. After seeing Priscilla in "Reputation," I was about to tell the world that she is America's finest actress *de cinema*. But calmed by the evening air and mindful of Lillian Gish, I compromised with "one of the finest—the most magnetic." Her contract with Universal expires this fall, but a seductive offer may cause her to remain.

"At least, they've quit firing me," she remarked, with candid relief. "Fire me? I should say they did. They were always firing me. Even after I starred in 'The Wildcat of Paris,' they couldn't see me. By that time I'd gotten used to it, tho, and wouldn't quit. I made up my mind to stick on that lot and show them."

Wheeler Oakman was the first man who had a chance to make ardent love to Priscilla—and he was hired to do it. It was in a picture at Universal. There was a scene where Wheeler proposed and Priscilla said "Yes." Wheeler made her keep her word after the cameras stopped. Priscilla says she intended to, anyhow

Even in reminiscence, her eyes were defiant. There is a turbulence in Priscilla that's not altogether leashed. Even in a moment of dignity, such as that attending an interview, a restlessness is apparent.

Before her marriage Priscilla was one of the few stars who had real old-fashioned suitors. They came from all professions—law, medicine, aviation. Toward them all

(*Continued on page 96*)

Portraits

All photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Mary Carr is seen above as the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth, in the Revolution. Molly Pitcher was one of the most picturesque figures in American history. At the right, she has posed as Martha Washington, wife of George Washington, and the first "First Lady of the Land"

Mary Carr, who has received universal tribute for the characterization of Ma Benton, in the Fox production, "Over the Hill," has posed for a series of portraits of famous American women, three of which are herewith reproduced

All photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Above, Mary Carr, as Barbara Fritchie, who kept the Union Flag flying, despite the Confederate Army. Whittier immortalized her in the poem, famous for the lines—

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

At the left, Mary Carr, in her human mother portrayal in "Over the Hill"

Photograph by W. E. Seely, L. A.

Of the Novak Clan

Both Jane and Eva of the Novak clan have found a place in the ranks of leading women. It was Jane who blazed the Novak trail into motion pictures. Gold-crowned Eva followed in her wake. And now it is rumored that Jane will forsake the Novak clan for that of Hart. William S. is the reason

The Little Picture Theater in the Desert

By
FRANK STOKES, Jr.

Illustrations by Olive Butler

I was sitting in the shade of my cottonwood tree. For six long, weary months I had done little else. I was tired of the view that met my eye—back of me the mountains, low, ragged and brush-covered; in front of me the desert——

I WAS sitting in the shade of my cottonwood tree. For six long, weary months I had done little else. I was tired of the view that met my eye—back of me the mountains, low, ragged and brush covered; in front of me the desert slanting off to the floor of the valley, then away indefinitely, unless on a very clear day when one could just make out the blue (a little deeper than the blue of the sky) of more mountains over in Nevada.

Above it all, heat waves lazily variated like the thin, vaporous bodies of a thousand Horlas. If a giant's hand would compress that desert or stretch it out longer; if an earthquake would level those mountains or pile them up higher—anything to change the aspect of that view. But no, it remained ever the same, and I was tired of it all.

Also, I was tired of reading old papers, old magazines, and paltry, old novels. I was tired of writing letters home when I could think of nothing to say. I was tired of going to bed at night with nothing to look back upon but a day of inertia. I was tired of getting up in the morning with nothing to look forward to but another day like yesterday. Above all, I was tired of myself. I, too, was always the same. There is so little in oneself to interest one that a few hours alone is a punishment for most men. Imagine, then, six months of it.

I thought of the things I was missing in Los Angeles, the theaters, the operas, lectures, musicals; everything, in fact, that "lifts up a man" and takes him away from himself. Good literature elevates a man, it is true, and, if he has the power to concentrate, it takes him away from himself. Yes; but how about that argument once the book is read? One likes to agree or disagree, praise or condemn. One likes to have one's points contested. A book that is read and not followed by an argument is only half read, after all. And even tho a man may manage for a while to get along in this solitary manner, discussing philosophy with his dog, or Balzac with a passing wren, yet our poor anatomies are so constructed that each organ has its limitations. Only for a certain time will the eyes follow printed lines; only for a certain time will the nerves remain quiescent. Strain either eyes or nerves and one becomes surly and cross.

Just now I was both surly and cross. So I sat looking out over that dreary Mohave, because there was nothing else to look at. Even the fact that I was getting better failed to cheer me today. I observed, to myself, that tubercle-bacili simply couldn't stand the solitude.

As I sat cursing the luck that forced me to live in such a place, I noticed a little cloud of dust arise out there on the floor of the desert. By that I knew that rancher Bob Laycook was coming over. I knew it was rancher Laycook, for he was the only man that used the little side-road which bumped and jostled one—that one being Bob Laycook—and finally brought him to the door of my shack.

Rancher Bob Laycook was a big-hearted fellow, which was proved by the fact that he bothered with me. He was "as easy going" as a well-greased wagon on the down hill side of a ten per cent. grade. The shortage of crops never worried him, neither did the high rate of taxation provoke him to wrath. More than half of Bob's sixty years of life had been spent on the desert over which he was now driving with his team of brown mules. Bob had come before the country was "all-settled up," he and his wife, Mary. Thirty-six years it had been since the little house they were still living in had first been nailed together. The planks to their porch steps had many times been replaced. The shade trees they had planted were now tall and broad. Spot the third, his days of watching sheep long past, now spent his old age lying in the mud near the spring, nor could the sauciest of ground squirrels entice him to give chase.

Laycook and his wife were typical desert people. There was but little in the outside world to interest them. The tariff, the Mexican situation, the turmoil in Europe, bothered them as little as the ground squirrels bothered Spot. Yet I was very fond of Bob and his wife. They were so

Beside me sat Bob, wondering what to do with the quid of tobacco he had neglected to dispose of before coming in. On the other side of Bob sat his wife, Mary, as pleased as a child, and as expectant

simple in their natures, so childishly frank in their remarks, so free from the money struggle, consequently so willing to do for another a kindness unremunerative to themselves. So far as discussing philosophy or Balzac were concerned, my dog or the passing wren was equal to the Laycooks. But in good nature they were unexcelled. So it was with pleasure that I watched the approaching dust cloud.

By the time Bob's team of mules jogged thru the open gate, my fit of melancholy had quite gone, and I smiled as I noticed how one wobbly wheel jerked Bob's head forward at regular intervals.

Bob never had to tie his mules; in fact, stopping wasn't nearly so difficult a matter as starting. He simply hollered "Whoa!"—never more than once—wrapped the lines around three feet of whip stalk, set the disconnected brake, and disembarked. Generally he finished these operations by taking a fresh chew of tobacco. Today was no exception, and, as he replaced the plug to his trouser's pocket, he turned and said, "Well lad, how be ye?"

"I've been feeling better ever since I first saw you coming," I answered.

"Thank ye, lad, thank ye. Well, do ye feel fit enough to take in the theater tonight?"

Bob squatted upon the ground, picked up a handful of pebbles, and, with mock unconcern, began flipping them into an old squirrel hole.

"The theater!" I gasped. "If there were such a thing as a theater within forty miles of here, I'd start perambulating in that direction right now."

"Forty miles! There's one within eight miles, an' ye dont have to what-ever-ye-call-it, either. Go get yer hat an' coat an' come along with me. Ye'll have supper with me an' Mary tonight. Most generally we jest feed at my house, but tonight we'll dine. We'll have soft fried eggs what the hens laid soft an' easy durin' the full of the moon, an' cabbage what has been grew in gentle weather, an' coffee what has been runnin' a temperature. We'll have the whole layout from bean soup to the belly-ache.

"Then we'll motor over to town with my mules, amble down past Grijalvâ's grocery with its big winder full of pancake flour an' chewin' tabacca, an' into the theater we'll go. My! My!" continued Bob, assuming the manner of a parlor man. "I really must borrow yer clothes-brush —can this be axle grease on my pants!"

"Be serious, Bob!" I said. "What *is* this bunk you are giving me?"

"All right, I will be serious—it's jest this," replied Bob, producing a hand-bill from his pocket. "Look at this! La Punta's goin' to open a moving picture show tonight. I ain't much stuck on picture shows myself, ain't never seen one, in fact; but Mary, she's made up her mind an' that settles it. 'Course, she cant go without me, an' I need some male support."

"Cant say I care much for picture shows either, Bob," I answered. "They are too darn cheap; sit up and knock down comedy, or stories of adventure that would make the James Boys' Biography seem dry reading. But I'll go with you, because I know you never could stand it alone."

"Thank ye, lad."

A few hours later we were seated in the New Star Theater of La Punta. The New Star Theater occupied the ground floor of the oldest store building in town. I looked at the dirty walls and cracked ceiling, and wondered what there was about the New Star Theater that was new. Beside me Bob sat, wondering what to do with the quid of tobacco he had neglected to dispose of before coming in. On the other side of Bob sat his wife, Mary, as pleased as a child and as expectant. On all sides of us sat other people just like Bob and his wife, in that they too were desert folk, simple, plain, and easily amused.

I compared this audience with that of the Mason in Los Angeles, an audience made up of millionaire tourists from all parts of the East, tired business men out, like

Bob, to please their wives, overdressed and overmannered society fops, with here and there a celebrity of some sort. They, no doubt, were about to witness some fine drama —I shuddered when I thought of what we were likely to see.

The lights in our dingy, little, makeshift theater went out at last; our show had begun. And not one of us realized that some of us had reached a turning-point in our lives. From that moment we became great travelers, and great readers. Each one of us began to crawl out of his particular rut. We went to Japan and rode in man-drawn carts. We saw Fuji-yama, which reminded us of our own Old Baldy on a moonlight winter night. We visited a dreadnought and looked into the breech of a sixteen-inch gun. We saw the Roman Colosseum. We stood beside the King of Spain and watched his vassals bow before him. Then we came home and, figuratively speaking, we settled down in the old armchair. We picked up a volume of Mark Twain at random, opened the book and read "The Prince and the Pauper." We read the story from beginning to end. Then some one turned on the lights. There we were in the New Star Theater, and suddenly I realized what was new about the squalid place.

Beginning then, I became more contented with my lot, for, since I had something new to think about, I began to forget myself. As we drove home that night, the country seemed less drear, less melancholy. For the first time the thought occurred to me that even the Mohave Desert might be new and full of interest to other people in other parts of the world, just as those queer, little Japanese rickshaws, commonplace enough in Japan, were new and full of interest to us.

For the first few miles Bob and his wife rode in silence. On their part they were beginning to realize, I think, that the world was larger than their desert.

At last Bob spoke.

"How old is that there Coluseeum?" he asked.

"Eighteen hundred years," I answered.

"Darned if it ain't got my off mule beat!"

"Yes, even old Ben is young compared to it."

Five minutes of silence, during which Bob rattled the spokes with his three feet of whip stalk.

"Must'a been right smart fer size," he said at last.

"It seated eighty-seven thousand people."

"Eighty-seven thou—— jumpin' tree toads! Two times seven is fourteen; two times eight is sixteen an' one is seventeen. Why, that's a hundred an' seventy-four times as many people as live in La Punta an' all the country 'round."

"That's right."

"How did they get a crowd like that together?—must'a pulled off some turkey shoots."

"Worse than that," I answered. "The Colosseum was built for gladiatorial games."

"What's them?"

"Gladiators were prisoners of war or slaves, or condemned criminals, that were forced to fight to the death for the amusement of rich nobles or degenerate emperors."

I went on to tell Bob all I knew concerning the subject of gladiators, how one Roman emperor had gladiatorial games that lasted one hundred days; how often one hundred pairs of men or more were pitted against each other in a death struggle, while eighty-seven thousand people yelled with delight.

When I had finished, Bob said earnestly, "Why, it beats rooster fightin' all to hell." Then he whacked old Ben with the whip stalk, and growled, "Aw, come on an' move along. You ain't got no kick comin'; yer darn lucky in being a mule."

That was the beginning of Bob's education. Concerning him, that was what was new in the New Star Theater. It aroused in him something that had been there always, tho latent; a desire to know, to read, to enlarge his mental radius. Surely this desire had always been locked within him, but the key to the lock had only now been found.

Bob's wife, Mary, was eager too, albeit ancient history interested her less than Mark Twain's story.

"It do seem so strange," she said slowly, as tho thinking aloud, "that a prince could change places with a pauper, and nobody be none the wiser." She had a vague idea, no doubt, that a prince must have some tell-tale mark, some superior quality to mark him a prince, even tho he might be dressed in the dirtiest of rags.

Mrs. Laycook was troubled, tho she didn't know what was troubling her. I knew. One of her firm convictions had been shattered. If there were nothing very different between a prince and a pauper aside from their clothes, then why the prince and why the pauper? If the prince had no qualities that the pauper

As we drove home that night, the country seemed less drear, less melancholy. For the first time, the thought occurred to me that even the Mohave Desert might be new and full of interest to other people in other parts of the world, just as those queer little Japanese rickshaws, commonplace in Japan, were new and full of interest to us

Inside the house, great changes were wrought. Things that had always been "good enough" gave way for things that were better. More taste was shown in the arrangement of chairs and tables. The whole atmosphere of the place was softened, gladdened

could not have under like conditions, then what right had the prince to so much and the pauper to so little? If it were true that the prince had no just privilege of the kind, then what right had the King of Spain to stand quietly by while others bowed before him? Bob wanted to know what right the old Roman emperors had to force "them Sorryaters" to kill each other in "that there Columseeum."

I was amazed! To think that these crude, almost totally uninformed, desert folk had arrived so swiftly to conclusions concerning conditions that thousands of well-read, well-informed people had never considered. Probably the combination of pictures coupled with our conversation gave form to a conclusion that had long been in the making. At any rate, a moving picture theater aroused a thought from its slumber if this were so.

How true it is that seeing is believing. They had seen the Roman Colosseum where paupers slew paupers for the amusement of princes; they had seen many paupers bow with reverence before one prince; and they had seen, also, a pauper change clothes with a prince after which the prince was no longer a prince but a pauper. They had seen all this with their own eyes, and they had arrived at certain conclusions. *Sic transit gloria tyrannis.*

As we bumped along over the desert road, the mechanical side of the moving picture business came up for discussion. Mrs. Laycook remarked that it must have been exceedingly difficult to find two girls so nearly alike as Margaret Clark and "that other one." She refused to believe me when I told her that both characters were played by the same person.

"That cant be," she said incredulously, "for I seen 'em both at the same time."

I tried to explain how the trick was done, but I failed. Then I remembered that in my shack I had several magazines containing articles on motion picture photography. I asked Mrs. Laycook if she cared to read them. It didn't surprise me to have her say she would like to, but it did surprise me that she should appear anxious.

"Ain't got anything on that there Columseeum, have ye, lad?" Bob asked.

"I believe I have; anyway, I've got Mark Twain's story, 'The Prince and the Pauper,'" I said, turning to look at Mrs. Laycook. A smile of pleasure touched her lips. She was truly pleased.

What a difference an hour or two had made. On the way to town we talked, I remember, of setting hens, range cattle, how to sun dry meat, and how best to clear land of brush, all good topics truly, but topics we had exhausted many times before. On the way home we talked history, travel, and literature, or rather I did most of the talking, for, by comparison it must be remembered, I was a well-informed man. Yet it was quite remarkable that they should listen, they had never even done that before.

When they let me down at my gate, I thanked them for one of the pleasantest evenings I had experienced since my sojourn on the desert. I didn't mention the books; if the books were wanted, I thought, they would be asked for. I was not disappointed. Bob spoke of several trivial things, but came out at last with what was on his mind.

"By the way," he said as tho it had almost slipped his memory, "them books, have you got 'em handy?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "just wait a minute."

I gave them three magazines and two books, all dealing on subjects we had discussed. I would have given them more, but I didn't dare, for too much food may rob even a hungry man of his appetite. If they want more they will come back, I thought.

And in a few days I saw a little cloud of dust out there on the floor of the desert. By that I knew that rancher Bob Laycook was coming over. I knew it was rancher Laycook, for he was the only man that ever used the little side road that bumped and jostled one—that one being Bob Laycook—and finally brought him to the door of my shack.

The last time Bob sat beside me under my cottonwood tree he had never even heard of the Roman Colosseum. Today he knew more about it than I, and I am ashamed to confess that I rather resented his greater knowledge of the matter. I felt as a master might feel who sees himself outclassed by the very student he taught to hold the

bow. This, however, was only a passing fit of jealousy which lasted barely long enough to be formed into a thought, then vanished.

Bob returned my books. He had them wrapped in one of his wife's kitchen aprons. He untied the package and placed the books on the bench beside him. Then he picked one up and slowly turned the pages. By the manner in which he fondled that volume, I knew he was a booklover, even tho the book he held was probably the only one he had ever read completely. Your true booklover will always commit himself in this way; he caresses a book as a pipe smoker caresses a pipe, as a mechanic caresses his tools, as a musician strikes soft chords upon the keys of his piano. Your true booklover can no more abuse a book than Rip Van Winkle could abuse a dog. Yet further proof that Bob was a booklover came from the conversation we had that morning.

"In one of these here magazines you lent us," said Bob, "I read a little something about Pounce the Lion, I believe his name was, what hunted around quite a spell fer a spring what would make him live forever. Now, if he wanted to live forever, why in thunder didn't he jest set an' write a book? Take this feller here, fer instance—he died ten years ago, accordin' to the front of the book, yet here he is a tellin' me all about that there Columseeum. Gives me the jimjams when I look at the thing that way, darned if it dont.

"An' again, take them moving pictures what we saw the other night, has it occurred to you that maybe half them fellers what we saw marching along right lively was dead before we saw 'em? B-r-r-r! Jest like seein' ghosts! And there's old Pounce the Lion what tried so hard, all gone but his soul—we ain't sure he's even got that."

"Haven't you got your premise bawled up a little?" I asked. "Why the author of that book you are holding is just as much dead as Ponce de Leon."

"I dont know what ye mean by premise," retorted Bob, "but jest the same it ain't bawled up. The author of this book is more alive than I be right now. I'm dead as a rotten lizard this very minute to everybody in the world 'cept you an' Mary an' a few of these desert people 'round about. But this feller—law! he's talkin' to thousands of people all the time—more than I could do with a megaphone as big as Jim La Fetra's sheep shearin' shed."

"I couldn't compete with Bob's logic, so I changed the subject. "When are they going to have another picture show in La Punta?"

"Tonight."

"Are we going?"

"You bet we are."

Thus it began, and thereafter we became regular patrons of the New Star Theater. We were theater-goers in every sense of the word; as keen, as critical, as observant, as any first-nighter in New York. Players that, a few years ago, were never seen outside the large cities, became old friends and came occasionally into the dreary Mohave to entertain and inspire us. Also, we became old globe-trotters with all the earmarks of old globe-trotters—a broader and more liberal point of view, a greater degree of tolerance for—well, for the revolutionist in Mexico, the heathen in China, for every race in every part of the world, even tho their religion, politics, and manner of living be totally different than ours. We went on many tours personally conducted by the manager of the New Star Theater; and each time we went we returned wiser than before and more lenient. At the same time we became great home-lovers, for we soon learned that many lands were worse than ours, and that all lands have their drawbacks. Our desert was not so hot and dreary as the Sahara, nor was it so cold and dreary as Labrador. True, we didn't have the boulevards and green parks we saw in other countries, but, then, neither did we have to wear the high collars and tight shoes we saw there. Bob noticed a neat little house that struck his fancy on one of our rambles in Japan, so he made a summer-house like it near the old spring, much to the disgust of Spot who saw his cool mud removed.

A picture of the Colosseum I gave to Bob took the place of an ancient calendar upon the "settin'-room" wall. Mrs. Laycook sent to Chicago for a cookoo clock like the ones she had seen being made in Switzerland. Even Spot, the old barbarian, had to submit to a brass-studded collar. Books, magazines, and papers poured in and completely submerged the

(*Con. on page 83*)

A man may manage for a while, discussing philosophy with his dog and Balzac with a passing wren—yet there are limitations

The Primitive

RUTH ROLAND lives in a remote, delightful street in outer Los Angeles, where the lawns are like the tops of billiard tables and discreet, expensive motor sirens make music all the day. It lies beyond the car lines, where only motorist or energetic pedestrian may penetrate, amongst low, undulant hills, covered with beautiful shining residences.

Ruth Roland's tale is one of fearlessness, of warranted bravado, of danger mocked at, and of fierce anger toward anything that isn't "straight." The primitive in Ruth is not far beneath the surface. That is not censure; it is praise. The elements are always clean and big. Ruth is that way

A trim maid appeared at the door in answer to my ring.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Roland is in. Will you please wait here?"

She showed me into the living-room, told me that Miss Roland would be down directly, and then left me—to saturate myself in savage hues. The room rioted with them. The Orient's insidious junk had crept in and predominated. Fat gods sat cross-legged on lacquered tabourets, grinning, slant-eyed. Painted candlesticks, bent with the heat, tapered irregularly toward the low ceiling. The dim light of early evening made the place seem faintly bluish, mysterious. Over the doorway, I noticed a Hula skirt hanging, reminiscent of tropic isles, where warm seas go "shuddering symphonically up some exotic beach." It was as tho, in a moment of unleashed barbaric spleen, Ruth had swept up Shanghai, Hawaii, and Venice, California, and hurled them all into this one room. It was delightful.

I was threatening to sink into a state of besotted paganism, when a soft, insistent rustle smote my ear, as tho suddenly a lilting wind had stirred thru that Hula skirt. I turned about, startled.

It was Ruth.

Alas, no, gentle reader, she was not in Hula dress. I admit the faint hope that had flickered faintly at the back of my mind; but it was not to be. She was encased in the stiff concealment of an Indian costume, and her skirt was fringed heavily with beads. It was these that had rustled as she came downstairs. I rose quickly. She shook hands with me—and my spell of romanticism cracked.

All photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe

Perhaps Ruth's most precious bit of property is Joker, her horse. She has ridden him thru many dangers, and on his back has more than once plunged toward what seemed inevitable disaster, only to be saved in the end by Joker's cleverness and her own quick resource

Ruth's handshake should be accompanied by a hearty, "Howdy, pard! Put it there!" It is almost a man's grip, and she offers it with a wide swing of her hand to yours. Ruth smacks at once of the open plains, rushing winds, and hell-for-leather rides on foaming ponies. I wish she'd cussed a little, to add the final vigor to the picture. But she stopped at "so help me, goodness!"

She is at once dominant. She arranged our respective seats with quick dispatch, seating me on a convenient chair and settling herself on the big divan at a safe distance away. She was quite hidden, but for her head, behind the high back of the thing, over which she stared at me and talked.

Hers is a tale of fearlessness, of warranted bravado, of danger mocked at, and of fierce anger toward anything that isn't "straight." The primitive Ruth is not far beneath the surface. That is not censure; it is praise. The elements are always clean and big. Ruth is that way.

While she talked, I could not but be conscious of the white smoothness of her skin, of her violet-blue eyes, of the extraordinarily firm, yet not displeasing, mold of her chin. All her thrills and adventures have left no mark of worry or nerves upon her face. And tho she spoke vividly, she did not gesture or move, and her eyes remained upon me, with their level, not-unpleasant stare. Her body was quiet, while her mind raced on.

I was surprised to find myself tensing in response to her descriptions of this incident or that, occurrences of her work in serials. There was something dynamic in the way she told them.

"There's only one rule," she said, "that I lay down for my stunt work. I've got to be in on the know. I wont be framed. What I mean, is that I wont stand for a director planning to put me thru a dangerous scene without telling me about it first. Lots of men wont give you credit for courage, and will try to get the stunt by springing it as a surprise, instead of talking it over beforehand. That's one thing I wont stand for. One man tried it once, when I was working in a tiger's cage. We were trying to get a picture of the tiger leaping at me for the close of an episode, and we wanted it so that the audience wouldn't be able to tell whether he had landed on me, unless they saw the next episode of the picture. We couldn't get the tiger to leap quick enough. After several failures, the director said, 'Try it once more, Ruth. I'll get it this time, sure.'

"I have queer hunches. Maybe I'm psychic, I dont know; but anyway, I felt that something was wrong. Why should he be so sure of getting the tiger to jump this time? When I asked, he looked me squarely in the eye and said he wasn't framing me. But I wasn't satisfied, and I finally cornered one of the boys who'd been working with me for a long time. He 'fessed up in the end. They were going to burn the tiger by shooting a blank cartridge into his side at the right moment! I got mad—and when I'm mad, *I'm mad!* I knew that tiger, and I knew that he

(*Continued on page* 84)

When the Fairbankses frolic, they find it well to do so within the boundaries of "Pickfair," their Beverly Hills home. Whenever they venture forth, they are crowded into an uncomfortably small space by their adoring public——

When the Fairbankses Frolic

——Perhaps that is why the great swimming pool, which lies just beyond the slope of green lawn at "Pickfair," is so popular with Mary and Doug. Thanks to the California climate, the pool may be used thru most of the year. And we suppose it might serve as a skating rink with a little artificial aid, provided one of the cold spells which the Los Angeles realty men neglect to mention, came blustering along

Personally, we vote Mary and Doug indulging in aquatic sports quite as attractive as the velvet-breeched and golden-curled Fauntleroy and the swaggering and beplumed D'Artagnan. Of a certainty, theirs is a splendid way of keeping fit

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Our Own News Monthly

CONDITIONS are so bad in the movie business that many stars are now willing to work for a thousand a week. And the producers are willing to give them five hundred.

One star was forced to sell her beautiful touring car, leaving the poor girl with only her limousine and roadster to get about in.

The bottom has fallen out of the megaphone and leather puttee market.

Cecil B. de Mille, it is said, has decided to shine up his last year's puttees and forego the purchase of a new pair.

Charlie Chaplin is expected to dig out his old shoes and trick pants from the closet and use them during the winter.

Harold Lloyd, should he lose his horn-rimmed spectacles, will probably be forced to lay off until better times.

It's tough to be a movie star.

We Take Our Hats Off To:

Diana Allen, the girl who so closely resembles Olive Thomas, and who does such splendid work in "The Way of a Maid" and other pictures.

Mary Alden, for her wonderful work in "The Old Nest" and for giving the screen a new kind of "mother."

Paramount's picture, "The City of Silent Men," scored a hit no doubt, but for a real box-office attraction some producer should film "The City of Silent Women."

Why Do They Do It

The movie magazines all started "why do they do it" columns to give the fans a chance to criticize the many awkward blunders made by some of the actors, directors, etc., of the films. It looked like a good idea, all right. But even a good thing can be carried too far. One critic recently criticised a film because there wasn't enough sand in a desert scene; another found fault because a railroad named in a photoplay could not be found to actually exist. Soon we expect some one to raise a hullabaloo because there is not ice in "Way Down East" or enough Germans in "Deception."

Now that the critics of the silent drama have gotten into the habit of asking foolish questions, some one ought to start a "Why Do They Do It" column for the why-do-they-do-its.

Why is it that in movie shipwrecks the ones saved are the hero, heroine, and sometimes the villain? Because if it were otherwise there'd be no story.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that never to himself has said:

"I can write scenarios. I know I can.

"These directors are awful. I could make ... tures myself."

(*Continued on page* 85)

The Barrie Director

By DOROTHY HERZOG

IT was either the telephone operator's provocative humor or it was just plain loquacity on the part of the folks at the other end of the wire. But I was commencing to wiggle into a murderous mood, characterized by blood-curdling pictures, wherein I hurled the offenders into lakes of fire and brimstone! It was perfectly lovely.

Abruptly, however, the click-click, click-click that had pounded into my deafened ear for the past two hours gave way to prolonged brrs-brrs-brrs. A sweet voice that sounded dreadfully weary, answered.

"May I speak to Mr. Robertson?" I asked.

Mr. Robertson came to the 'phone. He hesitated at making an appointment; he and Mrs. Robertson were sailing the following day at noon for England, where they were to confer with Sir James M. Barrie regarding the picturization of "Peter Pan." Mr. Robertson, however, is not the man to brave teary pleas. He yielded; an

(*Cont. on page* 94)

"Make the most of the story," said John Robertson. "I dont believe in dragging in gorgeous sets and a galaxy of handsome men and women to embellish a picture. And the plot that I personally prefer is that which unfolds thru character conflict—conflict thru the differences of character rather than conflict thru physical force." At the left is a camera study of Mr. Robertson, and he is seen below directing Elsie Ferguson

Photograph by Manderville

Presenting - - -

Mary Alden, whose portrayal of the mother in "The Old Nest" abounds in the very essence of motherhood. She will remind you of your own mother, whoever and wherever she may be

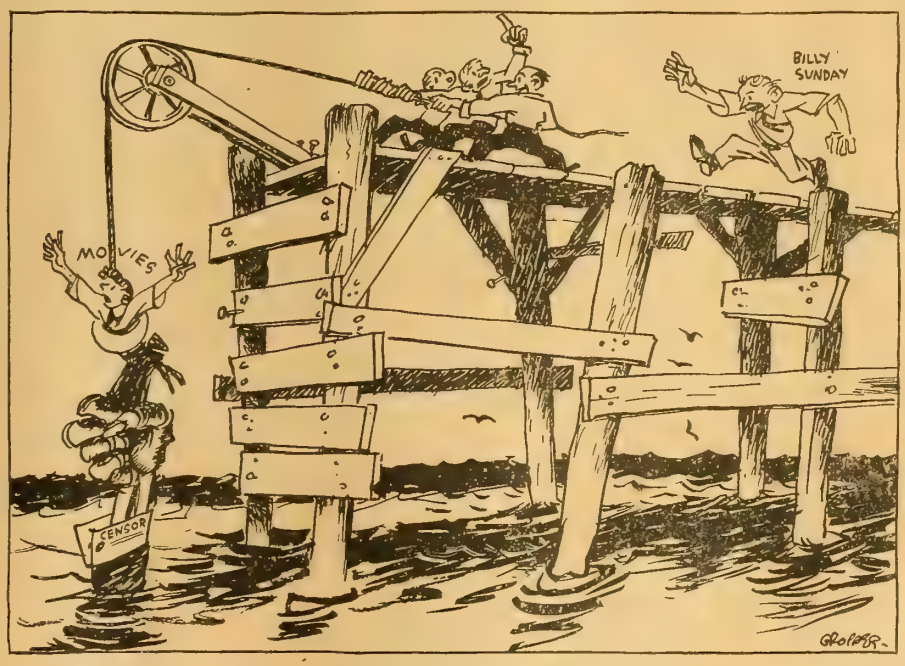
The Editor's Page

The Movies and Their Morals

Today finds the motion picture taking its place as one of the greatest industries in the world. Too, it takes its place among the Arts. From the wildcat scheme of yesteryear it has grown; it has expanded; branching out in various ways. Great financiers are pouring their gold into its coffers—no longer is it a seven-day wonder. It has proved its greatness and taken the place of prestige given it thruout the civilized world.

With the birth of the motion picture there was an exodus from legitimate circles. Failures—those comprising the human flotsam, as it were, drifted into the silent drama, unable to hold their own with the accomplished workers of the theater. For months and years this state continued to exist. The movies were termed "low-brow." No one deeming himself a success, even moderately, or feeling he possessed any chance of success, looked upon the screen with favor. And the failures, the human driftwood, came to the movies in great numbers, scattering here, there and everywhere.

Slowly the movies have come into their own. The greatest executives, the most renowned managers and players of the theatrical world, the foremost representatives of letters and art have brought their gift to the silent drama. But by the time they came to the screen, the damage was done. The undesirables are to be found distributed generally over the field. And today, unfortunately for the welfare of the screen, they are in some instances still present.



Billy Sunday, one of the greatest evangelists the world has ever known, has promised to lend the film industry his assistance in fighting censorship

Due to the colossal proportions of the industry, the elimination process must, of necessity, be slow. Time alone can adjust affairs.

Every now and then a single instance of a screen person run amuck seeps out—however, these individual cases do not reflect the state of the entire industry. On the motion picture roster are the names of scores of earnest and sincere workers, men and women cherishing ideals and illusions, who are giving their very all to their work.

We hope to join these members of the industry in a crusade against the cankerous thing, diminishing it is true, yet not diminishing rapidly enough—which threatens the very vitals of the great industry—the far-reaching art itself.

Like the crusaders of old, we will carry on—if need be, putting aside personal achievement that we may more quickly accomplish our purpose!

Censorship and Billy Sunday

Billy Sunday, one of the greatest evangelists the world has ever known, has promised to lend the film industry his assistance in fighting censorship.

Cecil de Millè is said to be largely responsible for Billy Sunday's determination to stand with the screen people in their war on censor boards. Mr. Sunday recently visited his son in Los Angeles and went to the Lasky studio. The conversation turned to censorship, and Mr. de Mille asked:

"If you were forbidden to use the name of God in your sermons, what would you do?"

"I would go out of business," Mr. Sunday replied.

"That's just what will happen to us if the extremists on the censor boards have their way," said Mr. de Mille.

Mr. Sunday's answer was typical. "I get you," he said, "I'll help."

He went on to say, "There is no more justice in allowing a few people to say what shall be seen on the screen than there would be in setting up a policeman to teach a Sunday school class."

The motion pictures welcome Billy Sunday as their champion!

Capitalizing on Morbidity

Time and time again when misfortune has befallen some motion picture star or, as has been the case, some player, capital has been made of it. The pictures in which they have appeared, often in some minor rôle, have been exhibited while their name has been advertised outside of the theater in bold letters.

And be it said to the credit of those in the motion picture profession, they have done all in their power to stop this practise but without avail. They have, in some instances, refused to release the productions for a space of time, even tho this meant a considerable financial loss. However, as soon as the production was again released, there has been a tendency to capitalize upon morbidity. The cure for this practise lies entirely in the public's hands. If an exhibitor's attendance will not frequent his theater when he indulges in this sort of thing, there will soon be a change of tactics.

Hope Deferred

Photograph by H. A. Atwell, Chicago

Above is seen Mary Groome, of Columbia, Pennsylvania; at the right is Beth Darlington, of Los Angeles, California; and below is Byrne Hudson, of Shreveport, Louisiana

AS MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE goes to press, the final winner of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest has not yet been selected. We realize that this deferred announcement will be a great disappointment to the thousands of contest followers, but it was unavoidable.

In the first place, the contest judges are so widely scattered. It takes time to get their decision.

In the second place, in spite of all our pleas, the office was literally swamped with pictures the last few weeks in August. This cannot help but delay the decision; as it has been the consistent policy of the contest to treat every photograph received with the same consideration.

In the third place, the competition is really extraordinary. So many beautiful entries are vying with each other for the coveted prize. They have been tested over and over again to find some flaw in their beauty or some fault with their acting. This is reason enough by itself for delay.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Photograph at right by Dahlinson

In the fourth place, [illegible] important and [illegible] mean [illegible] to the [illegible], to hurry [illegible].

The [illegible] ities are [illegible] to about [illegible] ope and [illegible] ter-nate th[illegible] We wish [illegible] ole dozen [illegible] out this ca[illegible]

(Cont'[illegible] 5)

Under the Lash

By SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

Copyright, 1921, by Famous Players Corporation.
All rights reserved.

"I SLEEP, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

The deep voice of Robert Waring paused, having grown unexpectedly tender at the exquisite passage. Deborah looked out the window across the dusty veld, with shining eyes that saw nothing. At last she turned her head.

"I never thought it was beautiful, until you read it to me," she whispered so that her husband could not hear.

Simeon Krillet, pouring over his accounts, was not wholly oblivious to the presence of his wife and his overseer, an altogether presentable young Englishman, just lately come to the Transvaal. They were reading "The Word." This was the only book of any description that Krillet allowed in his house. He knitted his shaggy brows in perplexity. It was well to read "The Word," but one read that as a duty, not with such obvious pleasure and personal enjoyment as his young wife and Waring seemed to be getting out of it. His frown grew blacker, as the voice of Waring went on with the passionately beautiful Song of Solomon.

When it was finished, Deborah sighed ecstatically and said under her breath, "It is Heavenly. The words are like music—but I wish I had something else to read. I've been married more than two years and I have not even seen any book but the Bible in all that time."

"Why, you poor little starved soul," exclaimed Waring in a low tone, "I've got lots of books with me. Never travel without 'em. I'll be glad to have you read them."

"Simeon wouldn't let me," murmured Deborah. "He thinks it is wicked to read any other than the Bible, and Boer women are brought up to believe that their husbands are their masters and must be obeyed."

Krillet got up hastily from his desk. "Come in here, Waring," he called, unable to endure the lowered voices any longer. Gesticulating awkwardly with his ancient and inseparable meerschaum, he gave Waring his orders for the day, in a voice more than usually stern. His wife, standing apart in wistful abstraction, he ignored, until he was thru with Waring.

"Go to bed, woman," he ordered, not unkindly. "Tant Anna is coming tomorrow with Jan on important business. See that my wife is fit to greet my sister and her son."

Silently Deborah obeyed, and Waring too withdrew to his own quarters, leaving the old Boer to his complacent reflections.

A hard man, Simeon Krillet. His whole life was governed by a limited and harsh conception of "The Word." Justice, yes, but untempered with mercy. The lives of others, he governed by the lash. His servants, men and women alike, he beat unmercifully for the slightest dereliction from duty. He never spared the rod. His young wife had not yet felt the weight of his displeasure, but she knew it would come in time. His first wife had died of a broken heart, so one said, a timid well-meaning little creature who had not been able to survive the man's fanatic cruelty.

Deborah was finer stuff, and younger, and only two years married. Perhaps the first wife had had some spirit in the beginning. Perhaps Deborah would break, too, in time, and become a toneless thing of drab domesticity—but not yet. Krillet was fond of her in his way, really loved her, as much as a man of his forbidding character could love anything.

Deborah had been married to him by her foster parents, because they wished her out of the way, so that their own dull daughter might have some chance in the marriage market. Simeon Krillet was more than thirty years her

senior, but he was rich, and her relatives figured, with the shortsightedness inherent among relatives, that she had done well.

On the day Robert Waring arrived at Frieusberg to take over the active operation of Krillet's extensive acres, he heard vague rumors of the man's young and beautiful wife that he guarded so carefully. These rumors were reinforced by Krillet himself on the long *trek* out to his farm. Waring's interest was only slightly quickened. A Boer's idea of beauty was the full blown, generously proportioned Cape-Colonial girl, of blonde and florid nature. With fervor more biblical than conjugal, Krillet referred to her as the beautiful Shulamite of the Song of Solomon. Waring had smiled with secret amusement. A second look at Krillet, with his mean little pale-blue eyes, his long thick beard streaked with grey, and his ungainly hulk of a frame, had not helped visualize his South African wife as a thing of beauty.

He was totally unprepared, therefore, for the glowing, insistent loveliness that was Deborah Krillet's. Deborah's hair was black, as black as moonless nights. Her eyes were a deep impenetrable grey, as grey as the days of a woman who lives without love. She was pale, with the even creamy pallor of ivory; and her scarlet mouth, drooping sadly at the corners, bore out in mute testimony the divine discontent that her whole being proclaimed. Krillet was insensible to this, but Waring felt it immediately.

The dull days of routine work on an isolated South African farm were made bearable by her presence. Waring had left England to live alone and forget. It was easy to forget with Deborah near—everything but Deborah, that is. Many weeks went by, during which their intimacy ripened into more than friendship, before Krillet announced the arrival of Tant Anna Vanderberg and her son, Jan. Neither Deborah nor Waring were conscious of what they had come to mean to each other.

They only knew that at night they loved to walk the road a bit, thru the long lane of rustling poplars, beyond the clump of fragrant mimosa trees, out to the open veld—so grey and brown and sere by daylight, but magically transformed at night by an all be-drenching moonlight, into "the field of the cloth of gold." Deborah had to go to bed by nine o'clock, but, even so, there was a little time to spend together, for the Boer farmer sups early.

They only knew that existence had taken on an added zest, and for Deborah, the lonely colorless days of her life had suddenly grown bright and full of interest. England and London and the big town house in Grosvenor Square, in particular, and all the sorrow it had meant for Waring, slipped easily from his mind, in the gracious presence of this woman.

They only knew that they found happiness in each other's company, Deborah in shy unspoken emotions, and Waring in a thousand turbulent thoughts craving utterance.

The household was awakened early the next morning by the shrill terror-stricken cries of Memke, Deborah's own little Kaffir-boy. Krillet was wielding the lash. "Son of evil!" he snarled, curling the leather thong about the defenseless boy's shoulders. "This will teach you to neglect my fowl-*hok*."

Waring started forward in anger, but Deborah's hand detained him. "He does it often," she said; "the women,

Gesticulating awkwardly with his ancient and inseparable meerschaum, he gave Waring his orders for the day in a voice more than usually stern. His wife, standing apart in wistful abstraction, he ignored, until he was thru with Waring

too. My turn will be next."

"Good God, not you!" Waring exclaimed aghast.

"Even I," answered Deborah, with a mirthless smile.

"If he ever beats you, I will kill him, as God is my judge," said Waring, his soul revolting at the thought. "Dont ever let him strike you, Deborah. Promise me you will not."

Deborah promised—a futile promise, as she knew, and they talked of books again. Waring brought her "As You Like It" and "The Tempest." She hid them under her apron and, retiring to her room, spent an entire morning of surreptitious pleasure reading them.

She was interrupted by a harsh peremptory command from her husband. Tant Anna and Jan had arrived, and she was not there to greet them! She hastily stuffed the books under the mattress and, without changing her morning dress, hurried downstairs.

They only knew they found happiness in each other's company—Deborah in shy, unspoken emotions, and Waring in a thousand turbulent thoughts craving utterance

This slight defection, on her part, was considered an insult by Tant Anna, a haughty, arrogant, scheming old woman. It incurred the wrath of her husband, and the woman's visit, mercifully brief, was made almost unbearable for Deborah.

Anna Vanderberg was not only feathering her own nest, but the prospective nest of her son, Jan, as well. She had come to demand a marriage portion from her wealthy brother for Jan, for marrying a woman of Krillet's choice. Krillet, in a burst of unexpected generosity, promised six hundred pounds in gold.

The visit consummated so successfully for Tant Anna and Jan came to its close. She left with this parting shot: "Your wife may not have time to meet her guests, Simeon, but she has plenty of time for the Englishman."

Jan found a letter in his wagon for Waring, which he had forgotten to give him. "Came all the way from England, and such pretty writing on it," he said with a silly smile that was meant to be meaning.

Waring took the letter, glanced at the "pretty writing" with a frown and tore it into a thousand pieces.

"Och! Such a household. I am glad to be leaving," exclaimed Tant Anna, gratefully.

At nine o'clock, as was her custom, Deborah went up to bed, hungry to be reading the books which she had not been able to look at since Tant Anna's arrival. Waring went up to his room to smoke. He opened his diary and wrote: "If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me, I love her," and sat moodily contemplating the wall for the rest of the evening.

Downstairs Krillet finally finished his endless accounts and crept softly upstairs so as not to disturb the sleeping Deborah. But she was not asleep. Curled upon her bed, oblivious of everything except the magic words of an Immortal, she did not hear Krillet's angry gasp, nor his descent of the stairs for his whip.

He snatched the book from her startled grasp. "Play acting," he cried in horror. "A book of sin! You shall be punished for this," and brought the whip down across her shoulders.

A little cry broke from her, quickly stifled as she recalled Waring's threat and her promise. Krillet's hand was raised again.

"Dont beat me, Simeon," she cried on the impulse of the moment. "You will injure your own child."

"Wha-what?" said the man, his face softening. "Is this true?"

UNDER THE LASH

Novelized, by permission, from the Paramount production of the scenario by J. E. Nash, adapted from the novel, "The Shulamite," by Alice and Claude Askew, and the play by Edward Knoblock and Claude Askew. Directed by Sam Wood and starring Gloria Swanson. The cast:

Deborah Krillet	Gloria Swanson
Robert Waring	Mahlon Hamilton
Simeon Krillet	Russell Simpson
Tant Anna Vanderberg	Lillian Leighton
Jan Vanderberg	Lincoln Steadman
Memke	Thenox Jasper
Kaffir Boy	Clarence Ford

She descended the stairs in her mocking regalia, with a firm step—the only sign of her inward terror, the pale hands that clasped and unclasped in uncontrollable trembling

"Yes," replied Deborah, cringing inwardly at the lie.

An heir was Simeon Krillet's dearest wish. Its gratification altered the face of all things for him. He even allowed Deborah to go on with her reading, and said further that she might read all the books that Waring had. The privilege, however, was dearly bought for Deborah. She knew that only tragedy could ever come of the falsehood uttered in an irresistible instinct of self preservation. Krillet left the room, quoting joyfully from "The Word." "Oh Lord, Thou has blessed me, even as Abraham was blessed. My children's children yet shall play about my knees."

Days went by with Krillet more attentive, Waring more restrained, and Deborah punished daily by her own guilty conscience. She and Waring were growing daily more dear to each other. He made frantic entries in his diary. The last one said, "Deborah has told me of the lie she told her husband. What will he do when he discovers the truth? Today he goes to Frieusberg to get books and presents for his wife and prospective heir. There is no heir. My poor little Deborah."

Into this troubled household came Jan claiming his marriage portion according to their agreement. Krillet had had a change of heart. He did not now wish to give it up, as he wanted everything he had for his son; but Deborah reminded him that a promise was an oath in Heaven, and he dare not break it.

A light dawned on Krillet's saturnine countenance. "You are right, Deborah," he said, "that would be a lie—and a lie is the greatest sin, and a liar the lowest thing on earth. The *sjambok* (whip) is too soft for a liar."

Deborah trembled inwardly. Why had she done this thing? Krillet's lash was preferable to his kindness. But outwardly she merely smiled a courteous agreement and went and got the title for Jan, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Later Krillet prepared to go to Frieusberg for the books and other gifts, but Waring, feeling that he knew books so much better than Krillet, offered to go in his stead. While the Kaffirs hitched up his wagon, Krillet changed his mind and sent Waring.

"Plenty of books in my room," he called, as he drove off, "dont hesitate to go in and get some in my absence if Mrs. Krillet should want any. Good-bye beautiful Shulamite," he added under his breath, casting a backward glance at Deborah's window.

Deborah lay upstairs in her room behind closed blinds, for a storm was brewing, and smiled happily to herself as she heard the wagon creaking off. Two whole days alone with Waring, she thought, and so she lay there, content enough for a while.

The storm broke suddenly. Nothing is more savage than a South African storm. The blinds rattled and banged against the house. The rain beat against it in veritable sheets of water. The wind whistled and shrieked like a mad thing. Lightning played its dazzling part, and mighty clasps of thunder punctuated the awe inspiring epic of the storm with terrifying frequency.

Waring had just reached the farthermost Mimosa tree on Krillet's estate. He took shelter under it, hoping the storm would soon spend itself. He did not know its fury.

Suddenly there was a blazing glare. The earth was bathed with fire, it seemed to Waring's blinded eyes. One second later the tree under which he stood came crashing down on top of the wagon, killing one of the horses. The other terrified animal, unable to free himself from the wreckage, stood still, trembling. Waring was thrown violently to the ground by the impact, where he lay white and still, unhurt but stunned, until the driving rain brought him back to consciousness. He loosed the frightened horse from the shafts and, mounting him with some difficulty, rode unsteadily back toward the farm.

In the meantime, Krillet, with newly discovered con-

sideration, decided that only a book of Waring's would keep Deborah cheerful during the storm, which still raged in unabated fury.

He had taken a handful of books from the table in Waring's room, when an unexpected clap of thunder startled him so, that he dropped the books that he held, knocking several others off at the same time. Waring's diary lay open on the floor. The damning sentence, "If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me, I love her," met his eye. He feverishly turned the pages to the last entry. "Deborah has told me of the lie she told her husband. What will he do when he discovers the truth? Today he goes to Fricusberg to get books and presents for his wife and prospective heir. There is no heir. My poor little Deborah."

The man's face grew livid. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. His hands shook, as with a palsy. He turned suddenly, and confronted Deborah, who came smiling into the room. She was dressed with great care, he noted with hitherto unobservant eyes.

The word "Robert" died on Deborah's lips. She had thought her husband well on his way to Fricusberg.

"Read, woman," Krillet thundered in a terrible voice, pointing to the page of the diary that said: "If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me, I love her."

Joy at the declaration suddenly wiped the fear from Deborah's face.

"God help me, too," she cried, "I love him."

Krillet said nothing, but turned the pages to the last entry.

Deborah paled.

"Well," she whispered thru dry lips.

Outraged pride and religious fanaticism contorted Krillet's features into those of a madman.

"Dont beat me, Simeon," his wife cried for the second time, "I couldn't bear it."

"You are past the rod—Liar!" he shrieked suddenly. "For the faithless wife, the punishment is death. Come."

Half leading, half dragging the terrified woman, he got her to her own room. Memke, always on guard for his beloved mistress, overheard the terrible sentence. Altho his knees shook, and his eyeballs rolled upward showing nothing but their gleaming whites, from his fright, he bravely dashed out into the storm, running down the road Waring had taken, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Krillet ordered Deborah, with grim humor, to put on her wedding gown. She was to be the bride of Death, to whom there could be no unfaithfulness. For the second time in her life, Deborah arrayed herself in all her bridal finery. It was not so different from the first time, she mused bitterly. After all, what did even death matter, if she couldn't have Waring? She descended the stairs in her mocking regalia, with a firm step—the only sign of her inward terror, the pale hands that clasped and unclasped in uncontrollable trembling.

Out into the storm her husband dragged her, thru the kitchen garden, past the fowl-*hok*, beyond the Kaffir's huts, squatting in uneven clusters, to the huge rambling old barn. He stood her up against the farthest wall, wet and shivering with cold and fear. Whiter than the white lace of her wedding dress, she yet stood erect

(*Continued on page 100*)

"My beautiful Shulamite," he said with passionate tenderness, "My Deborah, mine now—and forever"

Across the Silversheet

The Cinematic Month In Review

Above, Mme. Nazimova, in the death-bed scene of "Camille," to which she brings a modern Lady of the Camelias. Right, Douglas Fairbanks, as D'Artagnan, in "The Three Musketeers"; and below, Ethel Clayton, in "Beyond"

AT various times, producers have taken stories out from another generation and given them a modern background. Many critics have deplored this custom—others have tolerated it—some have condoned it. And the productions subjected to this treatment have been both aided and impaired. Dumas's "Camille," as presented by Metro with Madame Nazimova portraying the Lady of the Camelias, has lost considerable charm in the absence of the basque and crinolines. Perhaps it was the colorful background which gave flavor to the story——

Everyone knows the story of the lady of many loves who finds one day a great and overwhelming love only to realize that the years which have gone before make it impossible for her to accept it without causing great unhappiness. Every actress has hoped to give the world another "Camille"—scores have found some consolation in playing the famous death-bed scene.

In this rôle, Nazimova gives the best performance she has ever given the screen, with the exception of her work in "Revelation" and "Out of the Fog." However, that does not mean her characterization thruout was as splendid. Several times she flashed with an artistry and fire—several times she registered poignant suffering—intermittently she gave a portrayal which resembled the sort of thing she has been doing recently—there was a lack of the fine shading and subtlety of which Nazimova is undoubtedly capable.

Liberties have been taken with the story action, too. Armand, her lover, makes no appearance in the death scene. She passes on without him at her side. This is a radical departure, for Armands have held the hand of every dying Camille known to the footlights or screen. However, it is said that another ending was photographed which is true to the story, but it was not exhibited at the première. It was a pity, too, for Rudolph Valentino, as Armand, gives a performance which will undoubtedly place him among the artists of the screen. There is always repression, yet great understanding, in his work. We predict a brilliant future for him.

As for the settings—it is difficult not to resent them. It may be that they are ultra-modern, but they reminded us of nothing more than the reception-room of a theatrical modiste. If we understand

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

it correctly, the modern setting is designed with the idea of helping the scene—it is atmospheric of the action, but not obtrusive. The settings of "Camille" constantly detracted from the characters and the action.

DISRAELI—UNITED ARTISTS

Some months ago, when George Arliss brought his art to the screen in the title rôle of "The Devil," we regretted that he had not chosen "Disraeli" for his cinematic début. Until we saw him shadowed in "Disraeli," we had no idea how wisely we had deplored his choice.

In the character of the Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M. P., Mr. Arliss gives the screen a portrayal worthy of a niche in the gallery of great shadow portraits.

The story of the Prime Minister and his efforts to obtain for his Queen and his country the control of the Suez Canal, when Russia desires to step in; his dealings with spies, politics and stupidity in his own country, seems flat in the telling, but with Mr. Arliss creating the Prime Minister and diplomatically managing difficult situations, it is both interesting and fascinating.

The settings, direction and photography are very good, while the other members of the cast, which includes Mrs. Arliss, Louise Huff, Reginald Denny, Margaret Dale, E. J. Ratcliffe and Frank Losee, were well chosen.

However, this is one of the rare occasions where you do not resent a production's being essentially a vehicle for the star. We have often thought we knew what was meant by a finished performance—now we are sure that we do.

BEYOND—PARAMOUNT

Spiritualism holds a great part of the world in its throes today. "Beyond" in spiritualism finds its basic reason for being. It tells of Avis Langley who makes a death-bed promise to her mother that she will care for her brother, who has inherited a great craving for drink. After Avis is married, she loses track of her brother who has journeyed to New Zealand. One night her mother's spirit comes to her, and the morning finds her on her way to New Zealand to keep her promise. Her brother is in trouble and she gives six

(*Continued on page* 88)

Above, Mary Pickford, in the title rôle of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; left, Charlie Chaplin, in "The Idle Class"; and below, George Arliss, in "Disraeli"

I Remember, I Remember - -

There is One Day, however, which Time shall neither efface nor Successive Events obscure.

That is the Day on which I interviewed Marie Prevost.

The fact of the interview is not, in itself, particularly remarkable. Times without number has Miss Prevost been interviewed before, and times without number shall she be interviewed again.

BUT . . .

I remember . . .

THAT was The Day on which Miss Prevost donned, for the last time, a bathing suit for the benefit of the G. A. P.

One thing Marie Prevost said she would never do again: wear a bathing suit, for public purposes. "I wore it for the last time," she said, "in the photographer's studio just now." Behold, then, the swan-song, in so far as the bathing suit is concerned below. At the left is a scene of Miss Prevost in one of the many comedies in which she has appeared

Photograph by Joel Feder

I REMEMBER, I remember (with maternal promptings) the day that I was born.

I remember, dimly, four or five inaugurations and the details thereof.

I recall, with feverish haziness, the most recent nine-day wonders of the Public via the Press.

I was present, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on the day Peace was declared and bear with me some confused memories of much discordant singing, especially from an operatic favorite who, mounted upon a chair, gave lusty voice to the Marseillaise and was thereupon smothered in orchids by a cavalierish non-combatant.

Each of these memories is a thrill.

Each of them is, however, but dim. They ebb and flow, collectively, like tides. Their atmospheres and their colors and their details are blurred and indistinct.

By
GLADYS HALL

That is The Day which shall, long after this writing is yellow in the archives of Time and the writer thereof mummified in the same safe keeping, still be preserved from Film Folk to Film Folk as a heritage and a tradition.

Even now, in this, our day and generation, it has been sanctified by the public ceremonial of burning the Last Bathing Suit on Coney Island Beach. It has been solemnized by the draping of said beach in cerements of crepe and Miss Prevost, likewise sombrely accoutred, presiding over the lacrimose rite.

There *must* have been something of the sacrificial altar in it to Miss Prevost, despite the fact that she told me she had neither scruples nor regrets. I could scarce believe so bold, so brave an utterance.

When one has Macksennetted in a bathing suit to the almost audible applause of the Fan Public for four years; when one has been acclaimed as a Bathing Beauty with the most capital B's ever before recorded, it takes a courage born of a hardier god than Neptune to cast aside the praise (and the paraphernalia!) for the more acidulous and certainly the more onerous tests of dramatic work.

How does a Bathing Beauty know whether or no she can be as successfully dramatic as she has been successfully . . . well, successfully, at any rate?

How does a Bathing Beauty to whom, admittedly, the work was all play, dare to don the breastwork and amulets of the dramatic ramparts where what one does, rather than how one looks is, or should be, the order of the play?

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe

Dramatic work, Miss Prevost told me, is to be her line in the future, now that she has signed her three-year contract with Universal. She said that Pauline Frederick would be the model upon whose general lines she would like to pattern herself—and that she wouldn't miss a Pauline Frederick picture for anything

For dramatic work, Miss Prevost told me, is to be her line of work in future now that she has signed her three-year contract with Universal. At the time of our talk she could not be definite as to what picture she would begin with, or just what type of work she would be called upon to do, but she did say that Pauline Frederick was a model upon whose general lines she would like to pattern herself—and that she wouldn't miss a Pauline Frederick picture for anything.

One thing she would never do again—wear a bathing suit—for public purposes.

"I wore it for the last time," she said, "in the photographer's studio just now."

"Do you remember the first time?"

"I should say so! It was in December and I caught the most horrible cold."

"Now," I said dreamily, "it is nearly June—and you wouldn't c[illegible]old at all . . ."

"I wan[illegible]ething," M[illegible]t said, "not just *look* some[illegible]t is no cre[illegible] Bathing girl pictures wer[illegible]un, but fu[illegible] We just played around and had a good time except when we stopped to realize that we weren't *getting* anywhere. That is, *I* wasn't. I've got all I can get out of it, and now I want to grow. I'm afraid that if I had stayed on in the same line (lines!!) for another year I should have lost even that inclination. And a bathing girl doesn't have very much time . . ."

Ah, well, it is not every one who could win the plaudits of the thousands by—er—playing about and being natural.

What is more creditable, it is not everyone who could, to win a sterner spur, abandon the leisure and come-easy plaudits.

On the Camera Coast

Irene Rich is seen above in her Hollywood garden with her mother; at the right is Constance Binney, conferring with her director between the scenes of her first Western-made production; while below, Dorothy Davenport Reid is photographed in the new home. Mrs. Reid has returned to the screen

THE nerves of old Hollywood are well-nigh shattered after a month of shocks. Ever since Bebe Daniels was incarcerated for speeding it seems as tho the jail has been the center of social life. Even announcements of marriage are being issued from behind bars.

When a prisoner in the Santa Ana resort stepped up and announced that he was May Allison's husband, the Hollywood smart set reeled. Before we had time to recover from that blow the Arbuckle affair delivered its knockout. Hollywood now lies inert taking the count from all the divines and vigilantes of the nation.

MAY ALLISON AS A BRIDE

As I remarked, we all were staggered by the audacity of the Santa Ana convict, R. W. Lyhne, when he announced he was the husband of the film star. Records were consulted and sure enough it was discovered that May Allison had been wed, but not to Mr. Lyhne.

The beautiful May hastened by motor to Santa Ana to confront the man who claimed to be her worst half. He didn't even recognize her, and subsequently retracted his statement.

"I never saw this man before in my life," asserted the star. Then she proceeded to tell of her marriage in the fall of 1919 to Colonel William Stevenson. Let Miss Allison or, rather Mrs. Robert Ellis, explain:

"I met Colonel Stevenson aboard the *New Mexico,* flagship of the Pacific fleet, at a dinner party given by Admiral Rodman who was a close friend of the colonel's. This was a little while after I had broken my engagement with Robert Ellis, Selznick director.

"At the time I met Colonel Stevenson I was rather discouraged. The pictures that I was making did not satisfy me and were not of the type I liked. Then, too, the disagreement with Mr. Ellis had upset me and, when Colonel Stevenson urged me to marry him, I consented. We were married with the distinct understanding that we were not to live together as man and wife until I had completed my contract with the studio at which I was working. Then I was to give up my professional career and go East.

"Within a few days I realized that I had made a mistake. There was nothing wrong. I have the greatest admiration and respect for Colonel Stevenson, I simply did not truly love him and later I told him so, and he agreed, like the gentleman that he is, to allow the marriage to be annulled.

"Mr. Ellis and I were reconciled last summer and, during a hurried trip to New York, we were married. I do not understand how the prisoner at Santa Ana conceived the idea of being my husband. His case is pitiful."

The young matron had intended to issue an announcement

By
HERBERT HOWE

of her marriage upon the arrival in Hollywood of her husband, Mr. Ellis, who was on his way West at the time the Santa Ana culprit made his boast. The bridegroom had not known of the previous marriage, but what is such a detail in the presence of love? Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are going to New York on their honeymoon. Mr. Ellis has another year's work at the Selznick studio according to his contract, and Mrs. Ellis plans to star in a Broadway stage production by the Hattons, Fanny and Frederick.

The charming May—first ingénue to keep a secret—informs me that her marriage to Mr. Ellis took place in Greenwich, Conn., last Thanksgiving. Robert Vignola, the Cosmopolitan director, and Ethel Clayton, Paramount star, were the witnesses. Absolute secrecy was maintained. Not even the members of Miss Allison's family were aware that she had become a bride.

Perhaps after a year on the stage Miss Allison will return to pictures under the direction of her husband. I hope so. She has the real charm of refinement which, as everyone knows, is badly needed on our silver-cloth. As for Mr. Ellis, he certainly knows how to cast. We congratulate him upon securing an ideal bride.

Charlie Chaplin agrees to pose for an informal picture, provided Bennie Zeidemann (Mary Fairbanks' production manager) poses with him. At the left, Jackie is undoubtedly enjoying what Director Coogan has to say; and below, Wesley Barry meets his double, alias Timothy Callaghan, who visited him at the Marshall Neilan studios. The original Freckles wears the cowboy outfit, lest you are confused

BILLY SUNDAY GETS RELIGIOUS

Award the harp and crown of lilies to Cecil B. de Mille, high pontiff of the Lasky studios. He always did have a winning way with dollars but I never suspected he could save souls. He brought Billy Sunday to see the light, however, in regard to censorship. So now instead of challenging the devil to come up from under the platform, Billy may challenge the censors. I'll bet the diplomatic De Mille converted Billy by showing him what he missed—the choice bits of film eliminated by order of censors.

JACKIE SAUNDERS SUED

Jackie Saunders has been sued for $50,000 heart balm by Juanita M. Cohen, who charges that Jackie purloined the affections of J. Warde Cohen, Juanita's husband. Miss Saunders states that she was not aware until late last year that Mr. Cohen was married.

PLAYWRIGHT KENYON IN COURT

Charles A. Kenyon, author of the stage play, "Kindling," and [illegible] loyed as a scenarist at the Goldwyn studio, has [illegible] by his wife, Elsa Cook Kenyon, for separate ma[illegible] and $1,000 a month allowance. Mr. Kenyon file[illegible] omplaint in which he asked for divorce. Each cha[illegible] other with desertion, and Mrs. Kenyon also all[illegible] support." According to his wife's allegations,

(*Continued on page* 102)

Greenroom Jottings

Madge Kennedy has not deserted the screen, despite the fact that the last year has found her continuing in the stage production of "Cornered" in which she has scored a great success. The early winter will find Miss Kennedy's delightful farce again being shadowed. **The Madge Kennedy Company** is now being formed and there are all sorts of happy plans in the making.

Lottie Pickford, sister of Mary and Jack, is soon to be seen in the Pickford Production, "They Shall Pay." For two or three years Miss Pickford has been absent from the screen but now that Mary Pickford II, named after her famous aunt, of course, has left babyhood in her wake, her mother is once more able to undertake her screen work.

And talking of the Pickfords, **Mary II** plays the daughter of one of the tenants on the estate in "**Little Lord Fauntleroy.**" If the flash which is shown of her is a fair sample of what she can do, the screen will soon be richer because of a distinctly new personality.

Jean Paige, or Mrs. Albert E. Smith, whichever you will, is now in Canada where she is being filmed in the exterior scenes of "**The Prodigal Judge.**" This is Miss Paige's first screen work since her marriage to the president of the Vitagraph company. It evidentally means that she will not forsake her career.

Recently Eugene O'Brien and the Selznick company journeyed to a rural Jersey town to film exteriors for a forthcoming production. Imagine the joy of the two youngsters photographed above when they awoke to find the screen's great lover making a picture in their own back yard!

Almost everyone remembers **Chic Sale**, the vaudeville character-actor who ventures forth and, without any assistance, portrays a church service or rural school entertainment. Chic has come to the screen in a production entitled "**His Nibs**" in which he portrays seven diverse rôles. Such versatility should be in great demand in these days of expense curtailing.

While he waits for George D. Baker to prepare his second series of starring vehicles, **Gareth Hughes** will appear as leading-man for **Viola Dana** in her next special production, "Glass Houses."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks have been sharing honors during their stay in New York. After attending the première of Doug's "**The Three Musketeers,**" they decided to postpone their trip to Europe until Mary's "**Little Lord Fauntleroy**" opened. Needless to say, the New York police had their hands full and had to use force in keeping back the hundreds who lined the streets on both occasions that they might catch a glimpse of the famous couple as they entered the theater. Now that they have sailed for the other side, the police force has breathed a sigh of relief.

Bull Montana, celebrity of the ring and the screen, has made known his intention of swearing allegiance to America. Bull's real name is Luigi Montagni and he is a native of sunny Italy.

"**Love Is An Awful Thing**" is the altogether fitting and proper title of the forthcoming **Owen Moore** production in which he is seen, together with his bride, **Kathryn Perry.** Mr. and Mrs. Moore began work on this production immediately following their honeymoon. It should not be lacking in realism.

Charlie Chaplin has taken London by storm. As a matter of fact, the crowds surrounding his hotel are so large that it is often impracticable for him to leave his suite. And now that Mary and Doug are to join him, the English bobbies anticipate a busy winter.

Edward M. Kimball who has been critically ill at the home of his daughter, **Clara Kimball Young,** is said to be improving, according to the latest bulletin from his physicians. Mr. Kimball has been on the screen for many

Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50
Contains Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Pink Paste Polish, Cake Polish, nail file, emery boards and orange stick—everything you need to keep your nails lovely.

Before you complete your Christmas list

Look at this stunning manicure set

IN a delightfully smart and convenient set—everything you need to keep your nails perfectly manicured.

Before you make up your Christmas list, look at these Cutex sets. Note how distinctive they are—in their dress of black and rose! Each one done up for the holidays in a special Christmas wrapper! Any woman would welcome one as an accessory to her dressing table. See how handily they are arranged—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in a little compartment; the Cuticle r, the Nail White, the Pol- ch in the nicest possible con-

body feels them to be a real these sets—they make it so take care of one's nails! Your tex manicure will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, just one application of the Cuticle Remover will leave the nail rim smooth and even. You will be delighted also with the really professional touch of grooming that Cutex Nail White and Cutex polishes give to your nails.

Cutex sets come in four sizes. The smallest at 60c is called "The Compact." In it are trial size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes, with nail file, emery board and steel file—all complete.

The next size at $1.50, is called the "Traveling Set, because it is so ideally suited to the toilet case; but it is just as convenient for the dressing table. It contains the Cutex preparations in full sizes, with larger size file, orange stick and emery board.

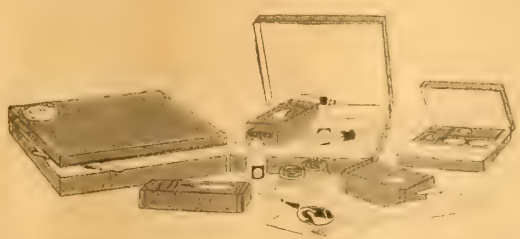
Then comes the "Boudoir Set" at $3.00. In it, is everything one can possibly need for the most immaculate care of the hands. And lastly, the DeLuxe, at $5.00, the last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

Don't let another day pass without looking at the Cutex Sets. Get one and see how delightfully it works. Each article in the set can be had separately for 35c.

At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Northam Warren, Dept. 812, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

Set, 60c
ief manicuring neces- mall packages.

; Set, $1.50
ief manicuring neces- ull sized packages.



Boudoir Set, $3.00
Everything for the most immaculate care of the hands.

DeLuxe Set, $5.00
The last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

CUTEX Manicure Sets

Greenroom Jottings

years. As a matter of fact, he was one of the first players to win recognition in the films.

Hope Hampton is so delighted with her new picture "**Stardust,**" based on the popular novel by Fannie Hurst, that she is personally superintending the cutting of the film. News of stars' maintaining an interest in their productions even after the filming is completed is more and more frequent. They undoubtedly realize that many good productions have been ruined after leaving the camera.

Great things are being said about the **J. Stuart Blackton** production of "**The Glorious Adventure,**" in which **Lady Diana Manners** is to star. A special Prizma color apparatus has been used in the filming of the production and there are said to be one hundred and thirty characters in the story in addition to the thousands in the ensembles.

The first of the **Allene Ray** series of six productions being produced by Bert Lubin is soon to be released. It is called "**Partners of the Sunset**" and affords the recent **Fame and Fortune** winner a splendid rôle.

The world heard that **Peggy Hyland** had wed Frederick Granville and then she apparently disappeared from sight. However, we have discovered that Miss Hyland is appearing in "**The Old Santa Fé Trail,**" under the direction of Mr. Granville and in this connection traveling slowly across the continent. The company departed from San Francisco a month ago and are filming the story as they travel. In about three more months they expect to reach New York and film the last scenes of their story at the Statue of Liberty.

The atmosphere depicted above is certainly not one which would be favored by a matinée idol—it lacks too many comforts. Personally, we wouldn't be surprised if it was by request that Mr. Reid was photographed thus, for, if there's one thing Wally wishes to contradict, it is the idea that he is eligible for that classification

It is not as yet definitely decided but it is not unlikely that **Norma Talmadge** will do "**The Garden of Allah**" upon the completion of "**Smilin' Thru,**" the production upon which she is now engaged.

Corliss Palmer, the Fame and Fortune winner of last year, has spent her days recently creating a dual rôle in a Corliss Palmer production "**Rose and Thistle.**" And now that the actual filming of the story is completed, Miss Palmer, after the manner of stars, has taken herself to the cutting-room where she is watching the assembling of scenes.

Ann Forrest quietly dropped from sight. Everyone wondered what had become of the lass who found stardom in her tears in the Mary Roberts Rinehart production, "**Dangerous Days.**" However, she has been discovered at the Famous-Players English studios, where she is busily at work. Yes, her productions are to be released in America.

Ben Turpin came to New York for a vacation and a rest. Immediately upon his arrival, however, he discovered that he would spend the next week appearing at the palatial Capitol Theater where his latest comedy was being shown. Ben had all sorts of trouble dodging the matinée girls who crowded about the stage door.

Bill Hart is another who will testify that a rest is the most difficult thing to manage. His days in New York before he went to his Connecticut farm for a spell were well filled—chiefly with interviewers asking about his engagement to **Jane Novak.** Bill insists that altho Jane is the finest girl who ever lived, he is not going to marry her. And he said it as tho he meant it. He says he will marry some day, but he insists upon selecting his own bride.

Will Rogers is said to have taken the place of Roscoe Arbuckle in the Paramount forces. Whether or not this is authentic, it has been impossible to discover. At any rate, Mr. Rogers is creating the character which was to be played by Mr. Arbuckle in "**The Melancholy Spirit.**"

Mabel Normand recently spent several weeks in New York, during which she spent her days at the modistes and her evenings at the theaters enjoying the drama of the season. The completion of "**Molly-O,**" which marks Miss Normand's return to the **Sennett** fold, permitted her this holiday of which she was quick to take advantage.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Your skin needs two different creams at different times

For the nightly cleansing, only Pond's Cold Cream, the cream made with oil, will do

In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, the dry cream made without oil, to protect your skin against wind and dust

For daytime use — *the cream that will not reappear in a shine*

A ***TIRED looking skin*** adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. The dullness, the flat unbecoming tones disappear—your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

At night—*the cleansing cream made with oil*

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
142 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale and now a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require.
—*Washington Irving.*

A-1-27.—Glad to hear from you. Yes, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope you will receive the addresses you wish. Lois Wilson can be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Pearl B.—No, Norma Talmadge is not Jewish. Edmund Lowe and Monte Blue are playing opposite Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley." Certainly, I can keep a secret—think I'm a woman? Lon Chaney's first Universal will be "Wolf Breed."

Von Tell.—Keep cool, little one. How do I know whether Wallace Reid is true to his wife? Why not ask him. June Elvidge is not playing just now. Why, Bert Lytell is playing in "The Right That Failed," with Virginia Valli.

G. H. of R.—Thanks for the generous fee. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so do I. No, that book has not been filmed. Larry Trimble is a director. You're welcome.

Silver's Kitty.—You ought to be glad you belong to somebody. Douglas MacPherson was Louis in "Jim, the Penman." No, Mary Fuller is not playing just now. Robert Agnew, in "The Passion Flower." Augusta Anderson, in "A Romantic Adventuress." No, I dont intend to bob my whiskers. I will need them in another month or so.

Anna A.—Sure, I like cookies. Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter, Virginia Valli, Lowell Sherman and Colleen Moore are with Goldwyn. Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. Write me again, wont you?

Peggy K.—Yes, I arise early, because I believe that the early hour has gold in its mouth, the late hour lead. Both Ethel Clayton and Katherine MacDonald have been married. You can reach Alice Calhoun at the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jennie M. L.—Thanks for the souvenir postals. I appreciate the thought. Your letter was very interesting, and I would advise you to join one of the correspondence clubs.

Miss Fit.—You appeal to eminent authority when you appeal to me for advice on how to prevent hair from falling out. However, if I had known fifty years ago what I know now, I might have saved my mop. Baldness usually comes of a too-tight scalp, or a too-dry one. Take the tips of the fingers and loosen the scalp occasionally, and rub in a bit of crude oil once or twice a week. If this wont do it, you must have germs (dandruff, etc.) Rudolph Valentino has been in pictures about two years. Yes, he was married to Jean Acker. Some of my readers think he is the greatest lover on the screen. When you see him in "Camille," you may agree with them.

E. M. B., Newburgh.—Oh, dont get mad. If you lose your temper, dont look for it. If you would distinguish yourself, learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment. But when a woman has fully made up her mind about a thing, she goes and asks a man's advice. Let me hear from you again.

Peggy, Richmond.—Ah there! You're in again! Theda Bara was born in this country—Ohio; Norma Talmadge, born in Brooklyn (God's country), and Pola Negri, born in Hungary. You're right, some folks are too good to get married. But, on the other hand, you abuse the word, "love." As Emerson says, "Love is the highest word, and the synonym of God."

Pep.—Hello, Pep! You sure are original. You think Priscilla Dean is a gloom chaser, while Katherine MacDonald is a crepe hanger, while Ruth Roland is a little sunshine bringer. Pola Negri, in "One Arabian Night." Gladys Hulette in "Tol-able David." June Caprice isn't doing anything just now.

Businesslike.—Sorry your list was delayed. No, I am not another Hannibal. You know his finish, dont you? He destroyed himself by poison, B. C. 183, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Rockcliffe Fellowes is playing on the stage. So is Donald Hall.

Anita McP.—Glad to hear from you again. No, Wallace Reid did not come over to the office to see us. He made us go to him. If Mohammed wont go to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mohammed. So you have American blood in you, and you like this country better than any other. Ah! that's why you're so clever. Come and see me when you come to Brooklyn.

L'Amoureuse.—You're right; but men aren't apt to marry girls who are "good fellows." Well, you know Ruskin says, "Dont get into debt. Starve and go to Heaven—but dont borrow. Try first, begging. I dont mind, if it is really needful, stealing! But dont buy things you cant pay for." Mr. Ruskin wouldn't say that if he were here now. Allene Ray, one of the winners of the 1920 contest, is playing in "Lady Luck." No, I never heard that Nazimova had a "crush" on Carpentier. Who told you that? You should see "Dream Street," with Ralph Graves. With my brains and pep, I should be about thirty. I went past thirty so fast that I forget what I was like. Gaston Glass is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter, in "Her Winning Way."

Sweet Olive.—How many hairs in my whiskers? Just one thousand and one. I am sorry not to be able to tell you what has become of Gail Henry. Zena Keefe is playing with Conway Tearle, in "After Midnight." That's no time for her to play, is it?

B. E., Fort Wayne.—So you are happily married. Congratulations. The first month a man is married, he says "my wife" every ten minutes. After he has been married five years, nobody would ever know he had a wife. You want something about Buck Jones. You really should have it. He is much in demand.

M. C., Chickasha.—You're right; it takes will-power to love a fat girl. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. She stands five feet five. Kenneth Harlan was born in 1895. You're very welcome.

Ruth H., Youngstown.—Not so, Ruth. She who hesitates is found. Wait and see. No, I never believed in

Brewster Publications, Inc.

are pleased to announce

A NEW MAGAZINE

to be called

Beauty

Devoted to all that is beautiful, particularly to the human face and form divine. Never before in the history of the world has womankind been impressed with the importance of beauty. We see evidences of this everywhere. Only a few years ago those who used paints, powders and cosmetics were called "painted ladies," but now their use is universal. Every woman now begins to feel that she should **"look her best,"** *and she is not afraid of the old bugaboo, Artificial Beauty. She now tries to* **assist** *nature, and even to* **improve** *on nature. Art can supply what nature will not. In launching this new magazine we are inspired by the thought that we can be of material assistance to womankind. We are gathering about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and we shall supply our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of the stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists and others will contribute important articles, and among other features soon to be announced will be a*

Beauty Box

conducted by Corliss Palmer, who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This will be an "Answer Man" department, in which Miss Palmer will answer all questions on Beauty subjects. There will be a monthly gallery of notable beauties each month, done in colors, and occasionally, a painting of some famous beauty of old, suitable for framing. In fact, the features are too numerous to mention in this brief announcement.

Every Woman Will Want This New Magazine

Every man will want his wife and daughter to have it every month. They have magazines on Dress, Fashion, Health, Art, Fiction, Politics, Homes and Gardens, but none on **Beauty.** *And this magazine will by no means confine itself to what is called artificial beauty. In the very first number will appear an article by the celebrated* **Elsie Ferguson** *on how beauty can be attained and retained by right thinking and right living. The world-famous Norma Talmadge will treat on cosmetics as an aid to Beauty, and so on. And the*

Beauty Gallery In Colors Will Be Truly Beautiful

Watch for further announcements, and remember that Beauty *will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.*

The Answer Man

them, either. There'll be no more. I'm sorry, but I have no photos except the one up above.

SOCRATES.—How learned. You know, Socrates is said to have brought down Philosophy from the clouds and made her converse with men. He drank the poisoned cup, in the seventieth year of his age—one hundred and one years before Christ. Plato and Zenophon were his disciples. Tom Gallery is married to Zasu Pitts. Sessue Hayakawa, in "The Street of the Flying Dragon."

INQUISITIVE ONE.—Yes, that was Eugene Strong. The phrase, "Dont care a damn," is usually thought to be a piece of profanity. It is not so, however. The dam is a small coin current in India, and the phrase is equivalent to "Dont care twopence." So, when you say it, you wont be swearing. Mrs. Wallace Reid is playing opposite Lester Cuneo in "Behind the Mask."

SHORTS.—Jack Mulhall is in California.

T. M.—Gloria Swanson has been married twice. Wallace Reid, once. Yes, Harrison Ford, in "Smilin' Thru," with Norma Talmadge. No, I am not a club member, because I am not married. You know, some men prefer home to the club, because there is some one there they can talk back to.

LITTLE KID.—Write me any time. Will Hays sees that my mail gets to me O. K.

H. M., Providence.—The reason you didn't get an answer was because you didn't sign your name.

LOTUS W.—Certainly did enjoy yours. It made me sit up and take notice. Thanks for the pictures. Tell me some more.

ELSIE T.—Your logic is like a flea; it jumps around lively enough, but you can never put your finger on it. It all depends upon the size of the house, and also what kind of service you intend using. Get in touch with the various exchanges.

CASANOVA.—You're right, women aren't the only ones that marry for a home. No, I am not jealous—*point du tout*. Rudolph Valentino has played in "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," and "Camille."

DOROTHY W.—Yes, I try to be natural, because a diamond with a flaw is better than an imitation. I dont think "A Weaver of Dreams" has been done on the screen.

O U R YA's.—Thanks. But then, La Rochefoucauld says, "Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation." Francis Bushman played in "Graustark" for Essanay some years back.

ELDEN R. S.—You bet, I still live in my hall-room. They raised me twenty-five per cent. again last October. Everything is in terms of per cent. Beer is two and seventy-five-one hundredths per cent., women are one hundred per cent., and rents are raised twenty-five per cent. Wallace Beery was Magna, Barbara Bedford was Cora, and Albert Roscoe was Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans."

ARLINE T.—Thanks, glad to get the info. Write me again.

MARY E. K.—You're right, Mary; you say some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light. Eugene O'Brien has been in pictures about eight years. He is working on "Chivalrous Charlie." Alice Lake, in "The Golden Gift."

REGINS.—Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pa.

PETER GINK.—Well, a man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter, than he is. Thomas Meighan is married, and so is Gloria Swanson. Regina Quinn, in "From Now On."

ALICE BETH.—Thanks for the invitation to come to Hollywood. That's my next desire. Do write to your old Answer Man again.

ALICE P.—Of course, I am eighty. Expect to have a birthday in January, if life runs on like a song. Humph! There's a lot of people out of tune. Pauline Frederick is playing in "The Sting of the Lash."

JUST ME.—Hello! King Baggot is directing. He's still in the game. Jackie Coogan's next picture will be "My Boy," which deals with the trials and tribulations of an orphan boy. It will be in five reels.

MARIE L. W.—Nay, nay, Marie. I would be lynched if I answered you truthfully. The naked truth. And then, what about the Board of Censors?

N. A. L.—Be careful how you invest your money in motion picture stocks. There are hundreds of fly-by-night companies organized every month, whose principal business is to sell stock and then retire. Edward Earle was in New York last I heard of him.

GLADYS B.—Since you are a girl, it was perfectly all right for you to write Mary Pickford, telling her that you love her. As a rule, a woman loves most to be loved; a man to be admired. Clarine Seymour was no relation to Anita Stewart.

U. MAKE ME LAFF.—As long as I dont make you sick, I'm all right. Haven't the address of Buster Keaton's sister. Write him at Los Angeles, Calif. It's hard work keeping track of the players, without knowing the whereabouts of their relatives. No offense, however.

FLANICAL.—Seems to me you are rather strenuous, since you both kill and drown; but, since you only kill time and drown sorrow at the photo-show, you are excused. Marjorie Daw has been selected to play in "Fifty Candles." Edna Murphy and Johnnie Walker, in "Play Square." Raymond Hatton is in California.

RUTH E.—Well, your letter was all about Mary Miles Minter. I have never met her, but I think she is very beautiful.

ALGY.—Poor Algy! I promise not to put you in the alsorans. You say, "Even if marriage is likely to be a failure, a wedding is always a success." Yes, a good beginning, anyway. Quite a joke, haw, haw, Algy.

G. C. K.—Well, you have a good line of talk; why dont you try it? The reason for that is that the Dead Sea contains upwards of twenty-six per cent. of saline matter—that of the ocean varying from three to four. No living object has ever been found in the waters of the Dead Sea.

HELENETTE S. F.—Cheer up, William S. Hart will return to the screen in February. Ora Carewe, opposite Bert Lytell, in "Lady Fingers." Yes, you can use a postage stamp twice. The first time, it will cost you two cents; the second time, fifty dollars. You want an interview with Walter Heirs. Also with Frank Glendon.

GLORIA LOUISE.—Be sincere, tho your sincerity should cost you your life. Did you read the interview with Irene Castle last month? It's worth reading.

BIBINITS.—Glad to hear from India. Well, the first picture that was made didn't run along so smoothly as the present pictures. You want to know the name of a few players who are near-sighted. How about Harold Lloyd and Ben Turpin? Well, dont you know that a man is a slave to his own opinions; a woman is a slave to the opinions of her husband.

TYLLIE H.—No, child, I am not married. As George Eliot wisely said, "In the ages since Adam's marriage, it has been good for some men to be alone, and for some women also. William Russell, in "From the West." Owen Moore is playing in "Love Is an Awful Thing." And he's pretty good authority. Did you like the interview with Milton Sills last month?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.—I sure did enjoy yours. Why dont you write me a personal letter and tell me about West Point? You are very interesting.

ARTHUR N.—All right; that's a go—every month.

LALLY VOTE.—Texas Guinan is an actress and not an actor, as you supposed. Yes, Bebe Daniels really was in jail. Her next picture is "Spring Fever," with Eddie Sutherland and Myrtle Stedman.

A BARRYMORE FAN.—Some letter. Thanks for all you say about me. You want Lillian Gish to remain in pictures, and you think Rudolph Valentino is the epitome of Romance. You want Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien to play together again. Wish hard enough and it may come true.

MARION B.—So you are studying Cæsar and want to see him in pictures. Well, he was the greatest man in all Roman history. As a general, he was equal to the greatest and most admired commanders the world ever produced. He was assassinated the fifteenth of March.

(*Continued on page 98*)

How Did They Do It?

DO you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

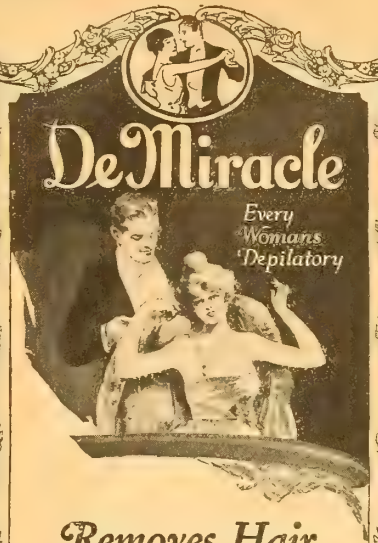
And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you



Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.

To devitalize hair you must use DeMiracle. Being a liquid it permits absorption. Therefore it is totally different. It attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Only the original sanitary liquid DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c. $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

DeMiracle
Dept. G-29 Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

GENUINE
DIAMONDS

We have always sold for cash only, but to unload our surplus stock, we willopen charge accounts with reliable buyers, if desired. There is no extra charge for credit.

EASY TO PAY—TAKE 10 MONTHS

SPECIAL LOW PRICES—30 DAYS TRIAL

Genuine blue-white diamonds, full of brilliance, and fiery radiance, sold direct to you by DIAMOND IMPORTERS at wholesale prices. Each diamond is set in a 14 karat solid gold ring included free of charge. Choose your ring and give finger size.

One carat $195.00. Former retail cash price $325.00; 3-4 carat $148.25; 1-2 carat $97.50; 1-4 carat $48.75.

If satisfied pay 1-5 of price and balance in 10 monthly payments.

We guarantee to satisfy you or refund your money.

Order direct from advertisement or write for 128-page catalog

B. GUTTER & SONS WHOLESALE JEWELERS 172 NASSAU ST. Div. 304, N.Y.

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

A plea for the cameraman who is, after all, considerably important. At any rate, the motion picture would cease to be without him.

DEAR EDITOR: There have been so many complaints concerning the "wasting" of film space in printing the names of directors, cameramen, etc., that I cannot resist putting in my oar and pulling the other way.

In the first place, if the cameraman does not deserve credit, who does? Often, when the company is out on location, he parks his camera and himself on a space hardly larger than his imagination, and from this precarious situation he must do his best. His work is far more dangerous than that of the star, or any one else, for that matter. I read not long ago of the work of the cameraman for some of the scenes in "Male and Female." His position was at the top of a wet and slippery point of rock, from which place of vantage he was privileged to shoot scenes for over an hour. If he had lost his balance, he would have gone to certain death. And yet, when one visits a movie theater, and scarcely three feet of film are used to proclaim the praises of the cameraman, there are disgusted exclamations of, "Well, I wonder how long we have to look at that!" And so on, and so on! But it's a new world we live in. People want to be, first, last and always, amused! And when a modest little length of film is used to give publicity to the cameraman, who certainly deserves it, the public at large sighs and shakes its head resignedly. The poor public!

When you watch a news reel at the movies, and there is suddenly flashed upon the screen a view of the big arena at Jersey City, for instance—a view taken from the air—did you ever stop to wonder where the cameraman was at the time the scene was taken? Probably he was balancing himself on the wing of an aeroplane, and that isn't exactly the spot one would choose for a resting place.

And perhaps you have witnessed a view of Broadway, New York, taken from somewhere in space. Probably the cameraman was located on a very precarious scaffold somewhere at the top of one of those tall buildings. Nice, secure position, isn't it? And yet the movie fans object!

The directors get a little more publicity—that is, such directors as Cecil B. de Mille, D. W. Griffith and Marshall Neilan. But there are also other directors of much merit, such as Sam Wood, Tom Forman, Allan Dwan, H. C. Van Trees, and countless others I could mention if I wished to take up space.

Let us have some interviews with these directors and some publicity for these cameramen. I am one who believes in credit where credit is due, and they certainly deserve it.

Let us all get together and give a few rousing cheers for them all. We want to be as familiar with their names as we are with those of Elsie Ferguson, Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess and Bert Lytell, who is a favorite of mine.

In closing, I want to say that the MOTION PICTURE is the best, most interesting, most complete magazine on record. I like it.

Sincerely,
MILDRED E. HAY,
225 Park Street, Lancaster, Ohio.

About this and that.

DER IDETER: I am riting you becose everybode else does. This the first time i ever writ enybody, and i hope to see mi leter in print, if it cost anything i dont care to make you print anything.

I am sosite editer of the paper out here and i thot that you could get me a little dope on all my friens in the moves. My sister in law is out thar in los Angeles and she sas that Charle Chaplin is goin to sale of a nother matrimone state. I notest from one of the sete papers that his wife that he uste have is gettin long without his name as well as she did befor i think that he beter up thats whi she was so thin my sister sas that she went passed there hus once and she herd a nois lake a women holler she said that charle hit her with his sho but i thing that she hit him becuse she is bigger then he is.

Whi did nt doglas fairbanks change his name to pickford because beverbode sas that is that man hes mary picfords husben.

I wisht than NoZimova could be left alon as she makes poor pictures than she usta but i thing her pictures are better than a lota other actress are, Poline frenderik is another uomen that i do not lik because i went to see her in madam x orz or something and she started to tar her har and i started to cry my wif said that I tried to holl like a dog an the cop her thot i had hiderfobia an he took me ot and put a muzzel on me.

All the acters with blond har i like too and the red heds too, i like perl wite and bebe daniels an if you se catherin makdonal tell her that i will quit my job as managing editer of this noospaper if she will let me be her leeded man i leed the simpfone orkestra out her and i shur can leed an ples find out if ruth roland is landed anybode yet because if she carries vere much insurance i would consider a matrominel ingageemnt with her mabe i can seller some new york herrican to her husband if he is becaus she wont last long at the rate she is goin.

I gotta close now becaus paper costs too much sa helo to all my friends in brooklin and N. Y. give my love to mare pickford and teller that if shell send me her pictur i will put it in mi paper.

lots of luk and hopin the weather ant too hot there.

yours truly,
SILAS HENRI,
editer of the bugler.

A letter which touches on many interesting things—highlights.

DEAR EDITOR: I saw "The Passion Flower." And I did not, as several folks assured me I would, go into transports over the picture. The story, to me at any rate, seemed out of its sphere on the screen, and lost some of the spice that there was in the play. Perhaps I missed Nance O'Neill, tho Eulalie Jensen was an almost perfect Raimunda. Do you know, I have a penchant for Eulalie. There is something about her which appeals to me. Is it personality? I saw her in a picture with Miss Breamer, and in the "Whisper Market" with Corinne Griffith, and in both of these she made the most of her niche. She is vibrant, thrillingly alive. My impression of her runs parallel with that of Priscilla Dean. About Miss Talmadge. Occasionally

in the picture there were flashes of her old fire, enough at any rate, to leave a doubt in the eye of the beholder that she is due for the rubbish-heap of has-beens. Miss Talmadge has beautiful eyes. But why not let it go at that? Why must every quiver of a lash, or flicker of a lid get a close-up? It halts the story and becomes unbearably tiresome after the first half-dozen. This also was a fault that I found in "The Journey's End." That picture was so satisfying, such a tribute to one's intelligence, in that all those needless and inane titles were omitted. But instead they committed the error of close-upping Mabel Ballin's eyes at every opportunity, so that the slender thread of the story was lost for many.

I succumbed entirely to Pola Negri in "Passion," and when "Gypsy Blood" was released everyone said it wasn't so good as its predecessor. I cant see that at all. I thought it perfect, and I consider Lubitsch the greatest director yet, not even excepting Mr. Griffith. All this silly talk about the invasion of the foreign motion picture amuses me immensely. Propaganda, fiddlesticks. Genius and art are not a matter of nationality. The American producers raise a great hue and cry that one should see American films first, that American films must of course be better, being American! How absurd. They tell us that 'twould be unpatriotic to give the foreign films a glimpse. What would we do, on that basis, with our Italian operas, our French plays and our Vienna music? And films certainly are an art, as much as the others. If the imported film is superior to our own, no amount of slush-talk can drag the public away. For, as Emerson says, "If a man can make a better rat-trap, write a better book, etc., etc." You know the rest about the world making a beaten pathway to his door. I earnestly believe that this competition is a good thing. It will awaken our money-mad producers to what the public wants, and we'll have no more pictures like "Shame" and "I Am Guilty."

Yours for Better Motion Pictures,
JULE D. STOLZ,
41 McKinley Place, West New York, N. J.

Attacking the gold seekers of the screen and a plea for its artists.

DEAR EDITOR: What is the matter with the movies of today? Are they trying to force us back to the stage for real acting? It seems that producers of today not only lack good stories, but they lack stars. Because a woman can wear freakish clothes, plaster her hair to look like a fancy mold of grease, then she's a star. Bebe Daniels is all right as the would-be vamp, a saucy maid, or as atmosphere; but as a star, well, take the whole Ziegfeld show and star them. One of your letters recently said Mary Pickford has seen her day. Well, who has taken her place? No champion is beaten until another has taken his place.

Pictures are so overdone. All fuss and show, no plot or acting. This day-dream stuff, and sex problems, have killed pictures. Why doesn't someone screen "Turn to the Right," and plays along that line? "The City of Silent Men" was in a way unusual and different. I liked it very much. But "Who Am I?" was frightful.

If producers would leave chorus girls where they belong and get some pep and ginger into their work, results might prove more satisfactory. Get the "gold-seekers" out of the game and give us real artists.

Hoping the movie garden will be weeded before the real products are destroyed, and wishing you continued success,

Sincerely,
JANE SIMS,
648 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

If you ask for this test—as millions have done—you will see great effects in a week.

Old methods of teeth cleaning have proved inadequate. Nearly everybody knows that. Teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape.

You owe to yourself a test of the method which modern dental science advises.

Film ruins teeth

The great tooth enemy is film—that viscous film you feel. Now it is known as the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old methods do not end it. So very few people have escaped its attacks.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substances which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Teeth are unclean

Teeth brushed in old ways are dangerously unclean. The film that's left may night and day attack them.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have amply proved them. And now leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These effective methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all the world over it is being supplied to people who will try it.

These five effects twice daily

There are other effects which modern science has also proved essential. And Pepsodent brings all of them with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent users twice daily get all these desired results.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Judge by what you see and feel. Read the book we send. Then in the future do what you think best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 748

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 314, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

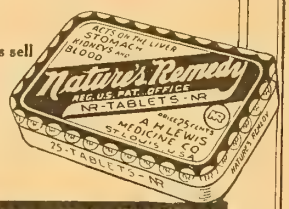
Girlhood

When your complexion of after years is determined.

That critical period of youth between childhood and young womanhood mars the beauty of many a complexion. The skin eruptions of adolescence may leave permanent blemishes. Cosmetics can but hide these annoying marks—pimples, liver-spots, sallowness. Perfect physical health will prevent their forming. Wise mothers will instruct their daughters in the use of a good aperient to keep the skin fair and the blood clear.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), a vegetable aperient, is a real aid to a beautiful complexion. It acts naturally to improve the general health and prevent headaches and biliousness. *It does more than a laxative.*

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets.



Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy-coated.

For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive BLUE and YELLOW box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. K. St. Louis, Mo.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's

Famous Medicated

Reducing Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians

Anklets for Reducing and Shaping the Ankles, $7.00 Per Pair Extra High, $9.00

No Need of Dieting

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter

353 Fifth Ave. - New York

(Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, $6.00
Chin Reducer, $2.50

San Francisco Representative: Adele Millar Co. 345 Stockton St.

Everything About Cuticura Soap Suggests Efficiency

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Late Votes Delay Results

Final Tabulation and Announcement of Winners Scheduled for January Number

Time and experience has proved that, no matter how many votes arrive daily during the life of a contest, there will always be several times that number averaged during the last few days. The Ideal Cast Contest proves no exception to this rule. The avalanche of votes which poured into the offices of the Brewster Publications during the last week of this contest have delayed the final tabulation, together with the announcement of the winners, until the January number.

The ballots, on which the readers guessed as to who the winners would be, in addition to the number of votes with which they would win, have been assembled, so that it will be a simple matter to decide which participants have won the generous prizes that have been offered. Naturally, it is impossible to do anything with this phase of the contest until every last ballot has been credited to the player for whom it was cast.

We have received scores of letters from the readers, commending us upon the fact that it was not only necessary to guess the Ideal Cast, but also necessary to stipulate with what number of votes the various players would take the first place. Undoubtedly, this was the fairest method, for it is altogether probable that many would be correct in guessing the players. This would mean that the prizes would have had to be awarded by drawing or some method of chance. This is never a satisfactory arrangement.

Below are the results at the time of going to press. Many of the players retain their previous position, but there are several changes.

The prizes will be mailed the winners in the form of checks as soon as the final results are determined, and we feel certain that the last vote will have been counted and credited by the time the January issue goes to press.

The Ideal Cast Contest has proved even more popular than we believed it would. It has served a two-fold purpose and been watched closely by producers casting their forthcoming productions, the players and the readers alike. In the near future, we hope to announce another contest, and for it we can only wish the popularity and interest which this last contest has received.

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	100
Third Prize	75
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

IDEAL CAST	VOTES
Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	3,198
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	3,936
Villain—Lew Cody	3,075
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	3,321
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	3,783
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	1,752
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd	3,048
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish	3,138
Child—Jackie Coogan	5,421
Director—Cecil B. de Mille	3,189

Leading Woman

Gloria Swanson	1,227
Mary Pickford	1,173
Katherine MacDonald	471
Ruth Roland	408
Lillian Gish	402
Agnes Ayres	249
Anita Stewart	162
Ethel Clayton	159
Bebe Daniels	135
Dorothy Gish	111

Leading Man

Thomas Meighan	1,737
Richard Barthelmess	1,281
Douglas Fairbanks	651
Eugene O'Brien	525
Elliott Dexter	414
Conway Tearle	363
William Farnum	150
Jack Mulhall	117
Harrison Ford	105
Clyde Fillmore	102

Villain

Lowell Sherman	894
Jack Holt	882
Eric Von Stroheim	867
Lon Chaney	750
Stuart Holmes	741
Robert McKim	645
Warner Oland	363
Irving Cummings	204
Noah Beery	192
Wallace Beery	129

Vampire

Theda Bara	1,806
Louise Glaum	747
Pola Negri	684
Gloria Swanson	408
Betty Blythe	270
Nita Naldi	267
Rosemary Theby	235
Mona Lisa	163
Marcia Manon	132
Nazimova	117

Character Man

Lon Chaney	999
Thomas Meighan	732
Richard Barthelmess	693
Charles Ray	393
William S. Hart	321
John Barrymore	310
Bert Lytell	306
James Kirkwood	231
Raymond Hatton	180
Wallace Reid	168

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	1,317
Pauline Frederick	747
Kathlyn Williams	477
Nazimova	456
Lillian Gish	366
Kate Bruce	348
Mary Alden	300
Mary Carr	213
Gloria Swanson	171
Mary Pickford	156

(*Continued on page* 107)

The Little Picture Theater in the Desert

(Continued from page 45)

huge family Bible, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Gradually the Laycook homestead acquired almost a modern, tho rather a cosmopolitan, aspect. I could easily have traced their mental progress by their home, even had it not been manifested in many other ways, for a man's home reflects his mind, just as a mirror reflects his face.

The Laycook home had always been clean and neat, but oh, how painfully plain. Just so their minds. But as their minds broadened and deepened, great changes were made in their house and yard. Paths lined with river stone began to appear, and rose bushes were planted in the little nooks. Inside the house, great changes were wrought. Things that had always been "good enough," gave way for things that were better. More taste was shown in the arrangement of chairs and tables. The whole atmosphere of the place was softened, gladdened, until, upon entering, one felt a sense of comfort and relaxation instead of that awful feeling of having one's nerves drawn over powdered glass as of old. To eat a meal there was now a great pleasure, instead of a chance piece of business. To spend an evening in their "settin' room" was no longer a makeshift for the want of something better to do.

Those evenings—what glorious events they were. Sometimes they were spent in silence, each of us deep in a book. Sometimes they were spent in lively discussion, with now and then Bob's wife, Mary, looking over the top of a volume of Mark Twain to admonish one or the other of us not to get "het up." Politics and history became Bob's favorite subjects. As to history, that of France and Rome seemed to interest him most. As to politics, he was far from conservative.

And to think that a dingy, dirty, desert theater revolutionized their lives—and mine! To think that moving pictures could arouse instincts, talents, abilities—call them what you will—that had always been dormant. Yet perhaps it is not so wonderful after all. Who can look thru a telescope at Saturn, with its curious rings, or Mars, with its strange canals, without being filled with wonder and an intense desire to know more? As a telescope brings distant planets close to earth, just so do moving pictures bring foreign countries close to home. The man is, indeed, hopeless who can see the Roman Colosseum and not ask a question.

Moving pictures of a high standard are the greatest educators, entertainers, uplifters, that ever penetrated into back country places. While they may not affect all people as they affected Bob Laycook and his wife, Mary, yet they must have some effect on all. As it was and still is with Bob Laycook and his wife, so must it be, to some extent at least, with the other patrons of the New Star Theater of La Punta. And, as it is in La Punta, so must it be in all back country villages of our nation.

Plato said, "The house that has a library has a soul." If this be true, then the village that has a moving picture theater has a soul also. The libraries follow after.

The Fountain of Youth and Beauty

(Continued from page 60)

be drawn tightly over the head, if the hair is to be kept dry. If your bathroom is not equipped with a shower, my advice is to buy an attachment, which does not cost much, and connect it with the faucet, thus insuring the best and cheapest daily treatment there is.

The alcohol rub is a very fine thing after the bath, especially after the hot bath in cold weather. It diffuses a glow to the body and prevents the possibility of taking cold.

Bath salts are an indulgence, not a necessity. Yet they are a very pleasant indulgence, having no bad effect; perhaps, even having a slightly beneficial effect. So, if you are able to gratify every desire, keep a bottle of bath salts at hand, dissolving some in the water when taking a tub bath. The amount does not matter. You may make the water as saline as you like. Some physicians say that the chief value of surf bathing lies in the amount of salt that is deposited on the body. If this is true, it is better to omit the shower bath afterward, and leave the salt to use its healing power on the body. There is a variety of both scented and unscented bath salts, so it will not be difficult to find what you want in the shops.

It is my desire to disabuse people's minds of the idea that there are adequate substitutes for soap. Women, especially, have an inclination to eliminate soap, thinking it has an injurious effect on the skin. Soap is with us to stay, and instead of having an injurious effect, it has quite the opposite, if properly used. With the semi-weekly hot bath, it is absolutely essential, even with the tepid bath and the daily shower, it should be used. The principal thing to do is to select carefully a soap that is suited to one's skin. There are mild soaps and strong, penetrating ones. There are antiseptic soaps and medicinal soaps, and soaps recommended as skin-food. But my advice is to select a soap without regard to its antiseptic or medicinal value, unless there is some definite skin disease, in which case a doctor should be consulted. If the skin is thin and sensitive, a very mild soap should be used. If thick and sallow, a more penetrating soap may be used to open the pores and increase the circulation. The same soap, if used by a person with a thin skin, would cause an irritation, and perhaps even a slight eruption of tiny red spots, particularly on the face. A scented soap is no better and no worse than an unscented one, if the odor is a pleasant one. However, the fastidious individual will not use a scented soap unless it contains the same scent as the perfume used regularly, or, at least, one that blends perfectly. The only way to learn what kind of soap you should use is to experiment, limiting your experiments to good, reliable soaps. Apply soap to the face as well as to the body daily, the only exceptions to this being when the face is sunburned, when cleansing cream should be substituted, or when there is a rash on the face, requiring special treatment.

Remember that cleanliness of the body indicates cleanliness of the mind, and neglect indicates a condition of mental slovenliness. Also remember that your health can be greatly improved by taking the right kind of bath at the right time. Then you may consider that you have come as near the fountain of eternal youth and beauty as it is permitted mortals to come.

"Here's Where We Got Our Start"

"Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in to Scranton? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our comforts—to this coupon."

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads.

There are clerks who became Advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives; carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing at all to splendid responsible positions.

More than 2 million men and women in the last 30 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. Over 130,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion.

The first step to success in the I. C. S. way is to choose your career from this list and mark and mail this coupon here and now.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6629 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

☐ ELEC. ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T
☐ Electric Lighting & Rys.	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR.	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ STATIONARY ENGR.	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Com. School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Text. Overseer or Supt.	☐ Agriculture
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking
	☐ Spanish ☐ Teacher

Name _____ 7-1-21

Street and No. _____

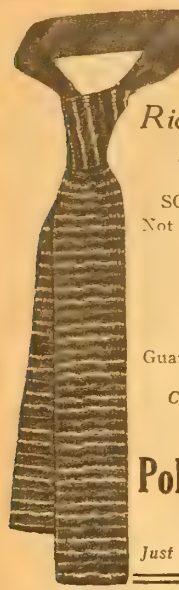
City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS

Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides unsightliness of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufacturing Co.
First National Bank Bldg., Dept. 64, Milwaukee, Wis.



A DASH OF COLOR

Rich, Knitted, Heavy Pure Silk Scarf

SOLID COLORS
SCORES OF PATTERNS

Not purchasable for this price at Furnishers

1 for $2.
3 " $5.
6 " $7.80

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded

Carefully packed in boxes

Send Check or money order to

Pol & Treadwell, Inc.

Astor Court, Room 68
25 W. 33rd St., N. Y.

Just West of the Waldorf-Astoria

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Agents: 90c an Hour

Introduce "Sodereze." A new wonder. A pure solder in paste form. Works like magic. Stops all leaks. For mending water buckets, cooking utensils, milk pails, water tanks, tin roofs—everything including granite ware, agate ware, tin, iron, copper, zinc, etc.

Quick Sales—Nice Profit

Everybody buys. Housewive, mechanics, electricians, jewelers, plumbers, tourists, automobilists, etc. No leak too bad to repair. Just apply a little "Sodereze," light a match and that's all. Put up in handy metal tubes. Carry quantity right with you. Write for sample and special proposition to agents.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 5499 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

NO MONEY DOWN Just your name and address brings you the LIZNITE GEM Ring you want. See for yourself the greater brilliance, fire and sparkle of these matchless gems. Examine the hand engraved SOLID GOLD mountings and beautiful, extra heavy rings.

Men's Rings—No. 1, $18.50—No. 3, $15.50—No. 4, $15.50
Lady's Rings—No. 2, $16.50—No 5, $12.50

GUARANTEE This ring MUST satisfy you perfectly. Give postman $4.50 when ring arrives. Then wear it 10 days. Your money back if you return it within that time. But if you decide to keep it just send in $3.00 monthly until balance is paid. Include finger size. Offer at this price limited. ORDER TODAY.

Dept. 1235 THE LIZNITE GEM COMPANY
"The House of Quality and Price" 128 N. Wells St., Chicago

The Primitive

(*Continued from page 47*)

loathed guns. They infuriated him. What might have happened, then, if I had gone into that cage and hadn't been able to get out—had slipped or something—in time to escape him? My face would have been clawed to shreds and I'd not be here today! Well, I told that chap what I thought of him—and he never worked with me again. I wont be framed."

Ruth's love of the game, her sporting instinct, is no pose, bolstered up by the large use of doubles. She finds gratification in risk, but she wont be double-crossed. If she's willing to chance her neck at least once every day, she feels that it is her right to know what kind of a chance it's going to be.

She is the only big star to remain true to the serial. Pearl White, Tony Moreno, Bill Duncan, have all turned to the feature production.

"People say to me," said Ruth, "'Why dont you go into features? Serials are terrible!' But I've tried both, and I prefer serials. I'm pretty proud that people will go to see me every week for fifteen weeks. There are not many I'd go to see that often. And I want my fans to think of me as Ruth—just plain Ruth. I want them to say, 'Let's go down to see Ruth tonight,' just as they'd say, 'Let's drop in on Uncle Billy,' because they feel they know me. And I think they do. I work my hardest to give them the best thrills they can get."

Ruth's popularity hasn't been limited to fifteen weeks. She has been in pictures exactly eleven years, and the fans are still crying for more. In Kalem comedies, in features, but most of all in serials, she has wooed us from our dreary problems and kept alive the vanishing spirit of adventure and love of danger. Now, in "The White Eagle," a new serial that she is making for Hal Roach, the man who is responsible for Harold Lloyd, she is advancing again against the hordes of discontent and restlessness that are abroad in the world. There are mysterious White Riders and deep, yawning canyons, where outlaws dwell; there are great battles that surge over the ancient abodes of the cave-dwellers; there are wild rides and wilder falls.

Perhaps Ruth's most precious bit of property is Joker, her horse. She has ridden him thru many dangers, and on his back has more than once plunged toward what seemed inevitable disaster, only to be saved in the end by Joker's cleverness and her own quick resource.

"When the camera starts to click," she said, "Joker is like a war-horse hearing the bugle-call. He's crazy to act."

We must be thankful for the enthusiasm that has kept Ruth for so long in pictures. For some years necessity has ceased to be a reason for her persistent work. She has been spoken of as the Hetty Green of the movies; because, I gathered, of her large holdings in Los Angeles real estate. But she has refused to let success dull her eagerness or weaken her strength. I noticed, when she got up to say good-bye to me, that her shoulders were unusually broad, that her step was free and lithe. And that grip again!

"Sorry I wasn't dressed right," she said, smiling. "I'll do better next time. G'bye."

"G'bye," said I.

ENOUGH

STUDIO MANAGER—And why are you so sure you will make a good comedy actress?

APPLICANT—Because I look perfectly stunning in a bathing suit.

MOVIES AS SHAKESPEARE SAW THEM

While it is certain that William Shakespeare himself never was filmed, references in his plays which fit the modern screen drama might be taken to indicate a prophetic vision of what was to come. Expressing his own opinion, he says, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "The best in this kind are but shadows."

For the scenario writer: "A kind of excellent dumb discourse."—*The Tempest.*

For the camera-man: "No eye hath seen such scarecrows."—*King Henry IV.*

For the star: "Live to be the show and gaze o' all the time."—*Hamlet.*

For the villain: "Commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways."—*King Henry IV.*

For the movie fan: "By my penny of observation."—*Love's Labor Lost.*

For the usher: "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."—*As You Like It.*

For the operator: "I ran it thru."—*Othello.*

For the pianist: "And stretched meter of an ancient song."—*Sonnets.*

For the proprietor: "Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

A TRIP TO BOYHOOD DAYS

By ROBERT E. CARROLL

Come, Tom, forget your troubles
  And come with me away
To scenes we knew and friends we loved
  In boyhood's golden day.
Forsake the city pavements,
  The ceaseless strife and din—
Come! Let us cross the span of years
  And play we're boys again.

The village in the valley,
  The pasture on the hill,
The apple-laden orchards
  Where boys might eat their fill.
The streams where wary trout were hid,
  The shaded swimming pool
Where freckled urchins yelled in glee
  When they should have been in school.

The fertile sweep of meadows,
  The white road washed with rain,
The creaking wagons homeward bound
  With fragrant stores of grain.
The lanes where lovers whispered
  And Tom, you rogue, well know
How lovers steps were wont to lag
  In days of long ago.

'Twill take us but a moment
  To make this little trip;
No fare nor luggage needed,
  Nor steed nor train nor ship.
Tho weary years have passed since then,
  We'll bridge the gap between
And view the scenes our boyhood knew
  Tonight upon the screen.

A MODERN SERENADE

Like the thrilling glory of a crimson sunset,
Or enchantment of a dream we would retain;
Like the mystery of the moonlight's silvered splendor,
Or the rainbow hues that crown a mist of rain;
With the magic power of many charms elusive
That fascinate, tho ever fleeting seen,
I bow a captive to a luring vision—
And sing your charms—"My Lady of the Screen."

Formerly of Brooklyn

(*Continued from page 25*)

He asked me what on earth I was doing there. I told him; so then and there he cast me with Dorothy Kelly and Jimmie Morrison. I've been playing in pictures ever since.

"Two years ago, Louis B. Mayer sent for me to come West and play with Anita Stewart. She is a fine girl, and I enjoyed playing with her. I just finished 'The Invisible Fear' and 'The Price of Happiness.'

"I am 'bugs' on just one subject, and that is David W. Griffith. I think he is the most wonderful man in the business, both personally and as a director. The greatest thrill I ever had in all my life was when Griffith wired, asking me to come back East and play in his "'Way Down East.' It was the keenest disappointment I have ever known that I was tied up here and couldn't accept his offer."

"Why do you always wear a mustache?" I asked, coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, as it were.

"Because I have a scar on my lip that I acquired as a boy," he answered.

No false modesty, I added to my list of observations, and tells the truth.

That's Out

(*Continued from page 50*)

The latest fashions decree longer dresses for the fair sex. Let's hope this doesn't include the bathing girls.

FAMOUS REMARKS

D. W. Griffith: "There's no use talking, the star is the thing." William Jennings Bryan: "The movies can never reach great heights until the talking picture is perfected."

It begins to look as tho a man, to be elected President of the United States, must first prove that he screens well.

CENSORSHIP SUGGESTION No. 3582

Eliminate scene showing husband making his own wife a present of a sealskin coat. Not true to life.

Eliminate scene where wife sits on her husband's lap. This is too intimate for public showing.

There is still a virgin field for the makers of educational pictures. No one has so far pictured the life of a snail with a slow-motion camera.

THE BORN STAR

By GWENDOLIN CUMNOR

My sweetie's just one of the extra girls,
  But she'll be a star some day.
She has dark eyes and the blondest curls,
A mouth like kisses and teeth like pearls,
  And the most intriguing way.

When the leads are on and the action wags,
  She acts till you just see her.
But when they exit and interest lags,
She just looks bored and her shoulder sags;
  She registers like a blur.

So she stamps herself on each telling scene,
  And men watch for her afar.
I sit all alone and curse the screen
For the extra girl who can play the queen—
  My sweetie will be a star.

GENUINE
FLACONETTES
of Imported Perfumes

Guest: *What perfume are you using?*
Hostess: *Coty's L'Origan. I buy it in Flaconettes—only $1 each.*
Guest: *Oh yes, I buy MY favorite perfume in Flaconettes, too—and always carry one in my bag.*

$1.00 EACH

COTY
L'Origan : Styx : Chypre
HOUBIGANT
Quelques Fleurs
Parfum Ideal
GUERLAIN
Jicky : Apres l'Ondee
GRENOVILLE
Bluet
ROGER & GALLET
Fleurs d'Amour
ROCCA
Brise d'Or
D'ORSAY
Le Chevalier
Jasmin d'Orsay

$1.50 EACH

Super-Perfumes
COTY
Ambre Antique : L'Effleurt
Jasmin de Corse
HOUBIGANT
La Rose France : Mon Boudoir
GUERLAIN
Rue de la Paix : L'Heure Bleu
ROSINE
Nuit de Chine : Toute la Foret
D'ORSAY
Le Charme : Toujours Fidele

Society now applies perfumes from Flaconettes. No other way will do—for has not Paris declared Flaconettes the smartest way to use precious extracts?

Nothing could be so *exquisite* as the Flaconette vial nestling in its satinum case. Nothing so *simple* and *economical* to apply—with the special applicator.

FLACONETTES form the final touch to a perfect toilette.

FLACONETTES containing about 100 applications, on sale at Drug, Dept. & Specialty Stores. But, to introduce FLACONETTES to you, we will forward any perfume you desire. Send money order, stamps or cash— adding 10c on each for war tax, packing and postage.

IMPORTERS EXCHANGE, Inc.
220 Fifth Ave. (Dept. M12) New York

DEALERS:
(Write for attractive proposition)

FONTAINE FOX — makes more than $200 a day!

for six drawings a week—more than $80,000 a year! Clare Briggs, Sid Smith, J. N. Darling, Fontaine Fox and many others get immense incomes from simple cartooning and illustrating ideas.

These men and more than 60 others of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists comprise the Federal Staff. They teach you their secrets and methods of their success that took them years to discover and perfect. If you have talent for drawing, capitalize your ability. Make it earn big money for you. Be successful by learning drawing from men who have achieved fame and fortune through drawing.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET—"A Road to Bigger Things." It explains the Federal method of instruction. Read of opportunities in the art world. Learn how you can qualify for a position paying big money. Your name, address and age together with 6c in stamps to cover postage will bring this book by return mail.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
1120 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis, Minnesota

This Man Earns $83 a Day

His name is J. F. James. He left school when he was a boy. He was down, but he refused to stay down. He worked! He studied! And today he is president of the Mascot Stove Company, of Chattanooga, Tenn., at a salary of $25,000 a year! He says that the I. C. S. "made his success possible."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? When everything has been made so easy—when so many other men are going forward to success—can you afford to let another priceless hour go to waste?

The way is easy. Without obligation or a penny of cost, mark and mail the coupon today and let us tell you how you, too, can win advancement and more money through spare-time study at home with the I. C. S.

— — — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6631 Scranton, Pa.

Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X

☐ DRAFTING	☐ Electrical Eng'ing	☐ Advertising
☐ Mechanical Engineering	☐ Stationary "	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Surveying	☐ CHEMISTRY	☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ Civil Service
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ STENOGRAPHY	☐ Mail Service

*Name*_____
Street
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

DR. ESENWEIN

Short-Story Writing

A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 115 Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

Why Be A Wallflower!

LEARN TO DANCE WELL --A NEW WAY Arthur Murray has invented a remarkable new method which enables *anyone* to learn all the newest steps *at home* in a few hours. The lessons are easy and fascinating. No music or partner necessary. *Positive success guaranteed.* 60,000 have learned to dance by mail. To prove that *you* can learn, two lessons given *free*, asking only that you send 25c for mailing, etc. Write *today*.

Teach Dancing: We have a special course for teachers.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 14, 290 B'way, N.Y.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

When Grandmother was a girl, she powdered her nose and the dimple in her chin with Lablache. Through all these years, it has remained steadfastly the same pure powder for the complexion. Sold today in the same old fashioned box.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

One Arabian Night

(*Continued from page* 55)

resolved themselves into two roughly dressed fellows, who seized upon the sack with greedy talons.

"Feel the weight of it!" cried one, swinging it violently, "a bundle of rugs from the bazaar!"

"Or a hundred-weight of figs!" said the other, starting as the old woman gave a groan. "Come! Let us be off and look into it later——"

Along the winding lanes to the bazaar they hurried, the old woman following as best she might, shuddering at every thump of the sack against the wall. In a dark archway, next to Nour-Ed-Din's shop, they proceeded to investigate, dropping their burden with a howl of horror when the limp body of the clown fell sprawling from the mouth of the sack.

As they turned to flee, they spied the row of chests before the silk-merchant's shop, awaiting the slaves to carry them to the palace. Lifting the lid of the nearest, they dumped the hunchback unceremoniously within and made off down the bazaar, diving into the shadow as if pursued by furies. The old woman fell a-laughing, despite the weight of her thoughts, as she watched the slaves, preceded by the waddling eunuch, carry off the chests, their shadows moving along the moon-white wall.

"Allah jests!" she mumbled. "A present for the new favorite! It serves the hussy well, too; she was always so unkind to poor Saidi. But wouldn't I like to be there when the chests are opened, tho!"

Alcazor, as it happened, was the one to find the grisly contents of the last chest. For an instant, being heavy-witted, he thought it was Nour-Ed-Din, but a faint scratching on the next chest reassured him. This one he ordered carried to the women's quarters and delivered to Zuleika. The one containing the distorted body of the clown he left in the court-yard, trusting to chance to find him an opportunity of having it carted away when the next day dawned.

"Small chance of the old Sheik's being curious about it tonight!" he muttered, shaking a pulpy fist toward the blazing casement of his master's apartments. "Not with a new lute to strum! Aye, and the old one making music for the handsome young merchant, and only old Alcazor to enjoy the secret!" and he winked at the moon, which turned a chaste white shoulder to him, scornful of such indelicacy.

The lights of the palace winked out. The nightingale's song sounded drowsy, drunken with roses, and a shadow moved upon the grass. In the magic of the moon the young Sheik, Sharkan, stood beneath the casements of his father's apartment, broad of shoulder, slim of hip. He whistled once, twice, the strain of a love song of the bazaars, and the casement moved, a white hand waved for a moment and was gone.

Laughing a low laugh of triumph, Sharkan laid hand on the rose trellis and began to climb. Beneath, in the courtyard, the lid of the chest lifted and Saidi peered out at the world he had hoped to leave. The wise man had been wiser than his client knew, and had given him a tablet that brought sleep, not death. "For he will be so overjoyed to find that he is not dead, after all, that he will pray Allah to shower me with blessings," that worthy reflected, "and, who knows, the boon of life I grant him may be a gift more precious than rubies or pearls of great price."

In the love-chamber of the old Sheik, the faithless favorite was held in the arms of the faithless son, and the beat of their two hearts was one. On the dais, the betrayed prince lay asleep and the moonlight crept across the floor unheeded until the clasped figures of the lovers were in the midst of a luminous pool. It was the sound of a kiss that awoke the old Sheik at last.

Sunk in their ecstasy, the two had no warning of their doom before the bright steel flashed down, sprinkling the dark with shattered drops of light, and the dancer, whose ambition had led her small flower-feet from a beggar's caravan across the threshold of a Sheik's chamber, fell from the arms that clasped her, scarlet lips still shaped into a kiss.

The young Sheik started up, but the reddened blade was before him. "Never again shall your fancy wander into your father's garden!" snarled the prince, with the intolerable jealousy of the old for those whose blood still runs hot and hasty in their veins.

Stepping across the outflung bodies that had so lately pulsed to the strong rhythm of life, the old Sheik strode to the door that led into the harem. Behind him the casement swung wide and a little shadow, twisted, malignant, moved on the moonlight, mingled with the dark and huddled heaps upon the floor, and a moan, weighted with all the woes of all the world, quivered thru the stricken silence.

In her apartment in the harem, Zuleika lifted her head at the rustle of the curtain from her lover's shoulder, to meet the red rage of the old Sheik's glare. Motionless, they saw him raise the blade of vengeance, then his arm fell. Like a man of rags, the Sheik crumpled down, no longer powerful and mighty, an ignominous thing of withered flesh—carrion, which could no longer care whether a woman were beautiful or a man were young.

Saidi, the hunchback, cast his tin clown-sword from him and salaamed. "You were kind to me," he said to Nour-Ed-Din. "My body is twisted, but my memory is straight." He pointed to the casement, thru which the first streaks of morning showed crimson on the sky. "The keeper of this gilded cage is dead and the birds may fly, and sing their songs in the free air! May Allah give you joy!"

Half-fearfully, half-incredulously, Zuleika and Nour-Ed-Din went out of the Sheik's palace into the new-minted day. No longer in the pale moonlight, sick with lover's sighs, they stood hand in hand, watching the Sultan Sun ascend his throne in the east, and kissed each other humbly, without desire, as children kiss.

And in the room above, Saidi, the hunchback, sat and cradled the dear, dark head of the dancer on his knees. He had lost her, yet he was not unhappy. Now, at last, she belonged to him alone; now, at last, he need not fear those others who had looked at her and won her glance and her smile. Now, at last, he could think of her without agony or longing, but in peace.

Thru the casement came the far-cry of the Muezzin, leaning from his tower, calling the city to prayer. "Allah is great! Allah is wise! There is no God but Allah!"

Yes, Allah is great, Allah is wise——

THE QUICKEST CHANGE

By F. V. Faulhaber

"What does a director do when a 'star' refuses to play in a certain picture? Get a different 'star'?"

"No. He gets a different scenario."

Even As You and I

(Continued from page 23)

and do my best to win its approval and regard.

"Besides, I believe the all-star pictures, such as William de Mille has been making, where a strong story, capable cast and sincere direction combine to make a worthy production, offer a splendid chance to a player. Pictures such as these are the ones which will live longer. Mr. de Mille is marvelous to work with; he is so sincere and so sure that motion pictures will develop into the greatest of the dramatic arts.

"Of course, I like to see pictures. I have my favorites. I admire Priscilla Dean's fire and dash; I adore Mary Pickford's genius, John Barrymore's artistry, and I think Conrad Nagel is a very fine actor. He has sincerity, depth and an intellectual power that will carry him far.

"My favorite rôle?" and while she repeated my question, she puckered her smooth forehead, mentally reviewing the series of recent films in which her excellent work has placed her among the most promising actresses of the screen.

"Perhaps I enjoyed developing the character of Maggie Wylie in 'What Every Woman Knows' more than anything else I have done," she replied, slowly. "It was an older part than I usually like, but there was so much in it. 'The Lost Romance,' I loved that, too. In fact, each picture I do, I am sure it is the very best of all. I prefer dramatic and emotional rôles, for they offer a wider opportunity for real acting, and I hope some day to do something really worth while in this line. I have high hopes for 'Miss Lulu Bett.'

"My first year with Lasky was spent in comedy, for I played opposite Bryant Washburn and Wallace Reid. Comedy is splendid training; laughter and tears are very closely related, and the actress who wants to do emotional work must understand comedy methods. Anyway, it is a wonderful thing to make people laugh."

Birmingham, Alabama, is Lois Wilson's native city, and, after being graduated from the Normal College in Livingston, she planned to teach school. She hoped to specialize on languages, and perhaps, some day, occupy the chair of languages in some big college, yet—and it was this *yet* that sent her into the studio in Chicago to ask Lois Weber for a chance before the camera.

Miss Weber, who has been the guiding spirit for so many aspiring young stars, must have felt the compelling force of the girl's desire, for she gave her a small part in the picture she was making, in which the famous dancer, Pavlowa, was the star.

The ambition smoldering in the youthful breast burst forth in full power with this encouragement, and Lois Wilson determined to *go on*, so when Miss Weber transferred her picture activities to Universal City, Calif., Lois came along, and she has been here ever since.

"Mother came to me in a few weeks," said Lois, recalling the important step, "the rest of the family following shortly. I tell you, they were good sports, weren't they?" and she smiled happily at her mother, who came in to tell Lois that Mrs. William de Mille had phoned, asking her to an informal dance that evening.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Lois, with enthusiasm. "We always have such good times there; the De Milles entertain beautifully."

As I left her, I felt I had come close to one whose dignity and strength promised well for the future of motion pictures. Lois Wilson will never fail to bring a true womanliness to her work, over which she will cast a glamour of a fine intelligence and high ambition.

Easy to Play

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to double your income, double your opportunities, and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Free Saxophone Book

It tells you what each Saxophone is best adapted for, when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. Ask for your copy.

(22-200)

BUESCHER TRUE-TONE ELKHART, IND.

BUESCHER

True-Tone Band Instruments

The greatest of all Professionals throughout the musical world use Buescher Band Instruments. In satisfying this most of all particular element, Buescher achievement has been doubly successful and effective in the recognition by the most noted Master Musicians of True-Tone quality pre-eminence. The illustrations below show a few of the many prominent ones who use Buescher True-Tone Band and Orchestra instruments.

The Buescher-Grand Cornet, with all its wonderful volume, is exceptionally easy to blow. Its "Split-No-Tone" Bell is an exclusive and patented feature.

Buescher-Grand Trombone enables you to do bigger things musically. Possesses an unrivaled smoothness and velvety ease in the slides and perfect balance.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO., 2122 Buescher Block, ELKHART, INDIANA

Tom Brown—Famous Comedian and Saxophonist, Six Brown Brothers.

John Gurewich—Sousa's noted Saxophone Soloist and Composer, New York, N.Y.

Charles Fry—Noted Band Director, Fry's Celebrated Band, Philadelphia

Clay Smith—Composer and Trombone Soloist, Smith-Spring-Holmes Co.

Be a Taxidermy Artist

Marvelous Book Sent FREE

You can *now* learn Taxidermy, the wonderful art of mounting *birds, animals, tanning skins, etc.* Learn at home, by mail. The free book tells how. *Mount your own trophies.* Decorate home and den. Interesting, fascinating, *big profits.* Join our school, 65,000 students. Success guaranteed. Get our free book without delay. Send *right now.*

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1529 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

REMOVES WRINKLES ALMOST INSTANTLY

and makes a dabby skin firm. Try a jar of my *Face Pack*—a pure herb treatment—and be convinced. Price $2.50. KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN, Dept. S, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York

AGENTS: Men and Women

wanted to sell our guaranteed indestructible Oriental Pearl Necklaces, direct from importer. Sells on sight, at a saving of 100% on retail price. Easy work, large profits and no stock to carry. Remarkable opportunity for members of Clubs, Colleges, Societies, Churches and Business Offices. Write for descriptive booklet. Patterson Importing Company, 512-M Flatiron Bldg., New York.

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS

send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

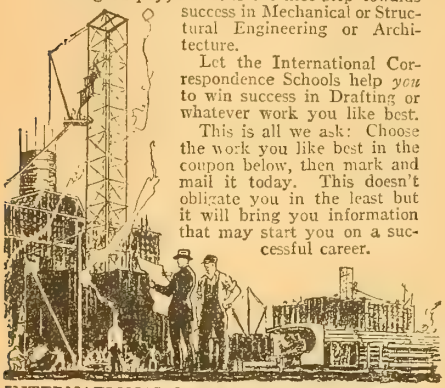
WHEN words fail, "Say it with Flowers"

Patronize your local florist.
You can "Say it with Flowers" anytime, anywhere—through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

An Easy, Fascinating Way to Learn

DRAFTING AT HOME

Employers are looking for skilled draftsmen. No line offers greater opportunity for advancement. Drafting itself not only commands good pay, but it is the first step towards success in Mechanical or Structural Engineering or Architecture.



Let the International Correspondence Schools help *you* to win success in Drafting or whatever work you like best.

This is all we ask: Choose the work you like best in the coupon below, then mark and mail it today. This doesn't obligate you in the least but it will bring you information that may start you on a successful career.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6630, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position or in the subject I have marked:

☐ DRAFTING ☐ ELECTRICITY
☐ AUTOMOBILES ☐ SURVEYING

Name_____

Address_____

Play the Hawaiian Guitar

Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Our complete course of 52 lessons includes **FREE** a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar, and 52 pieces of music. Special arrangements for lessons if you have your own guitar.

This makes a splendid Christmas gift.

Send Coupon NOW
Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... County..... State.....

Please write name and address clearly M.P.M.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 67*)

months of her life to assisting him in his fight to come back. To go further with the story would be to ruin the entire suspense. And suspense the story does possess, for things hereafter happen so quickly that it would be impossible to jump far ahead of the action. There are dramatic complications of the Enoch Arden variety, and there is a convenient, tho far-fetched, solution.

The cast is splendid, with Charles Meredith, Fontaine LaRue, Winifred Kingston, Lillian Rich and Spottiswoode Aitken supporting Ethel Clayton. Miss Clayton has played continually thru the last few years in program pictures, but she always brings to the story, however mediocre and banal it may be, her best efforts. She is without a doubt one of the most sincere actresses on the screen today.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—UNITED ARTISTS

Those who have read Alexander Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," and those who still have that treat in store for them, will enjoy the D'Artagnan of Douglas Fairbanks' and the shadowed story.

The story of the rural lad, D'Artagnan by name, who comes to the ancient city, and, thru his swordsmanship, becomes the companion of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, the Three Musketeers, eventually finding himself the central figure of intrigue, adventure and high romance, adapts itself beautifully to the screen. It affords many quickened pulsebeats and a sustained interest thruout.

Liberties have been taken with the original Dumas story, it is true, but in these days of censorship there was no choice in the matter. Mr. Fairbanks and his assistants undoubtedly felt that it was wiser to eliminate certain colorful episodes themselves—eliminate them carefully and cautiously—than to have them boldly lifted from the high points in the story by censoral shears. They managed this task with high efficiency and without impairing the story. For example, Milady de Winter is hardly the amorous lady Dumas painted her; Constance is the niece rather than the wife of Bonacieux, and D'Artagnan is spared several adventures.

However, as we said before, these changes have been deftly made and the production, while it might possibly have been better for their presence, is well worth while without them. No time or expense has been spared in making "The Three Musketeers" a splendid affair.

As the rural youth, Doug has endowed his characterization with a local color; but later, as the beplumed and dashing cavalier, he is often typical of the land of the erstwhile free and the present home of the brave.

The rest of the cast is colorful and the settings are extravagant, breathing the spirit of the time, and in every instance the proper background for the action.

The screen is richer indeed because of "The Three Musketeers."

THE IDLE CLASS—FIRST NATIONAL

Every once in a while Charles Spencer Chaplin gives the screen a masterpiece—to-wit: "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid." In between, he keeps to his schedule with less worthy efforts, which are, nevertheless, better than the majority of similar productions. Such a production is "The Idle Class."

The beloved Charlie is cast in a dual rôle, even as is every star now and then—he is the well-groomed husband and a tramp. And those who have felt that the Chaplin comedy was responsible for its being to the patched trousers, huge shoes and natty cane, owe it to themselves to see Mr. Chaplin as the well-groomed husband.

To attempt relating the plot would be futile, for it is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. Suffice it to say, that golf enthusiasts will undoubtedly enjoy the golf episode. The central idea about which the production is entwined is of mixed identities and a masque ball.

Edna Purviance again plays opposite Mr. Chaplin, and causes you to hope that the rumor that she is soon to be given an opportunity to prove her worth is not without foundation.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—UNITED ARTISTS

The greatest attraction of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," to our mind, was Miss Pickford's portrayal of Dearest; next we liked Claude Gillingwater as the Earl of Dorincourt; next, the settings and photography, and next Miss Pickford as Little Lord Fauntleroy. Nor does this necessarily mean that we didn't find Mary very enjoyable as the little Lord. It does not. We simply found the other things, previously mentioned, even more enjoyable.

Little old New York, the rolling English lawns, the turreted castle with its curving driveways and old gardens, its great baronial hall—these settings and others, thanks to artistic workmanship and selection and expert photography, resemble old tapestries mellowed by the touch of passing years—against them the characters move with beauty.

As Dearest, mother of the Little Lord, Miss Pickford gives a shadow portrait which is the acme of artistry. She has made the mother pathetically whimsical—understandable. Her golden curls piled high upon her head, her tiny form encased in basques and hoops, she seems an old painting come to life. We do not think that even time will dim our memory of her Dearest.

And that Mary Pickford is truly the artist is evinced by the fact that she has permitted Claude Gillingwater every opportunity in the rôle of the grandfather. His Earl of Dorincourt is identical to the word-picture of the Earl Frances Hodgson Burnett gave her readers. We venture the hope that he will remain within the shadow fold.

As for the Little Lord himself, Miss Pickford has undoubtedly the gift of eternal childhood. She has mastered the slight swagger of the little boy, along with many other characteristics—with her curls in evidence and velvet breeches and old laces, she has created a charming Little Lord Fauntleroy, even if you are always aware that it is your beloved Mary Pickford portraying that character. In several scenes, she does splendid work, but every audience will adore her meeting with her crotchety grandfather—and later the parting——

The story of Cedric Errol, who lives in New York with his widowed mother until his grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt, sends for him to come to England, where he will be prepared for the title which will some day be his to share, is familiar to every one who remembers the bedtime story hour.

It was not a simple task to bring this popular book to the screen, and at times the action is inclined to drag slightly. Nevertheless, everyone who sees the production will be glad that Mary Pickford elected to bring the story to the screen.

Naturally, the fact that Miss Pickford

(*Continued on page 97*)

THE DECEMBER

Shadowland

has a sensational feature in the second of a series of articles by

Theodore Dreiser

one of America's foremost men of letters and the master realist of our literature on

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

Mr. Dreiser is now in the Western center of motion picture making, and his articles, of a distinctly sensational nature, will present his findings. The November SHADOWLAND carries his first article, and the second is even more sensational. There are a number of other notable features, aside from the many beautiful pictures.

Be sure to get the

—DECEMBER—

Shadowland

I Teach Piano a Funny Way

So People Told Me When I First Started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I am able to make them successful players of the piano or organ *in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.*

To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me **by mail.**

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is **entirely different** from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent **entirely away from the keyboard**—learning something about Harmony and the Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish **twice as much,** because you **understand** what **you are doing.** Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. **You actually see the fingers move.** Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot always be accurate—you have the correct model before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained **only from me** and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO
From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all **essential** ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is **far superior** to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing **better** at **any** price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

My course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend any course that did not maintain the highest musical standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

MARCUS LUCIUS QUINN
CONSERVATORY of MUSIC
Studio MG 32
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

FREE BOOK COUPON

QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio MG-32,
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Remember—All Advertising in Motion Picture Magazine is guaranteed by Brewster Publications, Inc.

FREE PROFESSIONAL TONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this **free** trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 127 Chicago, Illinois

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Dr. Lawton October, 1916 —weight 211 pounds

Dr. Lawton using his Fat Reducer

Dr. Lawton February, 1917 —weight 152 pounds—a reduction of 59 pounds

Few Days Shows Reduction

NO need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my FAT REDUCER has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tisues into waste matter which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

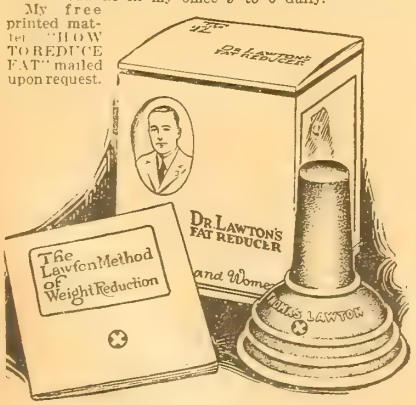
The cost of FAT REDUCER is $5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your REDUCER TODAY. Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter "HOW TO REDUCE FAT" mailed upon request.

Fatty arms quickly reduced, also takes away fatty parts top of corsets and reduces fatty ankles

Reduced bust safely

Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 58, New York

No Woman Knows

(*Continued from page 35*)

for a while at least. I've taken a job with her father——"

When she had read as far as this, Fanny put down the letter. She looked quite impersonally at the pictured face, a coarse, cheaply handsome creature, with masses of frizzled hair and a conscious smirk. Yes, Ted would have been likely to marry her kind. Except for his music, he had had common tastes, and had had to be dragged away from the livery stable office many times in his small boyhood. For this creature, her mother had lavished her strength and spent her life; for the daughter of a butcher, she herself had stifled every girlish desire for pretty clothes and good times—had saved and sacrificed!

She handed the letter and picture to Father Fitzpatrick and went deliberately to her mother's blurry mirror, appraising the face that looked back at her. When she turned, the old priest uttered an exclamation. It was as tho he saw another woman, older, harder, with the firmness of her chin, the grimness of her mouth more in evidence than ever, yet handsomer, with the color in her cheeks, the gleam in her eyes, than she had ever been.

"You—you dont look like Fanny Brandeis!" he cried, confusedly, and she answered in a brisk, new tone, "I'm not Fanny Brandeis! She was a fool, and I'm going to be wise! There's nothing in this self-sacrifice stuff. Look where it's brought *her*"—she gestured passionately to the still form on the bed, with the worry-wrinkles deep-cut between the closed eyes as tho, even in death, Molly was beset. "I've given up all I'm going to for other people! If I ever feel myself getting generous or unselfish again, I'm going to tear it out of my heart and trample it underfoot!" She was melodramatic, pitiful, yet vaguely terrifying with this strange new cynical smile on her lips.

"Fanny, girl, what's this you're saying?" begged the old priest. "Sure, you dont mean such wickedness!"

"I mean everything, and more, too!" she declared. "As soon as the funeral is over, I'm going to Chicago and get a job. And I'm going to succeed. I'm going to make money, and have good clothes, and get my hair done and my finger nails polished, and spend everything I make on myself."

He was aghast before such heresy. He stammered in his confusion: "But you cant do it, Fanny, my girl!"

She thought that he meant she could not succeed. "If I can sell things to Winnebago folks, who dont want to spend money, I can sell 'em to Chicago folks, who wear pink silk underclothes every day in the week!" she said. "I'll start in a small place in the mail order house we've bought from, and *I'll go up to a high place!*"

"I dont mean you cant succeed, Fanny," the old man said gently. "What I meant was, you cant stop being yourself, the unselfish, warm-hearted girl you've been all your life. You've got an incurable habit of being good, Fanny, avourneen!"

But she shook her head impatiently. "Something's dead in me here"—she touched her breast—"I'm different! This Fanny Brandeis wants *things*—silk things, and silver and gold things, and soft things! And she's going to get them, too!"

A week later Fanny left for Chicago, and Winnebago learned that she had taken a place in the big firm which sold churns and kimonos and automobiles and kitchen cabinets by mail. "She's got a level head on her," Winnebago admitted. "It stands to reason, you can make more money where there *is* more money, but it'll seem funny to be telling Jud Mason, over the counter of the Bazaar, what size shirt you wear!"

In another year Winnebago was proudly pointing to the encyclopedia-size catalog of the great mail order house as "the firm that Fanny Brandeis runs." And the stranger within its gates had to listen to the story of her spectacular rise from opening letters to head buyer for infants' wear, *and* a trip to Paris once every year, all expenses paid. Doc Meyers had been to Chicago and seen her in her office, all shiny mahogany furniture, and a carpet your feet sank right down into—everything stylish as a Pullman car! And she wore plain dresses and no diamond necklaces, but there was an *air* to 'em. Her hair was kind of red now, and done like in pictures, and her finger-nails were shiny enough to see your face in them!

As she sat at her desk on a spring morning two years after her transformation into the new Fanny, a faint whiff of lilacs blown from far country lanes across the city roof-tops, brought a sudden vision of the dark Bazaar, piled with garments in bales, with the empty aprons on the steel forms by the door, fluttering in another lilac-scented breeze.

Fanny Brandeis laughed softly aloud, listening to the stir of the great building, the whirring of presses, the rasp of a nearby dictaphone, the tumult of the city's feverish life below. Yes, she had succeeded! She was accustomed now to the feel of silk next her skin, she took taxicabs and fine restaurants and beauty parlors for granted. Her apartment on the Lake Front boasted a neat French maid, and one of the most expensive views in Chicago. A tiny grey sedan waited for her every morning in front of the door, at a pressure of her finger on the button there would bring a deferential secretary. Only yesterday, she had been interviewed by Dollie Grey, the sob-sister on Clarence Hoyl's paper, and the interview lay on the desk before her now, headed, "Successful Business Woman Says Men are Unnecessary to a Woman's Happiness."

She smiled complacently as she read the words. They probably made Clarence furious. He objected to her independence, the charming apartment—her work—and Michael Fenger. Indeed, he objected to almost everything about the new Fanny; yet he kept coming back to quarrel with her. And every quarrel ended by his asking her to marry him.

Marriage—it was something that never occurred to her now, even when Michael Fenger, who was the manager of the firm and had fat white hands and a passion for system, mentioned it, as he sometimes did when he was sentimental after a cocktail, or when they sat in a box watching some romantic play. Since Ted had come to live with her, and brought little Yvonne——

Her lips curved in the absurd, kissing shape a woman's mouth wears when she thinks of babies. Poor Ted's marriage had been calamitous, but the baby was delicious, a gurgling, rosy mite who had no idea that her aunt was a Successful Business Woman, and considered that she was a Lap, and a Lullaby, and a Head-of-Hair to pull. The butcher-interval had not been propitious to genius, but Ted had wonderful plans for the future, tho he was rather inclined for the present to lie on the couch and smoke too many cigarets——

"Well, when does the Great American Virtuoso make his *dèbut?*"

Fanny turned, to find Michael Fenger

standing behind her, smiling unctuously. From his glistening brown *toupée* to his sparkling patent-leather shoes, he was the epitome of Success. Fanny's gaze considered him critically. He was the kind of man she ought to admire, yet she was always conscious of an odd feeling when his small, unwinking eyes fixed themselves upon her—as if, somehow, she hadn't enough clothes on——

Yet, he was rich, he had power and position; he had promised to help Ted start his career on the concert stage. She would probably end by marrying him. But when he came toward her now and laid one puffy white hand on her arm, she rose with a little nervous laugh, pretending that she had wanted the window down. "It smells of spring," she explained, turning back. "It makes me lazy! An intermittent attack of spring fever, I suppose——"

"Gad, but you're pretty this morning!" said Fenger, in a queer, thick voice. And before she knew it, she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers, thick, purplish lips, moist and flabby. She sprang from him, unconsciously lifting an arm to defend herself from the greed of those lips, the hot clutch of his hands.

"No!" she said, breathlessly. "*No*—that isn't—love"—she hardly knew what she was saying. The words spoke themselves.

Michael Fenger laughed raucously. "Love! You talk like a school-girl. Next thing, you'll be saying 'where did I come from when the doctor brought me in his black bag?'" He snapped his fingers and his diamonds flashed sharp, cold fires. "Love! You're a sensible woman; you know what's what! I got the things you want—money, a big house, a yacht, position! They're the only things that count in this world, and you know it!"

Fanny had a curious sensation of hearing words that she had heard once before, in some unremembered existence. What he was saying was her own creed—and yet——

She was immensely thankful to her secretary when she knocked on the door and announced a business caller. Yet she meant to accept Michael Fenger—sometime. He took his dismissal ungraciously, and his scowl reminded her that her position, her success—the things she had worked for so tirelessly—all depended upon this man's favor. She smiled up into his lowering face, deliberately. "Come to see me tonight!" she murmured, knowing that he took the words as acquiescence, believing quite honestly that she meant them so.

Yet, when she fitted her key into her own door that evening—she never rang nowadays, for fear of waking the baby—her heart was strangely heavy, and she remembered with a pang of relief that it was the maid's afternoon out. She and Ted would have supper together, and afterward she would have time to rock the baby to sleep before Fenger came——

But the apartment was silent—deserted. In the pretty living-room, with its view of the lake, tossing in the sunset, she found Ted's note, pinned to the lamp-shade.

"Dear Sis:—I got a cable an hour ago that Yvonne was back. It wasn't her fault that she left me—that damned actor was to blame. Of course, I'm going—there's a boat for Boulogne this afternoon. Thanks for all you've done—Ted.

"P. S. I didn't take the violin. I wont have much use for it now."

When Clarence Hoyl pushed open the unlatched door of the apartment an hour later and stepped into the hall, he paused, amazed at what he heard. Could it be that a Successful Business Woman ever cries when she is by herself? Cries with great gasps and little gulps and sniffles, like any other woman who is unhappy and alone?

At [illegible]

A. Earl Kauffman, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay, "The Leopard Lady," won Second Prize of $1,500. Mr. Kauffman writes:

"I didn't win the $1,500 prize. The Palmer Plan won it. But I'm going to spend it."

Francis White Elijah, Chicago War Worker, whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won First Prize of $2,500. Mrs. Elijah writes:

"You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Read for giving me an opportunity to succeed and how thankful I am to the Palmer institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."

Anna B. Mezquida, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay, "The Charm Trader," won Third Prize of $1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way. Screen technique is so different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately"

$5,000 To Three Palmer Students

Will you send for the free Van Loan Questionnaire that revealed to them their unsuspected talent?

ALL three prizes in the J. Parker Read, Jr., scenario contest have been awarded to writers who, until a few months ago, had written nothing for the screen.

All three prize winners attributed their success directly to the training of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

$2,500—$1,500—$1,000—these were the rewards that came to them because they had courage enough to clip a coupon and test their ability to write for the screen.

Will you, in your own home, make the simple test of creative imagination and story telling ability, by filling out the questionnaire designed by H. H. Van Loan, the famous master of the photodrama, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly professor of short story writing at Northwestern University? The questionnaire will be sent free, without the slightest obligation, as a part of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation's nation-wide search for story telling talent for the screen.

Will you clip the coupon below and make the test? The effort required is trivial; the possible rewards are immense.

2000 New Scenarios Must Be Found

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is in business first of all to *sell* photoplays to producers. Look over the list of the Advisory Council; see the leaders who constitute it. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that *writing ability* and *story telling* ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a *few can write; thousands can tell a story* and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding those thousands in homes and offices all over the land. The producers are ready and anxious to pay from $500 to $2,500 for their stories.

Try, at Least. Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

The questionnaire prepared by Mr. Van Loan and Professor MacLean is for our protection as well as yours. If you have story telling talent we want to help you develop it. If you have no story telling ability we want to discover that and tell you frankly. For unless you can write scenarios that we can sell we do not profit

We will treat the questionnaire confidentially; we will be perfectly frank. But for your own sake, and for the sake of the future of the motion picture industry, send for the questionnaire and try, at least.

The cost is nothing. The rewards in the case of Mrs. Elijah, Mr. Kauffman and Mrs. Mezquida were immediate money—and a profession which insures constant income, fame and satisfaction.

Clip the coupon, put in an envelope and mail; who can tell *what* the rewards in your case may be?

With the questionnaire we will send you a *free* sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guide of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is primarily a clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers. It is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Its Department of Education is a training school for the development of men and women whose ability is worth training. This department is literally combing the country for the right kind of story telling talent.

Advisory Council

Thomas H. Ince
Thomas H. Ince Studios
Cecil B. De Mille
Director General *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
Lois Weber
Lois Weber Productions, Inc.
Jesse L. Lasky
Vice-President *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
C. Gardner Sullivan
Author and Producer
Frank E. Woods
Chief Supervising Director *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*
James R. Quirk
Editor and Publisher, *Photoplay Magazine*
Allan Dwan
Allan Dwan Productions
Rob Wagner
Author and Screen Authority.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, M-12
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Richard Barthelmess

in his first picture since
he's been his own boss

"Tol'ble David"

DICK BARTHELMESS needs no introduction. You all know him for his fine work in scores of pictures. He has now organized his own company and is working for himself and you. And he's a First National star.

First National picked Mr. Barthelmess because his fine work in the past is a sure promise for even better work in the future as an independent artist. First National's pictures are all made by independent stars and directors and the work of these artists is accepted for exhibition purposes strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer pictures and who are striving for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

Look for First National's trademark on the screen. It is the sign of pictures of the highest entertainment value.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1st, 1921. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Managing Editor, FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor-in-chief. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of Sept., 1921. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

sprang up with a scream, that turned into a teary laugh when she saw who it was. "I thought—Michael Fenger"—suddenly she was clinging to him with panicky hands, and his arms were around her. "Oh, Clare! Clare—I'm sick to death of being efficient and successful and independent! I want someone to worry for fear I'm in a draft, and call me 'honey,' and hold hands under the tablecloth! I want to put on a percale wrapper—a dollar-eighty-nine—and cook bacon and eggs in a blue-and-white kitchen! I want to lean my elbows on a back-yard fence and talk with the next-door woman about what to do when the baby is teething——"

It was the old Fanny back again, in spite of the hennaed hair, and the crumpled Paris gown. His heart gave a great throb of thankfulness, but he only said with a quiver running thru his deep tone: "And me—you want me, too, dont you—Honey?"

She looked up at him, and there was a poem in her blue eyes, a love poem, all sweetness and silliness and youngness. But, being Fanny herself, she could not tell him what was in her heart. Still, perhaps he guessed.

Then, against his shoulder, "We'll go to Winnebago to be married," planned Fanny, happily. "I know now what it was that the lilacs made me think of—a honeymoon! Winnebago would be the loveliest place for a honeymoon in all the world. And I'd sort of like to buy my trousseau at the Bazaar"—her eyes grew dreamy. "I know just where to find them, on the shelf above the dress-shields and notions—Wedding Veils, three dollars-sixty-nine——"

The Altar of Alcohol

(*Continued from page* 21)

I enjoy the company of the members of the European royal families better than that of my own countrymen, or of Americans. In other words, that I am a snob. Whether or not that is true, right here in Hollywood I have found as many crowned heads as I ever found in Europe. Only here they are crowned with the crown of success and achievement.

"A diadem does not interest me, but I love the Infanta of Spain, as I did many members of the Russian royal house, because, as individuals, they were intellectual and agreeable. It is their business to study and be interesting.

"I think movie folk should also make it their business. But I have never found a class of people so generous, so broad-minded and so self-sacrificing as the player-people of Hollywood. Hollywood, at present, is brimful of splendid raw material—almost perfect—but in many instances this raw material in the shape of young men is slipping distressingly downhill."

"You are going to champion the people of the movies, I understand, in a series of articles you are writing for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?"

"I am," answered Madam Glyn, adjusting a lavender pillow behind her shoulders with hands which are white and firm. "I am going to tell about the Hollywood I know after a sojourn of months in its midst—I am not going to be fearful of facts—but I am going to tell, too, of the sincere and earnest folk, the indefatigable workers I have met—I am glad of this opportunity to champion the people who have made the world's recreation hours such pleasant affairs."

Elinor Glyn sees Hollywood in comparison to the intellectual courts of the old countries—she knows life minutely—the movie folk are fortunate in her championship at the present moment.

Instead of the Silken Gloria

(*Continued from page 29*)

right thinking. I feel sure that any success which has come to me has come largely because I've always felt quite sure that it would come—some day."

"And how about that misfortune which comes now and then," we asked; "would you avoid it if you could?"

"I know that I could not if I would—to put it that way. However, I think that it is always infinitely wiser to take things as you find them. I have never been afraid of life. I'm curious about every single phase of it. When old age comes to me, I want to feel that my cup of living is brimming over."

"Old age," we repeated; "what of it? Does it terrify you?"

"No." She traced the golden threading in her gown thoughtfully. "By cultivating a mentality, you build a storehouse for age, and it is a pleasant and profitable business. Youth is inclined to go serenely on from day to day, finding its pleasure in the things which belong to youth—charming parties, smart clothes. And these things have no part in age. If you have acquired nothing else thru the years, then age must be terrifying. It is my ambition to possess some small degree of the knowledge Elinor Glyn possesses today. She is a very wonderful woman. Age need hold no terror for her. And I'm sure she has found a greater pleasure in her quest for knowledge than she could have derived from so many of the things upon which we are often tempted to build our very lives themselves."

She smiled.

"I admire the woman of today so very much. Man has dropped behind a bit, I think. And if woman had not advanced, the world would have stood still. It is a natural reaction to what has so recently gone before. It is a story old as the ages. It has happened before—remember the Amazons—and it will happen again. In the interim——" She stretched both pearl-jeweled hands before her comprehensively.

She has, perhaps, one of the clearest senses of values we have ever encountered. She is avid for knowledge and for life. We doubt if she cherishes eidolons, for in the very truths of living she has been able to find for herself an overwhelming beauty. Yet intermingled with her comprehension and sophistication, you find a clear strain of girlhood, manifested in her enthusiasm, her great and unalterable belief, her momentary wonderment.

It was pleasant to talk with her that afternoon while the first dim violet shadows stole thru the windows into the faintly musk-scented room——

And it was pleasanter still to find her as we found her——

Instead of the silken Gloria.

CLIMAXES

By Clarence E. Flynn

One climax comes in every play,
And only one;
And after it has had its day
The struggle's won.
Untangled is each vagrant thread;
Sad hearts to happiness are led;
And, with the days all fair ahead,
The play is done.

One climax comes in every life,
And only one—
The apex of our human strife,
The race we run.
Then woes are banished, tears are dried;
Our answered questions put aside;
Life's dearest hope is satisfied;
Then life is [illegible]

Jewelry Bargains

Send No Money

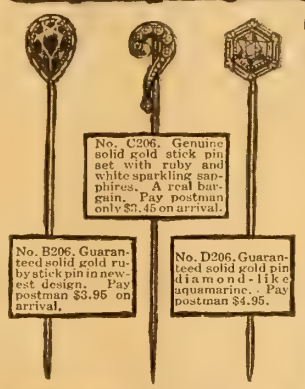
No. A206—Send for this rich looking gold filled combination watch bracelet today. A $10 value with adjusted 7 jewel movement. Gold filled case Guaranteed to wear ten years. A stem wind and stem set model and looks like a very expensive watch. The picture shows how handsome it is and the gold dial adds to its attractiveness. The bracelet is flexible and will fit any wrist. Has velvet and silk lined box. Excellent time pieces. Send no money. Rush your name and address only. When the postman delivers your watch to your door pay $4.95. Money back if not satisfied after examination.

$4.95 Post Paid

Bar Pin

No. S206—Genuine platanoid with 5 indestructible pearls and four sparkling brilliants. Very stylish Postpaid.

$1.95


No. C206. Genuine solid gold stick pin set with ruby and white sparkling sapphires. A real bargain. Pay postman only $3.45 on arrival.
No. B206. Guaranteed solid gold ruby stick pin in newest design. Pay postman $3.95 on arrival.
No. D206. Guaranteed solid gold pin diamond-like aquamarine. Pay postman $4.95.

All your friends will admire and envy these exquisite pearls. Their beautiful sheen, color, and even gradation make them difficult to distinguish from orientals. 20 in.

$5.95 Post Paid

Deltah Pearl Necklace

No. K206 20 inches. Pay postman $5.95 on arrival. 24 inches. Pay postman $6.95 on arrival. Delivered free in beautiful box as pictured. Money back if not satisfied.

No. E206 Guaranteed solid gold newest design onyx stone. Pay postman $4.95 on arrival.

No. G206 Guaranteed solid gold signet ring. Hand engraved. Monogram free. State initials. Pay postman $4.95 on arrival

No. F206 Genuine solid gold signet ring. Monogram free. State initials. Pay postman $3.85 on arrival.

SOLID GOLD No. V206 Standard thin model 14K solid gold wedding ring $4.95

Military Brushes

No. L206 Ebonized tops. Fine cemented bristles. Leatherette case. Postpaid. **$1.49**

Cuff Links

No. W206 Gold filled beautifully chased, loose links. **$1.95**

No. B206 Fine gold filled 18-in. Chain, Cameo center, 1 rhinestone and pearl drop. Pay postman **$2.50**

Vacuum Bottle

No. K206 Holds one quart. Keeps liquids hot or cold. Ideal for motoring or late suppers. Postpaid.

$2.20

Write for our big FREE Catalog

Mahogany Clock

No. X206—This beautiful genuine mahogany sessions mantle clock makes a handsome ornament. Large dial, plain numerals, accurate movement.

$6.35

No. J206 Handsome gold filled pen knife with two steel blades. Suitable to be worn on watch chain. Pay postman $1.50 on arrival.

Silver Set

No. L206—Here is an opportunity to get a 26-piece famous Rogers nickel silver dinner set at a bargain. 6 knives, 6 tea spoons, 6 tablespoons, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar shell. Delivered free in beautiful box. Pay postman

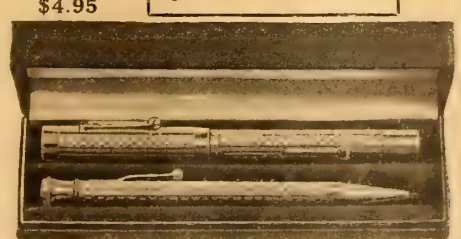
$7.95 on arrival

26 Piece Silver Set $7.95 Postpaid

Pen and Pencil Set

No. G206—14K Gold filled self filler fountain pen and pencil. Both have patented safety clip. 14K pen point. Postpaid

$4.95



HOW TO ORDER

Send no money. Just mention article and size when ordering rings. Pay postman the amount of your order when he delivers goods to your door. We pay postage.

Empire City Mfg. Co. Dept. 206 - 138 - 5th Ave. New York

Once I was gray!

Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and you can soon make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean daintiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

Fill out coupon carefully and enclose lock of hair if possible. Trial package and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle from druggist or direct from us. Don't risk cheap substitutes and ruin your hair.

Mary T. Goldman, 869 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 869 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black____ jet black____ dark brown____
medium brown____ light brown____

Name _____
Street _____ Town _____
Co. _____ State _____

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S
Toilet Preparations

For more than 50 years, these distinctive preparations have been established in the favor of the American gentlewoman. Today they are still made exclusively in our own laboratories, from the same pure ingredients—under the same fine personal supervision—as in 1868!

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25c.

DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL In powder or cake form. Free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 25c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 25c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

"ZEE BEAUTIFUL GIRL PICTURES"

10 wonderful poses, $1; 18 specials, $2. Genuine "Taken from Life" Photographs. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

BAIRART CO., Dept. 953, St. Louis, Mo.

TRUE BEAUTY

AND POWER TO FASCINATE
come only with health. Bring out all Mother Nature's charms by using a delicious, strength-giving malted food

HEMO

to make new red blood.

Samples and booklet "Beauty and Health" sent free upon request

THOMPSON'S MALTED FOOD COMPANY
DEPT. 31 Waukesha Wisconsin

The Barrie Director

(*Continued from page* 57)

appointment was made for that very afternoon.

On my way to the Robertson apartment, it suddenly occurred to me that John S. Robertson was one star director who delivers with perennial regularity the motion picture that sets all filmland agog. There is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore, date, 1920, and Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," date, 1921. Wont Barrie's "Peter Pan," which the author and Mrs. Robertson will adapt, be a 1922 Robertson production that will create a sensation greater even than that of "Sentimental Tommy"?

Who is Director Robertson, and what ideas has he that influence Famous Players to give him such tremendous stories to make into pictures?

That is precisely what I wanted to unearth without any delay. Therefore, a close-up of ye interviewer traveling at a dizzy pace toward Broadway and the Fifties.

Mrs. Robertson greeted me at the threshold, apologizing for the chaotic condition of the room. "It has been one grand rush for one solid week," she sighed.

At this moment, Mr. Robertson entered the room. There emanates from him a certain quiet strength that inspires calm and confidence and makes one feel easily at home. Mrs. Robertson excused herself on the plea of looking after several knotty matters that had to be solved by the morrow.

Mr. Robertson expressed keen pleasure in being entrusted with the screen version of "Peter Pan." It means much to both him and Mrs. Robertson in going abroad to confer with Sir James. The skeptics scoffed at the idea of any motion picture director being capable of preserving with any faithfulness the whimsy and delicacy and subtlety of Barrie via the silversheet. Mrs. Robertson, as scenario writer, and Mr. Robertson, as director, have proved that Barrie can be given to the world at large thru the medium that reaches all civilized (?) peoples.

I asked Mr. Robertson if he believed the story was the thing in making pictures, to which he agreed most emphatically.

"Make the most of the story," he continued. "I dont believe in dragging in gorgeous sets and a galaxy of handsome men and women to embellish a picture. The sets, in my opinion, should be in tone with the mood of the story. They should not be incorporated in the picture with the purpose of enrapturing the eye, leaving the story to hang in midair until the prodigal scene is completed. The sets, I believe, should be in harmony with the story. If anything, they should be subservient. The story must hold by the dramatic intensity of its plot. And the plot, the plot that I, personally, perfer is that which unfolds thru character conflict—conflict thru the differences of character rather than conflict thru physical force.

"Physical force is brought about largely thru situations that do not bear much relation to life. The serial is kept going by physical force. There is no conflict thru differences of character in this branch of pictures.

"In 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' the story is unfolded and the dramatic element injected thru the conflict of good and evil in Dr. Jekyll. He is morbidly infatuated in the evil nature he can bring into existence by drinking the chemical mixture he invents in his laboratory. Here the conflict is within the one man.

"In 'Sentimental Tommy,' on the other hand, it is difference of character in two people which bring about the conflict that makes the plot such a fascinating one. Grizel is a girl with a one-track mind. Tommy is a youth with a many-track mind. He cannot understand Grizel's mind; it irks him. Grizel cannot understand his; it distresses her. The friction of the two causes the conflict, which lasts until it is discarded thru compromise.

"Drama, of course, is conflict. It is the conflict of characters that I am chiefly interested in, rather than in extravaganza pictures.

"The obvious delineation of character is more tiresome and certainly less appealing even than lavish sets. Subtlety should be the keynote. It is in real life. Why caricature motion picture characters?"

There was still another point I wanted to put to Director Robertson. That of the sex story. "Do you believe in it?"

"Emphatically, no! Not in the way the term is usually used. I do not believe in the salacious sex story. To portray life accurately and faithfully, the sex story cannot be abandoned. But there is a difference between the two. The salacious sex story appeals to the baser instincts. Any of the lusts that are stressed too much are detrimental to motion pictures. The pictures built on such themes will eventually become extinct. Succeeding them will be stories that appeal from the standpoint of decency.

"This may be known as 'the censorship within.' Censorship without is the deathknell of pictures. It means catering to forty-eight States—should every State have a censorship board, as they threaten to have. It means ripping and cutting a picture to pieces, for how can mere mortal please one hundred and forty-four people who are strangers to motion pictures? Censorship within is a barricade against encroaching laymen. But it means a radical change in screen stories; more time and considerably more interest devoted to choosing the proper stories.

"Of course, this does not mean creating characters that are little saints. That is swinging the pendulum to the other extreme. The story should be human. 'Sentimental Tommy' is such a story. A human story is one wherein the good and the bad fluctuate. It was the thinker who sagely diagnosed: 'there is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us'——

"So, in motion picture characters. A little of each. In that little of each and in the logical development of the character lies the subtlety that either makes a picture very good or very poor."

There was a pause. Mrs. Robertson entered, smiling happily, as tho the knotty problems had been solved and the world was beginning to appear normal again.

"The American public will be eager to know about your plans for 'Peter Pan,'" I volunteered.

"So will we," she said with a laugh. "John and I will be 'Peter Pans' ourselves by the time we land on the other side. Our one shipboard plan is to read Barrie's story until we are part of it; until we think as Peter Pan would think, act as Peter Pan would act, eat as Peter Pan would eat."

Mr. Robertson nodded. And I wondered, suddenly, if Mr. Robertson had *been* Sentimental Tommy and Grizel when he made this first real Barrie story live on the screen in the persons of Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy. I put the question. Mr. Robertson nodded. "Yes," he said.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Motion Picture
CLASSIC
for December

OF SPECIAL interest in this number are the interviews and picture pages of **film folk** who have "gone and got married" or got engaged, as the case may be, and are now enjoying the cream of romance in real life.

There is a double page of scenes and descriptions of the best **stage plays** of the new season.

There are character stories—of **Jewel Carmen** by **Capitola Williams Ashworth,** of **Rudolph Valentino** by **Herbert Howe,** of **Norma Talmadge** by **Adele Whitely Fletcher,** and of numerous other luminaries who are in the public eye at present.

Interesting fiction in this number will be the novelization of **"Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary Pickford's** latest production, of **"Star Dust," Hope Hampton's** last picture and of **"The Single Track," Corinne Griffith's** forthcoming photoplay.

Some of your favorites are sure to appear in

The
December Issue of
Motion Picture
CLASSIC

The Famous YORK Saxophone

The Easiest Instrument To Play

SENT TO YOU ON FREE TRIAL

Yes, you can have the world famous YORK Saxophone shipped to you on 10 days' **FREE TRIAL.** Play on it at home for 10 full days. **No obligation to buy. Convince yourself** of its superb quality and richness of tone.

Then, if you are not more than pleased with the instrument, simply ship it back to us, and it won't cost you a penny.

In fact, you can get any fine band instrument made by the House of York on FREE TRIAL. Send the coupon below for beautifully illustrated literature, and take your pick of the following:

Saxophones Cornets Trombones
Clarinets Drums Baritones

Easy Payments

You can pay while learning to play. Make a small payment down and the balance in monthly remittances. We send you everything you need—carrying case, and all necessary attachments.

Send Coupon Now

Fill out the coupon **now** with your name and address, and simply mention the instrument you are interested in and we will send illustrated circulars and the full details of our Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan. These circulars tell you **how to practice and how to learn to play. Send coupon today.**

J. W. YORK & SONS
Dept. 1809, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Established in 1882

FREE COUPON
J. W. YORK & SONS
Dept. 1809, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kindly mail me, without cost to me, your beautifully illustrated circulars, and also details of your Free Trial and Easy Payment Offer.

Name .....
Address .....
Instrument .....
(Mention above instrument most interested in)

PROFESSIONAL ENGAGEMENTS
depend largely on your having a perfect figure. Round out the hollows of your face, neck, bosom and arms by taking Natural Flesh Builder. No drugs or medicine, but simply a food tonic you make at home. No cooking or difficulty to prepare. Nourishes and rebuilds wasted tissues and eliminates weariness. Send $2.00 for formula.
NATURAL FLESH BUILDER,
P. O. Box 523, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

Copy this Sketch
and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **Landon Picture Charts** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what 30% can accomplish. *Please state age.*
THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WEAR GENUINE DIA-GEMS

Genuine **DIA-GEMS** are now offered direct to you from importers at wholesale prices. **We guarantee that if you can tell a Genuine DIA-GEM from high priced blue white diamond we'll refund your money.** Compare a **DIA-GEM** with your diamond. See the marvelous resemblance. Notice the same fiery radiance, gleaming brilliance, fascinating sparkle. **All rings guaranteed to be SOLID GOLD.**

SEND NO MONEY—10 DAYS FREE

DIA-GEMS are absolutely perfect in color and cutting; no flaws or imperfections. **Stand all diamond tests.** So marvelous is the resemblance that you will be amazed. **Your friends will be fooled.** Don't tell them it's not a real diamond, and they will never know. The snappy, fiery, dazzling brilliance and color are guaranteed forever. Each is set in a real solid gold ring, like diamonds. **DIA-GEMS can be had in any desired weight at proportionate prices.** Mention weight wanted.

DIA-GEM COMPANY, DIV. 545, WORLD BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.
WHOLESALE JEWELERS

Just Send Your Name

Select ring, **give your finger size** and show your full address. We'll send a **DIA-GEM** weighing about one carat to you by parcel post the same day. You deposit **only $4.50** with the postmaster to show your good faith or you can send cash with order. **It is only a deposit, not a payment.** Take 10 days to decide. If you or your friends **can tell a genuine DIA-GEM from a diamond, send it back within ten days and we'll refund your deposit at once.** If you are satisfied, **pay only $3.00** each month for only four months. **Send Order Today.**

CAN YOU DO THESE THINGS?

Lift 200 Pounds or More Overhead With One Arm—Chin Yourself With One Hand—Tear Two Decks of Playing Cards—Bend and Break a Horseshoe—Expand Your Chest to 48 Inches—Flex Your Arm Until It Measures 16½ Inches

Can YOU Do Any of Them?

I can, and hundreds of my pupils can

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Acme of Physical Perfection

You can do things that others cannot even attempt to do, if you follow my advice. You can feel strong—look strong—be strong. Train for strength and development at the same time. Large, well-shaped muscles will set you off and add to your personality. It is personality that brings success.

Anyone can obtain a splendid muscular development—it is simply up to themselves. I have taken hold of hundreds of weaklings and turned them into powerful athletes in a remarkably short time. I have turned hundreds of men and boys of average build into famous strong men. **Some of the strongest men of the present day are my pupils.** What I have done I am still doing every day; and if YOU—who read this, really desire to become a strong, well-developed man, I will explain how you can be one, in my latest book, "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT."

The best time to begin training is between the ages of 15 and 25. A young man is then growing and his muscles respond rapidly to systematic exercise. The man between 30 and 40 should not feel that he is too old, however, for at this age a man should be at his best. If he will pitch in and train systematically and determine to make the most of himself, he can positively develop and become just as strong as any YOUTH. The main thing is to do the right thing in the right way and my course has proven itself to be THE CORRECT WAY.

Hundreds of my pupils have tried other methods and failed. Why do they come to me? There must be a reason! They realize that my methods are the quickest and best for obtaining a splendid development.

I begin where others leave off. That is why I am successful. After a few weeks my pupils feel the energy and PEP that only an athlete knows.

No matter how badly you may be suffering from constipation, indigestion, nervousness or lack of vitality, in a few weeks' time I can make A REAL MAN OF YOU; and cause you to experience the joy of living.

You just have to get strong—that is all there is to it. Going through life with a sickly, weak body will never get you anywhere. The successful man is the man with PEP—PERSONALITY—APPEARANCE—STRENGTH and ENDURANCE. That's the makings of a real American man!

The Eighth Edition of my Book—
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

is just off the press, and I will gladly send a copy to any one who will tear off the coupon attached and mail to me with 10c (stamps or coin) to help cover cost of postage, wrapping, etc. This little book is handsomely illustrated with 26 full page photographs of myself and of some of the well-developed men and boys whom I have trained. **Send for your copy today—now—**while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 312 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 312, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: —I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

In Case You're Fired, Dont Quit!

(*Continued from page 37*)

she maintained a careless insouciance. I recall a trip she made to an aero event in a northern city. She had been chosen queen of the affair. Great plans were made for dinners, balls and varied fêtes, all in her honor. The publicity woman who was to chaperon the gay Priscilla took two trunks filled with gowns. Three seconds before the train pulled out, Priscilla bounded up to the station and careened aboard the last coach. Her baggage consisted of one suitcase and a paper hatbag, both of which she was continually misplacing during the trip.

Her recklessness appealed to the aviators. I have the word of the publicity woman that five of them proposed to Priscilla in mid-air. One threatened to jump overboard, and doubtlessly would have made good the threat had not Priscilla informed him that it wouldn't matter, since she could drive the plane all right. It was a desperate case. Upon her return to Hollywood, she would receive a telegram from the unhappy flier:

"Am starting for Hollywood to see you."

Whereupon Priscilla would fire back:

"Stay where you are!"

Wheeler Oakman was the first man who had a chance to make ardent love to her—and he was hired to do it. It was in a picture at Universal. There was a scene where Wheeler proposed and Priscilla said "Yes." Wheeler made her keep her word after the cameras stopped. Priscilla says she intended to, anyhow.

Soon they will move into a new home near that of Charles Ray's, in Beverly Hills.

"It's colonial," said Priscilla, describing the architecture. "Wheeler's from the South, so he likes colonial. Oh, of course I do, too. And there's a patio—that's Italian, or is it Spanish?—that's my idea. So the architecture is sort of scrambled. Do you like them scrambled?"

"Yes, or boiled; it doesn't matter," said I, distracted by a growl.

Life moves recklessly for Priscilla. Things are always happening. She came to California six years ago with Constance and Norma Talmadge. The three young ladies had been engaged to play in two-reel comedies. Immediately upon their arrival in Hollywood, the company passed out and the ladies were left at liberty—"stranded," Priscilla says. There was to be an automobile tournament at Ascot Park, with screen stars participating as drivers. The Buick people picked Priscilla to drive an ornate car. She won the prize for the most beautiful stellar entry. The day after the show, she picked up a paper and beheld her picture with headline, "Priscilla Dean, Universal Star, Wins Prize."

"That was the first I knew about being a Universal star," avers Priscilla. "Being naturally curious, I went out to Universal to find out what it was all about. Sure enough, Lyons and Moran wanted me as leading woman. I played in one comedy with them"—she shook her head lugubriously. "Not so good. I was fired. Lois Weber grabbed me as I was going off the lot, and put me to playing the baby vamp in 'Even as You and I.' After that, I was fired again. Then Frank Lawrence wired Carl Laemmle, asking him to give me a chance in 'The Wildcat of Paris.' They had wanted Constance Talmadge, but couldn't get her. So they gave it to me. After that—fired once more. I was getting pretty sore by then. I said I wouldn't quit. If I hadn't put my foot down, they would be firing me yet, I suppose. As a matter of fact, I had a little argument not long ago and walked out in the middle of my contract. Can you imagine how I felt when I learned I was ungrateful after all Mr. Laemmle had done to *make* me? But now they are very nice. I think I'll stay."

When I asked her what she did before entering pictures, she regarded me doubtfully.

"I'm almost afraid to say," said she.

I hastily sought to change the subject, but she was moved to confession:

"As a child, I played with Jo Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,'" she said simply.

I sympathized. It was a confession—like admitting that your ancestors were among those present in the Mayflower.

Trite as was her beginning in the histrionic realm, Priscilla may now lift her head as an individualist, for she is unlike any of the typical movie "types." That's why she was fired so often.

Her chief problem at present is finding stories. Candied trifles do not suit her. She isn't the sunbonnet trick that needs only a smile, a back light and a bottle of glycerine. Prior to doing "Reputation," she did nothing for six months, because no story was available. She had been reading Cynthia Stockley's "Wild Honey" when I called. It didn't appeal to her.

"It embarrasses me to play good girls," she said solemnly.

Yet Priscilla doesn't smoke nor drink nor play the ukelele. She's quite a model young woman, despite her wicked eye. Yet I wouldn't say that she's disappointing.

Her only bad habit, she swears, is overfeeding Jubilo.

At mention of Jubilo, a horrible growl roared out and into the room flounced a German police dog, which, in my feverish fancy, seemed as big as the Trojan nag with the trap-door abdomen.

He marched up and down the room with militant stride, and, true to I. D. R. tactics, kept his eyes fixed on a single point—a point just below my chin.

"Nice doggie," I said. Herr Jubilo wailed in disgust. Priscilla explained that he was a man-hater, and that his growl was not a reflection upon me as an individual—I was merely unfortunate in the matter of gender. I laughed heartily, and said I would have to be going.

"Oh, dont go," said Priscilla. Jubilo stationed himself in front of the door. I sat down again.

"Jubilo used to belong to Wheeler, but now he hates him as much as the rest of the sex. Wheeler says I have alienated his affections—Jubilo's, I mean—by feeding him all day. We used to have four dogs, and turkeys and chickens and ducks—the backyard was a *sight*. Then, one day Wheeler brought home a horse and put it in the garage. That was too much; so when Wheeler was away on location I moved into a house without a backyard. Now we only have little Jubilo."

"He's a lovely animal," I said, smiling at little Jubilo, who sneered out loud.

"Yes," said Priscilla, "and a wonderful protection. Once he nearly ate up a book-agent who was annoying me."

"Dear me," I sighed, "I had no idea it was so late—hope I haven't annoyed you. I really must be going."

I was wondering whether Jubilo had the perspicacity to scent the difference between a book-agent and an interviewer. They say that dogs are sometimes keener than human beings——

"Do drop in again," said Priscilla," and pay us a *friendly* call."

Jubilo licked his chops and grumbled, "Do-oo!"

When I *do*, I'll have Julian Eltinge make me up.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 88*)

has undertaken a dual rôle, calls for double exposure, and in this instance we wish to give special credit to Charles Rosher, the cameraman. We have seen double exposure and double exposure, but never anything so perfectly timed as several scenes in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In one scene in particular, we see Dearest handing the Little Lord a photograph.

Frances Marion, the famous scenario writer, is entrusted with a rôle in the production, and there are several favored players in the cast, which includes Joseph J. Dowling, Colin Kenny, Kate Price and Emmett King, besides many others.

Any production which boasts Mary Pickford is sure to be worthy—imagine, then, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with a dual Mary.

MORAL FIBER—VITAGRAPH

It is a good thing, in view of the shortage of good story material, that the silversheet has many attractive stars. Because of Corinne Griffith, "Moral Fiber" is pleasant entertainment. You know almost from the first episode of the story just what will happen, but with it happening to Corinne Griffith, while Catherine Calvert adorns many scenes with her charming presence, it is a different story.

In the beginning of the story, Miss Griffith portrays a child, and be it said right here that she does it capably. She has captured the elusive spirit of childhood and made it her own in several instances. Later, she goes to the city, wins success, and then she immediately proceeds to live up to the reputation she has won of being one of the best dressed women on the screen. There are many emotional scenes, but very little can be said for the strength of the story.

Miss Calvert is not happily cast in this production, but she has not let that interfere with her offering her best, and she has great charm.

Joe King and Harry C. Brown are the important male members of the cast, as is William Parks, jr., and they all offer adequate characterizations.

If, by any chance, you are not attracted by the title, do not let that influence you, for it has nothing whatever to do with the production, unless its relation is so very subtle that we failed to recognize it.

Another thing—a title which is spoken by a successful novelist reads something like this:

"I got my novel done, so I came down."

Someday producers will realize the necessity for care in title writing.

SERENADE—FIRST NATIONAL

"Serenade," the Raoul Walsh producti is something of a family affair, for M Raoul Walsh, *alias* Miriam Cooper, is lady fair, while George Walsh, the af brother, is the dashing hero.

As the title indicates, "Serenade" mantic drama with a Spanish there are scenes which breathe all tery of the old world—there is fla and deep intrigue, and thru it Cooper moves with great appea

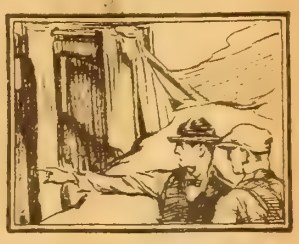
George Walsh left adventur rôles some months ago, but "Serenade," we realize that mean that he will forsake effects. "Serenade" is g ersspersed with them, but it hat they do not help the proc

The story of "Seren two youths in love with the One the ex-C Prov- er is the overnor, any co t the in- ags.

Pick your job in the big pay-field of ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION EXPERT

an "Electrical Expert"

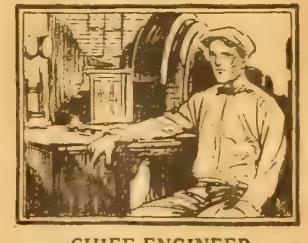


HYDRO-ELECTRIC EXPERT

MORE than dollars are to-day invested in the Electri a this country. Leading authorities thin ten years this amount will be triple nan twelve billion dollars will then be invested

What does you? It means that the greatest opportunity staring you square in the face; it means th ld of Electricity which right now is badly in going to be short—far short of enough trained l Experts" to boss the big jobs that must be immediately, and it means that enormous sa paid the men who boss these jobs the trainer trical Experts.

Don t opportunity slip. Decide to-day to fit your trical Expert, ready to take your place in this ready to



CHIEF ENGINEER

N $12 TO $30 A DAY

T of pay you want to see bulging *your* pay en- y can! Why should you plod through life in a -pay, no future job, when you can *jump* to suay in Electricity?

months' training under me, through my easily kly-grasped spare-time, home study course in ctricity and you too can step into a big-pay job in ting field.

YOU—GUARANTEE YOUR SUCCESS

Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know ne training you need to succeed as an Electrical Ey course in Electricity is simple, thorough and com- o big words, no useless theory, no higher mathematics plain, everyday English. I know that you can learn Elec- under me, in fact, I guarantee it, for if you are not ensatisfied. I will return every cent paid me.

FREE ELECTRICAL WORKING OUTFIT

o make your success still more tain I give you tools to work ith—a splendid big outfit of tools, aterials, instruments and supplies —not toys—but real apparatus.

SAVE $45.50 BY ENROLLING NOW

By enrolling now you can save $45.50 on the already low price of my course. Write to-day for my big free book, "How to Become an Electrical Expert"—it's the first step towards bigger pay. Use the coupon NOW

Yours for success,

PLANT SUPERINTENDENT

L. L. COOKE, CHIEF ENGINEER

CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS INCORPORATED

Dept. 733-Y, 1918 SUNNYSIDE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

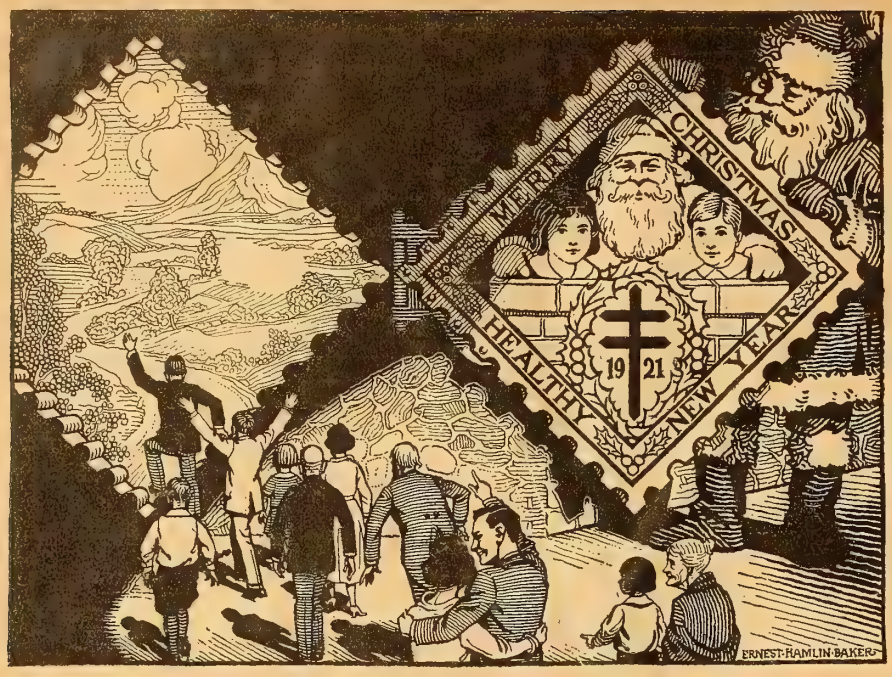
L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer, Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 733-Y, 1918 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Send me at once your Big Free Book: "How to Become An Electrical Expert" and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

THE "COOKE" TRAINED MAN IS THE "BIG-PAY MAN"



Keep this Door to Health Open

Christmas Seals are helping to save over 75,000 lives annually in the United States alone.
Through their sale the doors of over 1,100 tuberculosis associations are kept open to the victims of this plague.
Help to keep them opened.

Christmas Seal your Christmas Mail

Genuine

BAYER

Aspirin

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

forty-four years before Christ, in his fifty-sixth year, pierced by twenty-three wounds. How about Pedro de Cordoba as Cæsar? I have corrected that other item. Write me again.

HAZEL W.—So you want an interview with William Farnum. Martha Mansfield and Crane Wilbur are playing in vaudeville together. King Baggot is directing for Universal. His next picture will be "The Girl Who Knew All About Men." I sure would like to meet her.

DUCKIE P.—I have used a magnifying-glass, telescope and field-glass binoculars on your joke, but haint been able to see the point. Is there one? Constance Talmadge is twenty-one; Norma Talmadge, twenty-four. You can reach Wallace MacDonald at the Vitagraph Company, Hollywood, Calif. Katherine MacDonald, at her own studio, Georgia and Gerard Streets, Los Angeles, Calif. Let me hear from you again.

JEAN K.—You refer to Albert Roscoe. He is no relation to Roscoe Arbuckle.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.—I am quite happy, thank you. It is a great thing to live content with small means, to love elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion. Marie Doro has finished "Beatrice." It was made in Italy, directed by Herbert Brenon and distributed by Goldwyn.

TALMADGE FAN.—They are about as well paid as any of the stars. A man sins because he is bad. A woman sins because she thinks the man is as good as she is. Isn't that what you mean? Rosemary Theby, in "The Last Trail."

GENE.—Thanks for the compliments. Violet Mersereau is abroad now. So you think that Phyllis Haver has wonderful possibilities. You think Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson proved what they could do. Watch them—they'll grow.

LARK AND CAROL.—Oh, I'm feeling great, thanks; even if I am not considered so. It's a little chilly these days, but men are never satisfied. Gladys Walton is with Universal.

JOSEPHINE P.—You may point to prosperous exceptions, but it pays in the long run to travel the straight and narrow way. According to the Good Book, this means everlasting bliss, while the other course means everlasting blister. Harriett Hammond is playing with Alice Lake in "The Golden Gift." Write me the news.

DOROTHY MC.—Yes, Anita Stewart was in Brightwaters, L. I., this summer. Her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, lives there.

PHILIP M.—There are a lot of answer-men scattered over this planet, but I believe I am the first to be called The Answer Man. My latest rival is Corliss Palmer, who is to be the Answer Lady for our new magazine, BEAUTY. Yes, Betty Blythe is probably on the Coast at this writing. Harry Carey did play in "The Fox," for Universal. Emory Johnson, in "Gray Ghost." John Pialoglou is Constance Talmadge's husband.

MISS INFORMATION.—The plays you ask for are much too old to use now. Our stories try to appear at the time the picture will be shown.

D. AND M.—All photoplayers are musicians; the instrument they play is the human heart. But some dont play it very well. Yes, indeed, I do think Rubye de Remer is beautiful. She was married once. Cant tell you where Richard Neil is. You must not be such a stranger. Write me again soon.

JOE.—That's all good stuff of yours. You say we ought to have more pictures like

"Lying Lips." You think that House Peters and Florence Vidor did splendid work in that picture. I sort of liked it.

ANNA A.—Send along the verse. I will be glad to see it.

TWO BEES.—Thanks for calling me Solomon, but I cannot be as wise as he, because I have not seven hundred wives to consult. That's where he had the advantage of me. Walter Miller was Stephen and Ruth Dyer was Mary.

CONSTANCE.—If you have a good library in your town, you have a university. Milton Sills, opposite Florence Vidor. Dorothy Dalton isn't playing in anything just now.

U. R. A. NUT.—Thanks, hoping you are the same, I beg to remain. Jack Mulhall's wife, who was Laura Bundy, recently committed suicide. Louise Lovely is with Goldwyn. Alice Lake, in "The Infamous Miss Revell."

DEBORAH.—Well, I dont always have room to say nice things about the fine letters I receive. Lillian Gish is still with Griffith. Wanda Hawley was Wanda Petitt before her marriage. Those were real tears—tears, the silent language of grief.

TALMADGE ADMIRER.—Aha! So you sent Constance Talmadge twenty-five cents for a picture, and she never sent it. I bet she went out and bought a new hat with it. You ask, am I a blonde or brunette? Neither—it's just shiny. Barbara Bedford, in "The Face of the World."

BIRDIE Q.—So you think you are very shy. I dont notice it. Yes, there are quite a few pictures running on Broadway—"The Old Nest," "Queen of Sheba," "The Connecticut Yankee" and "Over the Hills." Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell, in "The Lone Wolf."

MARJORIE.—Greetings! You remind me of the hen that sat on a brick by mistake, and then thought she was a bricklayer. You see, my dear, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. No, Ben Turpin was not born cross-eyed. He just got that way. House Peters and Irene Rich, in "The Invisible Power." Tom Moore, in "Beating the Game." Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker, in "Live Wires."

REID WARBLE.—If you are after that success you speak of, you must work for it. It wont come to you, you know. You must chase it. Ethel Clayton, in "Her Own Money." Yes, Jack Holt is a star. He is starring in "The Man Who Sold Himself."

VIOLET M.—By all means, always enclose twenty-five cents when asking for a picture. Photographs cost the players all the way from fifty cents to [illegible] each, and sometimes they send [illegible] y as one hundred a day.

LOWELL FYNSKOV, C. A[illegible], BOB M., A PEPPY QUAKER [illegible]IENT MARINER, BABS, WICKE[illegible]E, F. B. DAM, SWEET SIXTE[illegible]OT OF MISCHIEF, D. P., PEG[illegible]MIAN GYPSIE, A GRECIAN [illegible] Dos BUCHES, DICKY DUNK [illegible]. LOVE 'EM ALL, BLONDYE, C[illegible]OROTHY K., and C. JOHNSON.—I [illegible]ot to be able to answer you per[illegible]

LILLIAN SAUER, of [illegible] Charles Avenue, New Orleans, [illegible] will be glad to correspond [illegible]idier or sailor boys who are [illegible]ospitals. That's the spirit. I'[illegible]re are a good many of us wh[illegible]nking of the boys as much as [illegible]

LOUISE.—That ma[illegible] aeroplane was certainly a fine [illegible] high-tied. Casson Ferguson [illegible] in "Unknown Wife." Law[illegible]s Harvey in "Earthbound." C[illegible], in "The Crimson Stain." L[illegible] was Larry

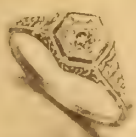
(Continue[illegible] 6)

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

E35 -Four White Gold inverted hearts are set with 1 superior quality, sparkling Diamond, $75.

E36—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum in a fancy 18K White Gold mounting, $75.

E37—Artistic Platinum top Friendship Ring set with 5 blue white Diamonds. White Gold Shank. $135.



E38—Superior fine Diamond in beautiful hand-engraved Platinum Ring, $100.

E39 Ladies' 7 Diamond Cluster Ring, Platinum set in an exquisite hand-pierced mounting of 18K White Gold, $90.

E40—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $85.

E41—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $65.

E42 Ladies' Belcher Ring set with fine Diamond, $25.

E43—Ladies' 18K Belais White Gold hand-engraved Ring, octagon-shaped, set with 1 fine Diamond, $40.

E44—Superior Diamond set in 18K White Gold Cup, $50.

E45—Beautiful Lavalliere, genuine Pearls, 1 fine Diamond, $28.

Beautiful Xmas Gifts

On Credit—at Cash Prices

Blue white, perfectly cut diamonds, handsome watches, dainty toilet articles. Your choice ON APPROVAL. If satisfied after examination, pay only 1/5 the price balance in ten monthly payments. ABSOLUTELY NO RISK.

Our Guarantee Value Bond, guarantees you a 7½% yearly increase in exchange value on every diamond purchased.

Send for FREE DeLuxe Xmas Catalog

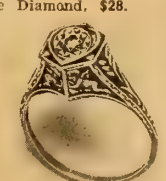
Thousands of exquisite designs to choose from—every article a Rare Bargain. *"Satisfaction guaranteed or-your-money back."*

Write Today to Dept. 311-T

Capital, $1,000,000

E47—Sweet's Engagement Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $35

E48—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior, fine Diamond, $110.



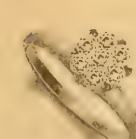
E46—"Sweetheart" Platinum Ring set with superior fine Diamond, $150.

E49 — Beautiful hand-engraved White Gold mounting set with superior Diamond, $50.

E50—Perfect cut, blue white Diamond, square-set in this artistically hand-carved Gent's Green Gold Ring, $90.

E51—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $48.50.

E52—Unique Platinum top Green Gold Ring set with 1 fine Diamond, $50.



E53—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $85.

E54—Gent's Tooth Ring set with perfectly-cut, blue white Diamond, $35.

E55—Genuine Black Onyx set with fine Diamond in Platinum bezel, $38.

E56 Octagon-shape case of 14K White Gold, exquisitely hand-engraved, guaranteed 15 Jewel movement, $30.

E57—Gent's hand-carved Belcher Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $45.

L·W·SWEET INC. "THE HOUSE OF QUALITY" 1650-1660 BROADWAY, NY

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	2.50	3.00	3.50
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three...	8.00	9.50	11.00

Payable in United States Funds

Date.....

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Under the Lash

(*Continued from page 65*)

and faced him, the page that said "God help me, I love her," torn from Waring's diary, clutched against her wildly beating heart.

Krillet, with a horrible, unnatural calm, deposited a lantern on a barrel next to him, and read the service for the burial of the dead. She was, in truth, already dead to this fanatic.

"Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Oh, death, where is thy sting?" the ominous voice rumbled on.

Deborah turned on him savagely. "Murderer!" she hissed thru her clenched teeth. "Fiend! Hypocrite! Do your vile work and get it over with, without all this ghastly mockery."

Krillet's eyes were glazed. He moved and spoke as tho under a spell. The pale face of the beautiful Shulamite illuminated briefly at eerie intervals by the incessant flashes of lightning, held no more meaning for him than a vision. The whole thing was a frightful dream, from which he would soon awake. Untrue—untrue—the words rang in his ears like the mighty diapason of the storm. Outside, the "Voice of God" hurled its terrible malediction down on the faithless wife. So it seemed to Krillet. But he must do his duty—her throat was so white and beautiful—if she would just close her eyes, or whimper, or be afraid—but he must do his duty—her throat was so white. He raised his rifle to aim.

"Deborah, Deborah!" came the voice of Waring out of the night.

Krillet lowered his gun and stepped outside, thanking his God for delivering both sinners into his hand.

Deborah's agonized moment of suspense was broken by two shots, heard clearly above the noise of the storm, and Waring rushed in to her.

"Krillet's shot went wild, Deborah; I had to kill him to save you."

Deborah, with all her senses keenly alert, realized that Waring would not have a chance with a Boer jury. She conceived a desperate remedy for a desperate situation. They would carry the body of Krillet back to the tree that had so nearly killed Waring. It was grewsome business, but the only way. In the morning, the Kaffir boys would find him and conclude that the fallen tree had killed him. They both shuddered at the ghoulish task, but it was successfully accomplished, and, as no Kaffir will touch a dead body, even to bury it, Waring and Deborah had also to perform these last rites themselves.

Deborah duly entered the death in the big Bible, under the "Birth-Marriage-Death" list of the Krillet family: "June 21, 19—, Simeon Krillet, fifty-five; killed by the judgment of God."

Waring and Deborah then took up their daily tasks once more, and the farm ran smoothly—without the aid of the lash. Deborah was hurt and puzzled by Waring's silence. Was she not free now? Did he love her. He was moody and often morose of late. What did that portend? She pulled the crumpled page of his diary out of the bosom of her dress. She carried it always. Her eyes blurred with sudden tears as she read it, and her hands dropped to her sides with listless grace.

"What is the matter, Deborah?" said Waring, who had come up unexpectedly.

"Nothing," replied Deborah, with exactly as much conviction as that reply to that question ever has

Waring took the paper from her unresisting hands.

"Darling," he said, with a full heart, when he saw what it was. "I do love you."

Deborah drooped toward him, but he drew back, his face twisted with pain.

"I do love you, Deborah—but I am not free—I have a wife back in England. She does not love me. We have not lived together for three years," he added, his heart torn by the look of ineffable hurt in Deborah's eyes.

Suddenly, her face flamed. She threw back her head and laughed wildly.

"I wish you had stayed away and let Simeon kill me," she cried, half hysterically. "It would not have hurt like this."

"Dont, Deborah; dont," pleaded Waring.

Her mood changed swiftly.

"My poor dear, I am sorry," she said gently, laying her hand on his arm.

The gentle touch broke down all restraint in Waring. He seized her hungrily in his arms and kissed her on the mouth, long and hard he kissed her; hot, blasting, soul stirring kisses, that left her quivering and afraid. At last, he released her.

"Go away; you must go away from here," she said weakly. "This is my punishment. Dont make it harder than I can bear."

Waring took her slender hand in his and kissed it reverently.

"I will go," he said, and left her.

He went immediately upstairs and packed his belongings. All his books he left for Deborah. When he had completed his preparations for departure, he sat down at his desk and wrote a full confession of the death of Krillet, to which he signed his name. This he sealed carefully in an envelope.

Deborah had not stirred. She could not think. Her heart did not break. It was turned to stone. Later would come the suffering.

Her stolid silence was rudely and incongruously interrupted by the arrival of Jan and his wedding party, to pick up his uncle for his wedding.

"Where is my brother?" demanded Tant Anna, wondering at the sight of Deborah's set face.

"He is dead," replied his wife. "Send the others away. I will tell you about it."

Jan and his noisy followers departed promptly, in no wise disturbed by the untimely death of Simeon Krillet. Had not Jan deed and title indisputable to his six hundred pounds?

Tant Anna's cupidity overcame her grief, and scarcely were the details of her brother's death told, before she was figuring out how rich his widow would be.

"I suppose," she said, with an ill-concealed sneer, "now that your husband is out of the way, you will marry your English lover?"

"No," said Waring himself, appearing suddenly on the stairs. "I am going away."

Deborah started, and put her hand to her heart. The pain was beginning to be felt.

Tant Anna's ever-present suspicions doubled and trebled.

"I am fatigued," she said. "The shock has been too much. I will go upstairs and lie down for a while," and she climbed the stairs with the slow, lumbering gait of her kind. She opened the door of Deborah's room and slammed it shut without entering. She hung her wicked old head over the railing.

"Here is the truth about Krillet's death," she heard Waring say. "Use it for your own protection, if necessary. Good-bye, beautiful Shulamite—good-bye."

De[illegible] formed the words, "Good-bye," [illegible] came from them. The pain [illegible]

No [illegible] than Tant Anna [illegible] he

De[illegible] face buried in her outstretched arms, one hand grasping the paper Waring had left with her. The pain was intolerable.

Tant Anna grabbed the paper with hawk-like fingers, and read it before the girl was aware of what had happened.

"So you and your lover murdered my brother, did you?" she asked in a hard voice. "Well, I shall see justice done," she added, without waiting for a denial from Deborah.

"Give me the paper," was all she could say.

Tant Anna's love of justice was no more deep-rooted than her grief for her brother's death. Her greedy old brain schemed even while she spoke.

"I will sell it to you, my dear."

"Your price?" asked Deborah, and without waiting for the answer: "You can have everything—the farm—the house—all the money, except enough for me to get away from this hateful place forever. See, here is gold," she added, running to her husband's desk and extracting from its secret drawer several bags of English gold.

Tant Anna, with eyes gleaming with gratified avarice, one arm around the shining pile, handed over the paper.

Deborah tore it in tiny pieces, and walking over to the window, scattered it to the four winds of heaven. At least her lover would be safe.

She sighed drearily. Memke was ordered to hitch up the light wagon, and Deborah went upstairs to pack, leaving the old woman to gloat over her ill-gotten gold.

In Frieusberg Waring found letters awaiting him, one in the same "pretty writing" as before. Impatiently he tossed it aside and looked thru the others. He was about to tear the last letter, when something, sudden, intangible, compelling, made him hold his hand. He opened it dully.

"I think it only fair," the letter began, "to inform you that my divorce, of which I wrote you six weeks ago, has been granted. I am married now to Lloyd Sherman, the man I have always loved.—Marcia Waring Sherman."

Waring drew in a deep breath, and smiling boyishly, stepped outside of the post office, where his wagon and Kaffir boy waited.

"Turn around, boy," he cried. "We're going right straight back where we came from."

The boy thought him crazy, privately, but a Kaffir never dreams of disobeying his white master, and without more than watering the tired horses, they started back.

Sunrise on the veld. Two wagons were traveling the familiar road, one bound for Frieusberg, and crawling along at a snail's pace, the other bound for Krillet's farm, going at break-neck speed.

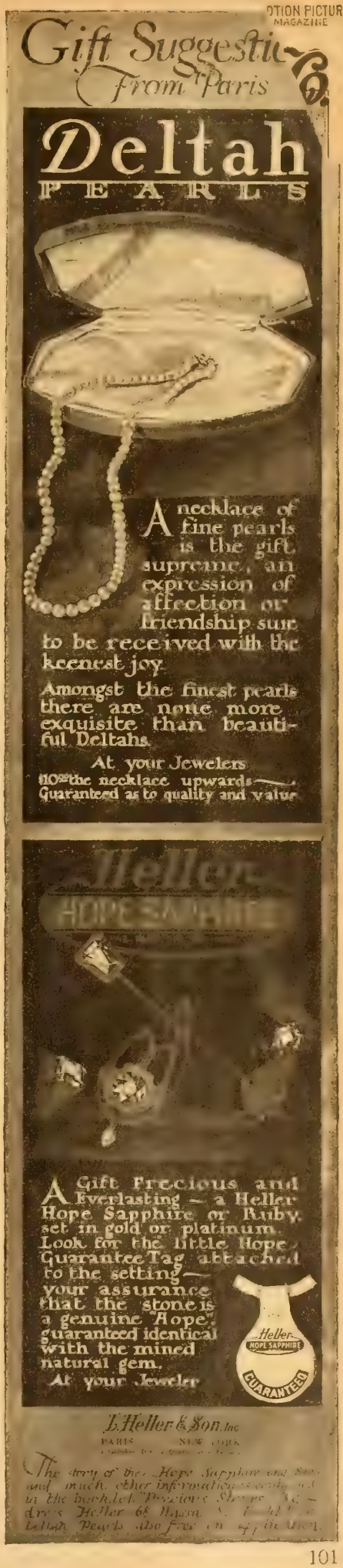
Deborah's heart was as the leaden feet of her horses. After a night of bitter, active, wide-awake despair, her turbulent grief had sunk into a distressing apathy. But apathy is a two-edged sword, and the reaction thereto—all the more painful. Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears, her heart with vanished hopes. She did not even see Waring's wagon approaching, but the faithful and alert little Memke did, and pulled up short as Waring jumped down and ran across the road to her.

"Deborah, read this," he cried, holding the letter before her amazed eyes.

Surprise and delight and happiness flooded her face like the dawn.

"My beautiful Shulamite," he said, with passionate tenderness. "My Deborah, mine now—and forever."

Sunrise on the veld. Two wagons were traveling the familiar road, both bound for Frieusberg. One held two delighted Kaffir boys, the other held but one—a man and his woman.


Gift Suggestion
From Paris
Deltah
PEARLS
A necklace of fine pearls is the gift supreme, an expression of affection or friendship sure to be received with the keenest joy
Amongst the finest pearls there are none more exquisite than beautiful Deltahs.
At your Jewelers
$10 the necklace upwards
Guaranteed as to quality and value
Heller
HOPE SAPPHIRE
A Gift Precious and Everlasting — a Heller Hope Sapphire or Ruby set in gold or platinum. Look for the little Hope Guarantee Tag attached to the setting — your assurance that the stone is a genuine Hope, guaranteed identical with the mined natural gem.
At your Jeweler
Heller HOPE SAPPHIRE GUARANTEED
L. Heller & Son, Inc.
PARIS NEW YORK
The story of the Hope Sapphire and [illegible] and much other information [illegible] in the booklet "Precious Stones" [illegible] dress Heller & Son, [illegible] Deltah Pearls also free [illegible]

BOBBED HAIR—the Fashionable Aristocratic Head-dress

—Be Bobbed Without Cutting Your Hair

THE charm and beauty of the NATIONAL BOB—originated by us—have made it the *last word* in attractive coiffure. Even if your hair is already bobbed, you can also wear the NATIONAL BOB, for it saves the annoyance of curling, burning or cutting your own hair. Two tiny combs attach it securely—on and off in a jiffy.

Send a strand of your hair and $10.00

The Bob will be sent to you at once, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free hair goods catalogue sent on request.

WIGS FOR DOLLY

Make your old Dolly look like new with a National Dolly Wig

For beautiful bobbed wig—natural ringlet hair — send **$4.50.**

For good quality wig—long curls—send **$2.50.**

State color desired and number of inches around Dolly's head with your remittance. Wig will be sent postpaid.

Buy National Nets in BOUDOIR BOXES—or send 85c and your dealer's name for Box of 6—each net guaranteed perfect and extra large size. State color and style. Artificial Eyelashes $1.50 per pair.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. O. 368 Sixth Avenue New York

Drive Those Wrinkles Away

WRINKLES are the enemy of beauty, particularly in a young person. They begin to come at the age of twenty, unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, the tendency is to lengthen, deepen and multiply. Don't wait too long, don't give them a chance to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

Palmer's Face Lotion

is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

There Is No Reason Why You Should Have Wrinkles Until You Are Fifty!

Apply Palmer's Face Lotion every night, and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing, astringent effect, and if your skin is at all inclined to be flabby, it will make it smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE,
Department M12, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Secrets of Beauty Parlors Revealed

Wonderful Opportunity to Become a Beauty Specialist A national System of Beauty Culture needs women everywhere, $40 to $75 a week. Experience not necessary. In a few weeks' spare time at home, we make you expert in all branches, such as Muscle Strap, Mud Packs, Hair Dyeing, Permanent Wave, Marcelling, Skin Work, Manicuring, Electrolysis, etc. You can earn while you learn, giving Beauty Treatments among your friends and neighbors, or open your own Beauty Parlor. **Authorized Diploma, Money-Back Guarantee.**

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Book, Explains this wonderful system and Special Offer.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 512 1548 Belmont Avenue Chicago, Illinois
Originators of the Famous Oriental Preparations

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 71*)

Kenyon is receiving $2,000 a month from Goldwyn, but, according to his own statement, his income does not exceed $1,200.

ROYAL RECEPTION FOR QUEEN BLYTHE

More than three thousand people sought admission to the Philharmonic Auditorium here in response to the proclamation issued by Queen Betty Blythe-Sheba. The opening night was dizzily brilliant. All the platinum and diamonds not in the hock shops were flashing heliographically from star to star. May Allison with a new Diana coiffuré of tressed gold, threw necks out of joint as she floated down the aisle in a pink ostrich-plumed wrap. Bill Russell towered from a box like Solomon himself. I can truthfully say that Bill was the biggest star present. And Shirley Mason was the smallest—but what a bijou! I fall for the *petite* Shirley, but her husband, Bernie During—also her director—is a colossus not to be challenged by anyone less than Jack Dempsey. Virginia Pearson, of opulent majesty, was seated with Lila Lee. Tony Moreno represented Spain, and Max Linder, France. The dusk beauty of Florence Deshon bloomed from a gown of American beauty. Tom Mix was present to lend a hand to the chariot race, which he staged. I think I heard Bull Montana whispering somewhere in the house. During intermission, when the gentlemen stepped out to cool their collars after seeing Queen Betty arrive safely with her pearl at the court of Solomon, the lobby became a parade of panoplied stars, satellites, "extras" and civilians. Miss Blythe, herself, was not present, but returned the next week from New York. When reproved for her tardiness, she said she had stayed over to see the première of Nazimova's "Camille," and had contracted the Camillean cough. Nazimova reciprocated by catching cold from seeing Betty so lightly garbed in Sheba. Such is realism—and stellar susceptibility.

THE H. C. OF MATRIMONY

Charlie Chaplin, stingy man, gave Mildred only $125,000 when the marital partnership was dissolved. And Mildred, stingy girl, wouldn't give her lawyers $12,500, which they allege was the percentage due them for getting her the settlement. It seems the best way to get a divorce now is on the percentage basis, just like getting film contracts. The more lawyers can get out of the victim, the more they make. But $125,000—sweet spirits of alimony!—and yet Charlie says he wants to marry again.

MEIGHAN IMPORTS "L"

Hollywood is all right as a workhouse or rock pile, thinks Tommy Meighan, but it is the city of Dreadful Night. When the star received orders to report at Western headquarters of the Lasky forces, he decided to bring New York with him, so he pocketed an elevated station, and here it is.

"Come over and see my street," he urged.

I did. The sight rendered me as emotional as Camille on her deathbed. To make the illusion complete, they had a man who looked like Frederick James Smith, threatening a taxi driver with death for profiteering.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN RETURNS

The kleigs will soon shine again upon the countenance of J. Warren Kerrigan, who has agreed to release his pictures thru the Fred Warren distributing corporation. Mr. Kerrigan has been idle for several months, but dont count him among the starving Bohemians. He is one of our wealthiest citizens, having retained his normalcy thruout the high-salaried period.

MARY ANDERSON STARS

"Sunshine" Mary Anderson, who saw the light of stardom from the Vitagraph cradle, has been signed to star in comedy-dramas under the supervision of Scott Dunlap, formerly a Fox director. The pictures will be released thru a new organization, known as Associated Photoplays. The same company has been negotiating for the stellar services of Jane Novak and Helen Gibson.

WE AWAIT ANITA

The fall season will not open officially in Hollywood until the return of Anita Stewart, the slim princess of the film select. Miss Stewart and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, will take possession of their new mansion within the month, and the star will commence production of Countess Barcynska's "Rose O' the Sea," adapted for the screen by Madge Tyrone.

A REAL ARTIST

John Bowers is performing a real service for humanity by designing pyjamas. There certainly is a chance for improvement, both artistic and utilitarian, in the nocturnal costume.

THAT-A-BOY, DICK

Richard Dix is on the way to stardom at Goldwyn, all right. He has purchased a house in Beverly Hills, thus fulfilling the first requirements.

LOS ANGELES WIT

Not wishing to let Mencken and Nathan make all the literary discoveries in Los Angeles, I submit the following sample of humor:

Sid Grauman, manager of Grauman's "Million Dollar Theater," was discussing "The Great Impersonation" with Director George Melford.

"Why did you cut the film on that picture, George?" says Sid. "That's out of your line. It's work for a woodchopper."

"Why so, Sid?" says George.

"Well, there's a forest and a wood all thru the picture," says Sid. "Ann Forrest is the leading woman and Jim Kirkwood is the star."

MARSHALL NEILAN, CRITIC

Marshall Neilan makes his bow as a critic by commenting as follows on "The Old Nest":

"The finest story I have ever seen.

"'The Old Nest' makes ''Way Down East' fade away into the background, and I frankly admit that I believe your story to be far greater than 'The Miracle Man.'"

Mr. Neilan produces pictures at the Goldwyn studio.

"The Old Nest" is a Goldwyn picture.

CLARA K. YOUNG IN VAUDEVILLE

Clara Kimball Young has gone into vaudeville. Her manager, Harry Garson, who directed her in "Charge It," is now directing George Beban in a filmscription of the old vaudeville sketch, "The Sign of the Rose."

BILL HART AS AUTHOR

The movie stars seem to be doing most everything just now except pictures. Bill Hart has taken an office on Hollywood Boulevard, where, he asserts, he is writing a novel based on the American Revolution. I trust it will not be condemned as bolshe-

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

Clear-Tone

The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly removing

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ACNE

Eruptions on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, and over

10(en and Women

test c eded with Clear-Tone after
failin ing else. Write today for
my F A "in" telling
how f d 15 years.
E.S.(er as City, Mo.

vist propaganda. He also is writing a scenario, which he will produce next February. Some time soon he will take a vacation on his farm in Connecticut.

MARY DESMOND CHRISTENED

Mary Johanna Desmond, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, was solemnly christened at the Desmond home. Bill Hart, who lives across the street, came over to act as godfather.

IT WILL BE A GAY PAREE!

Gay Parée, Hollywood's only rival—according to the gentlemen who write for the "legit" magazines—is liable to seize the crown of revelry. There has been a great exodus from the movie colony. Ethel Clayton plans to live in Paris as soon as her Lasky contract expires, in November, Anita Loos and John Emerson already have a salon on the boulevardes. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks plan to make the French capital their headquarters. Elliott Dexter is going over to take chambers in London or Paris. James Kirkwood is on his way to London to star in "The Man from Home," a Lasky production. Charlie Chaplin has made England merrie once more by a visit. It is said he will come back a knight—he and his good cane, Excelsior. Hollywood Boulevard looks like Main Street the day after the circus.

GOLDWYN SIGNS COLLEEN

At this moment Samuel Goldwyn is talking figures—monetary—with Colleen Moore. If he has enough money in his savings bank, he will sign her as a star. Both Mr. Goldwyn and Rupert Hughes are charmed with her variety of "The Wallflower."

MABEL NORMAND IN COSTUME

After a vacation in New York, Mabel Normand is to do another special production at Mack Sennett's popular watering place. F. Richard Jones, who directed her in "Molly-O" and the immortal "Mickey," will continue to be her megaphone escort. It is reported that Mabel may do "When Knighthood Was in Flower." No one could revive the age of chivalry more quickly.

A BUSY WINTER AHEAD

The movie industry is showing great resilence after the depression. Jesse L. Lasky has placed seventeen companies to work on his Hollywood plantation, to say nothing of the legions he is sending abroad to hold the Lasky-Paramount stronghold in London. Among the big productions which he is planning are "The Wanderer," from the stage play of that name, and "The Man from Home," to be made in London. It is probable that several stars will be added to the roster. I predict that Lois Wilson will be one.

Irving Thalberg, Mayor of Universal City, has fourteen gangs working. Priscilla Dean is doing Cynthia Stockley's "Wild Honey," a story of South African life. The other stars who are performing are: Marie Prevost, Miss Du Pont, Frank Mayo, Herbert Rawlinson, Lon Chaney, Gladys Walton and Eileen Sedgwick. By the way, take notice of the new Universal productions. They have taken on considerable luster since the election of Mr. Thalberg to the managerial chair. Better stories, better casts, and directors of such standing as Paul Scardon, Robert Thornby and Hobart Henley. Erich von Stroheim is to stay on, I understand, having earned respect by spending more than a million dollars in a year, thus eclipsing the record of the fictional Brewster and his millions. Tod Browning is also chalked up for another production. Mr. Scardon is directing

Loftis Bros. & Co.

For Her Christmas Present
Wellesley Diamond Ring. Solid 14-k Green Gold band; pierced White Gold Heart design.

Rings that were $125 now selling at $83.33 Cash or Credit

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

Genuine Diamonds—Guaranteed

PRICES REDUCED 33⅓% CASH OR CREDIT

Send for Christmas Catalog

Write for Free Wonderful Bargain Catalog today. Credit terms fully explained. Amazing money-saving prices on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. **All the latest designs in Diamond Rings,** priced at **$25, $50, $75, $100, $125, $150** and up. Signet Rings, **$8** up; Birthstone Rings, **$12** up. We pay shipping charges. **Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.** Liberty Bonds Accepted.

WRIST WATCH

Solid 18-k White Gold, engraved; looks like genuine Platinum. Full Jeweled Imported movement. Guaranteed. Silk Ribbon Bracelet. **Special at $35.** Other Solid Gold Wrist Watches, **$26** up. Gold filled, **$15** up. **Cash or Credit.**

Men's Watches Standard world renowned Watches. Bargains in 25-year guaranteed Watches on credit terms as low as..... **$2.50 a Month**

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858 — **The OLD RELIABLE CREDIT JEWELERS** Dept. G-615 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores in Leading Cities

SEND FOR CATALOG

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

$3.00 DOWN

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for $3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

10 Days FREE Trial

Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book Big bargain offer.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co. — 2029 Shipman Building Chicago, Illinois

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours—at home—in private by the wonderful

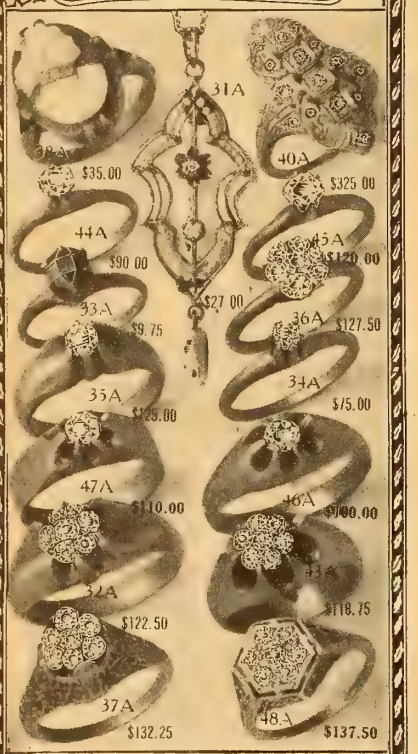
Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy—fascinating. **RESULTS GUARANTEED.** No music—no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully. **COMPLETE COURSE ON TRIAL.** Write me *today* for **FREE** Information and Low Surprise Offer.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 129 — 4737 Broadway — Chicago, Ill.

Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now

Only a few cents a day



No Money Down

JUST send your name and address for our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice sent you on approval, without a penny down.

Charge Account Plan

Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it and if is not the greatest bargain you have ever seen send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it you can pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 6% bonus privilege. Catalog tells how.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog

Send your name and address *now*. No obligation. Beautiful Christmas catalog comes free by return mail. It explains all about Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collection of jewelry bargains now. Send your name for catalog today to Dept. 1529.

J·M·LYON & CO.
1 Maiden Lane, New York N.Y.

Smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty while you sleep. Absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity.

B&P Wrinkle Eradicators *and* **Frowners**

Made in two styles—*Eradicators* for lines in the face, *Frowners* for between the eyes. Sold in 65c and $1.00 boxes at most drug and department stores. Trial package 35c, including booklet, "Dressing Table Hints." If your dealer's stock is exhausted, sent direct, postpaid on receipt of price.

B & P CO. (Two Women), 1791 East 68th St., Cleveland, O.

Miss Du Pont, the new star, in "Ropes," and Mr. Henley is guiding that other stellar débutante, Miss Prevost.

PARIS PRO-GERMAN!

After the naughty way the Germans behaved toward France recently, you wouldn't think that Paris would turn pro-German, but so it seems to Hollywood. The Metro News Bureau says:

"Fresh evidence of the value of the film as a historical text-book has been found in the cabled dispatches from Paris, describing the protests against the showing there of 'Rasputin,' filmed in Hollywood five years ago.

"Edward Connelly, who enacted the rôle of the monk who is credited with playing a prominent part in the final tragedy of the Russian empire, paused in his work on a Metro stage to discuss the attack upon the film. Mr. Connelly is engaged in portraying the part of the deacon in Rex Ingram's production of 'Turn to the Right.'

"'"Rasputin" is historically correct,' said the film prototype of the Russian fanatic. 'But this is not nearly so important as the principle involved in this attack. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," in which I also was fortunate enough to play a part, will be the subject of a similar attack, just as soon as it is shown in Europe, where German militarists have an opportunity to discuss it.'"

To think that the German militarists would attack Rasputin right in Paris! And we left there thinking the war was over. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the pro-German Frenchmen attacked the Ingram edition of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet." In which case, the movie actors should declare war immediately. It beats all how the world stays pro-German.

VIOLA DANA, MECHANIC

Viola Dana has been working in a garage for several days, I am informed. Congratulations, Miss Dana, upon the new field of activity, in which you no doubt will have success. Used cars should sell like new. Personally, I shall look forward to engine troubles with a great deal of pleasure, providing, of course, Miss Dana doesn't wear overalls.

The Barrie Director

(*Continued from page* 94)

At this inauspicious moment, the telephone jangled raucously. Mrs. Robertson answered, but the call was for Mr. Robertson, whereupon he excused himself. A moment later he reappeared to say he was going right over to the Famous Players' Long Island studio to see his latest picture run off—"Footlights," starring Elsie Ferguson.

I was somewhat awed, as I left the Robertson apartment at the amount of work these two frightfully rushed people did manage to attend to within the week's time given them to prepare for the trip abroad. The Robertsons always impress one by their ideal home life and their interest in the things of the home, as well as by their achievements in motion pictures. It is especially significant, I mused, that John S. Robertson, following a successful stage career and five years of directorial duties, should be recognized not only as a director of especial merit, but as the one man who has accomplished next to the impossible—faithfully pictured Barrie on the screen. Therefore, his recognition as the "Barrie Director."

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 40,000 cases the past 19 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
B299-12 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

Dr. Wm. J. Robinson's Wonderful Book

BIRTH CONTROL *or*

The Limitation of Offspring

is now ready for distribution. This is the most important book Dr. Robinson has written. It contains all there is to know about Birth Control, and he has spared no effort in giving to the public the valuable information that everyone is entitled to.

A FEW OF THE 41 CHAPTERS

The Enormous Benefits of Prevention
The Orthodox Remedies
Neurasthenia in Men and Women from Improper Methods
The Eugenic Standpoint
Prevention a Necessity of Married Life
Let Me Be Created in Love
Prevention of Conception and Abortion.

The Knowledge Contained in Each Chapter Is Priceless

We, the publishers, feel that we are performing a great social service by making this book available to the public **at a price within reach of all.** 250 pages, beautifully cloth bound.

Price Only $2.00 Sent Postpaid

For an AUTHENTIC COPY order from us.

MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. 15-BC, Box 61, Times Sq. Sta., New York

SCENARIOS WANTED

Protect and market your stories through national organization. Studio connections. Criticisms free. Write for information about membership and descriptive list of stories wanted now.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA
623-M Union League Bldg., Los Angeles Calif.

Hope Deferred

(*Continued from page 60*)

There will be the Final Honor Roll of the contest in next month's MAGAZINE. This must not be confused with the monthly Honor Rolls. The Final Honor Roll will be those contestants who, while they could not win, were next best qualified. In other words, the most promising, after the final winner is selected. The winner will positively be announced in the January number.

The editorial judges decided to have one more Honor Roll, as some of the late comers were really very fine. This is just another Monthly Honor Roll, not the Final Honor Roll of the Contest.

The lucky man is Byrne Hudson, 1124 Bushy Street, Shreveport, La. He has not had any picture experience. He is twenty-four years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He is a decided brunette with black hair and brown eyes. He has a fine, clear-cut profile and if "coming events cast their shadows before," as his does, we will wager that here is fine movie material.

Miss Mary Groome, 228 South Second Street, Columbia, Pa., has not had any picture experience either. She is a brunette,with dark brown hair and darker eyes, and an olive complexion. Milady, in her becoming white wig, is a dainty little morsel, weighing but one hundred and nine pounds and reaching the great height of five feet one inch. She is nineteen years old, dusky-eyed and red lipped.

Miss Beth Darlington, 2633 Romeo Street, Los Angeles, Calif., has had six months' valuable screen training. She is a blonde, weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds, is five feet one and one-half inches in height, and has seventeen years to her credit. What we can see of Beth, outside of her hat and coat, we like. Who wouldn't trade places with the scarf, so snugly curled around her pretty throat?

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 74*)

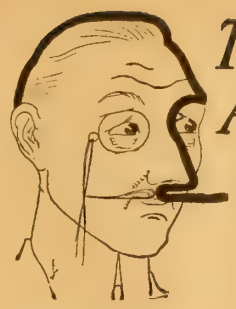
Elinor Glyn, the noted English novelist, finds it necessary to utilize every fleeting moment. Her trip across to England recently was occupied with the series of articles she is writing for THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on **Hollywood** and the **Hollywoodites**—this promises to be a vitally interesting series.

Naomi Childers is so busy being the wife of the author, **Luther Reed,** these days that she has neglected the screen. Mrs. Reed is one of the most attractive guests at the different luncheons and teas and she says that just as soon as she can manage it, she will come back to the screen.

CURIOSITY

By GERTRUDE CHANDLER

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We wonder just how old you are—
Not that we would love you less,
But because we like to guess.
With your childish ways so winning,
You have set our heads a swimming.
On the screen we see you shine,
But, if we believe Einstein,
Things are not what they do seem.
Even on the movie screen.
And as your charms do drive us furious,
ous?



The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

New Easy Way to DRAW

How Easy!
Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.
One of the most fascinating, best paid businesses—yours, after a few minutes' training a day.
Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.
Invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas New way makes it easy to learn drawing.

THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for **anyone** to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never **touched** a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive **personal** instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandlee. Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists's jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a 'gift.'" Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists get as high as $1,000 for a single drawing!

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching. YOU can earn big money as an artist, **regardless of your present ability.** Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.

Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
1711 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

(No solicitor will call upon you.)

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Washington School of Art, Inc.
1711 Marden Bldg. **Washington, D. C.**

You Have a Beautiful Face--But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your **"looks,"** therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1492 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have brought Beauty to Thousands

READ MY FREE OFFER

Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair

This Portrait Is My Proof

of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambition to be beautiful. You owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud that it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the Methods used by famous actresses, society leaders and movie stars, mail the coupon below. I will send you **free** my new work, "Stepping Stones to Beauty," containing full and complete information of my Methods and **HOW TO USE THEM** in the privacy of your own home, and with the same wonderful results which thousands of others have had. This knowledge has cost me years of patient, faithful, scientific study and research.

Send no money—write your name and address plainly and you will receive at once complete information on the following Beauty Methods—**any or all:**

To Banish Coarse Pores,
To Banish Wrinkles,
To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and Oily Skin,
To Beautify the Figure, Hands and Arms,
To Remove Superfluous Hair,
To Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes,
To Clear the Skin of Acne.

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 1112, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send complete information under your FREE OFFER, also "Stepping Stones to Beauty," FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Have you read the announcement on page 77?

Make your little girl happy
WITH AN
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE
Ask Your Jeweler

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 99*)

in "Scrambled Wives." Albert Roscoe, in "Molly and I." You're very welcome.

GLAD EYES.—Vernon Steele, opposite Mae Marsh, in "Polly of the Circus."

RHEA.—Whow! Zowie! You want to know whether a star would rather have a divorced man make love to her, or a single or married man. You also want to know if there is any difference in the quality of their love making. And you say you are sweet sixteen. Good night!

RUTH ROLAND LOVER.—I am not in business for my health, but I try to keep in health for my business. My business consists in answering a few fool questions and a few thousand sensible ones. You say you want more about Ruth Roland. Well, there is an interview on the way, I overheard this this morning. You bet, she is a friend of mine. We all like Ruth here. We also like her away from here. No, no—I mean we like her wherever she is.

LUR ME.—No, I am not the only answer man in captivity. The woods are full of them. I believe that I was the first, however, and the first to be called by that name. No, I guess I'll never fall in love now. I'm much too old for that. But still, never too old to yearn. I still have that little book by Kipling you sent me. I shall always treasure it.

FIFTEEN.—It is a luxury to read letters like yours. You can get back issues direct from this office, this address, regular price.

ANNE E.—*Le jour viendra.* Yours was one hundred per cent. good. The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser of land on the completion of the contract. Parents also gave a shoe to the husband on a daughter's marriage in token of yielding up their authority.

DOROTHY A.—Seena Owen was married to George Walsh once. Yes, I saw Lewis Stone and Ruth Reneck in "The Golden Snare," but didn't care so much for it. Gail Kane is playing in "Wise Husbands," with Gladden James. It is being produced by Pioneer.

SQUIRRELL.—No, I dont eat a great deal of candy now. It is all right if it helps to sweeten the disposition. You bet, I have a flowing beard. I wish my wit flowed as fully as my beard. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? Yes, Roy T. Barnes played in "A Kiss in Time."

MARY B. K.—Well, the ordinary load of a camel is from nine to ten hundredweight. The speed of the animal carrying his burden is about two and a half miles an hour. The average day's journey is from thirty to thirty-five miles. Alice Brady and her husband, James Crane, have been in Europe for some time.

EDWARD R. P.—Edward Earle, in "Swallow." Niles Welch, opposite Elaine Hammerstein, in "Remorseless Love." Conway Tearle, in "Shadows of the Sea." Marjorie Daw, in "The Lying Truth." Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy, in "The Poverty of Riches." Thank you, but I would rather have your I-O-U than that you have my U-O-Me.

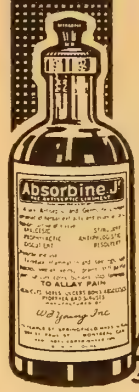
TAR HEEL, MAE, T. A. N., SIX SHOT IKE, SIR PATRICK, BUSTER B., NORMA, KITS, ADELE V., THE BROWN JUG, BLUE EYES, CAVALIER, DOROTHY A., WINNIE WYNN, SOPHIE, E. B., ONT., MARY P., ADMIRER, E., MISS O'HELL, FLUFF, H. K. AND M. F., EVANGELINE, DOLLY JOE, LOVEY MARY, LITTLE VAMP, BUBBLES, SALLY C.—You have asked nothing new, and have not stirred nor riled me. Hence I had to put you in the alsorans. Better luck next time.

(*Continued on page 108*)

sore muscles

Whether they come from bruises or overwork, sore muscles will quickly yield to the soothing effect of Absorbine, Jr.

Rub briskly into the muscles a few drops of Absorbine, Jr., and the inflammation which caused the pain will quickly disappear—and with it the pain. Keep a bottle on hand and be prepared for emergencies.



$1.25 a bottle at most druggists'

A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10c in stamps

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

LOOK 50¢ Look

With Illustrated Directions

3 for $1.25

Wonderful Instrument. Greatest thing yet. Nine separate articles in one. Everybody delighted with it. Odd, curious and interesting. Lots of pleasure as well as very useful. It is a double Microscope for examining the wonders of nature. It is also an Opera Glass, a Stereoscope, a Burning Lens, a Reading Glass, a Telescope, a Compass, a Pocket Mirror, and a Laryngascope—for examining eye, ear, nose and throat. It is worth all the cost to locate even one painful cinder in the eye. Folds flat and fits the pocket. Something great—you need one. Don't miss it. Sent by mail, with 300 page Novelty Catalog, ONLY 50c or 3 for $1.25
JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 7704, 3224 N. Halsted St., CHICAGO

HAIR ON THE FACE
PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

Insist! Insist! Insist!
on it by name
PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE for Coughs and Colds

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

Late Votes Delay Results

(Continued from page 82)

Comedian (Male)

Charles Chaplin	2,079
Buster Keaton	561
Fatty Arbuckle	408
Douglas Fairbanks	357
Charles Ray	345
Wallace Reid	330
Douglas MacLean	240
Ben Turpin	231
Walter Hiers	186
Larry Semon	177

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge	2,331
Mabel Normand	996
Mary Pickford	702
Louise Fazenda	612
Bebe Daniels	291
Mildred Davis	273
Viola Dana	165
Zasu Pitts	159
May Allison	135
Marie Prevost	117

Child

Wesley Barry	2,112
Ben Alexander	345
Marie Osborne	291
Mary Pickford	177
Bill Henry, jr.	168
Micky Moore	165
Bobby Connelly	162
Richard Headrick	129
Virginia Lee Corbin	126
Johnny Jones	126

Director

D. W. Griffith	3,084
Marshall Neilan	600
Thomas H. Ince	249
George Fitzmaurice	156
Tom Forman	147
William de Mille	144
Eric von Stroheim	120
Allan Dwan	114
King Vidor	105
Rex Ingram	90

THE QUEEN OF THE MOVIES

By Gwendolin Cumnor

From the glitter and glamor of Cinema Land—
From the shadowy, nebulous Country of Dream—
With a beauty surpassing, a presence supreme,
You have come with a scepter of gold in your hand.
How we tremble and flutter thru each breathless reel,
How we suffer for each cruel pang you must feel.
But, at last, you are safe, with your wrongs all made right,
And your lips, trusting, pressed to the lips of your Knight.

Lovely Queen! Combination of siren and saint,
With a form like a nymph, thrilling eyes, and a mouth
Like a honey-sweet blossom blown out of the South;
Rippling hair, in whose web boldest heroes might faint.
How those lips of yours, clinging in passionate truth
To your lover's, disturb my serene controlled youth.
Oh, why is it you look over here when you smile?
I [illegible]bing the Man who loves me while!

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

keeps the skin so smooth—velvety soft—refreshed!

This picture is a reduced copy of the original photograph of the Hinds Cream Girl

YOU can possess the appealing beauty of smooth, clear, perfect skin and charming complexion through the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Snow-white, exquisite in fragrance, Hinds Cream is cooling, soothing—a delight to the skin. An application of but a few drops brings a feeling of refreshing comfort, appreciated especially after shopping, sports or duties of the day. Skin which has become roughened, irritated by sun, wind or dust, chapped skin and other unnatural conditions, are alleviated quickly by Hinds Cream; and faithful use of it soon restores the skin to the clear, soft beauty of perfect health.

For more than a half century this cream has been gaining patronage in America. The demand has extended throughout Canada and into all other foreign countries. It keeps perfectly in all climates.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM not only improves the complexion but keeps the arms and hands attractive. It softens the cuticle in manicuring and relieves tenderness. Men use it after shaving for skin-comfort, to soften and heal. *Sample 2c.*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, in bottles, is selling everywhere. Buy of your dealer.

HINDS Cre-mis TALCUM is exquisitely flower-scented, velvety fine, cooling, soothing, comforting to delicate, irritated skin, imparting an exquisite touch of smooth softness. Luxurious after the bath. *Sample 2c.*

Can 30c. Postpaid

Tube 30c. Postpaid

HINDS Disappearing CREAM is *greaseless*, rarely delicate, softening, refining — protects the complexion and adds charm. A perfect base for face powder. Relieves "catchy fingers" while you sew, without soiling the fabric. *Sample 2c.*

HINDS COLD CREAM contains the same essentials as the liquid cream and is valuable for its cleansing, healing qualities. Good for baby's skin troubles. A perfect massage cream, semi-greaseless; improves the complexion. *Sample 2c.*

Tube 30c, Jar 60c. Postpaid

Large 35c, Guest 15c. Postpaid

HINDS Cre-mis SOAP is pure, bland, daintily fragrant and as highly refined as expensive French soaps. Yields abundant lather in either soft or hard (alkaline) water; refreshing, softening to the skin —ideal for the complexion. *Trial 8c.*

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER is impalpably fine and soft, adhering with gratifying smoothness. Its distinctive fragrance enhances the charm of every woman who uses it. Adds that touch of refinement. Four tints: white, pink, flesh, brunette. *Sample 2c.*

Large Box 60c, Trial 15c. Postpaid

WEEK-END BOX—Contains six dainty packages of fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites —pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charmingly boxed in old rose. *50c Postpaid.*

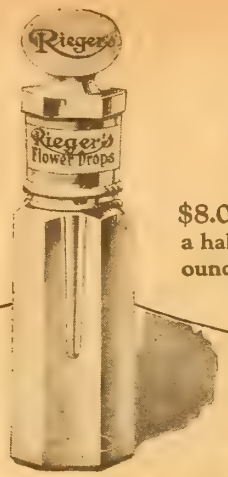
Ask your dealer for the Hinds Cream Toilet Specialties, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee delivery.

If you would prefer to try a sample assortment of the

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *Toilet Requisites*

send us 10 cents in stamps, or a dime carefully wrapped, and we will mail the package and booklet to you at once, postpaid. It contains samples of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, (liquid), Cold Cream, Disappearing Cream, Face Powder and Talcum. Included with them is a charming booklet: "The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful."

A. S. HINDS, Dept. 23, PORTLAND, MAINE



$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers
Direct or from Druggists

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks:
Lilac, Crabapple..$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet.....$2.00
Romanza.....$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. $15
½ " $ 8

Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. $1.50

Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes.....$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Send The Coupon Now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (*Since 1872*)
128 First Street, San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

☐ *Lily of the Valley* ☐ *Rose* ☐ *Violet*
☐ *Romanza* ☐ *Lilac* ☐ *Crabapple*

Name.....

Address.....

.....

☐ *Souvenir Box—$1.00 enclosed.*

☐.....*enclosed.*

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 106)

GARLIC.—A good deal depends upon appearances. In France, they ask, "Who are you?" In England, "Who is your father?" and in America, "How much have you?" Isn't it so? Next, pa pa. Kenneth Harlan was the doctor and Effie Shannon and Katherine Kellard, in "Mama's Affair." May Collins, in "All's Fair in Love," for Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is with Goldwyn.

C. M. M.—Yes, I'm the same old fellow. Well, I think the excitement has shifted to Eugene O'Brien., Thomas Meighan and Conrad Nagel are six foot; Wallace Reid, six foot one, and Monte Blue, six foot two. Pretty close.

AUGUSTA F., Canton.—You ask which I would rather hear from—lunatic, lover or poet? I cannot see any difference between the three. Adele Farrington was Miss Warren, Ruth Reneck was Virginia, in "The Mollycoddle." Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix, in "Dangerous Curve Ahead," for Goldwyn.

A CUERO NUT.—I have passed a unanimous vote of thanks to you for your dandy letter and kind words. You have the right address for Monte Blue. Antonio Moreno, with Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Ray, Los Angeles, Cal. Corinne Griffith, in "Moral Fibre."

GOLDIE RAWHUSKA.—Glad to know you. So you think I have a goat alongside of my desk who eats my letters as fast as I answer them. He'd be pretty fat by now. It would require forty goats—forty thieves. Virginia Valli, opposite Bert Lytell, in "Junk."

ETHEL W.—That was Fred Thompson, in "Lovelight."

STANLEY.—So you think I am about thirty-five instead of eighty. Say not so. You want an interview with Lowell Sherman. Wesley Barry, in "School Days." Grace Darmond, in "Handle With Care."

ANNE M.—You ask the same question that Shakespeare left unanswered—the tempted or tempter, who sins most? Creighton Hale, in "The Two Orphans." Write me again; yours was plus-excellence.

HONK KONK.—We had an interview with Sessue Hayakawa in the October, 1920, issue of the MAGAZINE. He laughs last and can afford to laugh. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Dorothy Dalton, at 805 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

M. P. FAN.—There is such a thing as too much humility, I think. Humility is an acknowledgment of superior force, and it is not always wise to admit that the other fellow can lick you. So you want to see a picture of Willard Mack. Vola Vale, opposite William Russell, for Fox. William Scott, opposite Eileen Percy.

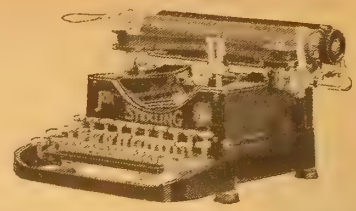
RUSSELL P. S.—Yours was answered above.

MADELINE H.—Ha, ha, you think I ought to get mixed up with a lawn mower. What would I do next December, when it is about ten below? Yes, Coleen Moore and Wheeler Oakman, in "Slippey McGee," for Morosco. Write me again.

MARY M. M.—I'll get there *peu à peu*. Some people never give up. I guess I'm one of them. Monte Blue and Mary Thurman, in "The Broken Doll." Eva Novak, in "The Last Trail," for Fox. Anna Little, in "The Blue Fox." Yes, the little colored boy is Sammy Snowball.

PETE MORRISON FAN.—Good for you. You want more about him, and you ought to have it.

LEE'S GIRL.—No, I have no relatives on



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will send you the famous **FOX-STERLING PORTABLE** Typewriter on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL**-direct from the factory to you. Handsome carrying case and Instruction Book included **Absolutely Free**. We want you to see for yourself what a complete and attractive machine the **FOX** really is.

ONLY $3.00 DOWN PAYMENT

You need pay only $3.00 down if you decide to keep the machine. Then you can pay the balance in **Easy Monthly Payments.** The **FOX** has 28 keys; 84 characters; every convenience

Write For Free Literature

Write us at once for **Free** descriptive circulars and full free details of our **Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan.**

Fox Typewriter Company
Dept. 1809 Grand Rapids, Mich.

GRIPPING SEX STORIES

Stories of *real* life, taken from Dr. Robinson's own private practice, are revealed in **Never Told Tales.** They are plain, powerful, penetrating and true sex stories of real men and women that only physicians know, but up until this time have always kept to themselves. They have never been made public before.

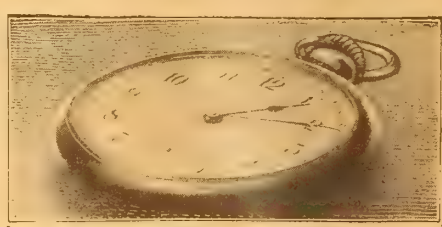
If you want the truth as it is seldom presented to the public, you will get this book."

PART OF CONTENTS

The Story of Rose and Edward	The Case of Lydia Swinton
The Story of Betty and Bob	The Life History of An Ideal Man
One of Life's Little Dramas	A Page from the Life of Prof. Beaumont

Below are a few of the enthusiastic reviews.
"It is blunt, but leaves nothing in doubt."
"Every one of these tales is extraordinarily interesting."
Someone would confer a great benefit on humanity if he would put this book in the hands of every young man and woman who is about to marry."

Right now—today—get a copy of this extraordinary book for only **$2.00** postpaid. Cash, money order, check or stamps. Mailed in plain cover marked "personal." Order at once.
Dept. 82, JOVE CO., 246 West 76th St., New York



The Burlington 21 Jewels

See it first. We send it for you to look at and examine carefully. You are under no obligation to buy. A 21-jewel watch sold to you at a price a great deal lower than that of other high grade watches.

$5.00 a month

The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms (after free examination) of only $5.00 a month—no interest. Send for full information.

Free Book Send for the most complete watch book ever produced, 100 designs and engravings beautifully illustrated in colors. Write for it today it is free. A letter or post card will do.

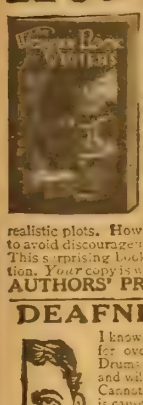
Burlington Watch Company, Dept. 1269
19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Office: 62 Albert Street, Winnipeg

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Free to Writers!



A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to win!* This surprising Book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now.* Just address **AUTHORS' PRESS. Dept. 389, AUBURN, NEW YORK**

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • New York City

Stops Truss Torture

This modern, scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 296C State St., Marshall, Mich.

the Baltimore paper. Hilda is a German name, meaning "warrior maiden." You're welcome.

MARGE.—Wesley Barry is twelve years old. "Passion," with Pola Negri, ran nine thousand feet, making nine reels—an exceptionally long picture. Wesley Barry is playing in "Penrod," directed by Marshall Neilan.

WINIFRED T.—Thanks for yours. Charles Ray directed and played in "Two Minutes to Go." Why, Will Rogers is producing two-reel comedies for himself

HOLLANDS 19.—All the way from "The Hague." Your letter sure was a prize. You must write to me again. "Broken Blossoms" took very well here in America. Sorry you didn't care for it. Dont hesitate about writing to the Editor. Miss Fletcher reads every letter that is sent to her.

TRIPIE M.—Really, I dont believe that you are human. Any person who can go to the beach and not get hungry enough to eat a hot dog or two and relish it—well, he or she ought to consult a physician. You bet, I like 'em. Marion Davies is twenty-three, and her real name is Marion Douras.

MIKE A.—Ella Hall is in California now.

ANNETTE, Little Rock.—You refer to Clyde Fillmore. You want an interview with him. Yes, Carpentier played in "The Wonder Man" when he first came to this country. Jack Dempsey played in "Dare Devil Jack." Ralph Ince and Zeena Keefe, in "Out of the Snow."

DOROTHY Z., Duluth.—Thanks for yours.

BEEPS.—Eva Novak is not married. Fred Thompson, in "The Love Light." Have you forgotten? Mt. Everest is in the Himalayas, and is the highest mountain in the world. Julian Eltinge's real name is William Dalton. Oh, I manage to keep cool, with so many fans.

LORRAINE.—Good morning, glory! I see you are here again. Welcome to our city. Always glad to see your name at the top of the sheet, for then I am sure to read some sensible questions and comments. Frank Sheridan, in "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Gareth Hughes, in "Garments of Truth." He is twenty-two and unmarried. Girls, here's your chance!

BROADSIDE BATTLING.—Horray! You sure are some boy. Glad to hear all is well on the battleship. I dont know much about it, but they say in fiction, "marriage is the end of the story." In real life, it is the beginning. When do you start?

JENNIE.—You nearly blinded me, reading your letter with that bright ink. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the producers' addresses.

FARNUM-FREDERICK FAN.—I understand that Julian Eltinge and Pauline Frederick are joint partners in a six-thousand acre ranch near California. They are raising cattle and the ranch is called Julepaul! Maybe she will let you spend your vacation on it. Marguerite Marsh is Mae's sister. William J. Gross was Gaffner and Florence Anderson was Granny, in "The Blue Bird."

LUCRECIA.—Glad to hear from China. Cullen Landis is married and has a daughter. He is playing in "Snowblind," with Pauline Starke. Lucrecia—Lucrecia, listen, Chicago is known as the Windy City, and Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. Is that all? Write again.

D. G. W.—Write Lillian Gish, in care of Griffith, Mamaroneck, N. Y. She is not married. You think we ought to have an interview with Wallace MacDonald. You say a woman, after thirty, is like a motor-car—constantly in need of repairs and fresh paint. Rebecca, Rebecca, come take in the

XMAS GIFTS
Buy NOW
Take a FULL YEAR To Pay
BABE RUTH SAYS:
"I have examined Diamonds in a lot of cities and will say that, for high quality and low price, ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO. can't be beat."
B1 Ladies' imported onyx ring, first quality blue white Diamond pierced 14K mounting $30.00.
B2—Ladies' 7 Diamond cluster 14K white gold mounting $48.50.
B3—Ladies' solid gold ring set with perfectly cut blue white Diamond $35.00.
B4—14K white gold hand engraved mounting, blue white Diamond $40.00.
B5—White and green gold Lavaliere. Diamond center $25.00.
B6—Ladies' 14K white gold hand engraved set with 3 perfect blue white Diamonds $55.00.
B7—Gentlemen's 14K solid gold Tooth ring, first quality blue white Diamond $100.00.
B8—Ladies' 7 Diamond cluster platinum set, resembles $350.00 solitaire $57.50.
B9—Hand engraved Tulip model solid 14K white or green gold case 15 Jewel guaranteed movement $37.50.

Pay Next Year for your Christmas Gifts!

ORDER NOW
DON'T SEND A PENNY

—goods come to you for examination. Pay (1/5) 20% only if you are satisfied—Take a full year to pay the balance. "ROYAL" diamonds are genuine first quality blue white perfect cut. Every article an exceptional value. **All goods sent on approval for 30 Days' Trial.** Satisfaction guaranteed. No references demanded—no red tape—no money in advance. **10% Discount for Cash.**

8% yearly Dividends in exchange allowance guaranteed on every diamond purchased from us.

"ROYAL" CHRISTMAS CATALOG FREE

The most complete catalog ever published of **Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets,** etc., sent free. **Prices the lowest—quality the highest. 30 Days' Trial** and a **full year to pay** on everything you order from our $2,000,000.00 stock. **Send for your free copy today.** Address Dept. 421.

Established 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

The Sole Agent for the

Corliss Palmer Preparations

No other manufacturer, chemist or distributor has her formulas, nor the right to handle her preparations. At present we are doing a mail order business only, and we will mail postpaid any of the following preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully in small packages to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

FACE POWDER

The only kind that will photograph perfectly, that will stay on, look natural and not injure the complexion, 50 cents a box.

FACE ROUGE

A natural pink paste for the cheeks, which if applied before putting on the powder in the morning will remain until you retire at night, and will not look like "paint." The only rouge that can be applied evenly and will blend perfectly, 50 cents a jar.

FOUNDATION CREAM

A face cream that not only improves and benefits the complexion, but which if applied before putting on the powder will hide all imperfections and prevent perspiration from dissolving the powder, 50 cents a jar.

LIP SALVE

A salve that looks perfectly natural, and will remain on all day, even after eating and drinking. Applied discreetly, nobody will ever know your lips are not naturally red, 50 cents a jar.

A $2 bill will bring all four to you

We guarantee all of Miss Palmer's preparations to be perfectly harmless. Her formulas call for only the best of ingredients. She has been declared by competent judges, the most beautiful girl in America, and she has made a thoro study of beauty and of what helps it and of what injures it. We have thousands of the most glowing testimonials praising her preparations. Try them once and you will use none other.

"Art that Conceals Art"

is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TYPEWRITER SENSATION

$4 or $5 a month WILL BUY

Any Standard Make Guaranteed TYPEWRITER With Every Modern Writing Convenience.

Write Today For Illustrated Catalog Explaining Try-Before-You-Buy Plan.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.

(Free Trial) 307—218 No. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn,

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1278-L, **Chicago**

Have a Clear Complexion

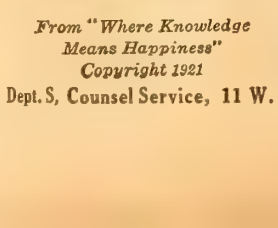
PIMPLES, ACNE, BLACKHEADS, Etc., EASILY AND QUICKLY CURED BY SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT. Write Today for **FREE** booklet, How To Have A Clear Complexion. Simply send name—a post card will do.

MARGOT LABORATORIES,
108 KEYSTONE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-958, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO



SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in **"Where Knowledge Means Happiness."** Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says: *It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.*

From "Where Knowledge Means Happiness" Copyright 1921

Sent in plain cover, for $1.00, check, money order, cash or stamps.

Dept. S, Counsel Service, 11 W. 69th St., New York

TAKE **BEECHAM'S PILLS** FOR CONSTIPATION

children—the Board of Health is approaching. Percy Marmont, in "Sacrifice."

C. S., Queensland.—Yes, you have the right information about Clarine Seymour.

Vivian G.—Have a heart, I am doing all I can. If I missed you last month, well, here you are. Margaret Anglin has been playing on the stage all winter. Vivian Martin is playing in "The Song of the Soul." You can reach Bryant Washburn, 7003 Hawthorne Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Reginald J.—I dont think that book has been done in pictures as yet.

Marie D.—To bear the brunt of anything is to receive the heaviest of the shock. To be in the brunt of a battle, is to be in the front, or taking the lead. The word is derived from the custom of hanging a bell on the leading beast of a herd, which the others readily follow. What a question to ask a movie man! So you liked George Seitz and Marguerite Courtot in "Velvet Fingers."

W. C. M.—Doris May and Courtney Foote, in "The Bronze Bell." So you think Mary Hay is entitled to an interview because she is the wife of Richard Barthelmess. Guess you are right. Louise Glaum's name was Isabella Schwartz.

Aussie.—No, I dont think Katherine MacDonald has been on the stage in Australia. Where was the Magna Charta signed? At the bottom. And I guess it was on the banks of Runnymede.

Happy Tho Married.—You have something to be thankful for. You suggest an article every month to three or four players, with pictures of their husbands. Do you mean their present husbands or all their previous husbands? Guess it would be enjoyed by many. Norman Trevor is playing the leading part in "Jane Eyre," with Mabel Ballin.

Dot, Dash and Semi, Fay 16, Ida M. S., Anxious, K. P., L. M. G., Zipo, A Brooklyn Girl, Betty Hamilton, Claire, Elha, Antonio, Pink Tights, Therma, Elizabeth K., May McAvoy Forever, I. R. Crazy About Wally, Gerry Farrar Forever, Edythe S., Prof. Keele, D. E. and G. L., Theda's Worshiper, Mary K., A Forrest Stanley Admirer, Alice Marie, and Tommy.—Never touched me! I enjoyed your letters, and hope you write again.

4921.—Now I've got your number. So you are a Chinese. Welcome. Well, I really would like to hear more about Tsing Hua College. So you saw "A Modern Musketeer." You should see him in his new picture, "The Three Musketeers." Gee wizy, but it is a humdinger. I enjoyed your letter immensely, and am surprised at your very good English. Do write me again.

Bertha B. E.—I cant say that I admire those new fashions. It has always been a mystery to me why women's legs dont get cold in winter. But a woman can stand much more cold than a man. I wear red flannels in December. Honest. Charles Gerard is a villain. Tell me all about it.

Jazz Baby.—Well, you ought to meet Wallace Reid. That's all I can prescribe for you.

Curlytop.—Wonderful! Beyond my powers of belief! Yes, "Camille" is finished and was shown at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on September seventh. It is an elaborate production, but it will never set the world on fire. Wallace MacDonald is to play opposite Carmel Myers in a Vitagraph serial, "Breaking Thru." Elliott Dexter, in "Grand Larceny," for Goldwyn. Good letter, yours.

Mrs. Ethel R.—Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the film manufacturers.

(*Continued on page* 112)

THE MOVIE PEST

By Ruth Lincher Fellows

I wonder if you've seen her
You've heard her anyway,
She's always at the movies,
She never goes away.
She sits right straight behind you,
She can tell you "stuff" that's true,
About every actor on the screen,
And she tells you what they do
Just before they do it,
She has such a second sight,
She can tell you all the story,
For she saw it all one night.
She has a voice that carries far
And with careful, calm precision,
She reads each word upon the screen
Quite loud and with decision.
She tells you where the scene is laid,
It's quite an education,
And she relates with heightened pride,
"I was there on my vacation!"
She laughs quite freely at the tramp
Who tears his trousers into bits,
But at the maid in evening clothes,
She nearly has a fit.
She quickly turns to her companion,
As tho she had a copyright,
And in hushed, excited whispers,
She tries to set you right:
"Look! He's going to kill her now,
I'm almost sure, you know,
For I saw a picture like this,
At another movie show."
She always leaves her hat on,
For it's difficult to pin,
But if some one else does likewise,
It's really quite a sin.
But if it were not for this very dame,
We would feel strange, we'll all confess,
For without her presence now and then,
Could the *movies spell success?*

REVISED ADVICE FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By M. B. Graves

Mary had a pet scenario,
And everywhere the busy postman went—
Until that poor man's pep was nearly spent—
That little script was always sure to go!

Then Mary took it to a studio,
But there the frightened editor said: "No!
I never saw a tale like this before—
Such novel twists would make our audience 'sore'!
We like our plots broiled in the *S. E. Post*,
For that's the place we look and favor most
To get a well-done, fat and juicy plot,
Which we rebutcher out here on the lot.
There's never any blame, if tough or tame,
Just so it's branded with their famous name!
The handling of fresh plots we kind of shirk—
Our *S. E. Post* does all the dirty work!"

So, *if* you want to sell a photoplay,
From all the picture people stay away;
Nor is there need for you to learn to write,
But sing win a big prize-fight;
Then, ju ey see you advertise,
They'll t : of those cute, clever gu
Who, no their past has been,
Are thou ty with the movie pen.
But if o ns you still are keen,
Hang yo on a magazine.
Scarce dr : a whale-sized check,
For all t then exclaim: "By He
That tale a great scenario!"
So write, near a studio!

Motherhood brings Gray Hair

MANY a charming young mother finds herself aging long before her time. The cares of the family and household worries often gray the hair prematurely.

Children, as well as many elders, do not discriminate. To them gray hair means age. The devoted mother who would stay young with her children, or any woman who takes pride in her personal appearance, should make her toilette a matter of concern. At the first sign of gray she should call to her aid that magic of modern days

BROWNATONE

For a trial bottle, with case and complete directions, send 10c for postage, packing and war tax.

With this clean, odorless and guaranteed harmless liquid she can tint either gray, faded or bleached hair to its exact girlish color—any shade of brown or black.

"Brownatone" is durable and lasting and easily applied at home.

Sold everywhere at drug and toilet counters, or direct. 50c and $1.50. Two colors: "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.

Canada Address: Windsor, Ont. 771 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky., U. S. A.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 3000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin. The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; Director of the Illinois Society of Certified Public Accountants, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants, assisted by a large staff of C. P. A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1278-H Chicago
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

TREAT YOURSELF
RenuLife VIOLET RAY

Learn how Violet Ray treatment enriches impoverished blood, relieves nervousness and builds vital strength. Drives out aches and pains and removes the cause. Speeds up digestive process, promotes assimilation of food and elimination of waste products.

Absolutely shockless and safe. You spray thousands of volts of high frequency electricity into any weak, inactive organ or tissue. Saturates entire body, relieving congestion and flooding it with rich, fresh, strength-building blood. Endorsed by physicians—35,000 in use.

Get "HEALTH" Book Sent for the asking. Tells you the whole story of the Violet Ray, its successes, many uses, etc., how simply and effectively you may employ these wonderful corrective forces of nature. Write at once.

RENULIFE ELECTRIC COMPANY
1412 Marquette Bldg. Detroit, Mich.
Canada, Netting Bldg., Windsor, Ontario
Sales agents write for attractive plan

RenuLife VIOLET RAY GENERATOR

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Go Into Business For Yourself!

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 91, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

SPECIAL SIZES
Refined features attract; misshapen features repel. Such is Nature's law. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are many inferior imitations, but the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL and ONLY comfortable adjuster highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Write to-day for FREE booklet, "Happy Days Ahead." No obligations.

BEFORE AFTER

FOR CHILDREN

ANITA-*The Original*-NOSE ADJUSTER
PATENTED

THE ANITA COMPANY, Dept. M, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 33 Aurora, Illinois

Viola Dana, Beautiful Metro Star, uses and recommends Maybelline

Maybelline

BEAUTIFIES EYES INSTANTLY

More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally long and luxurious. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades, *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes*. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-13 Grand Blvd. CHICAGO

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 110)

MOUSIE.—Yes, he disappeared. I dont know whether he ran away with a woman or from one. Gaston Glass is in California. Natalie Talmadge married Buster Keaton. King Vidor is his right name. I appreciate your kind words hugely.

TOOTS.—The average literary man of today uses about four thousand different words in writing a book or play of any considerable length. Shakespeare, whose vocabulary has been laboriously checked by scores of enthusiasts, uses just over fifteen thousand different words. Milton comes second, with about eight thousand. I never checked up mine, but I must come along next. Address Anita Stewart, at Brightwaters, L. I. So you are going to send me a picture of Eugene O'Brien and his mother, which you took. Will be glad to get it.

HELLES M.—So you have decided that my inquiries are interesting. Glad to know that. Now, that that is settled, we will take up the next question. Katherine MacDonald is married. Ella Hall and Francis Ford, in "The Great Reward."

ALBERTA.—You certainly have a very interesting collection. You say you have a newspaper—April 15, 1865, the *New York Herald*—giving full account of the shooting of Lincoln. Then you have several scrap-books with seven thousand war poems and you want to know where to dispose of them to the best advantage. I will look it up and let you know next month. But do you know that there are many thousands of those *Heralds* floating around? They are reprints. There are probably only a dozen originals in existence.

BEA SPORT.—Ha, ha! You say a man eighty years old hasn't the line of slang that I have. Well, maybe not; but I have. You want me to tell you where to get hooch. Oh, you want to know too much about me.

OREGON GIRL.—You say everybody preaches "reserve" to a girl—and scorns a wallflower; everybody preaches "thrift" to a man—and hates a tightwad. No, they do not have Turkish baths in Turkey. Address Wallace Reid, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

TINGLE TOES.—Why, Sabine Baring-Gould wrote the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Wallace Reid, in "The Champion." Grace Darmond and Gaston Glass, in "The Song of Life." Buster Keaton never smiles. Natalie does all the smiling in that family.

MRS. D. SCOTT.—Yes, that is a real dog, and it is owned by her. It is the least dog I have ever seen at one time. Well, dont you know, in some country towns it is customary to cuss the bride? I dont want to live in one of those towns when I get married. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick, in "The Glorious Fool." Harry Myers, in "Handle With Care." Yes, Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

JESSIE B.—Yes, worth makes the man, but I am sorry to say it usually depends upon how much he is worth. Yes, Vivian Martin is on the stage in "Just Married." For Ralph Graves, see above. Warren Kerrigan is in California. Sure thing, write me again.

TOODLE.—You can write Corliss Palmer at this office, and if she is not too busy with her perfumes and toilet preparations, or taking pictures, she will answer you. You can write Virginia Faire at Pathé, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

FAIRE, Tennessee.—Yours are the views of a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point. Oh, you flatter me. Yes, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope are

Bobbed Hair is the prevailing Fashion!

THE ALLAN BOB

gives you all that fashion demands, without sacrificing your own hair. It fits prettily and snugly around your head, simply and securely adjusted with a small comb on the inside.

Send us a sample of your hair and $9.50. The Allan Bob will be sent to you postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Six Allan Imported Hair Nets for 65 cents. Each Net Guaranteed perfect. State color and style.

THE F. H. ALLAN CO., 136 W. Lake St., Dept. 11, Chicago

A Slim Figure—how to obtain it

USE FLO-RA-ZO-NA—a delicately perfumed bath powder that leaves your skin glowing healthfully and beautifully smooth through your daily invigorating bath sprinkled with fragrant

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Bath Cartons

FLO-RA-ZO-NA is guaranteed. It reduces superfluous flesh.

Fourteen Treatments $3.00, Postpaid

If your druggist cannot supply you send $3.00 ($4.00 in Canada) direct to

Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co. Inc. Dept. 236, 49 E. 102d St. N.Y.

All Makes Typewriters

Remingtons, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof. Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co., 58 W. Washington St., Dept. 38, Chicago.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Wherever You Go YOU NEED A WATCH!

Here is yours direct from the Factory at Wholesale Price $5.95

Send for this rich looking beauty today. Pay postman $5.95 on arrival; try it out for 10 DAYS and if not entirely satisfied we will exchange it or refund your money.

This 3-piece combination consists of a guaranteed reliable gold filled 7 Jewel Watch, excellent timekeeper, gold filled extension bracelet and ribbon bracelet in a beautiful box exactly as illustrated.

Same combination can also be had

with 10 Jewel movement, extra quality..... $6.95
or 7 Jewels, guaranteed 20 year case..... $8.75
or 15 Jewels, guaranteed 20 year case..... $14.95
or 15 Jewels, 14K Solid Gold case..... $26.50

EVERY WATCH ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED!

Watches are our exclusive Specialty.

Prices from $3.00 to $1,000.00

Don't miss this opportunity, write us today as this offer will stand for a short time only.

UNEEDA WATCH CO., Dept. D
217 Eighth Avenue New York City

Don't Envy Shapely Ankles

You, too, may have them! Indeed you may! Use FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream. It works wonders. Actually! In a remarkably short time straight, thick, unshapely ankles can be transformed into neat, trim ankles which all women crave, and all men admire.

$2.00 a jar. Postpaid.

THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. B New Rochelle, N. Y.

Write now for 1922 Basch Diamond Book

Diamonds at Pre-War Prices Write today for the new 1922 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book. Diamonds back to Pre-War Prices. Note these reductions:

1-4 kt. now **$34.50**, was $45.00 3-4 kt. **$110.00**, was $147.00
1-2 kt. now **$72.50**, was $98.75 1 kt. **$147.50**, was $197.50

We are diamond importers. We sell direct to you by mail at importers' prices eliminating middlemen's profits—35% to 50% saved on local store prices. And now with prices slashed to pre-war levels (while retailers are still clinging to big profit prices) you can make additional big savings.

Free Examination—Money Back Guarantee

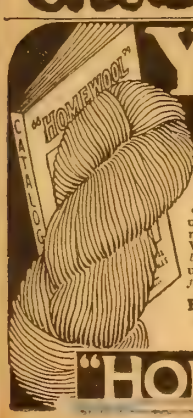
Every diamond sent on free examination. We take the risk and pay all charges. We also guarantee to refund in cash full price less 10%, if you wish to return your diamond. We allow full price in exchange for another diamond at any time. Every diamond fully guaranteed.

FREE 1922 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book—Write

See the sweeping reductions in this new Basch Book. Rare bargains also in watches, jewelry, silverware, etc. *Tells how to judge a diamond.* A postcard or letter brings it *free—write now.*

L. Basch & Co. Dept. W3370 State & Quincy Sts. Chicago, Illinois

Be an Artist Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and List of successful students. Associated Art Studios, 288 Flatiron Bldg. New York



YARN 100% VIRGIN WOOL

Beautiful sweaters, scarfs, shawls, jackets, hoods, gloves, stockings—dozens of lasting garments—for grown-ups and children cost less when you make them from Homewool 100% Virgin Wool Yarns. *Direct from mill to you at big savings.* Big skeins. Easy to make up. Attractive colors. Send today for *free* sample cards and Homewool Catalog.

Home Woolen Mills, Estab. 1876
88 Main Street, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
Send for Catalog—it is FREE

"HOMEWOOL"

just married. Yes, it is true that Violet Mersereau is playing in "Nero," a Fox picture taken in Italy.

GRACE B.—You are a wonder. Most girls would rather admit that they are thirty than to admit that they snore. You refer to Jewel Carmen, in "A Tale of Two Cities." So you like Gloria Swanson better than Agnes Ayres.

ERRATUM.—Faire Binney wishes me to state that she and Constance are both daughters of the late Harold Binney, the well-known patent lawyer of New York. In error, I said that Constance Binney was Constance Gray in a recent issue.

MARY C. G.—That's a fine letter of yours. You say you are sixteen, but you sound more like twenty-five. You had better go to college instead of in pictures. Get an education, child. Anna Little's real name was Mary Brooks.

MICKEY.—You want to know if Thomas Meighan is a musician, because he has such pretty hands. Never noticed his hands—always look at his face. And you think Wallace Reid looks like a "Mama's Boy." You say, I must be terribly wise, or awfully old, to answer these questions. Cant I be both?

LORRAINE J.—If the world does not smile on you, as you say, it may be because you dont smile on the world. Try it. Leon Gendronas was Larry in "Scrambled Wives."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FOREVER.—Well, I am glad to hear that you can write stories as easily as you can eat, but I am sure the latter is more sustaining. You must typewrite your stories. Theda Bara is making a tour, appearing in the principal cities of the United States, showing a two-reel picture for the occasion.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Try Bayside, L. I., for Pearl White, or Fox Studio, Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

GODDARD.—I hope you keep your word—one a week. Who knows? Perhaps we are soul mates. You say you are sixteen, and I'm eighty. Sobeit!

THE VAMP.—I would think twice before I put my money in those mines. You may have to go thru many trying ore deals before you get your money back. Vola Vale in "The Dancer." Diana Allen was the other girl. Wilfred Lytell was the rival. Anita Stewart's next picture, "Her Mad Bargain."

C. M. O.—Do not think of marrying an actress, if you can possibly avoid it. It is awfully hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary. Of course, I have a beard. It's always in front of me. I cant escape it, so I know it is there. Cant say whether "The Inner Flame" has been produced.

CURLEY HEAD.—I sure dont know whether Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge plays the piano, or whether Vivian Martin plays the violin. You may come again, but please ask me something easy.

HOUSE PETERS ADMIRER.—No, Jane Novak isn't married yet. Cheer up, and keep at it, in spite of handicaps. Demosthenes, greatest of Greek orators, was born tongue-tied, and Talleyrand was born a cripple.

SQUIRRELL.—*Comment vous en va?* No, you dont need pink paper to write to me on. As long as I can read the writing, it's all right. So you dont think that a vampire can cook. Cant prove it by me. Ralph Graves is out West doing "Kindred of the Dust."

RUSH.—Kenneth Harlan is married. You can reach him at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York. Yes, but dont write mash notes. You must be patient. With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Your Choice On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* with complete outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial won't cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay for instrument and complete outfit.

Complete Outfit

You get with the instrument everything that you need — velvet and plush lined carrying case with lock and key, all accessories, extra parts, self instructor, music, etc. — all at direct cost, practically for the cost of instrument alone.

Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments more than 200 years.

All instruments including Pianos and Victrolas, are embraced in the Wurlitzer plan.

Send for New Book

Everyknown instrument illustrated with prices, monthly payments and free trial blank. Book is absolutely free. Send the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Chicago, Ill. New York, N.Y.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Dept. 1529 117 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 120 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name.....

Address.....

State musical instrument in which you're especially interested

Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Women Who Formerly Had Streaked, Faded or Unbecoming Hair Are Now Telling Their Friends the Secret of Their Improved Appearance.

The old-fashioned method of hair dyeing has passed away. With it have passed many false notions, among them the reluctance to admit that the hair has been brought back to its original beauty and lustre by artificial means. This is entirely due to the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Through its marvelous results it has replaced all former methods and is used exclusively by 1,500 of the Foremost European hairdressers.

Through its use **Gray, Streaked or Faded Hair is Banished in 15 minutes**

INECTO RAPID is sold under the following specific guarantees:

1. **To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.**
2. **Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.**
3. **To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.**
4. **To be harmless to hair or growth.**
5. **Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.**
6. **Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.**
7. **To color any head any color in 15 minutes.**
8. **To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, shampooing, Russian or Turkish Baths.**
9. **Not to soil linens or hat linings.**
10. **To produce delicate ash shades heretofore impossible.**

Inecto Rapid applications are made at the leading hairdressing salons throughout the world.

In New York it is used exclusively in the Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Plaza, Pennsylvania and other leading hairdressing parlors. Thousands apply it in their own homes with complete success. Every woman desiring the charm of youthful appearance should investigate INECTO RAPID.

Send This Coupon Today

INECTO, INC., LABORATORIES
818 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once your "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form L-2) and full details of INECTO RAPID.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill out coupon and mail today. We will send you full details of INECTO RAPID and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" to enable you to find the most harmonious and becoming shade for your hair.

INECTO, Inc., Laboratories
818 Sixth Ave., New York

SHADOWS

By Clarence E. Flynn

We are moving shadows cast
On the world's great picture screen;
Shadows in a drama vast,
Filled with varied act and scene.

Shadows flitting in the sun
Like the bees among the flowers;
Shadows hast'ning one by one
Down the course of passing hours.

Shadows in the sunny space;
Shadows on the tangled grass;
Shadows on the river's face;
Shadows in the winds that pass.

Shadows playing in the lane;
Shadows fighting battles brave;
Shadows walking ways of pain;
Shadows falling in the grave.

Shadows moving in the grove,
Falling on the summer lawn.
On and off the screen they move,
But the play goes ever on.

THE STAR OF SHADOWLAND

By Reinette Gamble Long

Dim the lights on shadowland,
Nor suns nor moons there are;
A silver sheet
With music sweet
And lighted by a star.

Bright the star of shadowland,
Her orbit circles far;
Her universe
Must oft rehearse,
She is a movie star.

THE OLD HOME ROAD

By Wright Field

Ah, there it is—the road that used to lead
Beyond the wood, around the corner, so,
Across a meadow and a weathered stile,
O'er the low bridge that spanned the streamlet's flow,
Ending at last in a white gate that sagged
Beneath the weight of many little feet—
And later, from the boyish forms that leaned
Across it, whisp'ring nothings, low and sweet!

Yes, there, at last, a silvery, scythe-like curve,
Where a wide willow drops its velvet plumes,
And white flower-faces peep beneath the trees,
Like wistful ghosts entrapped in silent glooms,
It runs, and beckons me to follow on
To where it climbs the stile and spans the stream,
And sweeps around the little red-brick house,
Whose windows in the dying sunset gleam!

Ah, I have waited long to see its curve,
Dear and familiar, calling to my *home*,
Knowing how gladly would my weary feet
Rush to respond, nor care again to roam.
Almost I see my mother's tender smile,
Almost I hear her greeting, low and sweet—
But, ah, I start and tremble from my dream;
'Tis gone—and blank once more the silversheet!

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a 50-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

It is easy to identify Victrola instruments

You can tell them the moment you raise the lid and see the trademark "Victrola." You will also see other Victor trademarks, as the picture and the phrase "His Master's Voice."

Be sure to get a Victrola instrument, for it is the chosen instrument of the greatest artists and specially made to play their Victor records.

The Victor trademarks besides being your means of identification are also your guarantees of quality. Victrola instruments are built to give a lifetime of service. Look under the lid for the Victor trademarks—"Victrola," the picture and the phrase "His Master's Voice"—and you can be certain of lasting satisfaction.

Victrola instruments $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Brett Litho. Co., N.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE.

MAGAZINE

JANUARY

25 CTS

Mabel Normand

The Picture He Carries Away

Will it be an alluring image of charm and freshness, or the pitying recollection of a pretty girl made unattractive by a poor complexion?

Of all the features men admire, a beautiful skin comes first. No girl can hope for much attention when hers is blotchy and coarse in texture.

Since a few weeks scientific treatment will remedy such defects, no girl should be discouraged. It is within every woman's power to have and keep a smooth, fine, clear skin, radiant with the charm of health and freshness.

The cause of blackheads, of pimples, of enlarged, coarsened pores, is easily removed, and the ways and means are simple. In a surprisingly short time the improvement will delight you.

The First Step

The first thing you must do is to find a soap mild enough for thorough cleansing. Clogging accumulations of oil, dirt and perspiration, are the cause of most bad skins. Once a day they must be thoroughly removed and only soap will do it.

Cleansing lather must be massaged into the skin. Use your hands, gently patting and rubbing. Rinse thoroughly, still with your hands, for a wash cloth may roughen and irritate.

Do this before you go to bed and apply cold cream liberally, all your skin will absorb, and you are ready for real beauty sleep. You will wake to a new and becoming freshness which will increase each day.

If you have a very dry skin apply cold cream before washing to supplement the lack of natural oil.

Safety in Palm and Olive Oils

Since the days of Cleopatra, these mildest, most soothing cleansers have been used by lovely women to beautify their skins. Today we blend them in Palmolive Soap.

The great value of olive oil is its softening, relaxing qualities, so beneficial to the skin. It produces a mild, penetrating lather which enters the network of skin pores and glands and cleanses them of every foreign particle, without a trace of irritation.

Palm oil supplies richness and body and makes the profuse lather lasting.

Royal Cleansers—Yet Only 10 Cents

Just as in ancient times, palm and olive oils are among the most costly ingredients which can be used in soap. But the popularity of Palmolive, which keeps the factories working day and night, allows us to import them in such vast volume that it reduces cost.

This saving, combined with manufacturing efficiency, keeps the price of Palmolive low. The cleansers of royalty are offered to modern users in a fragrant green cake which costs only 10 cents. A trial cake, sent free if you will return the coupon.

Palm and olive oils were royal cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt

Volume and efficiency permits 25-cent quality for

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Copyright 1921, The Palmolive Co. 1396

TRIAL CAKE FREE

Fill out and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. No. A440 Milwaukee U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

Victor Records

Approved by the artists for use on the Victrola

Victor Records by the greatest artists are issued only when the artists who made them are fully satisfied that the records exactly duplicate their performances.

In judging their Victor Records for approval these artists play them on the Victrola—the instrument for which they are specially made.

It is only by using Victor Records in combination with the Victrola that you hear their interpretations exactly as the artists produced them—exactly as they expect to be heard.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.,
Camden, N. J.

Victrola No. 130, $350
Victrola No. 130, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, New Jersey

You take no chances with Paramount

YOU fans are the insiders among the millions of motion picture patrons.

In every audience there are two or three dozen individuals who get much more out of the photoplay than the rest of the folks.

It is you whom we thank for having done an immense amount of word-of-mouth advertising for Paramount Pictures.

You know that when the plot calls for a Fifth Avenue mansion, or a Scottish castle, or the interior of a sumptuous yacht, that Paramount gives the real thing.

You appreciate the absence of skimping, and you know that Paramount can always afford the best, in all the numerous kinds of skill that go to make great photoplays.

It is this feeling of supremacy about Paramount that has gradually widened the circle of fans till it has run into millions and colors the opinion of the whole nation.

If you're not getting Paramount Pictures at your favorite theatre ask the manager why.

Keep up the good work and Paramount will keep up the great pictures.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Nov. 1, 1921, to Feb. 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
with Betty Compson;
by Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Briar Bush,"
by Ian MacLaren.
A Donald Crisp Production.

Marion Davies
in "Enchantment," supervised by
Cosmopolitan Productions.

George Melford Production
"The Sheik,"
with Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino.
From the novel by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North,"
adapted from "Conjuror's House,"
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was."
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel, "Enchanted Hearts,"
by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in
"Exit—the Vamp,"
by Clara Beranger.

Pola Negri in
"The Last Payment."

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
by Lorna Moon.

William S. Hart in
"White Oak."
A Wm. S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in
"Under the Lash."
From the novel, "The Shulamite,"
by Alice and Claude Askew.

A William de Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett,"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills,
Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister,"
by James M. Barrie.

A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.
Wallace Reid in
"Rent Free."
By Izola Forrester and Mann Page.

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise."
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story,
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Has No Turning,"
by Sir Gilbert Parker.

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang,"
with Ann Forrest.
From the novel, "Perpetua,"
by Dian Clayton Calthrop.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman."
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play,
"The Woman in the Case."
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts," with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

DEC -8 1921
©CL.B516824

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII JANUARY, 1922 No. 12

Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month, and SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-third)

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Herbert Howe
Pacific Coast Representative

GLADYS HALL
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR
ELEANOR V. V. BREWSTER
E. M. HEINEMANN
Associate Editors

A. M. HOPFMULLER
Art Director

GUY L. HARRINGTON
Business Manager
DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Director of Advertising
RUFUS FRENCH, INC.
Eastern Manager
ARCHER A. KING, INC.
Western Manager
METZ B. HAYES
New England Manager

CONTENTS

PAGE

Gallery of Players 11
Gravure portraits of Constance Talmadge, Eric von Stroheim, Margaret Loomis, Alma Rubens, Mabel Julienne Scott, Cecil B. de Mille, Milton Sills, Rudolph Valentino and Helen Ferguson.

The Wishing Rug 20

Justice ..... *Elinor Glyn* 21
The English novelist's first word sketch of Hollywood.

Rex and His Queen ..... *Barbara Beach* 22
Concerning the romance of Alice Terry and Rex Ingram.

We Interview Camille ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall* 24
A one-act play featuring Nazimova.

Tony the Versatile 26

Richard Barthelmess ..... *Cerline Boll* 27

The Scarlet Thread ..... *Willis Goldbeck* 28
Depicting Gareth Hughes.

Shadowed Drama from the Land of the Vikings 30

Flower of the North ..... *Norman Bruce* 31

Beauty and the Interviewer ..... *Frederick James Smith* 36
With Corinne Griffith symbolizing beauty.

Who Will the New Stars Be? ..... *Herbert Howe* 38

The Poor Little Fame Girl ..... *Hazel Simpson Naylor* 40
In other words—May McAvoy.

Trailing the Tropics with a Tripod ..... *Alvin Victor Knechtel* 42

Miss Lulu Bett Comes to the Silvercloth 44

Tol'able David ..... *Janet Reid* 45

D'yknow Mr. Dix? ..... *Leslie Bryers* 50

The Keeper of Her Gift ..... *Betsy Bruce* 52
Describing Madge Kennedy.

That's Out ..... *Tamar Lane* 54

The New Star 55

Once More—the Two Orphans 56
Special camera studies by Frank Dien.

Curving the Angular Figure ..... *Corliss Palmer* 58

A Reversal of Rôles ..... *Maude Cheatham* 59

Alias Miss Dupont ..... *Clyde Stuart* 60

A Question of Honor ..... *Susan Elizabeth Brady* 61
The Anita Stewart production fictionized.

Across the Silversheet ..... *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 66
The new screen plays in review.

Nix on the Matinée Idol ..... *Gordon Gassaway* 68
Expressing Herbert Rawlinson's sentiments.

On the Camera Coast ..... *Herbert Howe* 70

The Sister of Jane and the Sister of Katherine ..... *Lillian Montanye* 72

Greenroom Jottings 73

The Answer Man 76

Ideal Cast Selected by Readers 80
Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid proven favorite heroine and hero.

Free to Writers!

A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. *How to win!* This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now.* Just address

AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 141, AUBURN, NEW YORK

HOW TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

An interesting illustrated booklet (free) on choosing a vocation, the exceptional opportunities Photography offers you and how to avail yourself of these advantages.

MOTION PICTURE—COMMERCIAL—PORTRAITURE

Three to six months' practical course. Modern equipment. Day or evening classes. Easy terms. Call or write for Catalog No. 29.

N. Y. INSTITUTE of PHOTOGRAPHY
141 W. 36th St., New York *OR* 505 State St., Brooklyn

LEARN

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude,** and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn Big Money

Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Dept. MP.

American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York

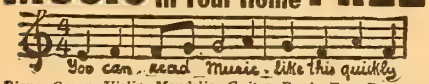
Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail.

Landon Picture Charts make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what *you* can accomplish. *Please state age.*

THE LANDON SCHOOL
402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS

send today for FREE copy of America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful.

Writer's Digest, - 602D Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 253 Superba Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours--at home--in private by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy--fascinating.
RESULTS GUARANTEED. No music--no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully.
WRITE ME TODAY for my interesting **FREE BOOK!** Special low offer if you answer at once.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 121 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Belasco.—"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Broadhurst.—Lionel Barrymore in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltinge.—"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

Empire.—"Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner. Dramatization of Ibañez's novel of the career of a toreador. Catherine Calvert in the leading feminine rôle.

Fulton.—"Liliom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a drab but powerful American play, "Ambush," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustments of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

Harris. — "Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

Jolson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan rôle of the Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune"; Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb sublety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Akins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

Republic.—"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn. If you do not mind blushing, you will be amused by this piece, which has an interesting cast, including Walter Jones and Dorothy Mackaye.

Ritz.—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

Selwyn.—"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Dont miss "The Circle."

Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is 'way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

On Tour

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinquished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

"The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr. Interesting David Belasco revival of the vivid Eugene Walter drama of New York's tenderloin. One of the big plays of the last twenty years.

"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but wont admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sid-

ney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

"Mr. Pim Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing.

"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

The OPPORTUNITY MARKET

Something of Interest For Everybody

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Steady income, large manufacturer of Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Pure Food Products, etc., wishes representatives in each locality. Manufacturer direct to Consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or Credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 5718 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Coining Money selling Universal Gas Savers for every gas stove. Wonderful device. Cuts gas bills in half. Increases heat. Popular prices. 100% Profit. Exclusive territory. Write quick. A. W. Moore, Gas Saver Company, Topeka, Kansas.

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 F, No. Clark St., Chicago.

BEAUTY CULTURE

Superfluous Hair Permanently Destroyed with roots. Painless and Harmless. No electricity nor chemicals. Postpaid, $1.00 a package. NUART Laboratories, Dept. M, South Orange, N. J.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Publishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. O. Lotz, 105 E. 28th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerks Needed Soon (men—women) $1,600—$2,300. No experience required. Write Mr. Ozment, Former U. S. Government Examiner, 294 St. Louis, Mo.

IF YOU WANT MORE PAY—BECOME A DRAFTSMAN

We teach you Mechanical Drawing at home in your spare time; no previous training required. Our graduates earn $35 to $100 a week and more as they advance. Write today for Free Book "Your Future in Drafting."

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING
Dept. 1601, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Excellent opportunity; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

OLD COINS WANTED

$2,500 for One Dollar—Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y., received this amount from us for one silver dollar. You may not have this dollar, but we buy all other rare coins and pay high cash premiums. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It will pay you to be posted. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Patents Secured—Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest References. Wrte TODAY. J. L. Jackson & Co., 240 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Author's Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

$1200 a Year Writing Photoplays—You can write them. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Play Coll., 278-B-32, Chicago.

Photoplays Wanted—Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Experience unnecessary. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, B-43, Chicago.

Photoplays, Ideas Wanted for California Producers. Also Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. MSS. criticized free, sold on Commission. Submit MSS. or, if a beginner, write for Free Plot Chart and details—experience unnecessary. Harvard Company, 218, San Francisco, California.

Authors—Send for "Successful Photoplays," our free booklet, which tells how to write photoplays and describes our typewriting and marketing service. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Ia.

POEMS WANTED

Poems Wanted for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. Idyl Pub. Co., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 220, Chicago.

SALESMEN

Salesmen—Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free employment service to members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 139-A, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen—Ambition and training! That's what it takes to get the Big Jobs today. We train you and secure the position; write today. American School of Salesmanship, Eighth Floor, 20 E. Jackson St., Chicago.

SCENARIOS WANTED

Exchange Plots For $$—Photoplay ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published, copyrighted. Sold. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corp., 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

Scenarios Published Free—That's just what we do if you will write your scenario in proper form for our big Scenic Magazine; your name is published as author, which protects your rights; your chance to sell to producers is big. Instructions in book form furnished on receipt of $5. Vern Steves, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California.

SCIENTIFIC

Success or Failure! Which is your destiny? Scientific information. "Success" pointers and personality sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood, Dept. 550 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SONG WRITERS

Avoid Song Writers' Pitfalls—Butler-Cobb System of Song Writing, with rhymers' dictionary and legitimate publishers' directory sent on approval for $1.00. Publishers Press, 203 W. 40th St., New York City.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 6c postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. B. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES' PLACE IN AMERICA'S GREATEST ART

THE motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen. In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barricade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that never has been excelled.

"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blest isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

The R-C standard of honesty of purpose will be maintained at all cost. An announcement of an R-C picture will always be a guarantee of artistic accomplishment, of scrupulous cleanliness.

R-C PICTURES

New York

R-C PICTURES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Pauline Frederick

"THE LURE OF JADE"

Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

"The Lure of Jade" in climax on climax, unfolds a story of deepest love, violent hate and spiritual sacrifice.

In the difficult role of Sara, a woman whom sorrow and tragedy at first make bitter and unrelenting, but whose greatness of soul eventually conquers, Pauline Frederick stands resplendent.

No other woman of the stage or screen could have successfully interpreted this "enigma woman" and kept the love and sympathy of her audience.

A visionary creature of the author's imagination, Sara steps forth a living, vibrant woman who will remain as deathless as "Camille," as matchless as "Carmen" or "Cho Cho San" in Madam Butterfly."

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade."

". . . Watching her from every corner of the crowded room"

Strangers' eyes, keen and critical — *can you meet them proudly - confidently - without fear?*

STRANGERS' eyes, watching you in crowded restaurants—in theatres and ballrooms—can you meet them without awkwardness or dread?

The possession of a beautiful skin gives any woman poise and confidence. It is a charm that any woman can have if she will. For *your skin changes every day;* each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this new skin the right treatment, you can make it flawlessly clear and soft and smooth—free from the little defects that spoil so many complexions.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the treatment that suits its special needs.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin.

If you have a skin that is exceptionally sensitive and delicate, use the following treatment every night to keep it in good condition:

DIP a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

THIS is only one of the special treatments for different types of skin, given in the booklet of treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this booklet you will find complete treatments for all the different types of skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1301 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

Copyright, 1921, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Photograph by Pach Brothers, N. Y.

Motion Picture Magazine

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Constance is perhaps screenland's favorite flapper. Nevertheless, she insists that her future productions will have a slightly more serious vein. It would be a pity for her to desert the farce, altogether

Photograph by Freulich

ERIC VON STROHEIM

It takes ages for Eric von Stroheim to produce a picture. It takes ages after that for him to cut it to the required length. But his efforts are worth waiting for—"Foolish Wives," they say, is soon to be released

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

MARGARET LOOMIS

Margaret Loomis has contributed colorful moments to many productions. It is a mystery why the Powers That Be do not give her more opportunities. Certainly, she has a distinct personality. And it cannot be denied that this is a rarity

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

ALMA RUBENS

Alma Rubens has not been constant in her work before the camera recently. She has taken long vacations between productions. Remembering her work in "The World and His Wife," this is to be regretted

Photograph by Freulich

MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT

Mabel Julienne Scott has given the silvercloth several worthy portraits within the last year or two. Her latest work is her portrayal of Fanny, in "No Woman Knows," which was called "Fanny Herself" between the covers of Edna Ferber's novel

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Cecil B. de Mille is the master-director of the silken drama. His luxuriant backgrounds always boast an innovation, and his women are gay creatures in brilliant plumage. His next production is "Saturday Night"

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

MILTON SILLS

Milton Sills is cast as Neil Cornish in the forthcoming screen version of "Miss Lulu Bett." In his portrayal, Zona Gale's piano salesman seems to have stepped forth from the pages of the book

Photograpn by Donald Biddle Keyes

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

This portrait might well be termed "The Sheik," for it pictures Rudolph Valentino in the title rôle of that production. His is, without a doubt, one of the most promising shadows now mirrored upon the screen

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson came to the screen in the old Essanay days, when she "cut" classes at school to interview directors. Her latest work is her characterization of Diana Deacon in "Miss Lulu Bett"

The Wishing Rug

Posed by Mildred Harris and Kamuela Searles
in "A Fool's Paradise"

Justice

By
ELINOR GLYN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Below is the first of a series of three articles by Elinor Glyn depicting Hollywood as she recently found it. Her opinion of the motion picture colony is unprejudiced. She went to it from the courts of Europe. Her observations possess much interest, for she bestows both censure and praise.*

WHAT a terrible storm about the poor movie world—! A company of hard working people, engaged in an industry which caters for the amusement and relaxation of vast publics in all parts of the civilized world! Every trade and association contain black sheep, and when glaring cases are discovered, it is the fashion to thunder denunciation upon the entire band! This is rank injustice, and so I write this paper, not to take any particular side, but to ask readers to reflect before they join the throng of abusers.

That all professions in which young men and women are obliged to portray the parts of lovers, with a different partner many times in a year, must be more filled with greater temptations than serving in a shop, say "Jumps to the eyes." The emotions are being continually appealed to—and it must be the same on the stage as on the "set." Therefore special self-discipline is necessary to keep actors and actresses of both stage and screen from straying into behavior which is immoral. And that many of them do keep perfectly straight is well known. This deplorable "home-brew" and the childish desire to drink, just because it is forbidden, is mainly responsible, I feel sure, for the wild parties which are so much spoken about. And if the exposure of one of these parties is going to help to a better state of things, it is well that this disaster has happened. There must be a great number of the moving picture colony who do not indulge in these vulgar orgies, because during my ten months stay in Hollywood I never saw one such gathering. In the beautiful dignified home of Mary Pickford, nothing but refinement and peace and gentility reigns. At Winifred Kingston's house there come together all the brightest wits of the literary and artistic world. Dear little Marjory Daw, living in the hotel with me, is just a simple little lady. And the splendid boys! Some of them only taking the parts of "Extras" who made up our little company of friends, are all gentlemen in the true sense of the word, and none of them ever drink or carouse—and some do not even smoke. These are only a few of the names of the hundreds of public screen favorites there—they come to my mind because I saw them the oftenest. But they

(*Continued on page 94*)

Beneath is a recent portrait of Elinor Glyn, who says, "Special discipline is necessary to keep actors and actresses from behavior which is immoral. The emotions are constantly being appealed to. Therefore, special self-discipline is necessary. And that many of them do keep perfectly straight is known"

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

Rex and His Queen

THE poor movies—their cooing doves coo in solitary silence, while their fighting cocks fight in three-inch newspaper headlines.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry do not envy the fighting cocks. But their morality sheds no mantle of disinterest or "blaaness" about them. Rather does it clothe them in an aura as fascinating as that with which we invested our youthful dreams. Alice looks upon the screen with an indifference which is positively startling in one who has been greeted with such thundering salvoes of praise since her performances as Eugenie Grandet in "The Conquering Power," and Marguerite Laurier in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." She is interested solely in her rapidly approaching marriage to Rex Ingram, the young director who also stepped into the Hall of Fame with the same two pictures.

Photograph (left) by Witzel, L. A.

No Romeo or Juliet of your imagination could be more physically attractive or mentally alluring than these two. Rex is twenty-seven or twenty-eight, as attractive as any matinée-idol. Alice Terry is as lovely to look upon as the bride of your heart was on the day you loved her best. She is untouched by that modernity which is turning, not only movie girls but society girls, into the cigaret smoking neurasthenics so aptly described by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"I told Alice I didn't think I wanted her to work after we were

"I am glad I made good in 'The Four Horsemen'," said Alice Terry, "but more for Rex's sake than my own. I have little enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are married, I may play a part once in a while for Rex, when he has one which suits me, but never for anyone else." At the top of the page, Rex Ingram is seen directing Miss Terry in a scene; above, an informal picture, and at the left, a portrait of Miss Terry

By
BARBARA BEACH

married," said Rex Ingram, "and she replied that I'd have a fine time *making* her. She's ready to quit any time."

"Are you really willing to give up your career now that you have practically reached the top?" I demanded of Alice, who had luxuriously kicked off her gold slippers and was sitting with her feet curled up under her cloth-of-gold gown.

"Absolutely. There are so many things that are so much more worth while. I would rather be Mr. Ingram's wife than the greatest star on the screen. Never would I work for anyone else, and he cannot always have parts that suit me. Anyway, when we are married and have our own home, and I can have time to do the million and one things I have always wanted to do and never had time to do, I will have no desire to return to the screen. Rex is all I want. You can understand, cant you? Perhaps, I suspect this movie game. I have seen so many of the greatest stars reach the top and then gradually slide down. An actor can advance just so far, then comes inevitably a poor picture followed by two or three failures, and he is immediately forgotten. There is only one Mary Pickford. The screen public is very fickle. Stage audiences will flock to see their stage favorites even after they have grown old, but not screen audiences. There are too many new ones appearing all the time.

"Somehow, I cant grow elated or conceited, and think that some divine fate chose me to be always great, like so many of the screen stars do. Perhaps this is because I struggled so long before I was noticed. I started in pictures when I was fourteen as an extra in Triangle and Lasky productions. I was given good notices for a part I did with Bessie Barriscale in 'Not My Sister.' I played the sister. But, somehow or other, no more chances came my way. Directors said I would never make good, but I kept plodding on until one day Rex Ingram said he was sure I had ability, and he cast me

(*Continued on page* 102)

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

Photograph by Rice

"Alice Terry has a wonderful sense of humor," Rex Ingram declared. "And a woman with a sense of humor is a blessing." Above, a new study of Mr. Ingram, and at the left, Miss Terry

We Interview Camille

Photograph by Rice

"Do you know what my friends call me?" asked Nazimova. "They call me 'Peter.' And sometimes 'Mimi.' That does not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?" Above, a new camera study of Nazimova

SCENE I. The ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton. It is the *première* of "Camille," and Madame Nazimova, with her party, including her husband, *alias* Charles Bryant, and Armand, *alias* Rudolph Valentino, occupies one of the boxes. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are "also among those present." G. H. Spends most of the evening with her back to the screen, in her efforts to see Nazimova in person.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*impatiently*): Will you *please* turn around? You stare so one might suppose you had never seen a celebrity before.

GLADYS HALL: (*as from a long distance*): I'm not looking at a celebrity so much as at an esthete . . . a tragedienne . . . A Woman of Sorrows. . . .

A. W. F. (*interested in spite of herself*): You have the right atmosphere for once. Look at the dull gold of that mandarin coat she is wearing . . . the blackness of her hair —I like it sleek like that . . . the long cigaret holder . . . the gestures. . . .

G. H.: I remember someone's asking a big director once whether or no he thought Nazimova beautiful. "Beautiful!" the director exclaimed impatiently, "what does it *matter* whether she is beautiful or not!" I see what he means now, dont you?

(A. W. F. is about to reply in detail and at length when the conversation, waxing ever louder in enthusiasm, is suppressed by the residue of the audience, there for the purpose of the Silent Drammer. A. W. F. and G. H. subside with a mutually ejaculatory: "We'll interview her *Tomorrow!*")

SCENE II. (*Tomorrow.*) Reception-room of the hotel hotelizing Nazimova. G. H. and A. W. F. sit side by side on a settee. The reception-room resembles a funeral parlor. G. H. repeats in a monotonous voice poems written to Nazimova. In between stanzas the interviewers discuss the morbidity of the Russian temperament, as symbolized by Nazimova. A firm and brisk step is heard coming down the corridor.

A. W. F. (*always optimistic*): Here she is.

G. H. (*owlishly—in all her wisdom*): *Simplissimus simplicita!* She wouldn't walk like that. What—Camille —Woman of Chance . . . The Lady with the Camellia . . . Ibsen's Nora . . . the introspective Hedda Gabler . . . the woman in "The Comet" dressed in dust . . . Hilda Wangel . . . come, come, my dear, this is not Cutie Springtime. This is "woman of stone, sphinx of the marble mien, Empress of hate who turns men's blood to ice. . . ."

(Nazimova steps briskly into the room. It *was* her step. A. W. F.'s optics are twin blue triumphs. She—Nazimova—wears a blue tailored suit, mannishly tailored. Her feet are shod in low-heeled

Camille . . . . . Alla Nazimova
First Interviewer . . . . Gladys Hall
Second Interviewer . Adele Whitely Fletcher

oxfords. She removes her small velvet hat and her tanned, firm hand is held out in a greeting. Her hair is parted on the side, sleek, boyish. She talks with a reminiscence of accent.)

NAZIMOVA (*appreciating the funeral parlor atmosphere*): This isn't exactly my setting, is it?

G. H.: Isn't it? Aren't you the tragic type?

NAZIMOVA: Tragic? I am not tragic. What made you think that?

G. H.: Well, you *look* tragic. You are the tragic *type*.

NAZIMOVA: That may be so—*outwardly*.

A. W. F.: The parts you have played. They have all been tragic. Ibsen . . .

NAZIMOVA: Ibsen! But Ibsen is not tragic. What a strange idea. Ibsen is an optimist. A very true optimist.

G. H.: Well but life . . . dont you think life tragic?

"Always," announced Nazimova, "I said that I would never play 'Camille' until I had forgotten how I had seen it played. I kept faith with my determination. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellias when I began my own portrayal." Right, a new portrait, and below, an informal home picture

All photographs by Rice

NAZIMOVA (*amused*): Certainly I do not. Life is beautiful. I think what you call tragic is not true to life. There is sorrow in life—there is suffering too, but suffering can be beautiful. I think I like to suffer.

A. W. F.: But there is grief in life.

NAZIMOVA: Yes, but you know grief is for today. Tomorrow may be different. Nothing lasts for always.

G. H. (*rather ruefully*): I always thought of you as being tragic. I dont think I can quite get over it.

NAZIMOVA (*there is laughter in her voice*): Do you know what they call me—my friends. They call me "Peter." And sometimes "Mimi." That does

(*Continued on page* 98)

Photograph by
C. Heighton Monroe

The star of Antonio Monteagudo Moreno has long shone in the cinema firmament. And it has shone steadily, brightly. Whatever his rôle, Tony has brought to it his best effort. He has colored it vividly

Tony the Versatile

Richard Barthelmess

The Popular Cinema Star as Sketched
By Cerline Boll

The Scarlet Thread

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

ONE thing there is that the arbiters of starréd destinies must learn: that genius and fried fish are immiscible. Thus, to my dying day I shall probably associate Gareth Hughes, above all *the* star fantastic, with the clamor and smells of a cheap Hollywood restaurant.

We sat there on either side of a greasy table, in a booth of the café that caters to the players of the Metro studio, Gareth hitching spasmodically at his shell-rimmed spectacles and I tapping the table top, stupidly enough, with my fork. It was not an auspicious beginning.

But—what it was, the surprisingly palatable chicken sandwich, Gareth's finesse, my own interest suddenly aroused, I do not know—I found presently that we were drifting along on a comfortable, unconstrained tide of conversation. The hot restaurant, the clatter and clash of mouths and things entering therein, gradually faded from my consciousness, irised out, so to speak, until my attention was centered wholly on the remarkable youth opposite me.

One is at once aware of a detachment in Gareth which effectually prevents the casualist from ever knowing him, ever obtaining a complete realization of his thoughts. His mind is erratic, here and yon, pausing with the scintillant flutter of a butterfly upon fifty different subjects within the minute. His conversation knows no laws, no limits. He is a free booter, conducting piratical excursions upon whatever orderly con-

The mind of Gareth Hughes is erratic, here and yon, pausing with the scintillant flutter of a butterfly upon fifty different subjects within the minute. His conversation knows no laws, no limits. He is a supreme egotist with egotism's only vindication—artistry

Photograph by Kosher.

Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

A woman, Gareth Hughes says, should not be permitted to play Peter Pan. It is only the Maude Adams tradition that justifies even the consideration of women. He believes he should play the part!

voy of thought you may be pursuing, interrupting mercilessly, victimizing your words for his own aggrandizement. Your talk of him, be it praise or pillory, is his loot. He is a supreme egotist, with egotism's only vindication—artistry.

One must acknowledge, if one would do Gareth justice, that he cannot be judged by normal standards. To the real artist our thunderously American quality of "normalcy" is abhorrent, deadly. It is a confession of our own sterility as an artistic nation, of our subservience to throttling conventions. It is like those huge bottle-shaped instruments in which the Comprachios of *Claire De Lune* confined growing human beings until they had assumed the shape of their horrid prisons. Our reformists are the Comprachios of our souls.

Gareth said none of these things to me. On the contrary he has recognized his variance with our standardized manhood and has set about, perhaps unconsciously, certainly in vain, to reshape himself. His efforts, finding outlets in moods, express themselves, amusingly, in his clothes.

I knew him first in a bulging thing of Harris tweed. He wore knickers and golf stockings huge with angora fuzz. He dangled a gold pencil. He blasphemed under his breath, absently, with the innocence that makes anathema on a cherub's lips a hymn of purity. He addressed two girls who were in the company but whom he had not known for more than an hour as "dear," quite as absently. He hitched nervously at his spectacles. He was the dilettante who adored to walk in "the beautiful country! I love it!" He carried a heavy dog leash. He had a dog, Barrie, somewhere, he told us vaguely—down in his car, he thought, with his man. It didn't matter. He had the leash.

But this last time, at the studio, he was the horseman. He wore heavy riding boots and carried a quirt with which he smacked them resoundingly and with frequent relish. He had no intention, so far as I know, of riding that morning. But he was in the mood. Ergo! He dressed it!

"Until two weeks ago," he said, in his queer clipped little accent, "I never rode. I have ridden every day since. I am a bit sore perhaps, but I love it. Oh, I *love* it!"

His moods seem all alike in that quality of fleeting fervor. One wonders, perhaps extraneously, upon the lady who might one day be loved like that.

One ceases much of his wondering when he learns that Gareth has been upon the stage, here and abroad, since early childhood. There has been no variation in his life to mark the passing of childhood and the establishment of maturity. His youth has been his maturity and his maturity his youth, so far as those circumstances which mold the character are concerned. Perhaps that is the secret of his astonishing appearance. It is today—when he is twenty-three—what it must have been when he was fifteen.

Gareth is a supreme egotist, yet he can discuss the vanity of actors dispassionately. That is because his egotism is intense interest, not bombast. It has that same quality of detachment that characterizes Gareth himself.

(*Continued on page* 84)

The passing year has found many cinematic importations. There have been films from England, France, Germany and Italy. Shortly, however, there are to be other importations. The Swedish Biograph Company, of Stockholm, will present several productions in New York this winter. The stories of these pictures, for the most part, are taken from the works of such authors as Ibsen, Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf and others of similar worth. The stars of these pictures are recruited from the Swedish stage. At the left is a scene from "The Dawn of Love"; just below, a glimpse from "The Secret of the Monastery," while the picture at the bottom of the page is from a production with the very American title of "A Fortune-Hunter"

Shadowed Drama from the Land of the Vikings

Flower of the North

By NORMAN BRUCE

JEAN D'ARCAMBAL performed the acts of living as tho they were ceremonial rites, gravely, with due reverence. His manner of partaking of the simple luncheon that Jeanne Cauchee cooked and served with her own gnarled dark hands turned the rough red wine into Burgundy, the beef into partridge, the coarse cloth into fine linen set with silver and crystal. There was even a flower in a tumbler in the center of the table, another in the buttonhole of his velvet coat, glowing so bravely that one would have been graceless indeed to notice that the coat was shabby and threadbare.

"He is a great *gentilhomme,* thas Chevalier!" Old Rose often said to Pierre, her brother, in the awed tone which she reserved for speaking of her saints. "Such cleanness—he mek himself wash every day! And linen shirt, and silk stocking, and a leg!" She rolled her eyes rapturously. "Thas leg of Mis'u Chevalier was made of a certainty to wear silk, and, yes—to dance——" The last word pronounced with due sense of its sinfulness.

"Rose!" Pierre would reproach her, "'ow many time I tol' you not to say thas? Since twent' year we serve Mis'u, and see nothings, hear nothings! Those who say that Mis'u Satan comes to visit our master in the nights, they lie in their throat! Is it then a sin to wear fine clothes and wash oneself? Non!" Pierre was liberal in his views.

For three hundred years D'Arcambal House, known thruout the countryside as Fort O'God, had reared its head among the trees in the heart of the Canadian Forest since the first of the Chevaliers had built it, and hung its walls with fantastic brocades, and set its huge rooms with the graceful coquetry of carved fauteuils, prie-dieus and spinets imported at fabulous cost in order to graft a slip of old world culture onto the wild life of the new, with a result as incongruous as grafting an orchid upon an oak.

For three hundred years the D'Arcambals had lived there under that rooftree, and in all that time they had preserved, somehow, the strain of high-hearted gallantry, of gracious aristocracy, altho the brocade upon the walls had faded and grown tattered and the slim, coquettish fauteuils and lounges covered with delicate needlework had become frowsy and unkempt like an old courtezan.

Jean D'Arcambal was the last of his line. To be sure, there was a daughter, Jeanne, an elfin girl whose fragile, windflower appearance was a masquerade for muscles like a boy's, and a spirit like that of some shy, brave gallant forest creature. It was of Jeanne that the Chevalier was thinking now, as he sat in the stately ruin of what had been the library, staring into the coals with somber eyes.

Presently, sighing, he rang for Pierre. "Mademoiselle Jeanne was not at lunch. Where is she?" He spoke in French, with a certain vanity of accent.

Pierre spread his hands. "But 'ow should I know, Mis'u? *Nom de dieu,* is it that I am clairvoyant, *moi?* I tink me mebbe she go to the Settlement to buy some more thas *soap*——" His tone shrugged its shoulders over incomprehensible whimsies of gentle folk.

The Chevalier winced, passed a transparent hand, veiled with lace ruffles over his eyes. For twenty years he had not been able to hear the word "Settlement" without the throb of an old sore. "She should not have gone alone," he rebuked Pierre. "She is no longer a child. She is a woman, and I think—beautiful——" He lifted his gaze to a gilt-framed portrait that hung over the carved

s mantel. Out of the dim canvas smiled a woman's face, shaped like a white flower petal. Blue eyes, set wide apart, gave a wondering innocence to the painted gaze, but the lips were incongruous. In a face all patrician else, with delicately disdainful nostrils and arching brows, cold and insensate as the sickle moon they blossomed crimson and full, lute shaped, passionate.

Pierre's gaze followed his master's. The French-Canadian's eyes were like windows with the blinds lowered, his face inscrutable. "Bien, Mis'u!" he bowed. "I go fin' Mademoiselle *tout de suite* in one dam horry, yas!"

But D'Arcambal hardly heard, already far away along the tortuous lane of Memory. The short winter afternoon grew dingy with dusk before the sound of voices aroused him from the merging of reality and retrospect into a waking dream. Pierre's voice, shrill and breathless, spilling fragments of two languages broadcast, Jeanne's voice, thrilling to some new emotion and deep, stranger tones.

"Mis'u! *Le bon dieu*—three candles on the altar next mass-day, no less—it would be sin!" Pierre vociferated, with eloquent hands, supplementing his tongue. "If *le bon dieu* had not sent Monsieur here——"

The Chevalier D'Arcambal rose, bowing the bow which had been in the family for three hundred years. It banished the forest—outside the window Paris lay, white in the summer moon—carriages moved thru its boulevards bearing silken ladies and powdered beaux to some ball, lanterns swung in the winter wind——

"Monsieur! It is an honor to make you welcome to my house."

The young American held out his hand. "My name is Whittemore, Sir—Philip Whittemore, of the Northern Fish and Development Company. I've been—I've been hoping for the privilege of meeting you ever since I first met your daughter."

The fine dark brows of the Frenchman lifted fastidiously. It was not that his manner grew less cordial, indeed the cordiality was carefully emphasized. Ah, you know my daughter then?" This time he spoke English with a fineness of pronunciation which seemed to rebuke the newcomer's round American twang. "You have, perhaps, been introduced by my friend, Monsieur Cortel?"

Philip Whittemore blushed boyishly. "Well, fact is, I guess we weren't introduced at all! She came to the Company's Store several times, and once a half-soused Bohunk tried to get fresh and, of course, I showed him where he got off. After that we used to talk now and then, and at mass—then this afternoon——" He glanced deprecatingly down at his damp garments with the healthy male distaste of heroics. "I—well—her canoe got into a bit of trouble in Big Thunder Rapids——"

"Monsieur! You are wet—you 'ave been in the water." In his excitement his accent slipped. "Tell me, I beg of you! Where is Jeanne? But I heard her surely——"

"She's gone up to change her clothes, I guess," Philip assured him cheerily. "She's as wet as a drowned badger, but all right. The spill didn't do her any harm except to give her a good scare. And the funny thing is how she came to take the rapids fork—she must have been thinking of something else——"

In a few blunt, unwilling phrases he described the rescue. Hearing him, no one would have guessed the churning maelstrom of the waters, the grinding molars of the rocks from which he had plucked the girl, but D'Arcambal knew the place, saw the white stain of fatigue on the boyish face, the far-away expression that always lingers in eyes that have looked into the grinning face of Death.

"Monsieur, you have made me your debtor for life," the old man cried, trying to control the quiver of his lips. "She is my everything. I—is there not something I can do to show my gratitude?"

The other hesitated. A tide of red washed to the roots of his brown hair. "No—thank you, sir! It would seem so—so commercial——"

"What is it?" demanded D'Arcambal, impatiently. He turned to Pierre. "Go make a room ready for Monsieur, lay out dry clothes—he will not return to the Settlement tonight."

"... Two years later, she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him"

Alone with his guest, he made an eager gesture, "Now, Monsieur!"

"Well—" hesitated Philip, "if it wasn't for my company, I wouldn't ask it, but we're being pressed by the new Forest Fisheries Corporation and —well, if you would sell us the right of way across your land, sir"—he laughed embarrassedly—"dont feel you have to. I—I'm afraid I wasn't wholly philanthropic in pulling your daughter out of the river! It would have—annoyed me awfully to have had her drowned!"

D'Arcambal wrung his hands. "The right of way is yours, it is less than nothing! And now you must go and change or you will take cold. I fear you will have to put up with such garments as these"—he gestured to his quaint velvets and brocades. "I have never been in France in all my life, Monsieur, yet I have tried to bring France here, to keep alive the old ways somewhat."

Thru the unwonted courses of the company dinner which old Rose took out of sundry cans and boxes for the occasion, D'Arcambal watched the two young people, and read signs which he recognized; the heart is a harp on which is played old tunes, no matter how lax its strings and how out of tune. "They are in love with one another, tho they do not know it yet," he mused. "They try not to look at one another, they cannot keep their eyes away. There is a light in their faces that does not come from my poor oil lamps—yes, I must speak to him tonight."

After Jeanne had slipped away, pouting at being sent to bed like a child, the two men sat before the leaping fire in the library, a room so large that the firelight could not reach the far corners where shadows hung like cobwebs. A silence fell upon them, which, presently, D'Arcambal broke with an effort.

"You love my daughter, Monsieur." It was not a question but a statement. The younger man started, colored and stared at him with a wonder which grew slowly to discovery.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps I do. I've been pretty busy all my life, sir, and I dont know much about love, but—well the world has looked different colored, somehow, since I saw her the first time——"

"There is something I must tell you," D'Arcambal said slowly, almost tiredly. "I have always known that I must tell it to the man who loved Jeanne, yet I have never been able to decide how I might begin. There is one very dear who must be shamed by my telling——" And once more his eyes lifted to the lovely, ardent face shining out of the tarnished frame.

"If it hadn't been for you—" breathed the man. His eyes were on her small, lovely face, beneath the warm, brown tangle of her hair, with the look which no woman ever mistakes, the mating look

"Her mother—" Philip murmured, "the mouth is the same. It makes a man think of a kiss—" he broke off, blushing.

"Her mother. Yes." D'Arcambal spoke with long pauses between the words. "My wife, my beloved wife. Jeanne is very much like her. I think there is almost no trace of the—the father in her." The knuckles of his old hands were white with the strain of their clasp.

Philip sat motionless. In the silence, the sound of a white ash dropping from a charred log was loud and obtrusive.

"Her father," continued the Chevalier, firmly, "was a James Thorpe, factor at the Settlement. A coward and a beast—but handsome. She ran away with him, and two years later she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him."

Philip Whittemore leaned forward impulsively and touched the hard-wrung hands. "Surely you didn't think that *that* would make any difference to—to a man who loved Jeanne, sir?"

The frayed white ruffles of his stock stirred on the old Chevalier's shrunken breast with his gusty sigh. "She does not know," he murmured, "it would be kinder if she never knew. But in honor,

FLOWER OF THE NORTH

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by Bradley J. Smollen, based on the novel by James Oliver Curwood, and directed by David Smith. The cast:

Philip Whittemore	Henry Walthall
Jeanne D'Arcambal	Pauline Starke
Thorpe	Harry Northrup
Pierre	Joe Rickson
Blake	Jack Curtis
D'Arcambal	Emmett King
MacDougal	Walter Rodgers
Cassidy	William McCall
Iachigo	Vincente Howard

But when, two days later, Pierre called them from their dinner to listen to the wild story which Mud-in-the-Face and his squaw, Noise-of-the-Waters, had brought, the terror in Jeanne's curious wildwood eyes confessed her heart; the tremble of her slim fingers on his arm betrayed her

Monsieur, her husband must know what heritage he is going to bequeath to—his children."

"His children!" scorned Philip, with the hardihood of his youth. "Does a man think of his children when he loves a woman! But you were—you were bully to tell me, and—and—I can make her care, sir? You are willing?"

Long after the young man had gone upstairs, the old man sat looking with dim eyes, wistfully up at the red lips with their cruel smile. He had loved her very much, even after she left him he loved her, and he would love her to the day he died, and after perhaps. Yet he had wanted to hate her. It was strange what a mess people made of their lives, strange that God trusted such precious things as life and love to their blunderings, as one might entrust fragile baubles of inestimable worth to the careless hands of children.

He and Jeanne said good-bye to their guest the next morning, and the girl, wilfully, refused to mention him afterwards despite his laborious openings for confidence. She had always been a curious, elusive creature, of April moods, yet with strong currents running below, like little winds dancing over a dark stream.

But when, two days later, Pierre called them from their dinner to listen to the wild story which Mud-in-the-Face and his squaw, Noise-of-Waters, had brought, the terror in Jeanne's curious wildwood eyes confessed her heart; the tremble of her slim fingers on his arm betrayed her.

Translated by Pierre, their message had to do with a raid that was to be made on the buildings of the Northern Fish and Development Company by the rival Forest Fisheries Corporation in the guise of Indians. Mud-in-the-Face had heard of the plan by chance; the company's buildings were to be burned, their nets destroyed, and the blame for it was to be laid on him and his brothers. Now he and his Little White Brothers were kin, the missionary had said so, with one Father-God. As the arrow from the bow, he had come to warn them, as a leaf before the wind.

Why had he not gone to the Great Sachem at the Settlement at once, in-

With a mighty effort, Pierre reared up on the pillow, clawing at his neck. "The—*bijou de Madame*"—his spirit was panting to be gone, but it delayed long enough to drag something on a tiny golden chain from about his neck. "She tell me—'Pierre, geeve it to—*'im'*—but he throw it on thas floor and say to me 'eet was forged in hell'——"

stead of coming here? Mud-in-the-Face was eloquently evasive, but D'Arcambal shrewdly suspected the true answer would have been the hope of a reward of fire-water from Fort O'God.

"Oh—it is *he*—" Jeanne shuddered, "he told me—he told me——"

It was not Philip she meant, that was evident from the horror in her voice as she pronounced the pronoun, but in a moment she grew calmer, barricaded her lips. D'Arcambal regarded her with the helplessness of Age before the eternal puzzle of Youth which speaks a language the exiles from its green borders cannot remember.

"Where are you going?"—but he knew. Where would she be going except to the man she loved, like iron to the magnet? Shame swept him—the shame of the old for their shrunken muscles, their lost strength, their uselessness. "At least, you shall take Pierre, and he shall take a gun—"

"Non! My lil' lady with the sharp tongue!" Pierre slapped the knife in its sheath at his belt, "she answer all argument for me."

Moments passed and he heard a little laugh, and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river beside his canoe. It was darkening all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun

Philip Whittemore looked up, startled from his books, into Jeanne's flaming eyes. "Why—what——"

She flung her hands up in a strangely foreign gesture which remained in his brain, like a flashlight photograph, while he listened to her story. Pierre had told him that Jeanne's mother was an English girl—but that quick, instinctive spreading of the hands—his thoughts swarmed like confused bees, settled slowly upon conviction. *There was French blood in this girl!*

And all the while he was taking in what she said, making his plans. "That chap, Conlon of the Forest Fisheries—he's at the bottom of it! He's got a shifty eye and a way of talking out of the corner of his mouth——"

"Conlon? But that is not his name." Jeanne checked herself. "I shall take the canoe and go up the river to the Indian Village—you will need help! The Chippewas have served the D'Arcambals for three hundred years!"

She was turning, but he caught her hand. "You are so wonderful! You are like a flower with your white skin and your crimson petal lips! A Flower of the North——"

She stood quite still, eyes closed, young bosom rising on the tide of her swift breath. Then, before he could check her, she had slipped from his reach, turning on him the elfin, mischievous look of a faun. "You shall finish later!" she mocked him. *"Au revoir,* Mis'u! There are seasons for flowers, you know!"

She flashed out into the dazzle of noon, and the sunlight streamed like golden water over her young slimness as she plunged hip deep into the bracken to reach the river bank. Waiting only to give quick instruction to his assistants in the trading post, Philip Whittemore hurried along the trail that led to the new buildings of the Forest Fisheries, Pierre at his heels, like a faithful old dog. So impetuous was their advance that they almost knocked down a man who rose suddenly out of the underbrush. Philip had a momentary impression of a face like a handsome mask of

(*Continued on page* 90)

Beauty and the Interviewer

The gentlemen who go to interview Corinne Griffith move thru a roseate mist of an hour or so, and find themselves suddenly back in a cold world without a single tangible note upon which to drape, or even hang, an interview. Left and below, two new camera studies

EVERY time we think of Corinne Griffith we think of a remark made by one of our writing confrères. Reincarnation was the subject of a general discourse when the young man suddenly withdrew his denial of the theory. "It's a great idea," he remarked, suddenly convinced. "Just think, in some future existence, I may be Corinne Griffith's bath salts!"

Which discloses some of the reactions of a mere male writer to this orchidaceous star. These gentlemen go to interview, move thru a roseate mist of an hour or so, and find themselves suddenly back in a cold world without a single tangible note upon which to drape, or even hang, an interview.

We know because we have tried it several times.

Being forewarned, we took along a rival beauty, Betty Blythe, who, aside from being a personal friend of Miss Griffith's, would act as a sort of pulchritudinous buffer. We figured that about fifty per cent. of the time our mind would be off Miss Griffith. Also we figured that something like a state of partial normalcy could be achieved in this way.

But we were wrong. In five minutes we realized how one could attain, without effort, Ben Turpin optics. And the mental disturbances——

Miss Griffith had prepared a little dinner for three. Or we should say four, for a Fourth Party was present. But more of this fourth party later.

Miss Blythe sighed about being on a diet—and attacked the fruit cocktail with a fine courage.

"What can we write about, Miss Griffith?" we begged.

Miss Griffith's smile was a disconcerting enigma. We nearly upset a glass of water.

All photographs by Kenneth Alexander

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Tell something about——" began Miss Blythe, cheerfully.

"Betty!" admonished Miss Griffith. "I should say not!"

The Fourth Party coughed. We started.

"Go on," we pleaded, "we're entertained and everything."

"There, I knew that would help the interview," said Miss Blythe blithely, as it were. "Or tell him about that time——"

"Betty!" exclaimed Miss Griffith.

"We dare you to tell," we sniffed. "Dare you!"

"Let me," said Betty, all excitement. "It'll help the interview awfully."

"Yes, awfully," snapped Miss Griffith. "I thought you were on a diet—you *ought* to talk."

"Am," chuckled Miss Blythe, seizing some more potatoes. "But dont put that in Corinne's interview."

The Fourth Party coughed.

"Go on," said Miss Griffith, "use that about the diet."

"Say, I came up here to help," said Betty, with stellar indignation, "not to be exposed — this is *your* interview."

We rattled our forks in the approved social manner and tried to register the idea that we were entirely neutral. Suddenly Miss Blythe hit upon another idea. "Tell about that time when we were both working at the Vitagraph studio and that——"

"No," said Corinne firmly. "Not that, but I might tell about that time you——"

"No!" shrieked Betty. "Lordy, no. This is your interview. I'm just helping."

The Fourth Party coughed.

"Well, anyway," went on Betty. "Tell him about the future of pictures. They all do. Last week I told a reporter they were still in their infancy. It helped the interview a lot. Gives it—you know the word—er——"

Miss Blythe looked at us.

"I suppose you're going to say

(*Continued on page* 88)

"You should see her in her next picture," announced Betty Blythe, speaking of Corinne Griffith. "She wears a ballet costume with a little frilly skirt." "We're strong for that sort of dramatic rôle," the interviewer admitted, with editorial judiciousness

Photograph (above) by Bangs

Photograph (right) by Kenneth Alexander

Who Will the New Stars Be?

By
HERBERT HOWE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

Photograph (above) by Manderville

Photograph (right) by Hesser

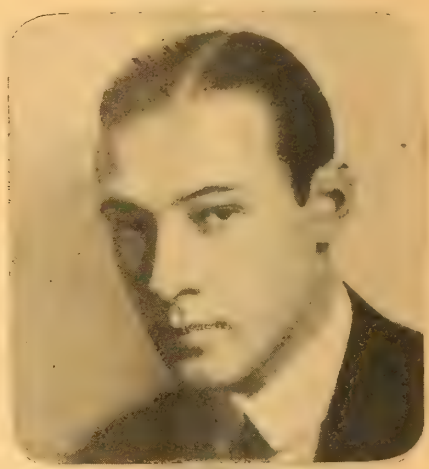
WHILE strolling over the fresh green sod in the sepulchral stillness of the Goldwyn studio and thinking how many good stars had been buried there and wondering if it wouldn't be better to spend less time cutting the grass and more time cutting the films, I encountered Joe Jackson, publicity *magna vox,* who is the only man who can tell what Sam Goldwyn is thinking. It happens that Mr. Goldwyn has just been thinking about what the public wants—which seems timely—and has decided that what the public wants are new faces.

"Well, I hear Fannie Ward has a new one," I suggested.

"You wax maudlin as usual," said Joe. "What we are after are fresh faces."

"Seems to me you have enough

Photograph by Goldberg



Photograph by Lumiere

The new order of stars, in which Herbert Howe is interested, is pictured on these pages. Reading down the page, they are: Florence Vidor, Betty Blythe, Gareth Hughes, Rudolph Valentino, Alice Calhoun, William Boyd, Alice Terry, Richard Dix, Virginia Faire, Pola Negri, Cullen Landis, May McAvoy, Conrad Nagel and Miss Dupont

Photograph by Keyes

Photograph by Bull

Photograph by Hoover

Photograph by Bull

Photograph (above) by Spurr

Photograph by Freulich

of them already," I replied stiffly. "Isn't Cullen Landis fresh enough for you? He broke a lunch date with me."

"You remain opaque," scoffed Joe. "The old stars are all right but they are not fresh——

"What we want is youth," he went on. "Youth with its ideals, imagination, spontaneity, color and vigor—"

"What you want," said I, "is tanlac. You have that sick and sinking feeling."

"The fresh flower faces of youth with their glorious vision and shining——"

"Noses," I interrupted. "Dont be so damned florid. You're not talking to a director. I haven't been educated up to subtitles."

Just a little while ago the movie mollahs bawled out the star system, pulled it down from the heavens and hung up a bunch of super-directors, Eminent Authors and other funny fixtures. But somehow the new style of illumination didn't work. People dont give a yen about the mechanics behind the screen; they're only interested in those they see. Once I went to see a Rupert Hughes picture, and all evening the lady next to me kept asking her lord which was Rupert.

Yes, we must have subjects for sentimental adoration. We are a nation of idol worshippers. Didn't the ladies feast their eyes on Georges Carpentier until he had to be fenced and padlocked lest the ardent dames attack him before sweet Dempsey did?

(*Continued on page* 95)

The Poor Little Fame Girl

Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

One cannot see thru May McAvoy's beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on. Above, a portrait of Miss McAvoy, and right, as she was snapped between scenes in the studio

YOUTH is ever serious. It spells its careers with capital C's and drama with capital D's. Later on youth learns to appreciate the Mack Sennettisms of life, but at eighteen she is too busy reading Shakespeare and Barrie and studying the intricacies of the Ibsen female to do aught but depreciate the mere pleasantries of existence.

Such is the youth of May McAvoy who has vaulted into stardom on the strength of her understanding portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy."

As I trod over the boards of the Lasky studio to meet the youngest of the Realart stars, the call of the sea was strong upon me. I wanted to be back home on the beach, with the roar of the white-capped breakers in my ear and their salty spray blowing thru my hair. I wanted to feel a baby hand tugging at my dress or a velvety cheek pressed in fleeting fancy against mine. I didn't give a tinker's darn about fame and all its little funny eccentricities that make it stand out like coveted diamonds in a jewelry store window.

You see, I have a sneaking hunch that diamonds dont help loneliness and that fame is a mighty cold fireside companion.

But May McAvoy wouldn't have understood all this. Her shiny dream-filled eyes see but one goal ahead: "Success." She has her feet firmly planted on the rainbow path and the pot of gold for which she is seeking tirelessly, relentlessly, means one thing only to her —success in her chosen profession.

Like Gloria Swanson, her career is the breath of life to her. 'Take fame from these girls and they would slowly wither away like a rosebush denied sweet rains or refreshing water.

But I digress.

The boards of the Lasky studio were blistering my feet; when I reached the McAvoy set, the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts did likewise to my eyes and head. The set was a small boxed-in affair representing a stolid home in the olden days of the prim Pennsylvania Dutch. And in this sweltering

By
HAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

atmosphere — for it was no less— May McAvoy went thru her scenes for the camera innumerable times, wholly unconscious of any physical discomfort.

After the endless rehearsals, the camera started clicking and May's nostrils widened slightly like a finely bred race horse at the starting post.

When she came from the set to meet me, I was astounded at her seriousness. Her beauty is like that of deep waters, there is none of the surface brilliancy of cheery streams that dance over little rocks. One cannot see thru May McAvoy's beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on.

To me she seemed strangely puritanical in this age of supersophisticated, corsetless maidens. I would like to know if she smokes — I have a sneaking hunch she does not. For picture purposes she was wearing a dull blue calico dress with hideous round toed low-heeled shoes. Her hair, a glorious burnished mop of natural curls, was stiffly braided. She put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to protect her eyes.

"From New England?" I asked assuredly.

"No, New York," she answered as we went out and clambered into her Essex sedan.

Just five feet tall is May McAvoy, so that reaching the pedals was a serious affair. Each little lever was moved with such precision that for once the traffic of Hollywood held no terrors for me.

Over our luncheon at Frank's I begged her to tell me how she happened to enter the movies, and how she felt now that she had been elevated to the dizzy heights of stardom. Across the room from us were several girls who have played leading rôles for years and are now out of a job. Across the table from me was one who was much younger and who had just stepped into stardom. I wondered why?

"Fate picks out one girl and makes her a star, that's all," said Miss McAvoy. "An actress may have all kinds of ability, but if she isn't given the opportunity to prove it, she gets nowhere. I was very fortunate to be chosen to play Grizel"

May McAvoy is a wise little lady. She read my thoughts and explained the reason something like this:

"Fate picks out one girl and makes her a star, that's all. An actress may have all kinds of ability but if she isn't given the opportunity to prove it she gets nowhere. I was very fortunate to be chosen to play Grizel. But now that I am a star I dont feel any different than I did

(*Continued on page 87*)

Getting the natives to perform before the camera in a natural way was by no means an easy task. They would strike a pose and hold still, and we had considerable difficulty in making them understand that they should move about and do their work while the camera was in action. They finally did as they were told, however, altho the little black box with the crank in it was always a puzzle to them.

The high chief has full sway over his people, and his word is law. In his hut were gathered all the chiefs and sub-chiefs from the neighboring villages. The whole evening was passed before we had completely arranged for all the scenes we wished to secure. Summing up our "cost sheet," we found ourselves indebted to the extent of eight and a half cases of canned salmon, forty-four plugs of tobacco, and about seven cartons of chewing-gum. After a long discussion between the chiefs, they decided that this was sufficient pay for the scenes we desired to take

At the top of the page is a charming view of the boats anchored in the Samoan harbor, while in the center may be seen a circle of the natives posing for the camera, and at the left, a group of Samoans bathing

Trailing the Tropics With a Tripod

By

ALVIN VICTOR KNECHTEL

Illustrations by Alvin Victor Knechtel

IN the interests of the copra trade of the South Seas, a small auxiliary ketch was to be sailed from Boston, thru the Canal, and across the Pacific to the island of Samoa, in the South Seas.

The ship was to be manned by a party of Harvard graduates who planned to sail the vessel on a pleasure cruise and deliver her at Samoa where she would be pressed into service as a trader between the islands.

Very few expeditions of this sort start out without a motion picture photographer to record the details of the trip, and, as luck would have it, I was offered the chance to "step aboard." I accepted without hesitancy.

Fifty thousand feet of film, movie camera, two tripods, graflex camera and "still" camera comprised my equipment. As the ship was a small one, being about one hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-five feet abeam, I was allotted very little space for a dark room, which was amidships, giving me the least effect from the roll of the ship.

Three days at sea found us in the Atlantic Gulf Stream, caught in a real storm. The ship was equipped with a great spread of canvas and we were forced to take down sail and "heave to." For thirty-six hours we bobbed around like a cork, drifting miles off our course. This natural phenomenum afforded an unusual opportunity for some great "shots," so out came the camera.

Not satisfied with just scenes of the storm taken from the deck, I decided that to view the storm from the masthead would be a real thriller. With the camera securely strapped to my back I climbed the mast, and a real thrill it was—not for a sailor probably—but for poor landlubbers such as most cameramen are. I experienced a real thrill.

One early morning found us within sight of the island. With great difficulty, due to the coral reefs around the island, we succeeded at anchoring in the harbor on the lee side.

Armed with rifles and revolvers, we went ashore in a rowboat to explore the island. We discovered evidences of treasure hunting made by an expedition from Germany in 1904. Crude dwelling places used by the adventurers were still standing and in one of the buildings were several unopened boxes of hoisting machinery.

Our stay at Cocos Island was cut short by the sudden coming up of a heavy tropical rain storm. The wind was very strong and the anchors were slipping, allowing the ship to drift nearer the shore. When we reached the ship, she was within twenty feet of piling-up on the coral reefs. The auxiliary engine was started and just in the nick of time as we were within five feet of being wrecked —on Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Upon arrival at Samoa, the ship was converted into a trading vessel, and so we were obliged to leave our "home" of the past four months and I proceeded to get down to the business of taking motion pictures showing the life of the Samoans.

As I was the only motion picture man of the party, I did not relish the idea of mingling with the natives alone, so, after much persuasion I succeeded in getting Frank Thorsen, the chief engineer, to accompany me.

At first we couldn't understand the language of the South Seas, so we engaged an interpreter. We were lucky in that respect as our interpreter handled the English language very fluently and was very much interested in learning how the "movies" were made.

Our headquarters were established at Pago Pago on the island of Tutuila. Tutuila is the largest of a group of islands under the United States Government. Pago Pago is the Naval Station where are stationed about one hundred Yankee sailors. We obtained a room in one of the government buildings, which we equipped as a dark room for making tests of our moving picture film and for developing all of our "still" negatives.

To win the confidence of the natives and to get them to follow our directions when it came to taking the pictures, was, from our way of thinking, going to be a very difficult proposition.

From the interpreter we learned that the natives would do most anything we asked of them, provided that we would "come across" with an "alofa" which is Samoan for "gift." Delving deeper into the subject, we learned the chiefs were particularly fond of chewing tobacco, the girls and children liked gum and that canned salmon was always welcome, so we stocked up with a good supply of the "bait" and set forth.

Much to our surprise, upon arriving at the first village, the high chief had his hut decorated with the branches of the cocoanut trees and had killed and roasted a young pig especially for us. This is their highest form of welcome.

Being under the Stars and Stripes, the islands of Samoa are also affected by the 18th Amendment. However, the natives have their own beverage, and holding to custom, the drink was prepared for us.

Dried root from the "Ua" tree is pounded to a powder and simply mixed with water by bare hands, and is then

(*Continued on page* 91)

Miss Lulu Bett lived at first between the covers of Zona Gale's popular novel. Then Carol McComas, formerly of the screen, gave her life on the stage. It remained for Lois Wilson to bring Lulu, with her pathetic charm, to the silvercloth. This she has done ably under the capable direction of William C. de Mille. Theodore Roberts plays Dwight Deacon; Milton Sills portrays Neil Cornish; Ethel Wales is Grandma Bett; Clarence Burton is Ninian; Monona is played by Mae Giraci; Helen Ferguson plays Diana, and Mabel Van Buren is cast as Mrs. Deacon. It promises to be one of the most interesting pictures of the new season

Miss Lulu Bett Comes to the Silvercloth

By
LESLIE BRYERS

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

He's under contract with Goldwyn now, for two years. He explained his beard and his bathrobe.

"I am dying," he said. "I have been dying for the last three days. According to custom, it's indecent to shave while descending into the Valley of the Shadow. The bathrobe's to cover a pair of perfectly good pajamas. I am dying respectably, at least, in bed."

And he has, of course, a perfectly beautiful nurse to tend him. She eventually draws him back, as only nurses can, from the Valley of the Shadow, with murmurous words of love. But be that as it may . . .

It was thru no particular inclination of his own that Richard entered pictures. He had played for several years, and with unvarying success, in stock. He had, as he said, high ideas about the art of the stage; in fact, he rather scorned the screen as of a lower order. He is very frank about it now. He laughs at himself when he tells about it. It was chiefly thru the urgings and aid of David Butler, an old friend of his and himself a screen star, that he turned to pictures.

It is David Butler who is responsible for Richard Dix's screen career. They were old friends in the stage days. When Richard visited him in California, he arranged a camera test for him, and it was not long before Sydney Franklyn cast him in "Not Guilty"

"I arrived in Los Angeles one day, not so many months ago, either, and heard that Dave was working, with his own company, down at Inceville, on the coast at Santa Monica. Dave and I had done everything together, from eating to sleeping. I ran down to see him. It was a great reunion. The first thing he asked me, when the hubbub of back slapping was over, was what I was doing and, if I wasn't, why hadn't I gone into pictures? Naturally, he could talk my language better than anyone else, and it wasn't long before he convinced me that the only thing I had been living for was to even-

(*Con. on page* 86)

The Keeper of Her Gift

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"It's good to know I'm going to make pictures again," Madge Kennedy told us, "good pictures such as I have always wanted to make, based on stories in which I believe. I've missed the studio for the last year, really"

IT was the mystic hour! No—this is not the beginning of a detective story. We have a heroine, it is true, but her sense of humor would bar her as the heroine of the average novel.

And we have atmosphere—the happy atmosphere to be had in the reception-room of Madge Kennedy's suite at the Ritz-Carlton. Lights glowed under their pink and lace shades. Seven stories below rumbled the traffic of Philadelphia's night life. An Indian love lyric stood open upon the piano. Bright flowers filled countless bowls. The Memoirs of Empress Eugenie lay upon the table, the place marked by the frill of a handkerchief—— Beyond the window could be seen the night sky—a mantle of black chiffon gleaming with gold.

Madge Kennedy had just returned from the evening's performance of "Cornered," the stage play in which she has been appearing. This explains the unusual hour.

"This," said Miss Kennedy, "is the hour when vampires should be interviewed." She selected a macaroon carefully. We were enjoying a repast of petite fours and ices.

We didn't say anything, but we believe that comediennes can be quite as effective in their own way as vampires.

"It is good to know I'm going to make pictures again," she continued, "good pictures, such as I have always wanted to make, based on stories in which I believe. I've missed the studio for the last year—really."

We knew that she was planning to combine stage and screen work for a time at least, and we asked if she didn't think it would mean considerable strain. She is in reality such a serene, such a placid person that it is not possible to think of her hecticly endeavoring to do more than she is able.

She shook her head solemnly.

"Not nearly as great as would be the strain of doing nothing. I have continued with my work because I am happy in it. Oh, of course, I get frightfully tired sometimes, but who doesn't? If it was an effort, I'd stop tomorrow."

The brown eyes, which have occasioned gales of laughter when they have flashed some subtle farce to their audience, were earnest.

"You know," she went on, "I feel differently about my work than many people. Of all the things which people give the world, acting is the one thing which does not last. Screen acting does, it is true but as yet no characterization or portrayal has been handed down to posterity. On the stage if you do a splendid bit it is crowned with success that evening only—immediately it is gone, probably never to return. Musicians, artists and writers have a great responsibility, I think, for what they do stands down thru the ages. I believe in doing your best, but I think actors are very foolish to adopt an intense attitude."

"Dont you think it is the very possession of the gift which often robs its owner of their perspective?" we asked her. Somehow, you are convinced that Madge Kennedy has thought most things out carefully, helped by the knowledge she has assimulated from her extensive reading. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to mention a book

By
BETSY BRUCE

with which she is not familiar at any rate.

"Perhaps, yet there is no earthly reason why the possession of a gift should be responsible for a lost perspective. Anyone who has a gift knows full well that it is something deep inside of them which springs into being when they need it—which writes for them, paints for them or acts for them, as the case may be. We deserve no great credit for any gift we may possess. We are happy in its possession and fortunate to have been granted its trust. We must be worthy of it and in turn pass it on to others—that is all, I think."

Watching her as she sat there, hostess

All photographs by Kenneth Alexander

"There is no earthly reason why the possession of any gift should occasion a lost perspective," said Miss Kennedy. "Anyone who has a gift knows it is something deep inside of them which springs into being when they need it—which writes for them, paints for them or acts for them, as the case may be"

of the mystic hour, we saw her as you have seen her time and time again on the stage and screen. In her demureness there was a rare charm. Her brown hair was coiled about her shapely head, and she was simply dressed in a blue suit with a filet blouse. She wore no jewelry other than her wedding ring mounted by a diamond which shone with the purity of a teardrop, while from a fine chain there hung a blue enamel ball. It proved to be a watch, a gift from her husband.

"He said he thought it looked like me—a bit silly," she said, while her hand flew to her forehead in mock dismay. We couldn't see her bronze-sandaled feet, but we have a lurking suspicion that they were turned in—Kennedy fashion.

On her dressing-table, in the adjoining room, stood a large portrait of Harold Bolster surrounded by the silver articles of her toilet. When we remind you that he is the giver of the watch, you will understand why the photograph smiled. Madge Kennedy is sufficient reason for an entire lifetime of smiles.

(*Continued on page 87*)

Courtesy Larry Semon and Vitagraph Comedies

WITH the big disarmament convention now under full swing at Washington, wouldn't it be fitting for Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, *et al.*, to take seats at the affair?

We were pleased to hear that the title of Cecil B. De Mille's next production is "Saturday Night" because now we can rest assured that he will give us more excellent bathroom scenes.

As Hi Speed himself says: "There's one good thing about film productions anyway—they strand no actors."

Somehow or other we always find it difficult to get excited when a close-up shows the poor heroine shedding tears, because we feel intuitively that somewhere just outside the camera lines the assistant director is standing with a sliced onion.

Which reminds us of the exhibitor up in Iowa who demanded, in booking "Way Down East," that he be given the regular Broadway cast.

Everytime we go to the theater and have the war tax deducted from us, we wonder what war we are paying for.

The bathing beauties according to all records confine their aquatic feats to photographers' studios.

FAMOUS REMARKS:

William S. Hart: "After my next picture I will retire from the screen."

Mack Sennett: "The Eighteenth Amendment doesn't worry me a bit. My bathing girls were always dry."

Roy Moulton doesn't believe in signs any more. He saw one in the window of a fish store recently that read: "If it swims—we sell it." He went in, but found they didn't have any bathing beauties in stock.

One of the difficult feats in viewing the movies nowadays is the affecting of an air of interest in the highbrow music they are serving, so that people will think you understand it.

Now that the leading women have all bobbed their hair, who can they get to play the title rôle in the coming production of "Lady Godiva"?

There is perhaps no little grounds for the argument that the main trouble with the movies is that the producers pay in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars for a story and then lavish $150,000 on mob scenes, young villages, and mammoth sets. But from many of the stories we have seen on the screen of late, we feel that even at that rate the author has been handsomely paid.

(*Continued on page* 89)

The New Star

Photograph by Lumiere, N. Y.

The winner of the contest is Miss Clara Bow, of 875 Seventy-third Street, Brooklyn, New York. She is very young, only sixteen. But she is full of confidence, determination and ambition. She screens perfectly. Above, a new portrait of Miss Bow

THE great Contest is closed. The winner is chosen. These two short sentences might tell it all, representing as they do, nearly a year of labor and interest for the makers of the contest, and nearly a year of hopes and disappointments for the thousands of contestants.

The winner is Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York. She is very young, only sixteen. But she is full of confidence, determination and ambition. She is endowed with a mentality far beyond her years. She has a genuine spark of the divine fire. The five different screen tests she had, showed this very plainly, her emotional range of expression provoking a fine enthusiasm from every contest judge who saw the tests. She screens perfectly.

Her personal appearance is almost enough to carry her to success without the aid of the brains she indubitably possesses. She has short blonde curly hair, very thick. Her eyes are big and brown and set far apart in compliance with a law of beauty. Her features are delicate, the mouth particularly lovely. Her teeth are even and white, and her suite is as gay and unforced as youth itself. She is slenderly built, with an easy and graceful carriage, that proclaims perfect health and a freedom and zest, denied those of more mature years.

The distinguished contest judges are well satisfied with their decision.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is glad also, to publish the Final Honor Roll. It consists of those who were considered for the final winner. Several of them were very strong contenders, but individually they lacked the various good points that made Miss Bow the final choice. We are sorry to note that only one male entry is included. The Final Honor Roll is as follows:

Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Eilleen Eliott, 1707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Laura Lyle, 56 W. 47th Street, New York City.

Miss Ella Lee Jeannette Ruby, 838 N. Church Street, Rockford, Ill.

Miss Margaret Porter, 1078 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Miss Helene Bristow, 105 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

Miss Bojan Claussen, 129 W. 87th St., New York City.

Mr. Maurice Kaines, 11 Abingdon Sq., New York City.

(*Continued on page* 99)

Once More— "The Two Orphans"

"The Two Orphans" has been popular in novel form for many years. It won popularity behind the footlights, too, and several years ago it was shadowed upon the screen. However, the last few months have found D. W. Griffith, that wizard of the cinema, giving the tale his best efforts. Splendid things are promised

Special Camera Studies By Frank Dein

The cast of Griffiths' "The Two Orphans" is a noteworthy one. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will again play together—for the first time since "Hearts of the World," Dorothy portraying the blind girl. Lillian has the other half of the title rôle. Monte Blue is entrusted with an important rôle, as is Joseph Schildkraut, who has created the title rôle in the stage version of "Liliom" thru the past season

Curving the Angular Figure

By
CORLISS PALMER

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"Half of America is trying to get thin," said Corliss Palmer, "the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the determination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals"

HALF of America is trying to get thin, and the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it is not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the determination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals.

The ideal figure is one that is symmetrical, with the weight proportionate to the height. Unfortunately, we are not all born with this ideal figure, but we may do much to attain it. In order to do it, we must make sacrifices and overcome old habits.

Naturally, the first matter for consideration is the diet. If Jack Spratt and his wife had changed places at the table so that the lean side of the platter was her portion and the fat side his, it might have been better for both of them. Undoubtedly, it would have been better for her, but I fear Jack would not have fared so well. His very thinness suggests weak digestive organs, or a subnormal condition that makes the assimilation of rich foods impossible.

It is usually much easier to tell a stout person how to reduce than to tell a thin one how to gain weight. The former I have done in a previous article; the latter I shall do to the best of my ability in this talk.

The very fact that one is fat is proof that one's food is absorbed and assimilated. Therefore, it is easy to see that the first thing to do is to eliminate those foods that most quickly turn into fat. On the other hand, underweight is a sign the system is not absorbing the necessary amount of nourishment from the food eaten.

So it does not follow that a person to gain weight must eliminate all the articles of food forming the diet of the person who is trying to reduce, or eat all the foods that are omitted by this person. Sugar, starch and fats, the three principal foods to be avoided by one endeavoring to reduce, are prescribed for one who wishes to add weight, only if the digestion and the general health will permit. Try them in small quantities at first and if you like them and they do not upset the digestion, eat as much of them as possible. They will surely make you as fat as you wish to be. But if you find, and you probably will, that they do not agree with you, you had better plan your diet along these lines:

Eat as much of nature's sweets as possible, that is, eat grapes, figs, raisins, dates and bananas. They are splendid, as they contain medicinal properties, such as iron and oils, in addition to the large amount of sugar to be found in them. The grape has won fame as a fattener, because of the portly forms so quickly gained by the workers in the vineyards of Italy, France and Greece. It is especially recommended as it is an appetizer, too. The banana

(*Continued on page 97*)

A Reversal of Roles

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

BEHIND the sun glasses the eyes were smiling and very genial.

I leaned back in the garden seat reassured, somehow I had imagined Noah Beery would be difficult. Probably, I had unconsciously confused his screen villainies with the man himself, the character actor frequently has to bear the brunt of criticism inspired by his rôle and tho this may be unjust it is a tribute to his art.

"All the girls and women whose lives I have wrecked still like me," he remarked, whimsically, when I mentioned this, "and my wife and son continue to think well of me," and he smiled broadly at the pretty woman sitting beside me.

"The real make-up for a character must come from *within*," explained Noah Beery. "It is the result of studying the man until you can feel as he must feel—then your body, your very features, will become responsive to your own mental picture. Above, a portrait of Mr. Beery. Left and below, two character-portraits

"He is the best man in the whole world," quickly confirmed Mrs. Beery, in a sweet, musical voice with its charming Boston accent. "Odd," she continued, "but nine out of ten of Noah's fan letters come from Spanish speaking people and they all comment on the sympathy they find back of his hardness and cruelty, this seems to strike a response in their own temperaments."

"Are you Spanish?" I asked, suddenly, looking at his black, straight hair and dark eyes, tho his height and general *bigness* would dispute this blood.

"No," he replied, "my father

(*Continued on page* 102)

Alias Miss Dupont

By
CLYDE STUART

"Just Miss Dupont. No first name." Out at Universal City they introduce you that way to a tall, rather lovely blonde. And they have a conscious, studiedly careless pleasure in having puzzled you

Photograph by Freulich.

"JUST Miss Dupont. No first name."

Out at Universal City they introduce you that way, with a conscious, studiedly careless pleasure in having puzzled you, to a tall, rather lovely blonde whose grey-blue eyes are as the limpid waters of Lethe, and whose mouth, moistly sweet, ripely scarlet, one likens, futilely, to the forgetful fruit of the lotus.

One cant blame the Universal staff for being a little puffed up about their mystery woman. Making a mystery in the film world nowadays—popularly known as "fooling the fans"—is an almost impossible business. But Universal has gone and done it. Miss Dupont-No-First-Name promises to bring many sleepless nights to baffled admirers who would write to her in the familiar vein. Of course, she has a first name, privately, and Dupont isn't her real last name, either. In fact, it's all something of a muddle. Because she has played under the name of Margaret Armstrong, too, yet that isn't her real name, either. It's—but why spoil it all—until the last paragraph anyway?

Miss Dupont has height, an acceptable tithe of magnificence in her beauty, and a degree of sweet dignity, apparently all the essentials necessary to the making of a Juno. Yet there is something, perhaps it is the sweetness, that bars her from the goddess-metaphor. Goddesses inspire awe. Miss Dupont, if I may judge from observations of myself and others, is more likely to inspire fatuity. One thinks, quite idiotically, of a luscious peach ripe for the plucking. One watches, fascinatedly, the slight smile at the corner of

(*Continued on page* 84)

A Question of Honor

By
SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

All around her stretched the picturesque Sierras—infinite hills—their peaks lost in Heaven. Everything was fresh and cool and quiet. What a contrast to the feverish life she had just left!

ANNE WILMOT paused a moment on the banks of a wide river bed, thru the center of which trickled a small flow of water, her attention arrested by a huge boulder lying in mid stream. The water purled and gurgled and rippled around it, in a most alluring invitation. What a gorgeous place to rest and view the scenery, she thought, and proceeded to take off her shoes and stockings and wade thru the icy mountain brooklet. She climbed up the slippery sides of the rock to its broad top, and sat very still for a long while.

All around her stretched the picturesque Sierras—infinite hills—their peaks lost in Heaven. Everything was fresh and cool and quiet, the only sound the murmur of the tiny brook against the big boulder that divided it. What a contrast to the feverish life she had just left, where there was never quiet—or peace.

She had come out to this mountain country with her aunt at the invitation of the man who wanted to marry her, Leon Morse. He was a Wall Street promoter and was going to tunnel a railroad thru the mountain—or something—making for himself thereby, undreamed millions. Anne's ideas of just what he was doing were rather vague. However she did not trouble about it. The bracing air, the rugged grandeur of the scenery, the sparkling mountain streams, the wild flowers that grew everywhere in riotous profusion, were salutary stimulants to a mind surfeited with *thé dansants*, theatres, bridges, and the crowded confusion of a great eastern city. She wore becoming knickers and tramped the hills from morning till night.

She laid on top of the moss encrusted rock in placid contentment with the change. The sky was so blue. The brook babbled so gently. Everything was so still—

There was a sudden roaring in her ears. A solid wall of water was rushing toward her. It hit the boulder with a mighty crash, and thus deflected from its course went swirling past—a raging torrent—completely filling the river bed.

She jumped to her feet in a fright. What had happened? The little flow of water she had crossed had looked perfectly tame. She did not know of course, that it happened to be the channel for the overflow from a big dam to the main stream. But she had no time for wonder. With horror filled eyes, she watched the water rise. Its spray was even now dashing over the top of the highest part of the rock on which she stood. She screamed in shrill terror.

Bill Shannon was eating his noon day meal with his inseparable companion old Sheb, near the seething river. They accorded it scarcely a glance. They were merely conscious of the fact that the flood gates had been opened and the great avalanche of released water was thundering down its undisputed way.

Shannon raised a crisp curled piece of bacon to his mouth, but got it no further.

"'S matter?" asked old Sheb, "too hot?"

"I heard a woman scream," replied Shannon.

"Aw shucks," retorted Sheb, "its only the river howl-

She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless

in'. There aint a female in a thousand miles o' here."

But he had scarcely finished the sentence before he heard it too.

Shannon ran to the river's edge. Anne Wilmot was clinging desperately to the rock, the top of which was barely visible above the furious surge of the river. He knew he must act quickly to save the girl from being swept off her feet to a horrible death.

Overhead was a wire stretched clear across the stream with a trapeze like trolley, which was used to carry men across, while the gates of the dam were open. It was the only chance. He cut the trolley loose from its mooring and it slid slowly out on the wire. Hanging by his knees from the cross-bar, like a circus performer, he swung out over the river.

"Grab my hands, when I get to you," he shouted to the bewildered and terrified girl.

How he got her safely to the other side, Providence alone can say, but he did. Anne gathered herself together, and sized up her rescuer. He was young, clean, good looking, but his rough camping clothes gave her the wrong impression. She assumed the condescending manner one adopts toward privileged servants.

"I am Anne Wilmot," she said, with a trace of hauteur. "I thank you for saving my life."

"I am Bill Shannon," the man replied. "Dont thank me. I'd have done the same for anybody."

Anne was miffed—decidedly. She was accustomed to adulation—no less—from the male sex. She would at least exact respect from this outrageous person, who did not seem to be aware of any inferiority.

"Here is some money my good man," she said holding out a well filled purse, but Shannon merely turned his back on her.

"This is private property you know," he said at last, "you are trespassing."

In her amazement she ignored the rudeness.

"Well I happen to be visiting the man who owns it—or—er—at least has the right of way——"

"Morse!" ejaculated Shannon, interrupting.

"Do you know him?" asked the girl more confused than ever.

"He knows me," chuckled Shannon. "Just ask him if he knows Bill Shannon? Good morning," he added suddenly, recalling his uneaten lunch.

Anne left then, perforce, barely acknowledged his ironical bow.

She did not know that Shannon had the right of way of that particular tract of land, not Morse. Neither did she know that Morse had tried first bribery, and almost got killed for his pains, then threats, which were ignored, and was now resorting to out and out crookedness, to get the right of way for himself. Morse was an unscrupulous promoter and wanted the fat dividends a railroad would bring. Shannon was an engineer up there on a mission entrusted to him. He had what the other man lacked, ideals, and the courage to fight for them. His project was a dam and the reclaiming of vast acreage of desert land thru irrigation.

His work was well under way when Morse was seized with the inspiration that sent him flying out to the mountain country. His *modus operendi* was "bribe a man, or break him," and since his attempts at bribery had met with such poor success, he had decided on the harsher measure. Fate threw a convenient tool into his hands in the person of Charles Burkthaler, the biggest ranch owner in the district. Being persuaded that the dam was a menace to the community he was endeavoring to enlist the opposition of the villagers. Aided and abetted by Morse and his henchmen, this state of affairs was beginning to prevail.

Anne learned the story—or a garbled account of it from Morse himself. Her sympathies were all with Shannon. She determined to look him up and offer her congratulations for his gallant defense. At least this is what she told herself. It was a far more personal and feminine reason than that. She was piqued by his indifference to her and could not resist resorting to a woman's form of retaliation.

She sought him near the spot where he had performed his spectacular rescue. He was often there. He thawed visibly under her persistent friendliness and grew warm at her praise of his achievement. Anne felt herself small and insignificant before this stalwart young crusader, who was determined to give the people that greatest blessing, fertile land, in spite of them. Her reserve melted away. He was friendly now, but with true feminine perversity, she could not stop at that.

One day, running across him unexpectedly in the woods, she yielded irresistibly to an impish impulse to

feign a sprained ankle. He shed his indifference in a moment. How strong his arms felt as he carried her thru the woods to his lodge. How tenderly he laid her down on his cot, and how solicitously he offered to bathe her ankle.

Anne got up hastily, declaring she felt much better and limped out on the porch to prove it. There being no further excuse for remaining she started home. Shannon walked with her as far as a rustic bridge over one of the numerous mountain streams. He turned to go, and with a little frightened gasp Anne tripped and fell—as she had intended to—into his arms. He bent his face, so close to hers, kissed her on the mouth. It really frightened her.

"Brute!" she cried, "Beast!"

But he only laughed.

"You didn't want me to kiss you? It's probably the first time in your life you ever paid toll for being a flirt—but it serves you right, my dear."

Anne gave him one haughty backward glance, and turned and ran swiftly down the path, in great confusion.

"Oh be careful of your ankle," he called after her with mock tenderness.

Anne ran all the way home, nor stopped at her own front door, but flew upstairs past her astonished aunt, and flung herself on the bed in her own room. A thousand conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy. She hated him—but she loved him. He despised her—but he had kissed her as tho he loved her. She had never been kissed that way before—but she wanted to be—again. He was so brave and strong, so big and fine. She was on his side—no matter that his opponent was her host and an ardent suitor for her hand—she was on his side.

Her aunt's warning reminder that she must dress for "the ball" brought to an end these turbulent reflections. There was to be a dance at the town hall that night. Everybody went, and Anne would not have stayed away for anything in the world, since she was perfectly sure her Bill would be there. And so he was.

"How's the ankle?" he said with a wicked twinkle in his usually cold blue eyes. "How about dancing? Can you? Will you?"

"No," replied Anne in a forlorn attempt at a snub.

"Oh yes you will," he said under his breath, pulling her gently but firmly out onto the crowded floor.

Anne was conquered again, but this time she gloried in it. They whirled away to the rollicking strains of an ambitious local orchestra.

The music stopped suddenly. There was a great commotion at the far end of the hall. Burkthaler forced his way thru the crowd to the center of the floor, and proceeded to denounce at the top of his voice, the proposed dam and irregation project of Shannon. Furnished with clever, tho fallacious, arguments by Morse's men, he had just about succeeded in convincing the credulous villagers present that the dam was an actual menace to their land, their homes and even their person.

Shannon stood perfectly silent while he was speaking, and then in the clamor and hand clapping that ensued at the close of Burkthaler's speech, he stepped out thru the crowd to his side, encouraged by the fervent squeeze Anne had given his hand.

He spoke quietly and convincingly without the bluster that his enemy had employed. So clear, and concise were his statements, so obviously truthful was his report and so friendly and engaging his manner, that the fickle gathering promptly swerved to his side and loudly announced their confidence by cheers. Burkthaler and his gang of roughs retired in high dudgeon, promising between curses, to run Shannon out of town. Idle threat!

Anne went home so proud and happy that she couldn't sleep. She slipped on a negli-

"You are all right now, honey," he said. "I must go and find Bill. Jest lay there till we get back"

And when she showed him her lacerated hands and told him modestly about saving the dam, his eyes filled with unexpected tears. He kissed her hands reverently and tenderly

geé and went out on the balcony which ran around the second story of Morse's lodge. The night was lit by a million stars, and as calm and peaceful in its grandeur, as tho wicked men nowhere defiled it by their evil struggling. She leaned over the railing and heard Morse's voice. He had not gone to the dance with her, pleading pressing business. She wondered why he was back, but she did not long remain in suspense.

"I wanted to tell you," said a strange voice, "that Burkthaler is going to dynamite the dam and the walls of his tunnel at the same time tonight. Everything is all set. Serves the beggar right for trying to fight people bigger than he is," he added with an obvious attempt at flattery.

"Good," Morse replied, not insensible to the flattery.

The terrible announcement burned itself into Anne's brain like a brand. She hesitated, but only for a moment. Hastily throwing a coat over her negligée, she slipped out thru the back door of Morse's place, and ran thru the woods towards Shannon's lodge. She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless.

Shannon took her face in his hands, after she had told him, and said in a voice not quite steady, "Why did you come to warn me? Was it because I love you more than any one ever loved anyone, since the world began?"

"No," replied Anne, "it is because I love you that way."

"Wait here for me darling—I'll be back," he cried, and made for his offices in great haste.

Meantime her whereabouts had been reported to Morse by one of his ubiquitous spies. The man could scarcely credit the story but he determined to investigate for himself. He threw open the door of Shannon's lodge without the courtesy of a knock. Anne was curled up on Shannon's cot with her coat off, her airy negligeé half slipping from her shoulders. An exclamation of anger and amazement from Morse made her conscious of his presence. She hastily got up and pulled her coat on over the offending negligée. She flushed guiltily.

"So," said Morse, biting off the word. "So, you have a lover. I always knew you were a flirt, but I never would have believed this of you. Tipped him off did you? Sold me out? Betrayed me for that ———! Well you'll pay for it my girl. I'll take your lover's place for the moment."

He seized the frightened girl in his arms, desire flaming suddenly in his evil eyes.

She did not struggle, but lay quite still. She had her eye on a revolver that she had seen Shannon put on a curtained shelf behind her, before he left. The man loosed his hold for a moment. He had not expected this tame surrender.

"Let me take my coat off Leon," said Anne, with misleading sweetness.

He let go of her altogether, startled out of his habitual caution.

She whipped the revolver down from its shelf and leveled it at the man.

"Oh well, the game is up I guess," he said, with a shrug. "I'll get out and leave you to your lover."

Anne's aunt awaited his return frantic with anxiety. His appearance did not reassure her.

A QUESTION OF HONOR

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Louis B. Mayer production, based on the scenario of Josephine Quirk, adapted from the Ruth Cross serial in *People's Home Journal*, and directed by Edwin Carewe. Starring Anita Stewart. The cast:

Anne Wilmot	Anita Stewart
Bill Shannon	Edward Hearn
Leon Morse	Arthur Stuart Hall
Sheb	Walt Whitman
Charles Burkthaler	Bert Spratte
Stephen Douglas	Frank Beal
Mrs. Katherine Wilmot	Adele Farrington
Mrs. Elton	Mary Land
John Bretton	Edward Brady
Parsons	Doc Bytel

"It looks as tho she was going to spend the night," he told her, "better send her some clothes."

A servant was hastily dispatched with some clothes and a tearful note from Mrs. Wilmot. Anne accepted the clothes gratefully and cried a little over the note, but she would not leave. Her Bill had told her to wait and she would not dream of leaving.

She did wait.

But after two or three hours she could not stand it any longer. It was almost dawn. Something must have happened to him. Suppose they had dynamited his dam! Suppose he was lying in some heap of debris, wounded—hurt—killed! She must find him. She did not know that Shannon had come back to his lodge just in time to see her lying close in Morse's arms, his face bent down to hers; and heart sick at the sight had gone wandering off again—into the woods—anywhere—the dam and the tunnel clean gone from his mind. A heartless flirt after all! It couldn't be true. But he had seen her passive in his enemy's arms—in his own house. It was too much. No, Anne knew nothing of this. And once more she set out with a high heart to find her man.

She went direct to the big tunnel and stopped short at the sound of voices. Shannon had told her he would station guards both at the tunnel and the dam. It was only these guards talking. She took another step forward, but they were not guards. They looked like tramps. They were doing something with wires. They must be Burkthaler's men!

"The little one is for the tunnel, and the big one is for the dam—see! Don't get 'em mixed. We'll clear out now—'s all set. Twenty minutes more, and up she goes," said one harsh voice.

"Aw'right," said the other. "Dirty job. Some fight those guys put up that was guarding the place—wasn't it?"

"Sure was," replied the first voice. "The fifty bucks we gets dont hardly seem enough—countin' the scrap and everything."

The two men withdrew and Anne came over where they had been standing.

"The big wire is for the dam," she said," as tho she were reciting a lesson. "I'll save the dam for him, anyway."

She began to cry in her excitement. She picked up a sharp edged rock and hacked and pounded on the big wire. Twenty minutes! They had stood talking for five minutes after that. That left her fifteen. It seemed to Anne that she had been at it for an hour. Her hands were sore and bleeding from the unaccustomed work—but the wire was nearly cut thru—two or three more blows—but her hands hurt so. She could scarcely control them, but she *would* finish the job. Twenty minutes must be up by this time, but still she pounded away. "Oh, dear God," she cried, "let me save his dam; help me to save his dam." The big wire snapped in two. "Bill!" she screamed, and knew no more.

A terrific explosion shook the ground. Burkthaler had set off the fuse in perfect time, but the dam was saved.

Old Sheb, who was standing guard at Shannon's offices, was the first to get to the mouth of the tunnel. Anne was lying half-buried underneath a veritable avalanche of dirt and broken timber. Her face was white, and her eyes were closed and a little trickle of blood had smeared itself across her cheek. The old man blanched at the sight, but he resolutely went to work to extricate her.

He carried her limp body all the way to Shannon's lodge, his old legs trembling at

(*Continued on page* 101)

"Oh, no," replied Anne happily, "I want to stay here always. I couldn't be lonely at the edge of the world, with your arms around me"

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays In Review

Above, a scene from "The Child Thou Gavest Me"; at the right, Elsie Ferguson, in "Footlights," a picture which is built entirely about her splendid characterization; and below, Rudolph Valentino, in the name rôle of "The Sheik," which, incidentally, is not so thrilling a motion picture as it is a novel

THE story of "Peter Ibbetson" by George DuMaurier is perhaps one of the loveliest things known to the stage. For a background it had a garden in old France where people living, took time to live—and to dream.

"Peter Ibbetson" has come to the screen. For a great part it has been left as it was in the original translation, in so far as the action is concerned. And up to this point it is invested with only a little less charm than it possessed behind the footlights. But suddenly those responsible for the production seem to lose confidence in their methods and they cram it brimful of action, which might well be called melodramatic. More is the pity.

Peter and Mimsi were children when the story began — children neighbors who played together under the blossoming apple-tree in Peter's sunny garden. Then misfortune sent Peter to England where he grew to manhood under the guardianship of a worldly uncle, Colonel Ibbetson. He rebelled against the sophisticated life to which his uncle has brought him and eventually was forced to depend upon his own resources. And the dreamer, faced by the realities of life, found his resources far from reliable.

Peter and Mimsi eventually found one another again but it availed them nothing in the material sense of the word. It was then that their ability to dream—to dream true, as they called it—came to their rescue.

If motion pictures were not forced to live up to their name—with constant motion, and if charm was not, therefore, sacrificed to action first, last and always, "Peter Ibbetson" would have been a delightful shadow story.

Perhaps the finest portrayal is contributed by George Fawcett as Major Dequenois. In one particular instance Mr. Fawcett does a piece of work which might well be remembered with episodes of Henry Walthall's "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation." It is not similar, the work of Mr. Fawcett, except in its excellency.

Wallace Reid has been entrusted with the rôle of the dreamer, Peter Ibbetson. It may be said to his credit that he has been earnest in his effort. Several times he came thru with fire but, on the whole, he is not the

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Peter which DuMaurier sketched in his story. And Elsie Ferguson is Mimsi—Mimsi who teaches Peter to dream true for she *is* Peter's dream. Miss Ferguson has endowed Mimsi with imagination and great charm.

There are other popular players in the cast too. Elliott Dexter is splendid as Peter's scientist father and Dolores Cassinelli colorful as Dolores, a dancer.

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT—
FIRST NATIONAL

The latest importation, "One Arabian Night" is not so worthy as its predecessors despite the fact that it is rich in characterizations.

In the first place it is not a story which may be readily told in the day of censorship. It tells of strange lands in other days and even history may not be authentically reproduced.

The story is that of "Sumrun." Those who saw it several seasons ago back of the footlights remember the colorful story of the Old Sheik and his harem; of the hunchback clown who cherishes a great love for the primitive Gypsy dancer who finally delights the old Sheik when the traveling troupe of which she is a member reaches the city. There are all sorts of complications in the harem and most of them prove tedious to the audience, as the story's thread weaves an intricate, tho colorful pattern.

Above, the two leading characters of "I Accuse," the work of Abel Gance, French poet and author; at the left, Pola Negri, in "One Arabian Night," an importation not as worthy as its predecessors; and below, Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid, in "Peter Ibbetson"

As far as we have been able to discover, this numbers among the early efforts of Ernst Lubitsch, who also gave the screen "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." In "One Arabian Night" may be seen evidences of his grooping—he lacks the fine restraint which marks his other work, proclaiming rather than suggesting. Nevertheless the same fault does not mar his characterization of the hunchback clown. This is one of the most poignant portraits which the screen has shadowed.

Pola Negri is the dancer and her portrayal is almost as splendid in its own way as that of Mr. Lubitsch. She makes the desert dancer a creature of gold and scarlet. There is an abandon to her typical of the rôle and we noticed her absence from the screen resulted in tedium.

Then Paul Wegner deserves special commendation for his impersonation of the Old Sheik who masks his

(*Continued on page* 108)

Nix. on the Matinée Idol

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

"If I had only been content to let the world have its way with me," admitted Herb Rawlinson, "I could have played many popular parts as a smiling, curly-headed matinée idol, but I wont do it, because life is too short, and I want to act—not smirk!"

IF young Herbert Rawlinson of the roguish eyes had not run away with a circus and become an actor, he would have been a fine swimming instructor. At any rate, he would never consent to become an idle matinée idol!

And now the most famously fascinating portrayer of "crook" characters is coming back to the screen as a star in his own right, after four years of thankless free-lancing, in which he has supported almost all the best stars of the opposite sex in the business.

And Herby is glad to get back, under the circumstances, I have his word on that. Not that he is personally staging any theatrical come-back, but that once again he will be playing the kind of parts which made him famous in that series beginning with "Come Thru," and so on down the line.

"It seems like all the best parts I ever had in pictures have either been crooks or detectives," he said, as we seated ourselves in the lounge-room of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and tried to hear each other speak above the raucous paging of a Mr. Marshall Neilan by a very lungy little page boy in gold buttons.

I remembered that picture "Come Thru," in which a kinky-haired young man with long legs and broad shoulders burst into screen-light as a young crook who danced and danced. That was more than four years ago—almost five. After that, this young man, whose eyes always seemed to refuse to listen to reason, appeared in other crook dramas for Universal, among them being "Smashing Thru" and "The Flash of Fate." It was Herby Rawlinson. Then came studio difficulties and he left the "U" to go out into the great world to make his fortune.

"If I had been content to let the world have its way with me, I could have played many popular parts as a smiling, curly-headed matinée idol, but I wont do it because life is too short and I want to act—not smirk. I like crook parts, and it seems like I have almost always played a crook or a detective, altho my first new starring picture will not be that sort of thing, it will be thrilling, and I must have thrills!"

Living at an athletic club is good for keeping fit. Herb says he has weighed his one hundred and seventy pounds ever since he has been in pictures. But before he was in pictures, he was on the stage, having decided to be an actor at the age of thirteen, when he ran away with a circus in Pennsylvania after arriving in this country from England by way of Canada. You see, he was born at Brighton, England, and, ever since he was old enough to hold a hammer, he made miniature stages with little actors on them, and thus entertained the neighborhood children. It didn't please his family, who were not connected with the stage, and so they sent him to a farm in Canada, where all bad little English boys go, he found a pal there with pal-ish thoughts, and they ran away to join the circus in the great United States. From that time on, his career star-ward was what any young man's has been.

But today Herbert Rawlinson is thinking things over. To see him in the Athletic Club lounge, or on the screen, one would think he had never been introduced to "care" or "worry." But he says he has. I accused him of having an Irish soul in a British body, but he shook his head, which is set securely on a stalwart column of bronzed throat—the bronzing process having been undergone while he was up in British Columbia, recently, with Priscilla

By GORDON GASSAWAY

Dean in "The Conflict," where he had to play the part of a lumber-jack and ride on run-away log rafts and everything.

But he is so filled with the joy of living that his soul cannot be somber long.

"The world wants action. Now, more than ever before," he offered, with a soft burring of the words in his pleasant voice, as he rolled a cigaret with white paper, "and so I am going to give 'em action in my new picture at Universal."

It is perhaps a mark of fate that the gentlest characters, in real life, are most often selected to play wild and wicked villains on the screen. The most domestic actresses are chosen for vamps. The happiest fathers are the screen's greatest Don Juans. Warner Oland is the kindest man and the greatest rascal I know—on the screen. "Bob" McKim, the screen's best-known professional villain, is the most thoughtful and gentlest of fathers and husbands at home. Herbert Rawlinson is the most straight-forward and the least devious young man of my acquaintance, and yet he is the best-known portrayer of crook characters the screen has ever put forth. He is so honest he is hard to interview. He wont dissemble, and to him a spade is very much a spade. It is not a hoe nor a rake nor the ace of clubs. That is why, I think, he said a lot of things which he prefaced with the remark: "This is not for publication!" but all of them to do with some

(*Cont'd on page 89*)

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Ever since he was old enough to hold a hammer, he made miniature stages, with little actors, and thus entertained the neighborhood children. It didn't please his family, who were not connected with the stage, so they sent him to Canada, where all bad little English boys go. There he found a pal, and they joined a circus in the United States

On The Camera Coast - -

IT has been an exciting month with the Cinamese coming and going to jail, getting married, and performing other nefarious acts. There seems to be a decided spirit of unrest in the colony.

GLORIA SWANSON SUED

Gloria Swanson has been a sued and suing young lady. For the second time within a month she scaled into headlines thru regular court procedure. First she announced the institution of court action for divorce. Now comes the announcement that she will also appear as a defendant in the high tribunals. To quote the repressed *Examiner*:

"One of the most sensational legal battles in the annals of Los Angeles probate courts loomed yesterday when the relatives of the late Matthew P. Burns filed a contest to his will in which they charged Gloria Swanson, the screen star, and her mother with exerting undue influence on Mr. Burns."

It is alleged that the decedent toppled for the charms of Gloria, but upon learning some time later that she was married, he transferred his affections to her mother and married her. The widow, Mrs. Adeline J. Burns, who is the mother of Gloria by a previous marriage, is the chief beneficiary in the estate of $100,000. The brothers and sisters of the deceased man now allege that

Just above is Bill Hart, snapped informally between scenes. Bill is not so serious, after all. At the right is William B. de Mille. The responsibility of bringing "Miss Lulu Bett" to the screen recently rested upon his shoulders. Below, Wally Reid and his leading lady, in an illustration of the hardships we have always heard the players suffered while "on location"

By
HERBERT HOWE

he was of unsound mind at the time of framing his will, and that the star and her mother employed unfair influence over him.

To all of this Miss Swanson replies, "Absurd."

A MARRY, MARRY MONTH

I am pleased to announce that there have been more marriages than divorces this month in Hollywood, hence the race may yet be saved from suicide. Fond fans, your handkerchiefs!

Ralph Graves, of "Dream Street," arrived on Hollywood Boulevard a married man. On his way thither from New York, as the story goes, he fell by the wayside in St. Paul and married Marjorie Seaman, a young stock company actress. The two met, saw and were mutually conquered at the Griffith studio, whence came Miss Seaman in quest of a film career. The romance ripened in New York and was preserved in St. Paul. That's all, there isn't any more—for the time being.

Above, May McAvoy photographed in her California home; at the left, Viola Dana registers difficulty in understanding her director; below, Charles Spencer Chaplin apparently does not agree with Mister Director in the "business" he has recently explained to Elliott Dexter

I turn to other chimes—

William Boyd and Ruth Miller, whom you have observed in the ensembles of Paramount pictures, were married at the home of Sylvia Ashton, character actress, in Hollywood. 'Twas as old-fashioned a wedding as any that ever was screened. Among the guests were

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Sister of Jane---and the Sister of Katherine

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

All photographs by Apeda, N. Y.

EVERY now and then letters come to the offices of Brewster Publications asking, "What has become of the Lee children?" *"Where* are our two 'Baby Grands' who used to frolic all over the screen and bring joy to many hearts? Aren't they ever coming back?"

We knew they were touring the country in a vaudeville act, but that was all we knew. And when we passed a theater one day, and on the billboard, in letters a foot high, was an announcement: "Jane and Katherine Lee in 'The New Director'"—we decided to find out for ourselves about these former starlets of filmdom and pass the information on to our readers.

From our seat down front, we watched the conclusion of a song and dance act, but thru the audience was an air of expectancy. And while we were reflecting upon the fact that never before had we seen so many children in a vaudeville theater, nor of an afternoon so many fat, bald, good-natured looking men—the charming young dancer made her final bow, and amid a storm of applause came tripping upon the stage—Jane and Katherine Lee. They wore gingham pinafores, sunbonnets, socks and sandals—and they were exactly as you remember them—round-faced, rosy-cheeked Jane, pert and saucy—sweet, slender Katherine, grave and whimsical.

To describe their delectable act and their more than delectable acting is not possible. Suffice it to say that they show what two movie children with irrepressible spirits and no sense of responsibility can do when turned loose with a new and inexperienced director. It's a clever act, and the children romp thru it with such unstudied abandon it's hard to remember that they're only acting. And then, at the end, the director stages a death

(*Continued on page* 86)

Since the Lee children began their stage career, two years ago, they have been from coast to coast. But Mrs. Lee has kept the same apartment in New York they had while they were in pictures. Even tho they are not there much, it is a home—a place to come back to. As Jane said, practically: "Well, we're leaving tomorrow, but we're coming back. We always *have* come back"

Greenroom Jottings

Constance and **Norma Talmadge** are now in California. Constance will remain long enough for the exteriors of her forthcoming production to be filmed while Norma expects to make two or three pictures before she returns to New York. This gave Norma and Constance a splendid opportunity to visit with Natalie who now resides in California and who they haven't seen since she became **Mrs. Buster Keaton.** Mrs. Talmadge crossed the continent too, of course. It must have been a great reunion.

"**My Boy**" is the title of the next **Jackie Coogan** picture. The story was written by Jack Coogan, Sr. and Victor Herman, the director, and it gives Jackie every opportunity to display his talents.

William Farnum has returned from his European wanderings. He has been away since March and as it was his first holiday in twenty-five years he made the most of it. Most of the time he spent motoring thru France and Italy. At Rome he saw the beginning of the erection of the Fox studios.

Now that he is back he declares he is anxious to get before the camera again and Herbert Brenon has been engaged to direct him in a special production.

Charlie Chaplin's return from abroad was heralded with luncheons and dinners galore. At one of the festive occasions Mr. Chaplin declared that Europe objected to the American films because they lacked subtlety and featured the sweety-sweet love scenes, dwelling too much on sex. He went on to say that the motion picture would undoubtedly rise to greater heights when producers ceased to underestimate the public's intelligence. We are in hearty accord with Charlie.

Mildred Harris has been chosen to play opposite **Thomas Meighan** in his next picture "**A Prince There Was.**" This is the story which was written and produced by George M. Cohan on the stage.

Dorothy Gish proved her versatility one evening not long ago. Her husband, **James Rennie,** is playing in "**Pot-Luck**", a popular New York stage play. When the curtain descended after the first act the leading-lady was taken ill and could not continue with her performance. Chaos reigned back-stage. In front sat the audience, expectant. Then Dorothy came valiantly to the rescue. She had been in the theater frequently during the rehearsals and seen the play several times with the result that she was able to take the leading-lady's place. The play continued without a hitch. Needless to say the audience recognized the popular screen comedienne and greeted her with applause which rang loud and long.

If the announcements can be relied upon the screen will shortly shadow two productions of "**The Little Minister**", James M. Barrie's story. **Penrhyn Stanlaws** is now directing **Betty Compson** in this story in the Western Paramount studios. And **Vitagraph** announce that **Alice Calhoun** will shortly begin work on "The Little Minister" at the Vitagraph Eastern studios. It should prove difficult to decide which production to attend.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

When Douglas and Mary Pickford Fairbanks sailed for Europe the other day, there was a tiny third party who waved to the great crowds who came to the wharf to see them off—Mary Pickford II. Little Mary will begin her education abroad, under the tutelage of the finest instructors Aunt Mary can secure

Marie Doro returned from Europe recently but motion picture studios will not claim her for the time being. She is starring in the stage play of "**Lilies of the Field.**"

Cecil B. de Mille is the latest screen celebrity to declare his intention of going abroad. Mr. De Mille has promised himself a vacation for sometime but his trip will not be entirely a holiday. While on the other side he will make arrangements for producing a picture there in the near future.

Sigrid Holmquist who is known abroad as the "Swedish Mary Pickford" is to play opposite Eugene

Greenroom Jottings

O'Brien in his new Selznick production, "**Prophet's Paradise.**"

Charles Ray is really coming to New York. Great preparations are being made by the motion picture industry for his arrival. Mr. Ray has not been East in years altho he has often planned a trip. Needless to say his time will be well occupied. He will have all the new stage plays to see; receptions galore; luncheons, teas and dinners; not to mention the scores of interviews he will be subjected to in between times. It is to be hoped that his trip is not planned as a rest!

Mabel Normand recently succumbed to the inducements of **Mack Sennett.** She signed a contract which will keep her on the Sennett lot for some time to come. Her salary? It is not definitely known but they do say it belies hard times.

Have you sent **Jackie Coogan** a dime or a quarter, as the case may be, for a photograph. If you have you have indirectly helped the starving Polish children for it is to this fund which Jackie gives this money. He recently visited Paderewski, the famous pianist, at his California ranch where he contributed to this worthy cause.

"**The Prisoner of Zenda**" brings memory of school-days—and the novel of that name backed by an innocent-looking geography. It brings memories of the neighborhood stock-company with the handsome leading-man in the title rôle. Realizing its popularity, **Rex Ingram** is about to bring it to the screen. Of course **Alice Terry** will play the leading feminine rôle. As a matter of fact, it has been said that the Terry-Ingram nuptials have been postponed until its completion. Others in the cast are Robert Edeson, Lewis Stone, Helen Holmes, and Francis MacDonald.

Anita Stewart returned to California early this winter after a long rest in the East at her Long Island home. The new wardrobe which she brought back with her will delight the eye in "**The Woman He Married.**"

Zasu Pitts finds life just one motion picture after another these days. It permits her little or no time for domesticity. As soon as she finishes playing with **Ethel Clayton** in "**For the Defence,**" she will start work on "**Is Matrimony a Failure?**"

Vera Stedman will be absent from the **Christie** comedies for some time. She was recently the mother of twins. However, she contends that she will not desert the screen. Mr. Jack Taylor, a musician, is the proud father.

One by one the players are returning from the other side. **Anna Q. Nilsson** came back to these shores the other day after a sojourn in Sweden where she visited her people. Incidentally, Miss Nilsson remained there long enough to select and purchase a home for her parents.

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Sidney Franklin has been guiding the production of "Smilin' Thru." If the above photograph of Norma Talmadge is at all indicative, his must have been a pleasant task

It is not unlikely that **Charles Spencer Chaplin** may be knighted if he wishes it. Great Britain considered this recently when her native son vacationed on her shores. It is doubtful, however, whether or not Charlie will accept the honor for he is democratic and frankly and openly socialistically inclined.

Fannie Ward has given up her apartment in Paris on the Champs Elysees for she has decided to spend the winter in London. Fannie will be missed without a doubt for she was one of the best-dressed women abroad and inevitably pointed out on the Rue de la Paix as the beautiful American actress.

Starring in productions with a goodly share of the directorial responsibility is not sufficient

(*Cont'd on page* 88)

Baron de Meyer Photo

The hands of Mary Nash, *celebrated for their beauty, are an example of how proper treatment enhances natural charm. Miss Nash uses only Cutex in the care of her nails. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so well. I regard Cutex as a real toilet necessity."*

Do just two things—and your nails will look professionally manicured

ALL that made manicuring slow and difficult has been done away with. You don't have to soak your nails—you don't have to cut the cuticle. Just work carefully around the nail base with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover; then rinse, and the hard, dry edges of dead skin will simply wipe away.

Then you are ready for the polish. If you are in a special hurry, Cutex Liquid Polish will give you a particularly brilliant shine—instantaneously and without buffing. But if you are doing a more leisurely manicure, you will probably wish first to burnish your nails slightly with one of the other marvelous Cutex Polishes, which for convenience come in Paste, Cake, Powder and Stick form. Then apply a light coat of Liquid Polish.

You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made manicuring until you have given it a trial.

This very minute before you forget, sit down and send for a Cutex Introductory Set. In the cunning little box of black and rose—so smart and taking in itself—you will find samples of everything you need for manicuring this new way—with a book of instructions.

Follow the directions and give yourself a complete Cutex manicure. It will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, Cutex Cuticle Remover will leave it smooth and even. And you will agree that you have never used a polish from which you get as quick, lasting and brilliant a shine as from any one of those provided by Cutex.

Cutex sets in three sizes

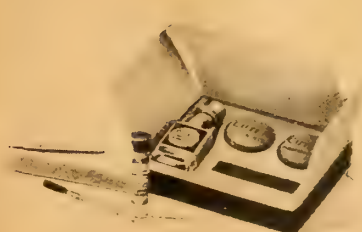
To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 60c, at $1.50 and at $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all department stores in the United States and Canada.

The quickest, easiest manicure

Spread the Polish on the soft part of the hand and burnish by passing the nails lightly over it—or, if you want a still quicker, brighter lustre, coat each nail lightly with Cutex Liquid Polish.

First dip the end of the orange stick in Cutex Cuticle Remover, work carefully around the nail base, then rinse. The hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY



Northam Warren,
Dept. 801, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

Introductory set—now only 15c

Contains besides the samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Cuticle Comfort, emery board and orange stick, a little bottle of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, exactly what every woman wants for an instantaneous, dazzling polish. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept 801, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

This is the last time I will see you this year, so right here I'm going to wish you all a very merry Christmas, and I'll tell old Saint Nick to see that you are all made happy with lots of good cheer.

BROWN EYES.—You are wrong about Norma Talmadge being a mother. Mildred Harris and Thomas Meighan, in "A Prince There Was?" Niles Welch and Elaine Hammerstein, in "The Way of a Maid." Well, there is some hope, if you dont grow worse, but no hope if you dont grow better.

DIZZY SISTERS.—Thanks for the hairpins. I suppose I am to use them on my beard. You say, if rain makes flowers beautiful, why dont I stand out in the rain some time. Then you'd say, some folks dont know enough to come in out of the rain. Well, you can ease your mind right now, because Milton Sills is married. He is playing opposite Florence Vidor in "Lucky Damage." Thanks, do write me some more.

TULIP TOWN.—Thanks for the three dark-complexioned candied babies. They sure were sweet. You want to know if the Bronx in New York is a city or a hotel. Great guns, no; it's one of the boroughs of New York, and it is very, very thickly inhabited. Elliott Dexter has gone to London to play in pictures. Yes, it is true that Virginia Faire is to play in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

F. A. R.—Thanks for the Canadian quarter. Have answered yours by mail.

PETER S.—Why dont you write to some of the exchanges, such as Pathé Company, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, or Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

RUTH C.—No, Ruth, I dont believe in it. He who gets rich quick is apt to go broke in a hurry. Last time I heard of Peggy Hyland, she was in New York. No, child, I have an excellent disposition. I never murmur without cause, and seldom have cause. But when I do, I use language not according to Hoyle, and quite unparliamentary. No, you're all wrong.

MARGARET V.—Some clever letter. You can get in touch with Richard Barthelmess, 565 Fifth Avenue, care Inspiration Pictures, New York. Thanks for the invitation to luncheon, but I'm on a diet now. I have no titles, alphabetical or otherwise, after my name, nor before it. If I were to have some letter appended to my illustrious name, I would prefer C. O. D.

E. L. M.—Constance Talmadge's next picture will be "Good for Nothing." You cant make me believe that about Constance's pictures. Yes, "Jane Eyre" was produced about three years ago. Katheryn Burt was the author of "The Branding Iron."

TOMMY.—Thanks for the scandal sheet. Allan Forrest, in "The Hole in the Wall," with Alice Lake. Ethel Clayton, in "For the Defense." Yes, Tommy, perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we dont run after them quite so hard.

CATHERINE M.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty. So you are all for Eugene O'Brien. The custom of giving presents at Christmas is pagan in origin. Once Christmas presents were unknown. The custom was confined to New Year's Day. Baby Marie Osborne is making personal stage appearances. Righto, write me again.

WYETH L.—Last I heard of Violet Mersereau she was playing in "Thunderclap," for Fox. May Allison is not playing now. Yes, it is true that Rex Ingram is producing "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Alice Terry. It was produced some six years ago, with James K. Hackett as the star.

UKALAXON.—Personality is best, and the most permanent. Beauty is the first present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. Hereafter, read *Beauty* magazines for such things. Gaston Glass is playing opposite Shirley Mason in "The Aliens." Yes, I liked Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights." It is her best picture, but she didn't always look her prettiest. Julian Eltinge, last I heard of him, was improving in health, and expects to enter vaudeville soon.

HAZEL H. B.—Pick up the marbles! What did you think, that I wrote the questions as well as the answers? I should hope not. It would be an easy job that way. No, I didn't care, either, for "The Child Thou Gavest Me." It was an impossible sort of thing. Ruth Stonehouse is doing classical dancing on the stage. Write me some more.

PAT O' PARIS.—Begorra, I have no wife, Pat! You cant keep 'em down. Yeast, tho compressed, will rise again! Frank Mayo recently divorced his wife and married Dagmar Godowsky. You cant blame her for wanting to change her name. Alice Calhoun is to play the little minister in the Vitagraph production by that name, while Betty Compson is to play it for Famous Players. Vitagraph produced this play about seven years ago, with Clara Kimball Young. Drop in again some time, Pat.

FRANCES B.—You want an interview with Rudolph Valentino. So, so. He is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the Lady Letty." Harrison Ford, opposite the Talmadges. Your letter is rather gloomy, Frances. As the artist and the poet love the storm, so must we learn to love the clouds of life, because they help to make the coming sunshine brighter. So cheer up!

KU KLUX KLAN.—Indeed! Certainly, I believe in the New Thought. Why shouldn't I—who doesn't? We should think nothing but beautiful thoughts of beautiful things, dream of nothing but beautiful color and tender hues, and seek nothing but lovely tones and graceful lines. No idea where you can secure a picture of that player. Agnes Ayres is playing in "The Lane That Has No Turning," with Mahlon Hamilton.

VIVIAN.—Yes, I like perfume. Were you thinking of sending me some? The manufacturers of perfume in Italy consume annually about 1,850 tons of orange blossoms, 1,000 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasamine and violets and fifteen tons of jonquils. We have plenty of perfume around here. Corliss Palmer is making it. William E. Park was Bill in "The Ghost of the Gar-

Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
A cleansing cream at night

Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil

Rough, chapped skin. To make up for the drying effect of dust and wind you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil. Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once and leaves the skin delightfully soft and satiny.

Shiny skin. This almost universal annoyance is due to powdering without providing a base for the powder. Try powdering this way—

First rub the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

Dull, tired skin. When you are tired apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream to your face. It instantly relieves the strained look about the eyes and mouth and gives the whole face a fresh youthfulness.

Before going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

Flaws prevented by nightly cleansing with oil cream

Blackheads. Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then work Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. This rich oil cream penetrates the pores, loosens all the dirt which has lodged deep in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean.

Wrinkles. For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond's Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as tonic, stimulating the blood, rousing the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.

POND'S *Vanishing Cream*

POND'S *Cold Cream*

Start using these two creams today

The regular use of these two creams helps your skin to become continually lovelier.

They will not clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. In both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. At any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
143 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Answer Man

rett." Edwin August, in "The Idol of North." Claire Anderson, in "The Road Demon." ey were pretty old pictures.

THE SPAGHETTI GIRL.—So you and father own the largest spaghetti factory in Colo Aren't you swell! So you think that my departm is wholesome —has a good flavor, and leaves a pl t taste in the mouth. Thanks, so does spaghetti. k hearty.

HENRY G. J.—No, I dont advis u to study hypnotism.

TRIXIE B.—By no means, Tri send New Zealand stamps for a subscription. Sen ead a money order equivalent to $3.50. Milton s is going to play in "Miss Lulu Bett." You're w e.

MARION B.—Yes, it is tr t Van Dyke Brooke died on September sevente at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Remember when he d to direct Norma Talmadge? He surely was o f the first directors, and one of the best of his ti Bert Lytell, in "Keep Off the Grass." I never me d it myself, but I am told that the Capitol at W ington is four hundred and fifty-one feet four in long and three hundred and fifty feet wide, takin greatest dimensions.

STEW.—Charles R is in Los Angeles. But didn't you know that fire extinguished much more quickly by salt water than fresh? Hence, if you ever have a fire in your town, take a train and run down to Atlantic City and g ome salt water. George Chesbro is playing in "The coil," a series of Northwest stories.

CORSET COVER LKE.—Well, that's some name. No, I am not too old walk. Every day I try to walk at least an hour, and ually succeed. Everybody should have some form exercise. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five years d I am afraid there is no choice.

EL LON T.—Why, Famous Players-Lasky are releasing "a Golem." It was made in Germany. Yes, Edmund ue has been operated upon recently for appendici w, t he is recovering. Charles Ray, in "Two Minut po Go."

MAS, I.—Certainly, I believe in religion, but I some time link that we have just enough religion to make us and but not enough to make us love one another. Ann Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, but Fred oland is not married. Alice Calhoun, in "Rain-ind has

ALL BEAUTY.—Mother o' Mine! You want the tha and addresses of about twenty-five players. Not C .

HOLLANDS 19.—That's a great letter, all the way from olland. Alice Lake, in "Good Night, Nurse." Harry arey is playing in "Brute Island." Robert Leonard is married to Mae Murray, while Ella Hall is married to Emory Johnson. Yes, they were both good in "The Master Key." Thanks for the criticisms and comments, which I have passed along.

JENNIE A.—No. Looky here! You promised to make your letters shorter. You are a very promising writer, but your terminal facilities are defective. Hoot Gibson, in "Red Courage."

BUDDIE B.—It is nearing the season when everybody gives everybody else things they dont want, and receive in return a lot of things they dont want. Nevertheless, it is a jolly good, cheery season. It is more blessed to give than to receive. (My address is 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.) Anita Stewart is playing in "Roses of the Sea."

TED.—Yes, I am the same old chap. Why, dont you know that Florence La Badie d some time ago? Guy Coombs is directing, and Gwendolyn Pates hasn't been playing since the days of Pat . Write me again. Your letter brought back pleasant memories.

EUGENE O'BRIEN NUT.—So, th s how it is? I agree with you, it is a miserable thing to live in suspense —it is the life of a spider. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Prophet's Paradise," with Sigrid Holmquist opposite him. She is called the Mary Pickford of Sweden.

SYLVESTER F.—Yes, it is a sort of intoxication to want to write about a picture after seeing it. When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gambol, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, an American to make a speech, and a fan to write learned letters of criticism. Yes, Jack Mulhall is playing in "Turn to the Right." Lois Wilson and Milton Sills, in "Miss Lulu Bett." Laurette Taylor is in Europe, and Theda Bara is making personal appearances on the stage. Eva Tanguay, in vaudeville.

THOMAS P.—No, I dont know of a place that will read your scenario free, and I am sure Mr. Griffith hasn't the time to devote to it.

THE COUNT OF NOAH COUNT.—As I've said before, I have no title nor degrees. We always admire the fellow with a lot of letters tacked on to his name, because we know he got there by degrees. Ha, ha! Edith Roberts is playing in a De Mille picture, called "Saturday Night."

LOUISE N.—No, I dont think "Silas Marner" has ever been done in pictures, but it ought to be. You think Raymond Hatton would be a good Silas Marner. Dorothy Davenport is playing in "Behind the Mask." May McAvoy, in "The Happy Ending."

ELIZABETH B.—Those troubles are the greatest which never come ont meet sorrow half way. Dont cross the bridge until you come to it. Gladys Walton and Jack Perrin, in "The Guttersnipe." I admire your literary style.

FLORA DAW.—See here, friend, I am an answer man, and not a physiognomist, but I will try and answer your questions. Among other things, you ask if it is not true that impulsive persons usually have black eyes? I think so; if they haven't, they usually get them. Yes, Jackie Coogan's next picture is "My Boy." Corinne Griffith, in "The Single Track." Bebe Daniels has brown eyes, and you can reach her at Realart, Los Angeles, Calif. Douglas MacLean is married. Shirley Mason, in "Her Loved Ones."

MRS. W. J. Y.—So you think Elliott Dexter is wonderful, the way he cured himself by Christian Science. Then wonderful is Mary Baker Eddy. The picture was of Rod La Roque and Monte Blue. Colleen Moore, in "The Wall Flower."

JAMES B.—Thanks, read yours with much interest.

PAUL G.—You say, a woman who has not seen her lover for the whole day considers that day lost for her; the tenderest of men considers it only lost for love. You can write to Bebe Daniels, the above address. Wallace Reid is married.

I. M. L., N. Z.—Yes, indeed, she is just the type of woman you think she is. Married, and a good homebody. Elliott Dexter and Claire Windsor, in "Grand Larceny." Conway Tearle, in "After Midnight."

JESSE J. CLAYTON, Corps Surgeon's Office, Fort McPherson, Ga., would like to correspond with some of my readers. Cheer him up; he's lonely.

THELMA MCF.—Yes, the world's a stage, but if you play your part well, life wont be a tragedy or a comedy. So you think Henry Walthall has a charming personality. You're not the only one who thinks so.

KAT.—You say everything is wrong in this world. No, it's yourself that's wrong. The closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. Louise Huff, opposite Richard Barthelmess. Alice Joyce, in "The Inner Chamber."

JUST A MOVIE FAN—The more the merrier. I cant tell you where Wallace Reid buys his clothes. Out of my line—I have no clothesline. No, clothes dont make the man, but they make the impression. Why, Bebe Daniels is playing in "The Speed Girl." Wanda Hawley, in "Her Face Value," and Alice Brady, in "Hush Money."

LITTLE FRISKY CAT.—So you are glad Christmas is coming. In England, in the olden days, the Christmas feastings were anything but hurried. They extended for many days. One chronicler records the fact that merchants went to each other's houses in turn, feasting, for three weeks. Mary Anderson, playing in "Vanishing Trails," with Franklyn Farnum.

ELIZABETH B.—Well, there are a great many who do not feel the way you do about the German pictures being shown in this country. Leah Baird is not playing now.

(*Continued on page* 107)

Why You Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Make it Soft and Silky, Bright and Fresh-looking and More Luxuriant.

© 1920 THE R. L. W. CO.

THE new shampoo method, now in vogue, has made it easy and practical for any woman to have beautiful, well-kept hair.

For the beauty of your hair, as you know, depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

But while your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and tends to ruin it. As a result, throughout the country, more and more women are now shampooing with Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Proper Shampooing Made Easy

THIS clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it. And it has made the shampoo a pleasure.

It is astonishing how really beautiful you can make your hair look, with little effort, by shampooing with Mulsified.

The method is simple: First wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. *Rub the lather in thoroughly* and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers

Thorough Rinsing Is Important

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good, warm water, and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quicky and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

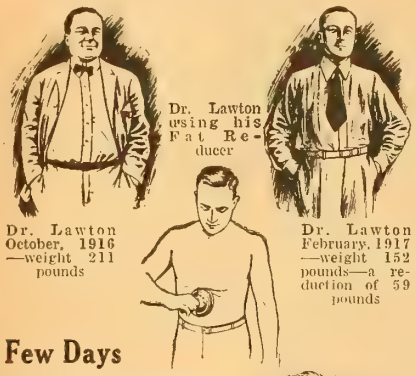
You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Dr. Lawton using his Fat Reducer

Dr. Lawton October, 1916 —weight 211 pounds

Dr. Lawton February, 1917 —weight 152 pounds—a reduction of 59 pounds

Few Days Shows Reduction

NO need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my FAT REDUCER has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tisues into waste matter which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

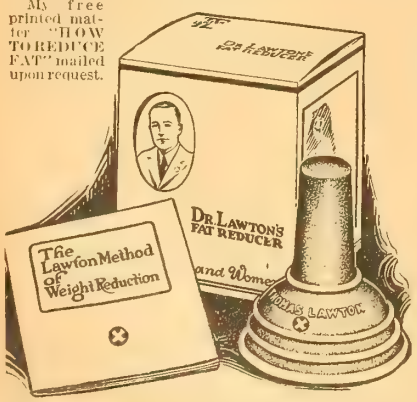
The cost of FAT REDUCER is $5.00 (nothing more to buy). Add 20 cents with your remittance to cover parcel-post and insurance. Send for your REDUCER TODAY Remember it is guaranteed. Free private demonstrations in my office 9 to 6 daily.

My free printed matter "HOW TO REDUCE FAT" mailed upon request.

Fatty arms quckly reduced, also takes away fatty parts top of corsets and reduces fatty ankles

Reduced bust safely

Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept. 58, New York

Ideal Cast Selected by Readers

Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid Proven Favorite Heroine and Hero

The last ballot has been credited. And the ascertained result lists the Ideal Cast as follows:

Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge	3,996
Leading Man—Wallace Reid	5,952
Vampire—Bebe Daniels	5,325
Villain—Lew Cody	4,662
Character Man—Theodore Roberts	5,829
Character Woman—Vera Gordon	2,634
Comedian—Harold Lloyd	4,650
Comedienne—Dorothy Gish	4,539
Child—Jackie Coogan	7,501
Director—D. W. Griffith	4,170

This is the same cast which has led for the last few months, with the exception of the director. At the last minute, D. W. Griffith took the lead over Cecil B. de Mille.

The final tabulation in this contest was a mammoth task. For a time we thought it would be impossible to announce the ideal cast in this number, but those responsible for the counting worked overtime that the announcement might be made.

To judge the winners who guessed the cast correctly, together with the number of votes received by each player, has not been possible, owing to the great number of ballots which were submitted. Naturally, nothing could be done with this end of the contest until the final results were obtained. The sorting of the guessing ballots is now receiving undivided attention, and we sincerely hope to announce the prize-winners in the February issue.

Again we mention the great popularity with which this contest was received, both by the readers and by those in the profession. The day when a player was permitted to play any rôle, simply because of their overwhelming popularity, is long past. Today directors believe in casting some one who is well-suited to the rôle which is to be characterized. Therefore, the Ideal Cast Contest has served a purpose.

Below the results of the contest are listed.

And, if it is physically possible, the prizes will be awarded to those who guessed the winners most correctly some time during the coming month, with the announcement, as we said before, in the February MAGAZINE.

Leading Women

Gloria Swanson	2,892
Mary Pickford	2,547
Katherine MacDonald	834
Ruth Roland	813
Lillian Gish	426
Agnes Ayres	363
Anita Stewart	315
Ethel Clayton	291
Constance Talmadge	201
Bebe Daniels	189

Leading Men

Thomas Meighan	2,706
Richard Barthelmess	1,872
Douglas Fairbanks	813
Eugene O'Brien	756
Elliott Dexter	630
Conway Tearle	510
William Farnum	210
Milton Sills	189
Harrison Ford	183
William S. Hart	174

Vampire

Theda Bara	2,913
Pola Negri	1,188
Louise Glaum	1,170
Gloria Swanson	963
Betty Blythe	756
Nita Naldi	447
Rosemary Theby	324
Marcia Manon	231
Mona Lisa	225
Alla Nazimova	136

Villain

Lon Chaney	1,413
Lowell Sherman	1,368
Stuart Holmes	1,164
Eric von Stroheim	942
Robert McKim	933
Jack Holt	921
Warner Oland	507
Irving Cummings	402
Noah Beery	297
Wallace Beery	177

Character Woman

Norma Talmadge	2,358
Pauline Frederick	1,203
Kathleen Williams	747
Alla Nazimova	705
Lillian Gish	567
Kate Bruce	519
Rose Tapley	441
Mary Alden	423
Mary Carr	420
Gloria Swanson	348

Character Man

Lon Chaney	1,326
Richard Barthelmess	1,182
Thomas Meighan	1,173
Charles Ray	591
John Barrymore	537
William S. Hart	489
Bert Lytell	483
James Kirkwood	315
Raymond Hatton	276
Wallace Reid	213

Comedian

Charlie Chaplin	3,060
Buster Keaton	831
Douglas Fairbanks	585
Fatty Arbuckle	558
Wallace Reid	438
Charles Ray	411
Ben Turpin	387
Douglas MacLean	366
Larry Semon	300
Walter Hiers	264

Comedienne

Constance Talmadge	3,723
Mabel Normand	2,148
Louise Fazenda	969
Mary Pickford	858
Bebe Daniels	498
Mildred Davis	417
Viola Dana	213
Zasu Pitts	210
May Allison	183
Marie Prevost	159

Child

Wesley Barry	3,150
Ben Alexander	543
Marie Osborn	429
Mickey Moore	294
Bobby Connelly	225
Virginia Lee Corbin	216
John Henry, Jr.	204
Mary Pickford	198
Richard Headricks	141
Johnny Jones	132

Director

Cecil B. de Mille	4,170
Marshall Neilan	804
Thomas H. Ince	417
William de Mille	255
George Fitzmaurice	180
Tom Forman	165
Eric von Stroheim	162
Allan Dwan	147
Rex Ingram	132
King Vidor	117

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

are pleased to announce a

NEW MAGAZINE

Beauty

Beauty Secrets
For Everywoman

AND, like "Motion Picture," "Classic" and "Shadowland" (particularly "Shadowland") it will be a **Beauty.** She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply cant do without it. If one does not insist on it the other will—probably all. The gentle art of

How To Be Beautiful

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man" who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face, on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Myrtle Kingston	Jaona Jacques	Jules Latour
Elsie Ferguson	Norma Talmadge	Corinne Griffith
Katherine MacDonald	Corliss Palmer	Gladys Hall
Dorothy Donnell	Agnes Ayres	Ruth Roland
Constance Talmadge	Lillian Gish	Lillian Montanye
Dorothy Gish	Gloria Swanson	Anetha Getwell
Pauline Frederick	Blanche McGarity	and many others

"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first."

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as beautiful as she can, and our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

Rouge and Lip Salve.
Those False Eye Lashes.
The Harmony of Colors.
The Effect of Beauty on the Senses.
How to Train the Eyebrows.
Making the Old Look Young.
Preparing for Bed. What must my Lady do at Night for the Morrow?
Massage.
Blackheads.
Pimples.
Freckles.
Fresh Air and Beauty.
Foundation Cream.
Charm. How Artificial Means Add To It.
Does Beauty Appeal to Man more Than Personality.
Expression. How Make-Up Can Make or Mar It.
That Muddy Complexion.
Do Men Admire the Painted Girl.

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And dont forget that many well-known beauties will write on

Beauty Secrets For Everywoman

Surely out of all this wonderful mass of material you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the newsstands about January 8th.

Place Your Order Now With Your Dealer!

There is always a rush for a new magazine. It will be a real scrimmage for this one, for we are printing only 100,000 copies to start with. If you wish to subscribe the rate is $2.50 a year. **Each number will contain several paintings worth that, suitable for framing.** And you will get twelve numbers.

Dont Forget the Date, January 8th, 1922

BUY BEAUTY!

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Danaruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

"HOMEWOOL"
CATALOG
YARN
100% VIRGIN WOOL
Beautiful sweaters, scarfs, shawls, jackets, hoods, gloves, stockings—dozens of lasting garments—for grown-ups and children cost less when you make them from Homewool 100% Virgin Wool Yarns. Direct from mill to you at big savings. Big skeins. Easy to make up. Attractive colors. Send today for free sample cards and Homewool Catalog.
Home Woolen Mills, Estab. 1876
88 Main Street, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
Send for Catalog—it is FREE
"HOMEWOOL"

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Logical endings are, as a matter of fact, what are desired whether they be happy or unhappy. So writes this reader.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: In the May issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I read a very interesting editorial, entitled "And They Lived Happily Ever After." This interested me very much, altho I would like to make some comments.

My views and those of the editor's are somewhat alike. We have been seeing only the kind of pictures that end up happily after a quarrel or misunderstanding, and never, or rather, very, very seldom, one in which we are not able to foresee the ending. Take "Passion," for an example; this was a production which kept one unstrung until the end.

The American public seems to expect only these "happy endings," and would hardly appreciate a sad and dramatic ending. They do not seem to comprehend that pictures are in a way the reproduction of "real life," and that all troubles do not end with a "kiss," like the films do; therefore, the films should not always end this way.

I do not care for Nazimova. She is not the actress that one expects to see. Her only good picture, so far, was the "Red Lantern."

Let us see more of the beautiful Elsie Ferguson, the well-groomed Gloria Swanson (who is indeed true to her name) and the "chic" Constance Binney.

Colleen Moore, who is making wonderful headway, was reared in Tampa, and I am proud to say that I am personally acquainted with her.

Thanking you for reading this letter and wishing your magazine and all the actresses and actors, who try so hard to please the critical public, the highest success and happiness, I beg to remain,

Sincerely,
CHRISTINE KREHER,
2812 Elmore Street, Tampa, Fla.

The opinions regarding the screen's beauties are always worth while. Below is a particularly interesting one.

DEAR SIR: What's all the excitement about the screen's most beautiful woman lately? For a while I thought it was press-agent stuff, but you can see it is getting serious now, when the newspapers and magazines take it up.

I am neither a foreigner, an artist nor a sculptor; therefore in no way able to judge. I'm one of the army of movie fans, who go to the show every night and dont know much in general, but I'll tell you what I think.

The big critics can call whom they wish "beautiful," but it comes to us finally to judge. Katherine MacDonald deserves being called the American Beauty. Betty Compson is lovely, too. But Corinne Griffith—before I had ever seen her, a friend, who was taking me to the show, said:

"Well, she isn't very pretty, but you'll like her."

She wasn't: but I did.

I think Lillian Gish is the most beautiful girl on the screen. The critic on one of the papers here said:

"Was there ever anyone as ethereally beautiful as Lillian Gish?" Now, was there? I know there isn't now.

I have a sneaky idea those who class Harriett Hammond and Gloria Swanson among the glorious ones are men.

And Alla Nazimova. Nazimova has a mighty personality, but, alas! is far, far from beautiful.

Of course, we do not care especially for beauty all the time. Like too much sugar, it is not good for the system. But it seems funny to have people tell you who is beautiful when you can see they're not. That helpless feeling overcomes you.

Lately, too, there have been rumors about Mary Pickford's looks. I have always cherished a belief that Mary was one of us, not a beauty, but a wonderful woman. Now, as she grows older, they have to go and make her over.

Betty Blythe never caused much of a furore here. Of course, we haven't seen "The Queen of Sheba." However, there were numerous plays with her as leading lady, and no one ever flew into ecstasies. Good photography helps, I suppose, and I hear that she has a brain which must be unusual by the way it is being shouted to the public.

May McAvoy is another with real youthful beauty. In the first play I saw her in, "The House of the Tolling Bell," everyone about me agreed in excited whispers that she was "swell looking."

As a *finale*, I will say:

Great success to Lillian Gish, who has worked so hard. And I would rather see Zasu Pitts than Katherine MacDonald any day. Oh, yes, my vote for "Peter Pan," Marguerite Clark.

P. ASPELMEIER,
493 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Below is one of the many objections we have received concerning wormed-up entertainment or if you will, reissues.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you tell me just why we, the innocent public, must be served with warmed-over entertainment, when we spend our hard-earned quarters to have a change of scene after a monotonous day at the office?

When we work, we must, of necessity, be served with the same dishes day after day—that is business routine. But when we seek diversion—well, who can enjoy routine in the movies? We go there for something different, and what do we get? We see our favorite actress or actor—true. But we have read that book—a best-seller, maybe—and we know just what she or he is going to do or say. Nothing very thrilling about that.

That "well-known book" stuff on the screen is bad enough, but deliver us from being served with a play we have seen a year or two previously. I tried it once, and I know! I recently saw Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road With Sallie," and never again. Constance has been my favorite, but when I saw her in 1921 dressed in a suit which was fashionable in 1919 and playing in a story which we all knew by heart and saw enacted maybe two years ago, her charm seemed to wane. Let us have something original.

Sincerely,
E. M. JOHNSON,
2107 Kenmore Boulevard, Akron, O.

Praise for Gloria Swanson.

Dear Editor: I have been a constant reader of "Letters to the Editor," and have noticed that not many of these people think much of Gloria Swanson. Of course, each one to his own taste, but I cant find the reason for this. Thru Mr. De Mille's and Miss Swanson's tireless efforts, pictures have been produced that are considered foremost in the film world. Could any other actress on the screen today do better with the character that Miss Swanson portrayed in "Something to Think About"? They call her exotic and odd. At least, she is different than the rest, and is not foolish enough to carry things to the extreme.

I earnestly hope that Miss Swanson will continue her fine acting.

Also, I cant agree with people that say Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick are finished. I prophesy that they will be playing in pictures long after some of these new stars are gone.

Three cheers for Anna Q. Nilsson, Agnes Ayres and Bebe Daniels.

Good luck to your interesting magazine.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Reitze.

The question of happy endings is always interesting. This writer contends that movies are a refuge from harassing worries—therefore condones the happy ending.

Dear Editor: I wish to state that I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years, and since coming to Panama, where life is not just ideal, I find it almost indispensable.

I especially like the interviews with the players. They give us just that little inside view of personality which is not always apprehensible from the screen.

And then The Answer Man comes along with just enough humor to tone us up.

I also find the "Letters to the Editor" interesting, and especially letters on the "endings" of our screen plays. And this is the subject which has prompted my writing this letter.

Perhaps some of us are a little biased in our opinions, but, personally, I do not care for plays that end tragically, except occasionally an adaptation from some classic, and then we generally know the ending before seeing it. The hug and kiss and "lived happily ever after" endings are not always appropriate, but the supposition to that effect is, generally. Some one has stated that we must be shown that life is frequently thorny, but I cannot see why we should go to the movies to be shown such things, when constantly we are harassed with them in every-day life. It seems to me that the movies should be one of our places of refuge where we can go and just live a series of glorious victories and happy endings.

I would like to say a word for Douglas Fairbanks. He is a splendid athlete, and always puts life and joy into his plays. In "The Mark of Zorro" we see displayed the qualities of an actor and a real man. But, of course, Doug is universally known, and

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

I also like Betty Blythe. She seems to possess that quality of character significant of depth and singularity.

I should be pleased to hear from others who are interested in the movies.

Sincerely yours,
James C. McDaniel,
Board of Health Laboratory,
Ancon, C. Z., Panama.

Be More Careful

of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really clean teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste—called Pepsodent — for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 391, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

- - - - - - TEAR OUT HERE - - - - - -

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6633 Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

☐ DRAFTING	☐ Electrical Eng'ing	☐ Advertising
☐ Mechanical Eng'ing	☐ Stationary "	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Surveying	☐ CHEMISTRY	☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ Civil Service
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ STENOGRAPHY	☐ Mail Service

*Name*_____
Street
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES

Vulcan Rubber Cemented Shaving Brushes **make shaving a pleasure. They wear for many years.**
Invincible Hair Brushes. **Strong, stiff bristles. Beautiful wood, richly finished. Very popular with lovers of good brushes.**

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Ma Mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshing purity of Lablache.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 56
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Alias Miss Dupont

(*Continued from page 60*)

her mouth, that seems to be the surface echo of some inner laughter.

We were at lunch in the cafeteria at Universal City. Around us waiters and flies were buzzing. The noise and clatter of a studio restaurant dinned incessantly in our ears. The place was damply hot, reeking of food. Outside, the California mountains bulked sternly beneath a white-hot sun.

Miss Dupont was dressed gorgeously in a gown of pearl beads. Her blonde hair, marcelled, was piled turban-like upon her head. She talked quietly, accentuating her words with little archings of her eyebrows and recurrent glimpses of that slight sweet smile. Her poise was impregnable. One would never have suspected her of being a novice in pictures. Yet, then, she was making only her second picture of any importance, "The White Peacock." Her dreams, a year before, had been touched by the movie Midas, von Stroheim, and had crystalized into rich substance, the leading feminine rôle in "Foolish Wives," and now a starring contract with Universal.

"On the strength of that part in 'Foolish Wives,'" she said, "hangs my whole success. And I got that because I happened to be the type Mr. Von wanted. That is his creed—'Give me the type, and I'll *make* the actress.'"

She is, then, Miss Dupont, merely another concrete example of this man's staggering audacity, this von Stroheim, who has fought his way to the top of the motion picture industry against untold obstacles of birth, prejudice and skepticism; who, from the coffers of the most notoriously economical film company in the country, has spent a cool million—actual, not advertised—on one feature production; who has shot one hundred and fifty-two reels of film to make a twelve-reel picture; who has consumed a year in the shooting; who wrote the story, directed the production, and played the big rôle; who cast all the remaining rôles, and who is now cutting the result of it down to those twelve ultimate reels. He stands—unquestionably—as the supreme individualist of picturedom. It is interesting to hear this girl's opinion of him—this girl who, but for a glance of approval from him, would no doubt be still wearing gowns in a modiste shop.

"At first I loathed him. I thought that no man could be more repulsive. I remember an incident that occurred at the Grant Hotel in San Diego, where we had gone to take the first scenes. We, the whole company, had gone in to dinner. I was suddenly conscious that he was looking at me. It seemed to me that I could read every existent awful thing in his eyes. I remember that I felt myself changing color, flushing horribly." She laughed quietly. "But now, that I have known him! I think much of my repulsion must have come from the conception that I had drawn of him from his screen work. Certainly, none of it tends to increase one's confidence in him. But I have found none more courteous or considerate than he. I want, above all things, even my new stardom, to work with him again."

We got back, presently, to her again, and to her name. She was reluctant to reveal the secret.

"It is an experiment that the Universal office has worked out," she said, "the idea being, I suppose, that it will create discussion. People will begin to wonder who I am. Miss Dupont is the second name they have given me. Mr. Von asked me to change my name to Margaret Armstrong when he engaged me. He did not like my real name. So for a long time, during all the making of 'Foolish Wives,' I was that. And then, when Universal called me in on my star contract, they asked me to change it again to Miss Dupont. I dont know, perhaps I am easy, but, rather than have any difference with the office, I agreed. So I have only played in one part under my real name, and that was with Bessie Love in 'Bonnie May.'"

She went on to tell me briefly of her sojourn of six years in Los Angeles before she became interested in pictures.

"I had several friends in the pictures, or who knew them, and they advised me so strongly to stay away from them that I did. And I myself knew of several cases of girls, much prettier than I, who had striven vainly for years to break thru from an extra part to something worth while. So, to pass the time—I did not have to work—I became a mannequin in one of the modiste shops here in town, a model and a designer. I have always loved gowns, the feel of rich cloth against me, the faint rustle of silks and satins. And I frankly delighted to be photographed in them. It was that that caused me to be chosen with three others when Metro asked for four models to use in a scene in 'Lombardi Ltd.' Bert Lytell, who played the leading rôle, was supposed to drape one of his mannequins with this beautiful gown. It was I who designed the gown and showed him how to drape it, and later stood before the camera as the mannequin while he did it. Jack Conway, the director, noticed me, and it was he who encouraged me to follow up pictures.

"But I have never endured hardship. Mother, who came out here with me from Illinois, has always made a home for me—no, I was born in Kentucky, but left there at too early a date to recall it. I didn't do much extra work. Instead, I waited. I think that is the better policy in pictures, if you can afford it."

I had been racking my brains ever since she mentioned that picture with Bessie Love, "Bonnie May," the picture wherein she had used her own name. I knew that name. I had seen the picture. This girl, Miss Dupont, tall, luxuriantly blonde, the quintessence of what a woman should be to whom all things have come easily, richly, had played the part of the show girl. The name hovered on the tip of my tongue, but would not come off. Then Ramsay Wallace, her leading man, came up to us as we were parting and said, "Can I take you into town, Pat, in my car?"

Of course! Patty Hannan!

So, gentle fan, I would introduce you. "Meet Miss Hannan, *alias* Margaret Armstrong, *alias* Miss Dupont. You'll find her charming!"

The Scarlet Thread

(*Continued from page 29*)

He is concerned, mightily delighted, with the mechanism of his being. He is bored when you turn the talk toward other things. But it is always as one might be toward a hobby, a thing apart. He seems to hold himself in continual perspective, as tho he were regarding a cherished portrait not quite complete. A stroke of the brush here, an erasure there, to heighten an effect. His self-concern is that.

For vanity that is unthinking, intolerant, he has contempt, mingled with compassion.

"I was that way myself once," he said,

"—until they kicked it out of me. Now, the only thing I think of is this." He rubbed his fingers together, as tho he were massaging crisp greenbacks. "That's all."

But that is merely a pleasurable conceit. Where his art is concerned, he is ruthless. The question of Peter Pan came up. I ran over a list of famous stars, all of them feminine, who had been variously nominated for the part. He rejected them all, summarily. A woman, he says, should not be permitted to play it. It is only the Maude Adams tradition that justifies even the consideration of women. He believes that he should play the part!

I think he is quite impersonal about it. He knows his capacity. He knows his Barrie. And Peter Pan, say what you will, *was* a boy. Gareth could implant that touch of ceriness that Barrie intended. The women could implant only—femininity. One excepts, always, Mary Pickford.

It was Mrs. Fiske who saw in Gareth's performance in "Moloch," a stage play, the reawakening of genius upon the stage, in the new generation.

In the main, he seems bored. One thinks inevitably of Dorian Gray, and of the lesser knows Lord Reggie in Hichens' "The Green Carnation." Indeed, he is of the identical age of the latter, with much of that astonishing beauty of youth, that hint of mad scarlet things, about him. He fails in brilliance, but that is perhaps because he has no Esmée to echo.

He remarked suddenly—suddenness is his conversation's most effective *riposte*—that his religion was Episcopalian.

"Are you sincere in it?" I asked. It seemed the most likely way to evoke interest from a dry subject.

The question seemed to surprise Gareth. He is content with making statements, not explaining them. Explanations, I imagine, tire him. He stared at me a moment before replying.

"Yes," he said, finally, hitching again at his glasses. Then, after a pause, "—as sincere as I am in anything." He smiled faintly.

"Have you met Peter, the Man of God?" he asked, again suddenly.

I knew of him—a long-haired hermit, perpetually barefoot; clothed to meet the conventions, but no further. He did odd jobs about the studios.

"I met him yesterday," said Gareth. "He said to me, 'Ah, me bhye, I can see health in ye, and clane livin'. White lights there be about ye. Make good, clane pictures, me bhye, and the Lord'll bless ye.' He was standing with his shovel like a staff—in a wagon of manure." Gareth paused. "The Man of God, with his feet in a manure pile," he finished, staring at me absently.

"You speak in parables!" I murmured.

But already his mind was wandering off at another tangent.

One senses, thru all the shifting fronts that Gareth presents, the immutable scarlet thread of artistry. That is the supreme fact of his being. It is perhaps too soon to call it genius. To me, Gareth is a receptive rather than a creative artist. He is vitalized by impressions. He seems to be the more beautiful echo of some far-sounding reality. One might liken him to a composite, containing infinite portraitures of men, with the power to bring any one of them to the fore at will. Passive, with no one phase predominant, he is a riddle.

I should not be surprised one day to see his beautiful face of a boy drop off, a mask. Beneath one might find—anything.

He is a grotesque mantled with divinity—the divinity of youth.

He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen.

But if you have ever felt as you left a theatre, "Why, *I* could write a better story than that," you want to know just *how Mr. Meehan went about it* to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him—the ability to think out the kind of stories for which producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2,000.

You too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary—it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is *good stories*—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. *Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized solely to develop and produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE
Thomas H. Ince Studios

CECIL B. DE MILLE
Director General
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

LOIS WEBER
Lois Weber Productions, Inc.

JESSE L. LASKY
Vice-President
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
Author and Producer

FRANK E. WOODS
Chief Supervising Director
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor and Publisher
Photoplay Magazine

ALLAN DWAN
Allan Dwan Productions

BOB WAGNER
Author and Screen Authority

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, M-1
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PALMER PLAN OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

PLEASE SEND ME, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S
Toilet Preparations

IN using these distinctive preparations one is not experimenting with the new and the untried. Since 1868, they have been employed by the American gentlewoman to refine and beautify the hands and complexion—or to preserve the natural beauty.

ROSALINE Gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint. Softens and velvetizes the skin and is superior to dry rouges for tinting. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25c.

DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL In powder or cake form. Free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 25c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and restores a faded one. Jars, 25c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

Improve your Figure

Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments

How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.

KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble, should wear my brace.

Wear it 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

OWN A BEAUTIFUL SOLITAIRE

SEND NO MONEY

Here's an acid proof test! Wear a genuine blue white CORODITE gem and a diamond on the same finger. **Your money back if you can tell the difference! Your word is final.** CORODITE gems positively match genuine diamonds in fire, brilliance, flash and rainbow beauty. But only a fraction of a diamond's cost. Each stone is a full ct. Your choice of gold mountings or latest White Platinum finish, carved or plain design. **Unqualified 20-year guarantee.** Order by number. The mountings are beauties of the very latest fashionable design.

No. 1 Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring	$2.84
No. 2 Gent's Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring	$3.48
No. 3 Gent's Massive Hexagon Platinum Finish	$4.27
No. 4 Ladies' Carved Platinum Finished Ring	$3.76

SEND NO MONEY. Don't hesitate. No money wanted with order. Pay postman after ring arrives. Wear ring a week. Money back if you want it. Just write us your name, address, ring size and number. Each ring sent in handsome gift box.

E. RICHWINE CO., 333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 10, Chicago, Ill.

The Sister of Jane---and the Sister of Katherine

(*Continued from page* 72)

scene, and while we are reduced to a state of helpless laughter by his efforts to make Katherine die and Jane cry about it—they suddenly do it. Our laughter is stilled and with a catch at the throat we see Jane change from a mischievous child to a real emotional actress, as with real tears streaming down her cheeks she grieves for her dying sister.

Wonderful little actresses, with strong personalities and a technique that is amazing.

Two or three minutes later they were down among the audience, smiling, confident, successfully cajoling half-dollars from the audience for a benefit performance of N. V. A. the coming week. And we made our way back-stage to the children's dressing-room, where awaited Mrs. Irene Lee, one-time classical dancer, but who now finds her time fully occupied in looking after her two talented children.

"If you are going over to New York," she said, "we will take you with us, and it will save time, as we can talk on the way. A new man is taking the director's part, which means a rehearsal at six, and the children must have their hour of rest before the evening performance."

The children came in, and, after greeting us, mounted stools in front of the dressing-table and proceeded to remove make-up with the seasoned skill of grown actresses, but characteristically. Jane, with never a word, applied cream, scrubbed vigorously at her rosy face, which was rosier when she finished than when she began, gave her bobbed hair a dab with the brush, shook herself into a grey wool frock, long coat, hat and diminutive gloves—and disappeared.

Katherine worked painstakingly, meanwhile vouchsafing polite conversation, shook out her long auburn curls, which are exactly the right shade to go with her green eyes, and slipped into a frock, the counterpart of her sister's.

"Where's Jane?" she said. "We always have to hunt her—but we will find her on our way to the car, probably." And we did—sitting on an upturned box, delightedly conversing with an adoring stage-hand.

As we made our way thru the traffic, across Brooklyn Bridge, Katherine conversed in her quaint, friendly way about her work, her studies—of the governess who travels with them and plans their studies so they keep up with the regular course, the same as tho they were in school; of her French lessons, which she particularly likes, and about the benefit for the Stage Children's School, around Christmas time, in which she is to appear as "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Isn't the New York sky-line beautiful? There is nothing like it any place we have been," she said, like the cosmopolite she is.

"Katherine is a much traveled young lady," smiled Mrs. Lee. "She has crossed the Atlantic twice, and has been twice to the Coast. Of course, she was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and traveled about with me while I was dancing in different cities of Europe. Jane was born in Germany. She's a little Hamburger!"

Jane, who had been sitting quietly with the chauffeur, whirled quickly about. On her knees, she faced us, holding on to the seat with two small hands. "Maybe I *am*," she said. "But when there was war, I dressed up in army uniform and helped Katherine sell $20,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, didn't I? And I took part in millions of entertainments for the soldiers, didn't I? Even if I am a Hamburger." And she saluted Miss Liberty, who stood guard in the distance.

"Sit down, Jane," said Katherine, "and turn 'round so you can see the sky-line. You know, we're leaving tomorrow."

"Well, we're coming back, aren't we?" replied practical Jane. "We always *have* come back."

"She is right," smiled Mrs. Lee. "Since the children began their stage career, two years ago, we have been from the Eastern to the Western coasts, but we have kept the same apartment we had while they were doing pictures. In fact, they can scarcely remember any other home. Even tho we're not there very much, it's a home, a place to come back to, and a place to leave things that we cant carry around with us.

"We may go to Europe for a picture or two soon," she continued. "It would make a nice change for all of us. But the children will probably continue on the stage for a time—doing now and then a picture."

"Do you like the stage best, or pictures?" we wanted to know. "And which picture of all you did do you like best to remember?"

"I like the stage, but I like pictures, too—very much," stated Katherine, conservatively. "And I liked best 'Daughter of the Gods'!"

And Jane, in front, nodded emphatically: "Pictures, and," with sidewise glint of mischievous eyes, "'Two Little Imps.'"

The car stopped in front of our apartment, and in our mind's eye there's a picture that remains: Mrs. Irene Lee, *chic*, attractive, efficient; Katherine, her beautiful auburn curls framing her piquant face, and Jane, as she brought one chubby fist alongside one chubby cheek, saluted and said, "S'long."

D'yknow Mr. Dix?

(*Continued from page* 51)

tually get into pictures. And then he and his father, Frederick Butler, who used to be stage director when I was playing in town here with the Morosco stock company and who is now directing Dave for the screen, put me thru a camera test. Dave made me up. His father put me thru a few scenes. Of course, that was comparatively easy going. With two old friends helping, there was no danger of nervousness. But there were still a lot of ragged spots. Some of them looked pretty bad when we ran them off in the projection room. But Dave systematically cut them out until all we had left were the good parts, and a practically hundred per cent. test! It was that test that convinced Sydney Franklyn he wanted me for 'Not Guilty'!"

Richard lives with his mother in Los Angeles. Much of his talent has probably come from her, tho in a different form. She is a skilled china painter and water-color artist. For a long time it looked as tho she were going to remain his "best girl" for many years. And then May Collins stepped into the limelight as the rumored fiancée of Charlie Chaplin. It wasn't long afterward that Richard stepped in as the rumored rival for her hand.

It was common knowledge that Richard had proclaimed his desire to get married if he could ever find the right girl. Everyone was whispering that May was she. She had been Richard's leading lady in "All's Fair in Love," and she was astonishingly pretty, and he *would* insist upon having lunch with her every day. So one cant exactly blame the gossips. But May, the minx, only continued to smile wisely and say nothing, as she smiled and said nothing

to those who flaunted Chaplin's name at her. She is still smiling and Richard is still single, so—you, gentle reader, must do your own Sherlock Holmsing. Hollywood is baffled, and disappointed. They would make such a delightful couple! That is, if there was nothing to this talk of Charlie. Mrs. Rupert Hughes said to me one day at lunch that it was rarely she had met a girl of so sweet and fresh a mind as May's, or of such intelligence. And as for Richard—well, look at his picture!

The Poor Little Fame Girl

(*Continued from page* 41)

before. I have a greater sense of responsibility that I must make good, and every story isn't a 'Sentimental Tommy.'

"I started as an extra girl, you know. I believe there is or was a sort of feeling that it belittles one to own up to having been an extra when one reaches stardom, but I feel that the experience thus acquired is the only training that will fit one to make good when an opportunity does come along.

"But why did you go into pictures in the first place?" I interrupted.

"I wanted to be somebody. I was utterly miserable at high school. I had absolutely nothing in common with the other girls. All they thought about were good times, pretty clothes and the boys. I was there to work. I left high school in my third year and decided I was going to succeed in pictures. I went to every company in New York, left my photograph, address and telephone number. When any studio needed me for a few hours' work they would telephone me. You have no idea what heartbreaking work it was sometimes. My first part was in a little advertisement for Domino sugar. Then I had a part with Madge Kennedy, and have been working pretty steadily ever since.

"I loved 'Sentimental Tommy,' and I was so happy playing it, but I felt like a thief taking the part. You see a well-known player had been chosen for the part in the first place, had her clothes and all, but she fell down on it. I guess she couldn't quite understand the part. She wasn't serious enough. But I never entirely lost the feeling that I was taking the other girl's place. I feel so sorry for a girl like that."

And the other little girl, while she's dancing thru life with her newly acquired husband, probably feels sorry for the poor little fame girl engrossed in her deep studies and missing the glory of God's sunshine while she toils ceaselessly for success under the Cooper-Hewitts.

And the two of them make up life.

The Keeper of Her Gift

(*Continued from page* 53)

We asked her if she wished mention made of her married state. Some do and some do not——

"Why, I guess everyone who knows me knows it," she agreed. "I've always talked about it. Sometimes I guess people wish I wouldn't, but I am so very happy that I often wonder what I ever did to deserve it. And tomorrow I'm going to take an early train to New York, so that Mr. Bolster and I may have luncheon together. I haven't seen him since Sunday. He'll meet me at the train and we'll have two or three hours. . . . You see, being on the road has its compensations. You have the fun of a reunion once or twice every week——"

And beyond the window in the night sky we saw the North Star wink at the moon.

Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research

Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way and thus keep the system clean.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that *Nujol* has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended

It thus promotes internal cleanliness by preventing the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found *Nujol* to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion. *Nujol* is for sale by druggists everywhere.

MISTOL, *a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.*

Nujol

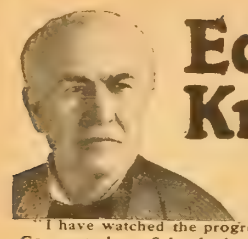
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN". Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 817E, 44 Beaver Street, New York.
Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

Name .....

Address .....



Edison Knows!

"I have watched the progress of the International Correspondence Schools almost from the beginning. To me their rapid growth is easily understood because I realize the practical value that is back of it and know something, too, of the success attained by many ambitious men who have taken I.C.S. courses." Thos A Edison

Edison knows what the I. C. S. can do for the man with the grit to say, "I will."

All men who have made their mark in the world had the ambition to improve their spare time. Didn't Edison himself stay up half the night to read books on electricity? You, too, can possess power, money and happiness if you'll only make the start.

Here is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, mark and mail this coupon and find out what the I. C. S. can do for you.

- - - - - - - TEAR OUT HERE - - - - - - -

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6632 Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

☐ DRAFTING	☐ Electrical Eng'ing	☐ Advertising
☐ Mechanical Eng'ing	☐ Stationary "	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Surveying	☐ CHEMISTRY	☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ Civil Service
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ STENOGRAPHY	☐ Mail Service

Name
Street
Address
City State

TRADE-MARK REG.

None Genuine Without This Trade-Mark.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

Write direct to Dr. Margaret Ruppert.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert
Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. H—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

PISO'S
Safe & Sane
For Coughs and Colds
Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

Beauty and the Interviewer

(*Continued from page* 37)

dignity," said Corinne. "Who cares what I think about pictures?"

"Well, anyway, they all do," said Miss Blythe, attacking another potatoe, after pausing to see if Miss Griffith noticed. "I didn't think that was the thing myself—I'd tell about that pink——"

"Oh, my goodness," said Corinne. "Child, haven't you *any* discretion?"

The Fourth Party coughed.

"Discretion?" sniffed Betty. "That's what you get for trying to help. Will someone please pass the salt?"

"Tell us something," we pleaded desperately. "Something—what sort of parts you like—anything."

"Strong dramatic rôles," answered Corinne. "I——"

"You should see her in her next picture," announced Betty. "She wears a ballet costume with a little frilly skirt."

"We're strong for that sort of strong dramatic rôle," we admitted with editorial judiciousness.

"She's just too dear in it," Betty rambled on. "It makes me think of that time I ran in to see Corinne and she wore that——"

"Betty!" admonished Corinne.

The Fourth Party coughed.

We groaned over our demi-tasse. Moments were fleeting and we had not the vestige of an interview idea.

"You dont mean to intimate you haven't a lot of material?" exclaimed Miss Blythe, plaintively. "Why we've talked and talked."

Who can look at two famous beauties of the screen and make a harsh remark? It is beyond us. So we smiled courageously.

"You're not putting me in it?" asked Betty apprehensively.

"You will be in it," we declared firmly. "Yes, indeed, you'll be in it."

The Fourth Party coughed.

Right here we ought to prevent misunderstanding by explaining that the Fourth Party was Corinne's pet dog, "Billy."

"What are you going to write about?" asked Miss Griffith.

We maintained a discreet silence. "Oh, he has lots of material," Betty chimed in cheerfully. "They never write what you say, anyway. They go off and smoke a cigaret or something, and the first thing you know you've said a lot of interesting things. Tho you might tell him that funny story you told me about the girl who——"

"Betty!" admonished Corinne.

Outside a few minutes later, we sought the elevator of the Griffith apartment hotel.

"Well, I helped some, didn't I?" inquired Miss Blythe.

Our answer will doubtless be checked up in heaven against our drawing account. But, if the recording angel saw Miss Blythe, he would understand. Realizing this, we just sighed—and threw our notes down the elevator shaft.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 74)

for **Sessue Hayakawa.** "The Swamp" one of his forthcoming pictures is also from his pen. And what is more remarkable, Hayakawa does not seem to lose his perspective. Other players have had an equal amount of responsibility in connection with the productions in which they have appeared but it has usually proved fatal.

"Pickfair," the Fairbanks' Beverly Hills home is up for sale. The estate consists of twelve and a half acres, a sixteen-room house, while a tennis court, swimming-pool and gardens adorn the grounds. The disposal of this property is the direct result of the decision of Mary and Doug to spend six months of every year in Europe.

"Idle Hands," a short story which recently appeared in one of the magazines is the next screen vehicle of **George Arliss.** It is a comedy-drama, something new for Mr. Arliss. **Doris Kenyon** will have the leading feminine rôle.

Virginia Faire, winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune contest has undoubtedly fulfilled the expectations of the judges who decided her a winner. She played the leading feminine rôles in "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The Rubaigat of Omar Khayyam" and has now been selected by Fox to play opposite Jack Gilbert in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

BOYHOOD AMBITION

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

By Laura Simmons

I'd like to be a movie star and ride a fiery hoss,
'Way out into the big and boundless West;
I'd leap from off the rushing train, my lariat to toss,
And track the desperadoes to their nest.
With my pistol in my hand,
I would smash their outlaw band—
And from dizzy heights, o'er raging floods, by aeroplane I'd land—
If I durst—but I durens't!

I'd love to win the beauteous vamp, and foil that pirate guy!
I'd lick the toughest crooks you ever knew!
I'd clasp the fainting maiden close, and gallop madly by—
And shoot up all the gang till I got thru;
Such a life—so wild and free!
And how famous I should be!
And draw my thousand every week—and take my ease—Oh, gee!
If I durst—BUT I duresn't!

THE MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

By Thomas J. Murray

In the semi-lighted hall,
I have seen,
Vistas from the world's far wall,
On the screen.
Epics of the Nothern snows,
Midnight sun that lifts and glows,
Where the arctic tideway flows,
Cold and clean.

I have seen the gay bazaars,
Lands away;
Bagdad, and the desert stars,
And the grey
Caravans that slowly file,
Camels swinging mile on mile;
And where Eastern temples pile,
Pagans pray.

Erstwhile distance locked the doors,
Now we see,
Life and love on lotus floors,
Eagerly.
Romance flares on tedious street,
Eyes are brightened as they greet
Life across the silversheet,
Brave and free.

Nix on the Matinée Idol

(*Continued from page 69*)

branch of the moving picture business which is faulty, and which proved that Herb thinks as well as smiles.

Perhaps he is even greater as a detective than as a crook, because of this innate streak of honesty which runs up and down his backbone instead of a streak of yellow.

He created the part of Craig Kennedy for the movies and made the man even more real than he was in the stories. He epitomized the alert young scientific detective of today—even if he did idealize him, for I have yet to meet a handsome detective. They don't grow that way.

By this time other bellows-lunged youths, dressed up in page uniforms, had joined the first searcher after Marshall Neilan. Now there was a chorus of them, all yelling different names, as the lunch hour approached. In all the babel, I, doing a bit of ear detecting myself, heard:

"Mister Beban—oh—Mist' Beban!"

"Call for Mist' Moreno!"

"Mister Chaplin wanted on the 'phone—oh—Mister Chaplin!"

It was like a roster of the names of who's who in filmland. Then, among the rest, came a call for Mister Rawlinson. He pardoned himself and left me. When he came back, he was grinning.

"I'm glad I dont have to work this afternoon," he exclaimed, sitting down and crossing one white-flannel clad knee over the other. "That was an old pal wanting me to go down to the beach for a swim!"

"Dont let me keep you," I responded, "because I'm going down later myself!"

"But come up to the room with me and see the pictures I snapped up in Canada," he urged, and so we were elevatored up to the twelfth floor. On the writing table I discovered the large portrait of a beautiful woman.

"Wose zat?" I cried, scenting a new romance.

"'Smy wife," he replied, with a lovingly married look in his eyes, which dropped their roguishness in a husbandly manner—for a moment. Yes, he is married to Roberta Arnold, who has been such a success in "The First Year," on the New York stage.

"And she's there—and you're here——" I chanted.

"Yep," he came back. "It makes it hard to be married—in the movies!"

And then the telephone rang, announcing the pal who was to take Herb to the beach. As in the cartoons, I could see little visualized thoughts of bath suits and big, gay umbrellas flamboyant about Herb's ears, and so I decided to cut the interview and get out.

"Dont forget to give us some good, live crooks," I admonished, in parting.

"Right-o!" he assured me, Britishly speaking.

That's Out

(*Continued from page 54*)

Real Screen Heroes

The "double" who has to jump into the icy waters in January for a ten spot while the star lounges in his dressing-room at the rate of a dollar a minute.

The fat lady who has to look unconcernedly into the camera while the comedian drops a quart of vanila ice-cream down her back.

The leading woman, who is dieting, but has to eat a heavy meal in a scene for the sake of realism.

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

E35 Four White Gold inverted hearts are set with 1 superior quality, sparkling Diamond. $75.

E36—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum in a fancy 18K White Gold mounting. $75.

E37—Artistic Platinum top Friendship Ring set with 5 blue white Diamonds. White Gold Shank. $135.

E38—Superior fine Diamond in beautiful hand-engraved Platinum Ring. $100.

E39 Ladies' 7-Diamond Cluster Ring. Platinum set in an exquisite hand-pierced mounting of 18K White Gold. $90.

E40—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $85.

E41—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond. $65.

E42 Ladies' Belcher Ring set with fine Diamond. $25.

E43—Ladies' 18K Belais White Gold hand-engraved Ring, octagon-shaped, set with 1 fine Diamond. $40.

E44—Superior Diamond set in 18K White Gold Cup. $50.

E45—Beautiful Lavalliere, genuine Pearls, 1 fine Diamond. $28.

Beautiful Xmas Gifts

On Credit—at Cash Prices

Blue white, perfectly cut diamonds, handsome watches, dainty toilet articles. Your choice ON APPROVAL. If satisfied after examination, pay only 1/5 the price—balance in ten monthly payments. ABSOLUTELY NO RISK.

DIAMONDS FROM $25 TO $1000

Our Guarantee Value Bond, guarantees you a 7½% yearly increase in exchange value on every diamond purchased.

Send for FREE DeLuxe Xmas Catalog

Thousands of exquisite designs to choose from—every article a Rare Bargain. *"Satisfaction guaranteed or-your-money back."*

Write Today to Dept. 312-F

L. W. SWEET, INC.
New York

E47—Sweet's Engagement Ring set with fine blue white Diamond. $35

E48—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior, fine Diamond. $110.

E46—"Sweetheart" Platinum Ring set with superior fine Diamond. $150.

E49 — Beautiful hand-engraved White Gold mounting set with superior Diamond. $50.

E50—Perfect cut, blue white Diamond, square-set in this artistically hand-carved Gent's Green Gold Ring. $90.

E51—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum. $48.50.

E52—Unique Platinum top Green Gold Ring set with 1 fine Diamond. $50.

E53—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum. $85.

E54—Gent's Tooth Ring set with perfectly-cut, blue white Diamond. $35.

E55—Genuine Black Onyx set with fine Diamond in Platinum bezel. $38.

E56 Octagon-shape case of 14K White Gold, exquisitely hand-engraved, guaranteed 15 Jewel movement. $30.

E57 Gent's hand-carved Belcher Ring set with fine blue white Diamond. $45.

L·W·SWEET INC. "THE HOUSE OF QUALITY" 1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 40,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 19 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case.

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases*. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.

299-13 Odd Fellows Bldg., Jamestown, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY

If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND cannot be told from a GENUINE DIAMOND and has same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cat. price $5.26) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63**, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. Price $6.50) for **$3.25**. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once. When ring arrives deposit $2.63 for Ladies ring or $3.25 for Gents with postman. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free catalog. Agents Wanted.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. CA, Las Cruces, N. Mex.

(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

Play the Hawaiian Guitar

Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Our complete course of 52 lessons includes **FREE** a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar, and 52 pieces of music. Special arrangements for lessons if you have your own guitar.

This makes a splendid Christmas gift.

Send Coupon NOW

Get Full Particulars FREE

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway, Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

I am interested in the Hawaiian Guitar. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County ..... State .....

Please write name and address clearly. M.P.M.

Flower of the North

(Continued from page 35)

white parchment, seamed with scar-like wrinkles, then the world seemed to recede behind something black and monstrous, to dwindle to the circumference of a pistol-mouth thrust into his eyes.

As tho he were a disinterested spectator, the events of the next few instants passed before his eyes, as smoothly co-ordinated as tho they had been rehearsed. As Pierre sprang forward, fumbling at his belt, the pistol swerved, the gaping idiot mouth of it spat once—twice. Swaying, Pierre began to fall, like a great tree that has felt its death stroke, majestically, deliberately, and as he fell he sent all the remaining life force within him into the casting of the knife—his lil' lady with the shrewish tongue.

It struck the man with the white face full in the chest, stuck there ludicrously at right angles; his arms flailed out, thrashing the air, and he sprawled forward. Sickened, Philip gazed down at the sinister point that protruded between the shoulder blades of the huddle at his feet; sickened, he lifted Pierre in his big arms and staggered back along the trail they had come, to lay the dying man upon his own bed.

With a mighty effort, Pierre reared up on the pillows, clawing at his neck. "The—*bijou de Madame*"—his spirit was panting to be gone, but it delayed long enough to drag something on a tiny golden chain from about his neck—"she tell me—'Pierre—geeve it to—*'im'*—but he throw it on thas floor and say to me, 'eet was forged in hell'——"

Philip took the locket from the stiffening fingers. "You want me"—he urged gently—"what is it you want me to do with this, Pierre?"

The answer was the merest wraith of sound: "Geeve—eet to—M'selle."

As Philip turned from laying the gnarled old hands at peace upon the breast of the still figure on the bed, tumultuous footsteps sounded on the stairs. "There's a crowd of Indians hammering at the door of the office, sir!" Livid with fear, his assistant swayed against the door lintel. "I—I dont like their looks! They sound—murderous——"

Philip Whittemore snapped out his watch. In half an hour Jeanne would be here with the Chippewas; until then he must hold the place with his handful of chattering stenographers and clerks. His jaw stood out under the boyish chin, but his tone was derisive: "Merely a masquerade of our friends, the Forest Fisheries, Grinnel! We'll fire a shot or two over their heads just for luck. Great sport, eh? Like living in a story by Jack London!"

The soft glamor of sunset lay over the world when a man and a girl, both dishevelled and weary, came down the bank from the Settlement Stores to the spot where several canoes bobbed on the tranquil surface of the river.

"If it hadn't been for you," breathed the man. His eyes were on her small, lovely face beneath the warm, brown tangle of her hair, with the look which no woman ever mistakes, the mating look.

She was a girl of the forests, untaught in the school of coquetry. She made no pretense of not understanding. "Let us sit down a moment," she said, rather breathlessly, "there is something I want you to know. The man whom Pierre killed"—she drew a slow breath before she could finish—"he was my father, Jim Thorpe!"

"Jeanne!"

She shook her head, smiling more sadly than any tears. "He met me that day when my canoe overturned in the rapids. He told me everything, about my mother's running away with him—I was thinking of that when I took the wrong fork of the river."

Philip caught the bare, soft arm that was next to him and brushed his lips the length of it. "Girl—as if that made any difference! As if I cared so long as you are you, my flower—my Flower of the North! The only things that matter in all the world are you and me and this hour"—he was bending closer, bending downward to the lips that were shaped like a kiss, but she sprang to her feet like a frightened woodthing——

"No, no," she wailed, "never! Suppose—I am like her! There is—there is wrong blood in me! Dont come! Please—oh, please." Blindly she moved down the bank to the canoe, stepped into it and pushed it off the shore. Against the dusk, the white oval of her face was like a flower petal drifting away on the tides whose ebb and flow are night and day.

He did not try to stop her, but a moment later he remembered the locket Pierre had entrusted to him—at least, he had an excuse to see her again. He took it from his pocket, and for the first time saw that it was bent and twisted where Thorpe's first bullet had glanced from it. Even as he turned it over it fell apart in his hand——

Three minutes later he was leaping down the bank, poling his canoe out into the stream. If he took the Big Thunder Rapids fork he would get to Fort O'God before her. As he sent the light shell skimming over the sunset surface he laughed aloud, a young braggart laugh of pure joy. When D'Arcambal read the message on the twisted paper which had waited long years to be delivered, when Jeanne read it, when she knew that the man had lied to her——

But before the sacredness of the old Chevalier's happiness he shrank back. It was as tho in delivering the dying message of the foolish girl-wife to the father of her child, he had been the instrument of forces greater than he. It was as tho, almost, he had acted as ambassador for God.

He went out of the house with dazzled eyes that had looked upon a light unbearable, and down to his canoe. Moments passed as he sat staring away into the future, lying fair in a dazzle of sun. Moments passed and he heard a little laugh and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river beside his canoe. It was darkening all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun.

"My father"—oh, the pride of those words! The joy of them—"my father told me. And I came to find you——"

Waist-deep in the sunset water, she was a strange, half-human creature, until he touched her hand—then she was all human.

"Shall we go back to him?" said Philip unsteadily. "Shall we share our happiness? We have so much and he has nothing——"

"Ah, you dont understand," Jeanne smiled sadly, with the eternal wisdom of womankind. "You dont understand! He has *her*—you have given her back to him——"

A FAN'S ODE

To Lillian Gish

By Lillian G. Genn

Most wondrous woman——
Didst thou dip thy soul into the fairest flowers,
Didst thou steal the witchery of the sea,
Didst thou learn from the birds in woodland bowers
That thou canst so charm me?

Trailing The Tropics With a Tripod

(Continued from page 43)

strained thru the husk of a cocoanut. Bowing gracefully, the high chief's daughter serves the drink in an empty cocoanut shell.

Our interpreter had informed us beforehand that we would not like the drink, but that we should appear very pleased and make a bow to the high chief after drinking it.

With all eyes glaring at me, I drank the contents of the shell and, bowing as gracefully as I knew how, handed back the shell to the chief's daughter. The taste in my mouth reminded me of days when mother used to force me to take medicine. Thru it all, however, I managed to keep a straight face and convey a satisfied expression.

At this stage of the game I decided to try a little of the "bait" on the chief, so I drew a plug of tobacco from my pocket and presented it to him. He registered great satisfaction and made a great, long speech in Samoan. He say, "Thank you," explained the interpreter, "he serve you another drink of kava in appreciation." In an instant the drink was before me, and knowing that to refuse would be impolite, I was forced to go thru the agony a second time.

Next came the "feast of welcome." Large banana leaves served as the tablecloth, the floor as the table, and leaves as the dishes. Samoans do not use chairs—they sit on the floor of their huts with their legs crossed Indian fashion—so we were forced to sit upon the ground. "When in Rome," you know.

Squatted on the floor, we edged up to the food laid before us, but were handicapped by the lack of knives and forks. The interpreter informed us that in Samoa knives and forks were not in style.

This seemed too much for us, so we hesitated, and the high chief, who had been watching our every move, burst into laughter, and ordering a meal laid before him, informed us thru the interpreter that we should watch him and eat as he did; so again we practiced "When in Rome—do as the Romans do."

A white man in Samoa is looked upon by the natives as being a god. "Palangee" is the native word for white people, and means "Visitor from the sky," and as such, one can well imagine the attitude of the natives toward us.

Their one aim is to keep their guests well fed and entertained. So, following the supper, which was "fit for a king," we were asked if we would care to witness a real lively "seva-seva," which is the dance of Samoa. We accepted with pleasure, and immediately the chief sent out orders to have the village "belles" "dress up" for the occasion.

In a short time we found ourselves viewing dances that would make any Broadway chorus look very pale. Fourteen maidens, the pick of the village, were all "decked up" in "hula-hula" skirts and were proudly demonstrating their latest steps.

The only lighting in the hut was from an old lantern and a native torch of specially prepared cocoanut branches. The effect was truly a weird one and fascinated us beyond measure.

In one corner were seated the "orchestra," which consisted of two ukuleles and some ten or twelve children, keeping time to the trum-trum of the instruments by clapping their hands. All we can say for their "music" is that it was distinctly foreign to anything we had ever heard.

The various villages have their regular dancing teams and compete annually in a

Be the "Tom Brown" of Your Town

You may have the talent to develop into a Saxophone wizard like Tom Brown, of the famous Tom Brown's Clown Band, the highest-priced musical act, and enjoy this most pleasant of vocations with a

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

It is the easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice, and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivaled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as your pleasure.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or any other Band or Orchestral Instrument without paying in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

The Famous Buescher-Grand Cornet

The Buescher-Grand Cornet is exceptionally easy to blow, yet possesses a tone of wonderful volume. If you expect to learn to play a Cornet, you should by all means have a good instrument. With a Buescher-Grand, you own an instrument similar to that with which the greatest Cornetists of America have made their reputations. If interested in a Cornet or other instrument, ask for our complete Catalog—sent free.

Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or Saxophone Band, and how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra. Send coupon to the right for free copy.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2146 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Coupon *for* Free Book

(46)

Tom Brown as he appears in "Tip-Top"

$500 to $1,000 Weekly for 2 Hours a Day

Is not uncommon for musicians of ability to earn. True-Tone Musical Instruments have helped make famous Tom Brown, Art Hickman, Clyde Doerr, Donald Clark, Clay Smith, Guy Holmes and thousands of others. You might develop equal ability.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2146 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked below.

.....Saxophone.....Cornet.....Trombone.....Trumpet
(Mention any other instrument interested in)

Name.....

Street Address.....

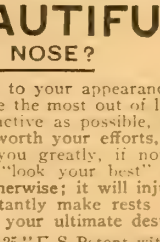
Town..... State.....

SELL US $ YOUR SPARE TIME $

We will train you to write show cards for us. There is no canvassing or soliciting; we supply you with steady work; distance no object; will pay you from $15 to $50 a week.

WILSON METHODS, Limited,
Dept. D. 64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

Learn Dancing



Sensational new chart system teaches dancing successfully at home. Exclusive floor diagrams, footprints same size as your feet—big illustrated book of instructions, cards, etc. Features dances for all beginners—children, adults, and the latest society advanced steps. Send postcard with your name, for **Free** description of this marvelous system. Thousands have learned this way. Success guaranteed. Special Low Rates Now.

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL of DANCING
Dept. 151 Toledo, Ohio

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks;" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS Model 25," U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases accepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1741 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or to avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is made entirely of concentrated vegetable ingredients which are therapeutically the same as Nature furnishes in the most healthful of foods. That is why millions of persons use this pure, mild, natural aid to health in preference to anything else.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) ***does more than a laxative.*** It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets

Used for over 30 years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

Go Into Business For Yourself!

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free.

W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 91, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

The Only Book *of its kind in the world!*

ALO STUDIES—the Art Edition De Luxe, by Albert Arthur Allen, are *photographic* creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature.

Thirty-two full page, wonderfully clear, large sized reproductions, art paper in gold, postpaid $1.00

ALLEN ART STUDIOS
4123 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. U.S.A.

Alo Studies

big get-together field day, which is held at Pago Pago, the naval station. Prizes are awarded the best teams by the Government. The little troupe entertaining us were the winners of the last meet, and we certainly agreed that they deserved the prize.

The dancing continued for several hours, until one of us happened to yawn, and immediately the chief ordered the dancers to depart.

Sleeping in Samoa is an art. Mattresses, pillows and bedding are unheard of among the natives. They simply stretch out on the mat-covered floor of the hut and call it the end of a day. We were obliged to make the best of things, so we gathered all the available mats and made as soft a resting place as was possible. When one is tired, and especially the tired feeling easily acquired in the South Seas, even solid rock is a welcome spot to lay his head.

The following day was spent in studying the everyday life and habits of the natives. We made notations of the various subjects which we wished to film. The gathering and preparing of foods, fishing, building of native huts and canoes, making of "tapa" cloth from the barks of trees, mat making, preparing the "kava" and many other interesting subjects.

The high chief has full sway over his people and his word is law. In his hut were gathered all the chiefs and sub-chiefs from the neighboring villages. This meeting was called especially for our benefit.

For instance, we wished to photograph the making of canoes, launching the canoes and a canoe race. After a long discussion between the chiefs, it was decided that we should pay them a half-case of canned salmon for this. The whole evening was passed before we had completely arranged for all the scenes we wished to secure. Summing up our "cost sheet," we found ourselves indebted to the extent of eight and one-half cases of canned salmon, forty-four plugs of chewing tobacco and about seven cartons of chewing-gum.

Getting the natives to perform before the camera in a natural way was by no means an easy task. They would strike a pose and hold still, and we had considerable difficulty in making them understand that they should move about and do their work while the camera was in action. They did as they were told, but the little black box with the crank on it was always a puzzle to them. If we could only have shown them motion pictures, we might have made clear to them what we were doing.

We spent five weeks on the island of Tutuila, where we succeeded in securing all of the pictures we had planned for that island. On the eve of our departure, we were honored by a big feast. All of the chiefs were present at the affair, which was held in a beautiful cocoanut grove near the seashore. Some thirty or more chickens, fourteen young pigs, besides the dishes prepared from the vegetation of the tropics, went to make up the "eats"—and it certainly was a grand send-off.

By rowboat, we managed to get to another island, some twenty miles from Tutuila. Here we were introduced to the high chief, and were accorded the same hospitality as was shown us on the other island.

The high chief of the seashore village is in charge of all shark hunts. He selects his boatmen and assembles the various crews. As all Samoans are proud to be photographed, we had little difficulty in persuading him to permit us to accompany a crew going on a hunt and to "film" the brave ones in the act of catching their next meal.

The shark is particularly fond of salt beef, so he goes after it. All the while the native is pulling the bait nearer and nearer to the boat, but the shark knows no fear and keeps coming after it. When the bait is very near the boat, another native drops a noose into the water between the bait and the shark. When the shark is half-way thru the noose, the native draws it tight and the shark is caught. He puts up a good fight. His big tail flops around, throwing a spray of water all over the boatmen, who are endeavoring to get the shark's nose up to the edge of the boat. When this is accomplished, the shark receives about six or eight good, hard blows on the tip of his nose, which kills him instantly. The noose is removed from around him and he is thrown to the bottom of the boat.

All during the excitement, the movie camera was purring away, registering every bit of action in detail.

During the night five more sharks were subjected to the treatment, and at daybreak three more followed in the same fate.

On arriving back at the village, a meeting was called and the boatmen sat in the high chief's hut and drank "kava" and related their experiences on the hunt. This we photographed also, but when it came to eating the sharks, that was entirely too much for us, so we departed, more than satisfied with what pictures we had secured.

The Sole Agent for the

Corliss Palmer Preparations

Mfg. by Wilton Chemical Co.

No other manufacturer, chemist or distributor has her formulas, nor the right to handle her preparations. At present we are doing a mail order business only, and we will mail, postpaid, any of the following preparations on receipt of price in stamps, cash or money order. (In mailing coins wrap them carefully in small packages to prevent them cutting a hole in your envelope.)

Face Powder	{ to be used } ...	50 cents
Foundation Cream	{ together } ...	50 cents
Face Rouge	...	50 cents
Lip Salve	...	50 cents

A $2 bill will bring all four to you

We guarantee all of Miss Palmer's preparations to be perfectly harmless. Her formulas call for only the best of ingredients. She has been declared by competent judges, the most beautiful girl in America, and she has made a thoro study of beauty and of what helps it and of what injures it. We have thousands of the most glowing testimonials praising her preparations. Try them once and you will use none other.

"Art that Conceals Art"

is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFENSIVE

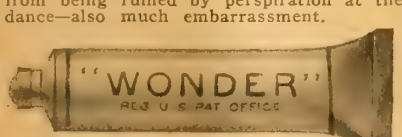
Perspiration

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is *only one* formula that possesses all these virtues:

1. **Destroys all bodily odors.**
2. **Checks perspiration without discomfort.**
3. **Absolutely harmless.**
4. **Actually benefits the skin.**
5. **Serves as a vanishing cream.**
6. **A dainty, fragrant snow-white cream.**

"WONDER"

is made from this secret formula, and *the only one.* You will use no other after once trying *Wonder.* Only 25 cents a tube, and one tube might save an expensive gown from being ruined by perspiration at the dance—also much embarrassment.



is a necessity for every lady (or gentleman) who perspires too freely. You will be in many hot, close rooms this winter and you surely want to avoid being unpleasantly conspicuous. No soap, powder or perfume can hide offensive perspiration.

Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF OUR PATRONS

are stars in waving and dressing their own hair.

For $5.00 we send you a wonderful hair waver and illustrated booklet on waving and dressing the hair; also bottle of Brilliantine and toilet powder **FREE.** A real gift—Wonderful value—Order at once—Immediate delivery—Fully guaranteed—Highest testimonials.

LE BIJOU, 186 N. LaSalle, Chicago

THE QUEEN

By Gwendolin Cumnor

Oh, you prick a thorn in my heart every
time you play—
Loveliest star of the screen!
For I fear that your calling eyes will lure
my lover away,
Dread queen!

And I know his fingers must long for your
silken curls
(Oh, I can understand!)
Ah, you wave a white wand of fear o'er a
thousand innocent girls—
Your hand!

I can feel my lover shudder when danger
threats
You, or the wiles of sin,
And his thrill at your triumph! A thrill no
woman ever forgets—
You win!

And the little shiver he gives when you kiss
Lips of your loved leading men.
And he sighs at the fade-out. I vow, I'll
never see films like this
Again.

And then, after he kisses me as tho he
heard a cue,
We have a wonderful scene
For a moment—but then I remember, and
think he is thinking of you,
Dread queen!

HELPS FOR YOUNG WRITERS

By Lew Tennant

(Mr. Steele Plotz, an expert scenarist, for years connected with the Hokum Studio, will be glad to criticise your story free of charge. You do not have to be a subscriber, you do not even have to be a writer. Many scenarios are received from people who aren't.)

Rudyard Kipling. There are two reasons why your story, "The Light That Failed" wont sell. One is the unhappy ending and the other the clumsy title. Change it to *"The Superb Sinner"* and send it to Miss Louise Gloom. Dont become discouraged.

Sinclair Lewis. Your *"Main Street"* also lacks a snappy title. Plot needs more pep, too. Try something different.

Bernard Shaw. Your comedy not original enough. However, I sent it to Billy West as you requested. My suggestion is that you put more human interest—a scene with a monkey and a baby, for example—into your work. Keep trying.

Anatole France. Charming *nom de plume* you have, Mr. France. I suppose you got it from Lasky's picture, "The Affairs of Anatol"? The scenario school about which you ask is most excellent. It will help you, I'm sure. Let me know what success you have.

Theodore Dreiser. No producer would buy either of your stories. They are too unpleasant. My advice to you is to read "Pollyanna." Even a well-known author like Rupert Hughes doesn't bring in too much unwholesome realism. Cheer up, remember what the poet Byron said, "life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal!" Try again.

SOME MOVIE MYSTERIES

By M. Powell Fohn

Actresses' coiffures.
Interviewer's credulity.
Answer Man's wisdom.
Actors' mental ability.
Scenario writers' plot ideas.

XMAS GIFTS
Buy NOW
Take a FULL YEAR To Pay
BABE RUTH SAYS:
"I have examined Diamonds in a lot of cities and will say that, for high quality and low price, ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO. can't be beat."
B1—Ladies imported onyx ring, first quality blue white Diamond pierced 14K mounting $30.00.
B2—Ladies 7 Diamond cluster 14K white gold mounting $48.50.
B3—Ladies solid gold ring set with perfectly cut blue white Diamond $35.00.
B4—14K white gold hand engraved mounting, blue white Diamond $40.00.
B5—White and green gold Lavaliere, Diamond center $25.00.
B6—Ladies 14K white gold hand engraved set with 9 perfect blue white Diamonds $55.00.
B7—Gentlemen's 14K solid gold Tooth ring, first quality blue white Diamond $100.00.
B8—Ladies 7 Diamond cluster platinum set, resembles $350.00 solitaire $57.50.
B9—Hand engraved Tank model solid 14K white or green gold case 15 Jewel guaranteed movement $37.50.
Pay Next Year
for your
Christmas Gifts!
ORDER NOW
DON'T SEND A PENNY
—goods come to you for examination. Pay (1/5) 20% only if you are satisfied—Take a full year to pay the balance. "ROYAL" diamonds are genuine first quality blue white perfect cut. Every article an exceptional value. All goods sent on approval for 30 Days' Trial. Satisfaction guaranteed. No references demanded—no red tape—no money in advance. 10% Discount for Cash.
8% yearly Dividends in exchange allowance guaranteed on every diamond purchased from us.
"ROYAL" CHRISTMAS CATALOG FREE
The most complete catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent free. Prices the lowest—quality the highest. 30 Days' Trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our $2,000,000.00 stock. Send for your free copy today. Address Dept. 448.
Established 1895
ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

Pola Negri

the wild desert dancer
in a tale of the Harem

"One Arabian Night"

THIS is really one of the most remarkable pictures produced, a picture of exceptionally high artistic merit as well as wonderful entertainment value. It carries the real spirit of an Arabian Nights' tale and gives a surprising picture of life in the Harem. Pola Negri, the continental actress, is well known for her work in "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood," but in this picture gives her most remarkable performance.

It is such pictures as these, made by independent artists, that stand out for high quality, artistic value and fascinating entertainment. First National pictures are all made by independent stars and directors, who are free to carry out their own ideals and are responsible only to the public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer photoplays and who are devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts pictures for exhibition purposes strictly on their merit as the best entertainment.

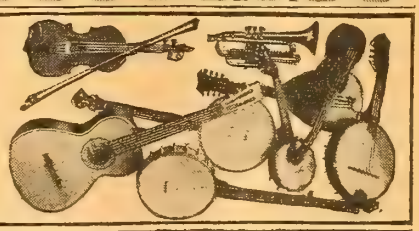
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

FREE PROFESSIONAL TONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this **free** trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 127 Chicago, Illinois



To Have friends, BE ONE—Your true sentiment towards them is best expressed WHEN YOU

"Say it with Flowers"

Justice

(*Continued from page* 21)

are typical of the best of the movie colony. I can only answer for what I actually saw. It must not be forgotten that when the moving picture industry started, it was looked down upon and scorned as a profession—so that it was natural that the lowest elements gravitated toward it, and there is probably a section of them left, and now, overflowing with money, they think this wild display is "smart." But why be unjust? It would be as sensible to insult everyone in the medical profession or the law because there are unscrupulous doctors and absconding attorneys! What the public ought to do is to show gratitude to the movie world, for the hours and hours of pleasure they have given it, and stand by them in this time of their trouble, and show that they appreciate those who do lead straight lives, just as highly as they disapprove of the degenerates who are proved to be licentious livers. If I had seen any of the alleged behavior in Los Angeles or the Hollywood Hotel, I would have packed my trunks and left immediately. I saw none in ten months, which proves that the number cannot be very great! But I did hear stories of parties in some of the homes, which I thought deplorable—and I did see some faces on the sets, which common sense told me indulged too often in intoxicants. And I used frequently to feel sorry at observing too much familiarity of manners among the young people in general. But I am told that this is merely the modern fashion, and that I would have seen the same in any society in America. If this is true, then the sooner society learns more refinement and discipline the better. But the point I want to make is this, that the temptations of the movie people are a hundred per cent. greater than any in other avocations, except the variety stage, and so people should keep a lenient point of view upon the subject—and then, while upholding the movie world in general, the public can show its disapproval of those stars whose conduct there is real proved reason to believe is scandalous. This would be the certain method of ridding the profession of the offenders—and would encourage those who do live clean lives to continue doing so. Let loose any company of young, beautiful and healthy people, with no standard to live up to—no rules of conduct to obey—no penalty to be exacted for excess, and no praise to be given for good conduct—give them hard work—with constant strain on the emotions, by the mingling of the two sexes—alternating with hours of waiting in enforced idleness; give them the excitement of the forbidden fruit of stimulants, and then imagine what they would do! Poor, young, undisciplined, beautiful creatures! Most of them under twenty-five years old. They have all my pity and sympathy, not my blame—and the wonder is that so many are as good as they are. It is so easy for ugly old men and withered elderly spinsters, who seem to think they are the sole guardians of public morals, to thunder and denounce! They have never had a temptation in their lives! If they really wanted to help the situation, and not express their own egotism, they would encourage and explain, not just scold and blame; and they would turn their energies to the principal cause of evil, which I said before is the horrible excessive drinking, which has become the fashion since prohibition came in.

In the next article I hope to tell you the bright side of the movie world, and give an idea of the charity to the poor and sick—and to each other—which this much-abused community shows.

Who Will the New Stars Be?

(*Continued from page 39*)

The national question used to be, Why Girls Leave Home. The answer was, The Lure of the City. The city stood for romance, adventure and new personalities. Trusting Delia sighted a traveling man in all the glory of a silk shirt and, bedazzled by the spectacle, fled into the night. We dont hear much of silky deceivers any more. The matinée idol has come like a protecting angel to lift up Delia lest she stumble. A gentleman in celluloid is much safer than one in silk, and usually more attractive. Delia can weave the romance so vital to her life, hold correspondence, kiss the dear photograph and never once come stumbling home in the snowy night with a Mellins' food product.

The movie promotes fidelity in the home. When hubby wants a change, he hies to the show and adores a film flapper instead of making eyes at a cigar counter flooze. When wifey longs for the company of a gallant who doesn't bellow over the bills or stridently snore in his sleep, she snitches a quarter and keeps tryst with her silent lover of the screen. Kids, too, must have their idols. Once they were Buffalo Bill and Ty Cobb; now they are Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart.

We must have change. We tire of seeing the same faces with the same sets of expression year after year. But how shall the new stars be chosen? Before starting on a quest for the Fresh Face, I inquired the methods used by producers in picking stars. This is the *modus operandi* of one:

The magnate sits enthroned in the projection-room, while his recent films are run off, and eagerly scans the faces of the players.

"Now, there's a pretty girl!" he exclaims. "How much is her salary?"

"Two hundred a week," says the casting director.

"Not the type," says the producer.

Another flapper flaps on.

"How much does she get?" asks the director.

"Thirty-five a week."

"Just the type!" declares the producer. "She's a *very* nice goil."

If she proves nice and reasonable, she may get a five-year contract, starting at thirty-five dollars a week and increasing by leaps and bounds of five dollars a year.

When a novice applies for work at a studio, the first question asked is, "How much experience have you had?"

What producers want are brand-new personalities who have had at least five years' screen experience. One studio, which professes to seek people who are "different," was visited recently by a young actress in quest of labor.

"You are a very good actress," said the casting director, "but I'll tell you what is the trouble with you: you ain't the typical leading lady type."

That's another point. You must be new to the screen, with plenty of screen experience, have a "different" personality, and be the same type as all the rest.

Now, I ask you, ain't it hard on a nice goil?

Elinor Glyn said a forkful when she first arrived among the studios.

"I cant tell your leading women apart," said she. "They look exactly alike on screen and off. They are all moon-faced and saucer-eyed."

The producers say that we dont like the girls unless they are short—not over five feet four inches; extremely slender, flat-chested, slim-ankled, platter-eyed and under twenty-five years of age. Eighteen is really the correct age for a leading lady. I sometimes wonder how gals not of these specifications ever get along in life. If the males of the nation get the same feeling about "the right type of girl" as the producers, there's going to be race suicide, because there are not enough old men's darlings to go around.

While the film fathers claim to know what the public wants, they have pulled so many sad bloomers that they now seem afraid to make discoveries. Hence you might think they would be glad to let the public do it and abide by the decision, Not so. Consider the case of Rudolph Valentino.

Producers were blind to the personality of Valentino until Rex Ingram showed them. Then they said that Valentino just happened to fit the part. The critics and the public pronounced him a "find," but of course the critics and the public know nothing about pictures. They only patronize 'em; they dont make 'em. Metro did not place Valentino under contract, nor did other firms bid for him. Mr. Ingram used him again in "The Conquering Power," and again he gave a high-colored portrayal. Still no one signed him up. They say that only certain parts suit him. He couldn't play clean young Americans. Of course, he is limited. If he weren't, he wouldn't be distinctive. Anyone who can double for any type of human being hasn't any individuality. All the characters in life and literature aren't clean young Americans, thank God. I suppose they ought to be. Nature doesn't know what the public wants.

Rudolph Valentino is the best box-office bet revealed since Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess, too, went unrecognized until D. W. Griffith brought him forth. You will note that it is only the best directors who dare to discover—Mr. Griffith, Mr. Ingram, Mr. John S. Robertson. Mr. Barthelmess was allowed to drift around at two hundred a week, playing leads and creating comment until Mr. Griffith put him under contract. After Griffith's approval, the young "find" was offered twenty-five hundred dollars a week by the same company which could have had him for a few hundred. They argue, of course, that Griffith made him. He made him only in so far as he gave him decent parts and direction. Given the same by any other company, he would have shone effectively.

Next to Valentino, Gareth Hughes is the most interesting star brought forward this year. While his excellence as an actor was known before John S. Robertson cast him for "Sentimental Tommy," he was never given a fair opportunity to demonstrate. He, also, is limited, I'm told. He is only a young John Barrymore, with more screen talent than Barrymore.

Director Robertson also provided the sesame to the talents of May McAvoy, who had been buried in Blackton productions. The least you can say for Miss McAvoy is that she has intelligence, and that's more than you can say for most. She's not another of those Mary Pickford successors, as some enthusiasts exclaim. She has enough individuality of her own to get along nicely—even enough, I believe, to weather the hardships of program pictures.

The reason for the starring of Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt is not so clear. The only apparent reason is that stars are badly needed, and Miss Ayres and Mr. Holt seemed to be the best unstarred parties on the lot. Conrad Nagel was also under consideration. The film exchanges were consulted and the election was carried for Mr. Holt, who is better known because he has appeared in more pictures. Mr. Nagel is a

Once I was gray!

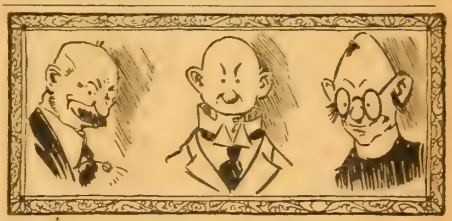
Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and you can soon make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean daintiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

Fill out coupon carefully and enclose lock of hair if possible. Trial package and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle from druggist or direct from us. Don't risk cheap substitutes and ruin your hair.

Mary T. Goldman, 957 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 957 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black____ jet black____ dark brown____
medium brown____ light brown____
Name ____
Street____ Town____
Co.____ State____



Learn to Draw at Home

Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists earn big money. $25 to $100 a week and more. Learn at home in spare time under personal direction of Will H. Chandlee, famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artist of 35 years' successful experience.

BE AN ARTIST

Delightful, fascinating profession. Wonderful new home-study method makes drawing easy! Send coupon or postal today for special offer of complete Artist's Outfit FREE to new students. Write for handsome book, "How to Become an Artist." Don't delay—write or send coupon at once. Address

Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1732 Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON
Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 1732 Marden Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.
Send me particulars of FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT offer and Free Book, "How to Become an Artist."
Name ____ (State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)
Address ____
City____ State____

FREE BOOK

LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book.

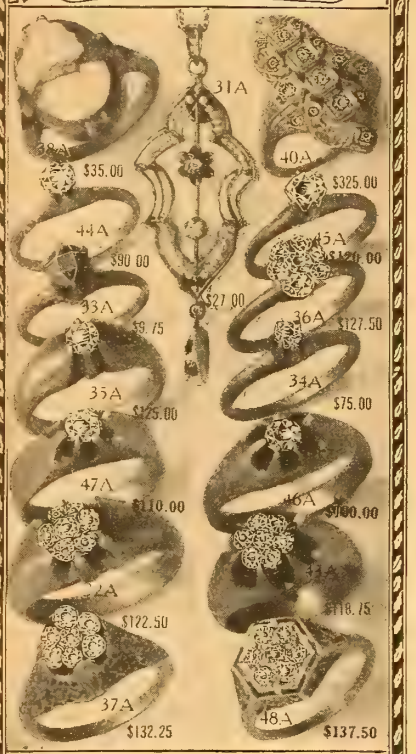
Quinn Conservatory, Studio MG-41 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

WATER-MAID WAVERS

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send $2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., C-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now

Only a few cents a day



No Money Down

JUST send your name and address for our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice sent you on approval, without a penny down.

Charge Account Plan

Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it and if is not the greatest bargain you have ever seen send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it you can pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

8% Yearly Dividends

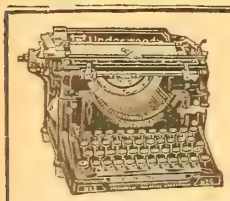
You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 5% bonus privilege. Catalog tells how.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog

Send your name and address *now*. No obligation. Beautiful Christmas catalog comes free by return mail. It explains all about Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collection of jewelry bargains now. Send your name for catalog today to Dept. 1521.

J·M·LYON & CO.

1 Maiden Lane, New York N.Y.



All Makes Typewriters

Remingtons, Underwoods, Smiths, Royals, Olivers, etc., at reduced prices. Write for our catalog No. 40 for convincing proof. Prices low as $20.

Beran Typewriter Co., 58 W. Washington St., Dept. 38, Chicago.

Use MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Night and Morning. *Have Clean, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

good actor of a type that is rare in the movies. His starring time will probably come.

We're told that the public elects stars. It elects them about as it elects Presidents. We take what is offered—for a while. Sometimes a comely bud is starred for no particular reason, and blooms forth quite riotously. Bebe Daniels has proved such a peony. While I think Sarah Bernhardt can still keep the championship in Europe, Bebe is doing very well as an exponent of personality. Indeed, she is a fine exemplar of what personality alone will do toward touching the public purse.

Of all the stars I've beheld this year, Priscilla Dean impressed me most. A great many players can register in fine pictures, but few could do for "Reputation" what Miss Dean did. When an actress can tie your interest to a tottering old melodrama solely by her appearance in it, such a one is a genuine star. Miss Dean not only has individuality: she has positive magnetism.

Thrilled by Priscilla, I turned my bounding barge toward Universal City to see if there were any more like her out there.

"I came to see some new personalities," said I to the guide who was appointed to show me the city.

"You should have been here this morning," said he. "Two of them got loose and ran all over the lot."

"Pardon?"

"Two of them got out of their cages and ran loose," he repeated.

"Was Priscilla Dean, by any chance, one of them?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said my pilot. "They were Harold and Edith. There they go now!"

Down the street rumbled a cage containing a couple of well-set-up lions, who are to star in Universal comedies. They appeared to be well-bred, and, be it said for their good taste, that during their outing they never ate a single ham.

As we were passing down a street that divides a New England village from a Turkish tenderloin, we passed Mary Philbin and Gertrude Olmstead, recent stellar arrivals.

"Just how can you get to be a star out here?" I inquired of my escort.

"By saving coupons," said he. "The ladies we just passed won popularity contests. That one over there is an Elks' favorite."

Later, I saw one that I was sure was a Moose, but my guide said no.

Then I met Miss Dupont. She is a beautiful cloak model, whom Eric von Stroheim selected to play the leading feminine rôle in "Foolish Wives." Her name was Marguerite Armstrong, and before that was something else, but now it is just Miss Dupont. Thus you may know she is no relative of the powder people, altho the studio wits call her the Powder Girl. She resembles Katherine MacDonald.

Only a ticker could keep one posted on the stellar stock at Universal. The fluctuations at the William Fox foundry are even greater. It is a poor pay-day that doesn't see a new star hired and an old star fired. Mr. Fox's only logical candidate for the constellation this year is Betty Blythe, whose talents were undraped in "The Queen of Sheba." One would suppose that her success would cause the company to hold her, but apparently she has been able to escape, while the high powers busily tinker with bargain luminaries. I suppose Miss Blythe is limited. They probably think she can only play queens and ladies of regal refinement. No place for her on the screen.

Pola Negri is the rarest jewel seen in the film setting since Nazimova flashed out in "Revelation." Europe has long known Madame Negri, and we are to know her better, as her pictures will be imported regularly. The local film seers have tried to tell me that Pola is a lemon.

"Why, she doesn't know the first thing about timing and camera angles," a director informed me. "She does things that we wouldn't permit an actress to do in our studios over here."

That's probably why we like her so well. So long as she doesn't enter the studios over here, she'll keep her spontaneity. The admirable "timing" and "restraint" and "camera angle" stuff prevents many a player from manifesting what little personality he has. With the exception of Constance Talmadge, there is scarcely a player on our screen who ever makes a quick move or shows any spontaneity. Most of them drag around like tin manikins, turning their heads and raising their hands by the count of one, two, three. Acting is like soldiering: there's a count for every move. There's nothing like discipline. By carefully pursuing the military policy, producers have been able to present a formation of stars of the same height, chest expansion, weight and manner. The only mistake is failing to put them on army pay, and the producers are now doing their best to remedy that oversight.

Reviewing the movies by companies, it is amazing to see how successfully all individuality has been suppressed. The only flash I've observed in the Goldwyn ranks is Cullen Landis. In "The Girl from Outside," he set fair hearts hopscotching. He didn't get the guardhouse for his trouble; neither did he get anything else. Here is the typical American youth, who could play anything from Horatio the Newsboy, who inherits a fortune for helping a chicken to cross the road, to a college youth who raises Cain—and a mustache. No director as yet has taken the trouble to bring out all this boy's attraction.

Vitagraph is famous for letting its best bets escape. The only promotion that it has made in aeons is Alice Calhoun, who is pleasantly real.

Thru the offices of Rex Ingram, Metro has introduced Valentino and Alice Terry with success. Continuing under the tutelage of Mr. Ingram, Miss Terry will gain popularity by the gift of beauty, and eventually, mayhap, some dramatic power. Gareth Hughes, who was playing the foil for Viola Dana and Alice Lake before "Sentimental Tommy" rescued him, is now being fitted out in parts that suit him.

Lasky has deified Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt during the past year. It remains to be seen how their halos become them. Miss Compson, however, has proved that she can shine away from the direction of the late George Loane Tucker.

Richard Barthelmess, whom First National is routing over the star trail, and Miss Compson are the leaders of the new generation. They have the intelligence, breeding and refinement of manner which have been so notably lacking among the cinema's younger set. And they have none of the affectations of the parvenu who trails so grandly thru screen swelldom.

Producers have realized that a new order of youth is necessary. No matter how virtuous and deserving may be the waitresses, chauffeurs and manikins, other types of human beings have their place. While talent and personal charm are not always the portion of the cultured, still it wouldn't do any harm to try a few college-bred minds. Mentality does count on the screen. The camera gets character, and more and more are we learning to see thru the make-up. A perfect profile no longer satisfies.

This year has brought chaos to the cinema and a revolution that has caused many stellar heads to fall. I do not care to read the roll of the dear departed. Let some one

CLASSIC
For JANUARY

WE wish a Happy New Year to the people who dont read **Classic**! Those who do, will have it anyway.

For **Classic** brings things to you that make for happiness—beauty to the eye—joy to the senses—wit to the mind—entertainment to the jaded. The proof is in its pages.

We have started the New Year with the best issue we could command.

There are twelve picture pages beside the gorgeous gallery portraits: **Bebe Daniels** in a cold, cold world; **Gareth Hughes** in a sunny one; an exquisite still from **Theodora; Shannon Day** in a luscious pose; a strikingly beautiful photograph of the ever **Glorious Gloria;** and many others.

An interview with the best beloved, and second best beloved in the screen world, **Mary** and **Doug.**

Other interviews with fast arriving stars which cast their shadow selves before you in the pages of **Classic.**

The latest and most diverting reel news from the Coast, as well as from the eastern studios.

Fiction of the highest order in three short stories evolved from three promising movies: "R.S.V.P." with **Charles Ray;** "The Happy Ending," with **May MacAvoy;** and "Dont Tell Everything," with **Wallace Reid.**

Start the year right with

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
For JANUARY

THE JANUARY
SHADOWLAND

"MORE beautiful than ever," is a trite phrase, yet it seems to aptly apply to each succeeding number of SHADOWLAND. The January SHADOWLAND, holiday issue of all holiday issues, will, indeed, be a thing of rare beauty.

The enlarged four-color section will be a noteworthy feature, including several art and poster pages, a number of full-page portraits of screen and stage favorites in full colors, and two pages of Parisian fashions, done by Wynn in his inimitable style.

STRIKING CHRISTMAS FEATURES

The newest playlet, "Lies," from the pen of the brilliant Continental playwright, **Franz Molnar,** will appear.

Oliver M. Sayler will write upon the forty foremost writers of America and the forty leaders of England, making some interesting comparisons.

Frank Harris' latest contemporary portrait will be a discerning study of Arthur Symons.

Harry Carr contributes a strikingly humorous article, "The Confessions of a Scenario Editor."

Theodore Dreiser's third article on "Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners," is even more sensational than its two predecessors.

There will be a number of other striking features, as well as hundreds of gorgeous pictures in colors, tint, halftone and rotogravure. All together a remarkable issue.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

else act as pallbearer. I'm only interested in the new order, to which belongs Betty Compson, Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, May McAvoy, Gareth Hughes, Betty Blythe, Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis, Richard Dix, Marjorie Daw, Florence Vidor, Colleen Moore, Virginia Brown Faire, Marguerite de la Motte, Conrad Nagel, Alice Terry and William Boyd.

Some of these are not yet ready for starring, but they are the most promising of personalities coming into view. After all, we care not what they are called—stars, rainbows, or sunbursts—so long as they present characters of interest and distinction. The greatest actress of the American screen does not wear a stellar diadem, yet we honor her none the less.

The motion picture industry needs to be outfitted in new personalities from top to bottom. As I predicted in a forecast of films at the opening of the year, 1921 is the year of the revolution in the movies. The result will be the survival of the fittest. But until the ruling class lifts its manifold restrictions and ceases to confer favors upon royal favorites, we can hope for no great reform. However, three of the leading companies—Lasky, Goldwyn and Universal—are in earnest quest of fresh faces. To this end, the Lasky company, thru its casting director, Mr. Goodstadt, awards five-year contracts to young people who show signs of individuality. Such a contract was given William Boyd last year. Mr. Boyd is now playing secondary parts, and soon will come forth in leads. He has personality, intelligence and good appearance. When a fellow is picked from the extra chorus and given a contract the salary, of course, is low, for the company is taking a big chance. The aspirant need not worry, however, lest he be getting extra's pay when he becomes a star. The company always tears up such contracts and gives an equitable one when the player is equal to leading rôles.

After making a grand tour of the studios, I'm somewhat pessimistic about the Fresh Faces now on ice. I still feel that the best solution is the Benda mask. By changing masks judiciously, a player could show different expressions where now he has but the one. True, it is a trifle artificial and mechanical, but so are glycerine tears and automaton technique. Another point in favor of masks is their variety. They could be made up in different styles, so the leading ladies wouldn't all look alike. Perhaps Tony Sarg will supplant the present automatons with his marionettes. As it is, I consider Mutt and Jeff the most promising of all screen stars.

Curving the Angular Figure

(*Continued from page* 58)

is reputed to be a fattening, nourishing fruit because of the proportion of sugar and oil it contains in combination. Eat any other sweet fruits that are not too acid and that do not cause any unpleasant after effects. It frequently happens that thin people can not eat fruits, melons or tomatoes. Those fruits I have mentioned, however, can be taken in medium sized quantities daily without any fear of an ache or a pain afterwards. Eat plenty of bread and butter. Hot bread, especially, is fattening. Substitute hot chocolate or hot egg drings for your tea and coffee. Add a half cup of chopped nuts to your daily diet.

If you are very thin and below normal in health there is no better diet than milk and eggs—whole milk and raw eggs, taken in large quantities daily. These contain the necessary properties to bring the health up to normal. And a normal condition of

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from Halitosis either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconcious of it themselves.

Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

But very often it is only temporary and then you may overcome it by taking a very simple personal precaution that will mean ease of mind for you and comfort for your friends.

Listerine, for forty years the safe household antiseptic, is a wonderful combatant of Halitosis. Just use it regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. It will do the trick.

You probably now have Listerine in the house and know all about its many other uses as a safe antiseptic.

If you don't, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2138 Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis use Listerine

Play By Ear

Be a Jazz Music Master

Yes, you can, even if you are JUST A BEGINNER or an advanced student. The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play all the popular song hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—only 20 lessons, which you can master in a little while—will enable you to transform the tune which is running thru your head into actual JAZZY music on the piano. ALL BY EAR.

20 LESSONS BY MAIL

It Is Easy To Learn

Many masters of Jazz and Ragtime music don't know a note. Be a Music Master yourself. It is easy—the lessons interesting and simple—no tedious ding-dong daily practice with the do, re, mi, until you think you will go crazy; not at all. Just 20 brief, entertaining lessons and you have a musical ability at which your friends will marvel. YOU SIMPLY PLAY BY EAR.

Hum the Tune, Play It By Ear

Hear a new popular song hit, hum the tune, play it yourself. All by ear. Just think how many dull hours this easily acquired ability will make happy, how many friends you will make happy, how popular you will be when you JAZZ the newest song success of Broadway after hearing it. All done by ear. Be a JAZZ MUSIC MASTER.

SEND COUPON FOR DETAILS AND **FREE BOOK**

NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 406, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Without obligation mail me booklet "The Niagara Method"

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Ever take piano lessons?..... How many?.....

Stops Truss Torture

This modern, scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 296C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots

ZIP

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."
Faithfully,
Margaret Irving

Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated Book "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

Madame Berdi's
SPECIALIST
Dept. M. 562 Fifth Ave.
Ent. on 46 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

health is the most essential thing for anyone to consider. Until this condition is reached, it will be impossible to put on flesh. First, you must get the body and the digestive organs into a condition to absorb the food that is put into them. When this stage is reached, it is but a matter of time and a careful observation of the diet until you will attain the degree of plumpness desired.

Be sure, to start with, that you actually wish to gain weight. I know some slender women who are very eager to fill out and get plump—even fat—and I think they are very wrong in this desire, for they are women of medium height with very small bones and are not so thin as they appear to be. If they should add many pounds they would soon look round and "rolly-polly."

Hold in mind the ideal for a beautiful figure—proportion and symmetry. One cannot actually effect one's height in any way yet discovered by science, except by wearing French heels and high ornaments on the hats, but one can get one's body into proportion to one's height and keep it there by means of the proper diet and exercise.

"Exercise," once said a very lean, angular woman to me, "is not meant for thin people. It is good only for stout people who wish to become thin." And she humped her shoulders and bent over her knitting while her needles clicked, her lips drew down at the corners, and her eyes kept count of the stitches. Looking at her, I wished to tell her a few of the simple fundamental facts I had gathered from observation and from reading. She did not realize she was engaged in an exercise requiring a constant expenditure of nervous energy. However, I refrained from speaking at this time, but later induced her to give up knitting and play golf instead. She is now very enthusiastic over the game and is gaining in weight, health and general appearance.

There are certain exercises that will help thin people to put on weight, in spite of the general supposition that all exercises tend to reduce.

Learn what exercises you need and take them regularly. The right exercises improve the general health. They get the body into a normal condition. The food will now be assimilated. Now, with the health at normal, and not before, the full benefit of the nourishment that is put into the body will be realized. When this condition is reached, it is easy to gain weight.

A description of these exercises would make my talk too long, so I shall wait and tell you all about them another time.

The greatest agent for promoting fat, regardless of the condition of health of the subject, is sleep. Just as a fat man or woman should sleep only as much as they absolutely need, so thin people should sleep as much as possible. They should indulge in the afternoon nap immediately after luncheon. If they cannot go to sleep at once, they should form the habit of lying down for an hour after luncheon anyhow. If this is kept up regularly, sleep will eventually come, and the afternoon nap will become a habit. While school-girls and business men and women have not time for this indulgence, they can spend their noon-hour quietly, and should form the habit of retiring soon after dinner five nights out of seven. I cant emphasize this too much. Sleep is the only absolute rest there is.

My last bit of advice concerns itself with regularity of habit. Have regular hours for meals, for exercise, for work or play and for sleep. The only irregularity I would recommend is in the waking time from sleep. If you are still sleepy when the usual time for rising comes, then sleep on. This advice, of course, is only for the very thin person who is anxiously trying to gain health and a rounded figure. A person of normal health and weight should have a regular time for rising.

Now, if you are actually thin and wish to get plump, follow these directions carefully. If you find no difference after a month, or two months, there must be some organic or constitutional trouble, and a doctor should be consulted. In nine cases out of ten, this will not be necessary; that is, *if you are faithful and sincere in your own efforts.*

Remember, the diet, sleep and exercise are your best friends. Cultivate them.

We Interview Camille

(*Continued from page* 25)

not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?

A. W. F.: Dont they ever call you "Alla"?

NAZIMOVA: Alla—ah, that is something reserved for my husband, my mother and my sister, perhaps. And Madame—that is for the theater, for the studio.

G. H. (*insistent—she never gives up*): Have you ever had any great sorrow?

NAZIMOVA (*abruptly*): How old do you think I am?

A. W. F. (*ever politic—feeling this a moment for diplomacy*): Twenty-nine—thirty.

NAZIMOVA: I am forty.

G. H. (*still endeavoring to untangle the mental pictures of Nazimova from the picture of Nazimova as she really is—as, most strangely, "Peter"*): Aren't you afraid of old age?

NAZIMOVA: Not a bit. I wouldn't be young again if I could. Youth! (*She shudders.*) Youth is so great a *waste.* One squanders precious things so. To me the greatest of all pities is the inability to reach youth and give it experience. Most of my friends are young girls. If for one of them I could do that—make them realize. Age is feeling. While I feel young, I shall be young.

A. W. F.: Do you believe children restore woman's youth? Do you believe in having children?

NAZIMOVA: Not for creative women. A woman living a creative life is bound, necessarily, to do things sometimes defiant to convention. In order to fulfil herself, she should live freely. Children bring fear, and in that way arrest personal development.

(A. W. F. and G. H. feel at a loss. This is not the Nazimova they had prematurely visualized. No incense wreathes in serpentines about her definite, boyish head. She wears no chiffons, no morbidities. She thinks, succinctly, as a man thinks. She speaks without evasions.)

A. W. F.: How did you feel about playing "Camille"?

NAZIMOVA: Always, I said that I would never play "Camille" until I had forgotten how I had seen "Camille" played. I saw Bernhardt as Camille—and Duse. I kept faith with my determination. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellia when I began my own portrayal.

G. H.: Do you think a woman like that would have loved the boy, Armand, in the way she did?

NAZIMOVA: It would take a woman like that to love Armand—just as she did. It was Youth she loved.

G. H.: What do you plan to do next?

NAZIMOVA: Repertoire. By that, I mean there will sometimes be more than one story in my film. In my next picture there will be two stories, for instance—Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Ibsen's "The Doll House."

A. W. F.: Have you what you wished

from life? From work? Are you satisfied?

NAZIMOVA: Not yet. But I will be.

G. H.: You have confidence—you have hope——?

NAZIMOVA (*surprised*): But of *course*.

A. W. F.: What do you like to read?

NAZIMOVA (*is it with a sense of humor?*): Medical books.

(G. H. rises to depart. This last has been too much for her. Nazimova walks to the front of the hotel. There is a Peterish handshake all 'round. It is over.)

SCENE III. The interior of a taxicab.

G. H. (*in a recessional voice*): Did you *ever* see such a face in all your life?

A. W. F.: The strength of it. Her eyes! Her mystery and tragedy, for whether she will or no, they are there—without affectation—without pose. She is without superficiality. Do you think she is beautiful?

G. H. (*quoting*): What does it *matter?*—"Woman of Stone, Sphinx or the Marble Mie——"

A. W. F.: I wanted to see "Armand."

G. H. (*oblivious to the interruption*): "——mien—Empress of Hate, you turn men's bl——"

A. W. F.: *Peter—Mimi*——

G. H.: "——blood to ice——"

Oblivion.

The New Star

(*Continued from page* 55)

Miss Virginia Eastman, 104 West Seventieth Street, New York City.

Miss Lula M. Hubbard, 223 Fourth Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Other awards in the contest were three very beautiful pieces of lace, which Ensign Tyburc, of the United States Navy, brought from abroad for the express purpose of giving them to the Fame and Fortune Contest. The lace was made by the nuns on the islands of Malta, famous the world over for their exquisite laces.

Miss Bow was given a little bolero jacket. Miss Eastman was presented with a filmy scarf. Miss Ursula Mengoni, a little girl just five years old, had a pair of unusual lace socks for her baby feet, given to her, as her share of the contest glory.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is glad to present Miss Bow's sincere and grateful letter in full:

"Gentlemen: I want to thank all those in the Brewster Publications, Inc., who have been responsible for the kind treatment and many efforts in my behalf, from the day of my entrance into the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921 up until the present time, and also for the beautiful outfit, which they so kindly presented me with. Everyone thinks the outfit beautiful, and is so very becoming, thanks to the taste of Mrs. Gleason and Miss Palmer.

"Now, about my future. I hope that everything you credit me with will prove true, and that all your hopes and expectations will also do the same. I hope that with the proper training I will grow into a good actress, worthy of the Brewster Publications' help, and hope that some day Mr. Brewster and the rest will be proud of me and my work. I intend to work very hard and try and perform the smallest rôle that is given me to the best of my ability.

"I thought that writing to you would be better than trying to get an interview. In any business matters, I hope to rely upon your judgment, as I am inexperienced in that direction.

"Feeling that I have said all I wish to say, I will close, with much appreciation and thanks to the Brewster Publications, Inc. I am, Yours sincerely,

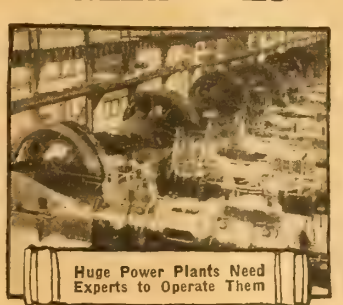
"CLARA G. BOW."

ELECTRICITY
The BIG-PAY FIELD

Public Buildings Are Big Users of Electricity

Electrical Construction Needs Trained Experts

Hydro-Electric Plants Being Built Everywhere


Huge Power Plants Need Experts to Operate Them

ELECTRICITY is the most fascinating profession of the Age—the most boundless in possibilities—the most wonderful as regards future, that the world has ever seen. Its marvelous growth and development—its ever-widening use in factories and homes, have created an almost unheard of demand for men who have specialized in this branch of industry—"Electrical Experts."

"Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a Day

$12 to $30 a Day—$70 to $200 a Week—$3,500 to $10,000 a Year. That's the pay of the trained man—the "Electrical Expert"—and there's seldom a lay-off, seldom a shut down, seldom a wage-cut in the Electrical industry. So great is the demand for Electrical Workers that ordinary, every-day, untrained Electricians are earning salaries that will surprise you. But it's the trained man, the "Electrical Expert"—the man who "knows how," who directs instead of actually does the work—who is drawing down the big-pay checks and bossing the big electrical jobs—the jobs that pay $3,500 to $10,000 a year.

Get In Line for a "Big-Pay" Job

If you are a square peg in a round hole—if you are doing work that you don't like—if you are an ambitious, wide awake man, only making $3 to $5 a day—this message is for you.

"Wake up! Prepare now for a real job at real pay in the fascinating field of Electricity. Let a salary of $12 to $30 a day be your goal; let Electricity be your route; let me be your guide."

I Will Train You at Home

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training you need to succeed as an "Electrical Expert," and I will give you that training. Thousands of successful, money-making graduates prove that my system is right—that my method of training will and does put men in the "big-pay" class.

No Useless Theory—Just Practical Instruction

My Course in Practical Electricity is considered the most simple, thorough and successful in existence--no big words--no useless theory--no higher mathematics--just a series of boiled-down, common-sense facts, written in good plain English, the kind of English you and I use every day. And it offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a few short months, a full-fledged "Electrical Expert," ready and able to earn $12 to $30 a day.

FREE Electrical Working Outfit

With me you do **Practical** work--**at home.** You start right in after the first few lessons to **work at your profession** in a practical way. For this you need apparatus--tools, instruments, materials and supplies--and I give them to you absolutely free.

Earn as You Learn

With me, again, you earn as you learn. Right at the start I give you a short Special Course in a branch of Electricity that will enable you at once to make money in your spare time. Hundreds of my students have paid for their entire Course in this way.

A Money-Back Guarantee

You take no chances. Under Bond, I absolutely guarantee to return every penny paid me if you are not entirely satisfied with my instruction. And back of me, in my guarantee, stands the Chicago Engineering Works, Inc., a Million Dollar Institution.

Write for the "Vital Facts"

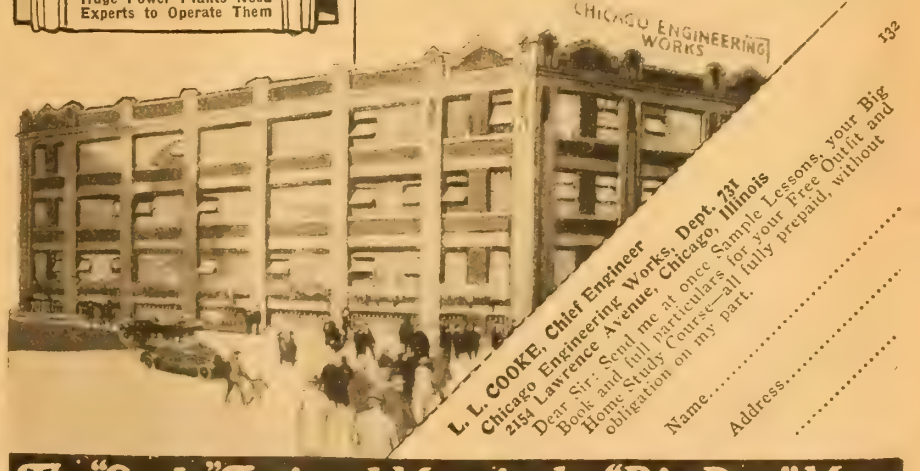
Let me send you the "Vital Facts"--let me tell you more about how you can jump from a "bossed" into a "bossing" job--into a job that pays $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Send the coupon below--now--today--**THIS MINUTE,** to

The Man Who Makes "Big-Pay" Men

L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer

CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS, Inc.

Dept. 731 2154 Lawrence Ave. Chicago



L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 731
2154 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir: Send me at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book and full particulars for your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

An itching skin quickly relieved by

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

You don't have to wait: One application of this gentle ointment brings heartfelt relief and healing

Drive Those Wrinkles Away

WRINKLES are the enemy of beauty, particularly in a young person. They begin to come at the age of twenty, unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, the tendency is to lengthen, deepen and multiply. Don't wait too long, don't give them a chance to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

Palmer's Face Lotion

is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

There Is No Reason Why You Should Have Wrinkles Until You Are Fifty!

Apply Palmer's Face Lotion every night, and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing, astringent effect, and if your skin is at all inclined to be flabby, it will make it smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE,
Department MI, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

SCENARIOS WANTED

Protect and market your stories through national organization. Studio connections. Criticisms free. Write for information about membership and descriptive list of stories wanted now

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS LEAGUE OF AMERICA
623-M Union League Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Tol'able David

(*Continued from page 49*)

Tol'able David any longer. No. He was David the *man*——

Then the chance came. Patience and the quiet attributes of heroism work slowly, but they work finely and well. David's young spirit, tortured into manhood, could not escape its justification. It came when, on a day, the driver of the mail coach came into the store for some whisky, already staggering with drink. David felt a flash in his brain, illuminating, clear. He said to the burly mountaineer, "You-all caint drive that stage coach outer Crab Tree. You're *drunk!*"

The driver picked up a chair and made a lunge for David. "Yuh young whippersnapper!" he shouted; "yuh pore pindlin' Kinemon, yuh caint do a man's share no how—caint"—and then his words died away, stopped. David was facing him with a revolver, was saying quietly, "But this here is what I kin do. I kin shoot, and shoot to kill—I got an awful steady hand——"

Senator Gault came in on the scene. David turned to him, lowering the revolver. In the darkness of the store, in the murk of the atmosphere his voice and face were steadying, tranquil. He said, "Senator, you-all better let me drive the stage coach. This man ain't no account." He added, grimly, "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble."

Somehow, David had always known that the test of himself would be made when he took Allen's place and drove the United States mail over the perilous roads. For this reason, and no other, Allen had dwelt on how he would guard the mail with the last scrap there was in him, with his life, give his death for it if, in giving, he could send the mail on safely——

Senator Gault had moments of insight. One of them came when he knew the truth of David's "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble——"

David knew, as he mounted the stage coach to take the mail bag to its destination, that triumph is seldom apart from bitterness. He was fulfilling himself at last—over Allen's broken body—over his father's grave—over his mother's dearly purchased faith—over Esther's wounded eyes.

Still, it was triumph. The starting of the horses, the heavy rolling of the wheels, the heavy whip, so often held by Allen, going crackity-crack—the good-byes from the men about the store. And then the sense of victory over the roads—the mail bag, secure at his feet. It took a *man* to do this thing. And then—the sudden lunging of the coach on a bend of the road—the mail bag sliding from beneath his feet, dropping to the road—the pulling in of the horses—the sight of Luke Hatburn, waiting—he knew he had been waiting—the hateful snarl of amusement as Hatburn grabbed for the bag—the mail that was to be guarded with one's life. *A Hatburn with the mail bag*—Lord God, but his chance had come! A Hatburn—the mail bag—life and death—Allen—his father—Esther—Allen again. David was down, was grappling with Luke Hatburn, burly, brawny, an animal—was grappling, then, he saw it thru a mist of darkest red, with the three Hatburns—the three accursed Hatburns. What did it matter? The hate of more than three Hatburns was within him, was releasing powers in his flesh he had never had before. Luke Hatburn held the mail bag—and David, a blind force, a simple, primitive, wholly uncontrolled force, was pitted against him and against his father and brother. Now, *now* it had come! Now he would prove, now he *must* prove the mettle of the Kinemons. Now he must atone to Esther, because God had made her a Hatburn, as sweet as she was—as sweet and good. He knew that she was, as he tore at the Hatburn flesh—as he dug and swore and struggled and avenged. The fighting blood of Kinemons dead and gone came to his aid—the blood that ran clear and unpolluted sprang to vivid, pulsing life—he came clear at last. Luke Hatburn lay crumpled, inert, even as Allen had been—the mail bag was in David's arms—there remained now the supreme test of his manhood, of his endurance, of his will-to-power—the fifteen remaining miles to the railroad town—the ride back. Could he make it? Ah, but he must—he must. The long teachings of his boyhood, the long hero-worship of Allen and all that he stood for, the shining array of heroic figures he had kept gallant company with in the pages of his books—all of these were flanked alongside, watching him now. They would bear him company. They would jeer him off the lists, or award him the victor's crown. His accolade should be—Esther's eyes—poor Esther—gentle Esther, who couldn't help being a Hatburn——

Miles of wracking, blinding pain—while the coach jostled and tormented and agonized his broken bones, his bruised flesh—interminable miles. David, the man. Was this man's work? Was *this* the definition of the word "man," spelled out in the dictionary under Allen's guiding finger? Ah, to be a boy again—sweetly dreaming—unaware. Where were his heroes now? Gone. Pain had erased them with a gesture. Pain, pain, the world. Where was Allen? David heard a mirthless sound. It was himself, laughing. Allen, Allen, his hero, silly and futile, tracing weak patterns on the air. Pain—pain—pain—nothing left but pain and the mail bag—the mail bag and pain. Fifteen miles—fifteen *thousand* miles he had gone. No one, not even Allen, had ever taken the mail bag so long, so long a voyage. But it was safe. It was safe. Here they were—so many people—faces he knew—the word had gone about that the mad Hatburns had "got" him—he cackled again, again mirthlessly. He, Tol'able David, had "got" the Hatburns. He was "Tol'able David" no longer. The postmaster detached himself from the faces, growing rapidly blurred and incoherent. David raised his voice. It rose at his bidding, miraculously from the pit of his nauseated body. The postmaster responded, and before he fainted, David saw the mail bag safe in the appointed place——

He came to in his mother's arms. Esther was bending over him. In the distance stood Senator Gault. He had done a great thing, they said. He had vindicated the code of the mountains. He had won the spurs of his manhood.

David stood, boot-deep, in the running stream. Esther crouched on the bridge above him. A little way off they could see the smoke curling again from the chimney of the Kinemon cabin. Allen was propped up in a chair on the porch, smiling at them. They heeded only one another.

"I caint dream any longer in these streams and woods," David was saying. "I'm a man nowadays——"

Esther's eyes were brooding. "You kin *do* things now, David," she said.

David nodded. He thought, "Come, Deeds, what am I offered for a dream?"

But, after all, wasn't this dream come true? The crackity-cracking of the whip? The vantage of the mountain roads? The succession to Allen—triumph tinged with tragedy. And Esther's eyes—Esther's eyes—so proud of him—his accolade——

A Question of Honor

(*Continued from page 65*)

every step, panting and exhausted, but buoyed up by the love he bore Shannon, and knowing full well that his burden was precious to his young friend. There, he ministered to her as tenderly as a mother, and soon brought her back to consciousness.

"You are all right now, honey," he said. "I must go and find Bill. Jest lay here till we get back."

The second person to get to the tunnel was Shannon himself, delayed slightly by an encounter with Burkthaler, during which he gave that burly ranchman the first good thrashing he had ever had in his life. Burkthaler was suddenly convinced of the worth of Shannon's scheme by the prowess of his fists. This sort of argument is the only kind some minds are capable of grasping. He extended his hand, and in his gruff way expressed his admiration and respect for a man that could fight like that. When Shannon magnanimously explained to him that he had merely been the tool of Morse and his breed, his contrition was fairly laughable, and his anger at the greedy capitalist who had misled him, burst into sudden flame.

"I'll settle with that city dude," he roared in his great voice. "No man can fool with Charles Burkthaler!"

When Shannon got to the tunnel, old Sheb was waiting for him.

"Who saved the dam?" Shannon asked, as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"Miss Wilmot, Bill," Sheb replied. "She's up at your place now, hurt pretty bad, but game! By cracky! I never see anything like it. Why, she—but go see her yourself, Bill. She's waiting for you."

"She doesn't want to see me, I guess," said Shannon, the picture of Morse holding her yielding young body in his arms suddenly coming back to him. "She's in love with Morse, you know."

Sheb spat digustedly. "In love with Morse—hell!" he exclaimed roughly. "Why would she risk her life savin' your dam if she wasn't in love with you? Why would she be lyin' up there on your cot, callin', 'Bill! oh, Bill! Where is Bill? Why doesn't he come?' if she was in love with that Wall Street crook?"

"Is she really asking for me, Sheb?" asked Shannon, excitedly.

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't waste no more time askin' questions and wonderin' about it, when——"

But Shannon was gone.

He knelt on the floor beside Anne, both arms around her, while she explained, before anything else, the scene with Morse. And when she told him modestly about saving the dam, and showed him her lacerated hands, his eyes filled with unexpected tears, and he kissed them reverently and tenderly.

"My brave girl," he murmured, brokenly. "My brave girl."

And, after a while: "You wont mind staying up here in this lonely place until I've finished my work, will you, dear?"

"Oh, no," replied Anne happily. "I want to stay here always. I couldn't be lonely at the edge of the world with your arms around me."

CALL THE POLICE!

STAR—That pert little ingénue has stolen the picture clear away from me!

PRESS AGENT (just in time to hear the last)—I'll notify the police at once. How much reward do you want to offer?

The Fun of Gibson Music

is the making it; and making it is within the reach of everyone. Your Gibson will go with you wherever you go—indoors or out; it will take you where you want to go—socially or musically.

Gibson Instruments

Commanding in tone and volume by the attraction of superior worth. Marvelously beautiful in design and finish—a delight to the eye, an inspiration to the ear. Is it any wonder Gibsons are chosen as music companions by the most discriminating and have become known as "The Music Pals of the Nation?"

$5.00 a month buys a Gibson

Learn at home in spare hours no drudgery of practice—music joy from the start. And what a variety of instruments to choose from: ( ) Mandolin, ( ) Mandola, ( ) Mando-Cello, ( ) Mando-Bass, ( ) Guitar, ( ) Harp-Guitar, ( ) Mandolin-Banjo, ( ) Guitar-Banjo, ( ) Tenor-Banjo, ( ) Cello-Banjo. We supply handsome Carrying Case, Instruction Book, Pitch Pipe and Music Stand. Organize Gibson Orchestra; we help you receive commission on all sales. Liberal allowance on old instruments.

Give name and address; we will send FREE Gibson Book, 112-page Catalog, free trial offer and complete information about instrument you prefer. If you are a teacher, mark here ( ). If you want to be a Gibson Agent, mark here ( ). Tear out, mark your choice of instrument above, and mail today—NOW.

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR CO.
1661 Parsons St. Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

EASY TO PLAY
EASY TO PAY

A New Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in all the world—sells at $15 an ounce and worth it! Rieger's Flower Drops—a Perfume made without alcohol; made direct from the essence of the flowers themselves. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of the delicate odor lasts a full week. Hence, an absolutely superior odor becomes economical at $15 an ounce! Never anything like this before!

Send for Sample

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
137 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers.

Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.

Lilac, Crabapple $1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, ... $2.00
Mon Amour Perfume sample offer, 1oz. . $1.50
SOUVENIR BOX
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

EVERYTHING FOR THE HAIR

Switches $2.00 up. Transformations $15.00 up. Pincurls, bobs and puffs. Our imported Ma Chere hair nets $1.00 doz. Shampoo $1.00 bottle. Your combings are valuable. Send for list and prices. Attractive proposition to agents.
C. H. GRONE, Importer Commercial Tr. Bldg., Phila.

Send for Samples

The new liquid dressing for lashes and brows. Tears, perspiration or water will not cause it to run or smear.

Delica Brow

will make the lashes look long and thick—will not burn or smart if it gets in eye. Easily removed. Full instructions with all packages.

A generous trial bottle of Delica Brow sent for just enough to cover packing and postage.

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc.
Dept. 104, 3933 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 12c for sample, 25c for large sample including bone handle brush, or $1.00 for full size.

Name .....
Address .....

$500.00 for a Single Drawing

Imagine Martin S. DeMuth's surprise when the newspapers announced him the third prize winner in the Victory Hall Poster contest held in New York City. Until then he had been an unknown artist. In competition with artists of international repute this Federal student won fame overnight. For a drawing which took 12 hours to complete he received a cash prize of $500.00.

You can turn your liking for drawing into profit and pleasure. Under the guidance of the Federal staff composed of over 60 of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists you can easily and quickly learn the same principles that have brought men like Fox, Smith, King, Briggs and many others fame and fortune.

Get This Free Book Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper. Write for your *free* copy of the book, "*A Road to Bigger Things.*" It tells of opportunities in the art world and explains the Federal course of instruction. Mention age, and send 6c in stamps to cover postage.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
320 Federal Schools Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Every Movie Fan Should Have This Book

"Positively true to life." The *twenty biggest stars* in *America all say* that "*Intimate Talks with Movie Stars*" is the *only book* ever published that *shows* the *human, personal life* of the *screen favorites in a true light.*

20 Talks

In this *remarkable* book, *excellently printed and bound*, written by *Edward Weitzel, Associate Editor* of the *Moving Picture World*, a man who comes into daily personal contact with the stars, you will find *twenty intensely interesting talks by* the *stars themselves, telling all* about *their daily lives off the screen.*

20 Portraits

With each talk is included a *reproduction* from a *beautiful, full cabinet portrait* showing the stars just as *they look* in *real life.*

20 Autographs

And each picture *bears* an *autograph.*

All Yours

Now, for the first time, you can have the inside story, the portrait and the autograph of all your favorite stars in one binding.

Act Quickly

The first edition of this *beautifully bound* and printed volume is almost exhausted. If you wish a copy at this special short time price, *act quickly, send only $1.50* in cash, money order or check and receive the book by return mail. *Send $1.50 today.* Address Desk "C."

These 20 Stars

Richard Barthelmess
Alice Brady
Alice Calhoun
Helene Chadwick
Douglas Fairbanks
Geraldine Farrar
Elsie Ferguson
Lillian Gish
Dorothy Gish
Louise Glaum
Charles Hutchison
Mae Murray
Nazimova
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Pearl White
Clara Kimball Young
Billie Burke

DALE PUBLISHING CO.
General P. O. Box 349, New York City, N. Y.

Be a Taxidermy Artist

Marvelous Book Sent FREE

You can *now* learn **Taxidermy**, the wonderful art of mounting *birds, animals, tanning skins, etc.* Learn **at home, by mail.** The **free book** tells how. *Mount your own trophies.* Decorate home and den. Interesting, fascinating, *big profits.* Join our school. 55,000 students. Success guaranteed. Get our **free book** without delay. Send *right now.*

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1521 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that **"Fairyfoot"** is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for **"Fairyfoot" FREE** because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

Rex and His Queen

(*Continued from page 23*)

for one of his pictures. Then he intrusted me with the rôle of Marguerite Laurier in 'The Four Horsemen.' Everyone told him he was crazy, that I couldn't possibly do it. He renamed me Alice Terry—my real name is Taaffe—and he made me wear a blonde wig, which catches the light more than my own hair, which is reddish brown.

"From that time on, my luck changed. I am glad I made good in 'The Four Horsemen,' but more for Rex's sake than my own. I have little enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are married, I may play a part once in a while for Rex, when he has one that suits me, but never for anyone else. There are too many heartbreaks in it. I couldn't help laughing when I was called to the Lasky studio a short time ago. Everybody was so sweet to me, they couldn't praise me highly enough; but all the time I kept remembering the time when I was an extra in that very studio, and those selfsame people had never paid any attention to me. They prophesied I would never get anywhere. But now, that I have succeeded, they are ready to fawn on me. I'm suspicious of that type of friend. Mr. Ingram believed in me when I was nobody, and I have proved that I could make good. I am satisfied."

The studio musicians on the funny old-fashioned scene for "Turn to the Right" tinkled out an old-time Virginia reel. Somehow, it blended well with the melody of Miss Terry's words. She has bravery, that girl—and a clear vision of the worthwhile things in life. I accosted Mr. Ingram:

"And where are you going to find another leading lady?" I asked him.

"It will be frightfully hard after working with Alice. She interprets what I want so quickly and easily. I want her to play Flavia in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' my next picture. She is ideal for the part, and has agreed to play it on the condition that our marriage be postponed until the picture is finished. Isn't that right, Miss Terry?" he laughed.

"It is," she teased. "If I were married to you, you'd think you could boss me or call me down while we were making the picture. *Now* you're just a little bit afraid of me."

"She has a wonderful sense of humor," observed Mr. Ingram, following Miss Terry with his eyes as she ran across the set to say hello to her sister. "A woman with a sense of humor is a blessing.

"Seriously, I do think that after we are married, her place is at home. The studio isn't any too good for a girl. The heat is terrific in summer, the work is physically wearing, the lights trying on the eyes and temper. Personally, I am fond of pictures, because they have brought me a quick success, such as no other business or art could have brought me. But I dont want to stop with motion pictures. My lifelong ambition is to be a sculptor, but that is a rich man's job. When I busted out of Yale, I took up sculpture under a famous artist at the Art Students' League, until my funds grew rather thin. Then, one day when I visited the Edison studio with a friend, I heard the man who writes the letters that appear on the screen being discharged. Without hesitation, I boasted of my expert penmanship, asked for the job, and was put to work at once. From that time on everything went well. I wrote a scenario that was accepted, then I was given opportunities to assist the directors, and finally became a director myself. After the war, during which I served in the Royal Flying Corps, I came home broke. I sold a good many of my clothes in order to come out here. Among them were my dress-suit and dinner coat. Since then I have never bought another dress-suit. I find it such a wonderful excuse for refusing invitations. I cant tell you how many parties I have successfully escaped with 'I'm sorry, but I haven't any clothes to wear.' I hate 'partying.'"

"Are you economical, or do you spend all you make?" I inquired brazenly.

"I save every cent I can. I never spend any money on myself. I haven't had a new suit in three years. Ordinarily I wear out old uniforms and putties about the studio. I have only one extravagance, and that is my love for sculpturing. My ambition is to make enough money to buy a fine old home in Europe, where I can stow a raft of truly marvelous sixteenth century furniture I now have in storage, and sculpt to my heart's content."

"Was your romance with Miss Terry a sudden one?" I asked.

"No. I have known Alice ever since she was a little bit of a girl. I often thought of her charm and sympathy, but only recently did I realize that I loved her—and she refuses to marry me until we finish 'The Prisoner of Zenda!'—ah well, I may persuade her to run away some day yet—who knows?"

"No one has expected us to wait this long," laughed Alice, coming up for the last word. "They dont know how strong-minded we are, do they?"

And the charming blonde head was close to the shiny black one as I said good-bye.

A Reversal of Rôles

(*Continued from page 59*)

is Swiss, my mother was a Fitzgerald, and I was born in the backwoods of Missouri, next to the famous Jesse James farm. There the Beerys have been born and reared for several generations. There is always a Noah—the name runs back indefinitely—tho down there they call it Noea, and our son continues the name." Both parents turned affectionate eyes toward the sturdy seven-year-old lad riding his Shetland pony thru the garden paths below us.

We were sitting on the wide terrace of the Beerys' charming new home, situated high among the foothills, and for a moment we were silent, drinking in the beauty of the scene. A marvelous panorama lay before us—Hollywood, with Los Angeles beyond, and a glimpse of the gleaming Pacific in the western distance.

The house is an imposing white Italian villa, against the effective back-curtain of green hills. The grounds, comprising an acre, include smooth lawns, a Japanese garden, with its rippling cascade fountains, a prim Italian garden, picturesque with its Venetian blue vases and marble seats, while along the steep terraces are grape-vines and avocado, orange and lemon trees. There are vines, flowers and shrubs of every variety, even tobacco plants, now in full bloom. "Remember, I'm from Missouri, so I grow my own tobacco," and Mr. Beery looked with pride at the blue blossoms, promises of future smokes.

Strolling thru the garden, we peeped into a wild canary's nest, hidden in the dense foliage of an orange tree, to see four tiny chirpers.

"Our son guards them with his life," laughed Mr. Beery. "One reason I built our home so far out was because I wished him

ountry life and its wholesome in- I had so many struggles that I hope to spare him some of the knocks and give him the opportunities I missed.

"We're pals, and when I'm not at the studio, we're fussing about the place together. Sometimes he gets the acting fever —he has talent—and then we stop gardening and rig up a stage down there where the swimming pool is to be. We work out a play of our own, and it is serious business, too, for both of us."

Mr. Beery has just completed a rôle in the first Marion Fairfax production, "The Lying Truth," in which he plays four periods in one man's life, beginning as a youth in Ireland. Next week he starts work in Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life," playing a rôle similar to that of his Doctor Ord, in this same producer's "Go and Get It."

Recalling Mr. Beery's wide diversity of strong character rôles, into which he puts so much force and sincerity that they invariably stand out cameo-like, I asked him how he first gets his idea for the part. He replied: "I visualize it when the director tells me the story, and if it doesn't come then, it never does.

"So much of the actor's inspiration is derived from the director, and there must be a sympathetic understanding between them if the picture rings true. I like a rôle that requires time and study to develop. The real make-up for a character must come from *within*. It is the result of studying the man until you can feel as he must feel, then your body, your very features, will become responsive to your own mental picture.

"I dont mind playing small parts in a production, if they mean something. I'll work in one scene if it offers a good character bit. I prefer a rôle where, if wholly consistent, there can be reformation. No man is entirely bad. Usually, I'm killed off before the final scene, and I've tasted death in every possible way."

Last year Mr. Beery drew his salary for seventy-two weeks, for he doubled in several pictures. Once, several years ago, he was playing three historical characters at the same time, these being Pancho Villa, in "Patrio"; George Washington, in "The Spirit of '76," and Brigham Young, in "The Mormon Maid."

The dramatic instinct began germinating in Noah Beery when, still a very little boy, he went to Kansas City to seek his fortune, and started it by selling lemon drops in the old Gillis Theater. He used to amuse the actors behind scenes with his singing. He had a big, deep voice, and they urged him to cultivate it and go on the stage. So, with this as his objective ambition, he finally managed to take a few lessons in Kansas City, and later went to New York, where he became a pupil of Dr. Francis Powers.

He smiled, sheepishly, when he admitted that his first fling before the footlights came in a song and dance skit in vaudeville.

"Only for one season," he hastily explained. "Then I went into dramatic rôles, and have usually played 'heavies.' My only venture into comedy was in Douglas Fairbanks' recent picture, 'The Mark of Zorro.'"

It was while playing in the stage production, "Strongheart," that he fell in love with the leading woman, Marguerite Abbott, now Mrs. Beery. "She's been everything to me, and all I am I owe to her," is an actor's tribute to his wife. "We have never been separated, dont believe in it; why, that's why we married, to be together.

I played in pictures as far back as eleven years ago, in the old Powers company, when Pearl White and my wife were the leading actresses on the screen. I didn't like it, however, and kept my work a guarded secret. I recall that once William A. Brady called me into his office and told me if he ever heard of my working in pictures I could never again appear in his stage productions. It wasn't so many years later that I was making World Pictures in Mr. Brady's own studio."

It was, however, a great trouble that finally put Noah Beery into motion pictures in earnest.

The eldest son had died and little Noah lay very, very ill for many months, so Mr. and Mrs. Beery finally took the child to Miami to await the end.

"But he *lived!*" and the father's voice rang out jubilantly. "Tho in debt, I turned down two offers to return to New York and one in London, for I determined to bring the boy to California. I came out to Los Angeles to see what pictures would offer, and the day after my arrival I went to work in Cecil de Mille's 'Joan the Woman.' This was followed by 'The Mormon Maid,' and then I was put into stock at Lasky, where I remained several years. Now, I am free-lancing, which means more money and a wider choice of rôles."

Noah Beery has furnished the screen with a long list of big, comprehensive characters, which prove revelatory psychological studies. These involve fierce conflict, both physical and mental, for he is usually the center of thrilling situations, and he has won a most enviable place, all his own, among the serious actors of the day.

He said: "Few realize how strenuous our work before the camera is, for sometimes we risk being killed for scenes that may flash but a moment on the screen. I have had many accidents, been nearly drowned, badly stabbed and, in 'The Sea Wolf,' I had my back dislocated twice. The greatest experience I ever had was about two years ago, when we were in Hawaii, making 'Hidden Pearls,' with the George Melford company. All one afternoon we worked in the bowl of the volcano's crater, about nine hundred feet down, on a shelf probably sixty feet above the flames. After dinner that night, we walked back to see the volcano, and while we stood there the shelf on which we had been working a few hours previously, fell into the flames!"

"What does your father think of your work?" I asked, thinking of the far cry from a Missouri farm to the deviltry of the screen.

"Mr. Beery laughed boyishly. "Well, whenever my father sees either my brother Wallace's or my pictures, he promptly goes to sleep, so I guess he doesn't think much of it." Continuing, Mr. Beery said, "Acting is one of the hardest professions in the world. I know, for I've had my nose to the grindstone many years, yet it is most fascinating, and I could never give it up. I find the keenest satisfaction in creating my character rôles, and I'll go on and on just as long as I can. Our best publicity is good work, which brings the appreciation of the audiences. On this depends our opportunities in motion pictures."

PAY-DAY

By J. R. McCarthy

The star gets twenty thousand
For being very gay;
Directors get five thousand
For showing her the way;
The author gets one thousand
For doping out the play.
(I ought to get a dollar,
For writing down this lay.)

Anetha Getwell, Cinema Star, Adores NestoLashes

The New Way to Make Eyes Beautiful—Famous Stars Recommend NestoLashes

NO matter how large your eyes, unless long upward curling lashes fringe them, they lack a truly alluring and magnetic charm. Really long velvety lashes make even small eyes fascinating and attractive, but the tragedy is that no amount of make-up can make the lashes appear one tiny bit longer than they really are.

This is why Doris Kenyon, Anetha Getwell, Hazel Dawn, Eleanor Painter and hundreds of other stage and screen favorites have entirely given up make-up in favor of NestoLashes. They will tell you NestoLashes make the eyes so much more entrancing, large and brilliant that they would never go back to the old way. NestoLashes are *real* lashes, permanently curly, dainty and captivating because they look perfectly natural. Each fine hair is threaded on a narrow transparent foundation which blends with your own skin when applied on the eyelid. The beautiful curling lashes sweep your cheek and charm your friends. The flash, the fascination and brilliance their long velvety sheen gives your eyes will delight you. No one would ever guess they are not your own.

NestoLashes are applied with a patent adhesive and, though easy to put on and take off, they do not come off until removed. Dainty as they look, they are the strongest kind of hair work, and you can wear them over and over again. One pair will convince you of the new beauty and witchery they bring to your eyes.

Send $1.00 for fine or $1.50 for superfine. Mention shade, and whether for private or stage wear. Sent postpaid in plain wrapper.

NESTLÉ'S

Makers of Fine Hair Goods
Largest Beauty Parlors in the World

Dept C 12 and 14 East 49th Street New York

Don't Envy Shapely Ankles

You, too, may have them! Indeed you may! Use FLEC Ankle Reducing Cream. It works wonders. Actually! In a remarkably short time straight, thick, unshapely ankles can be transformed into neat, trim ankles which all women crave, and all men admire.

$2.00 a jar. Postpaid.

THE FLEC COMPANY
Dept. B New Rochelle, N. Y.

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Screen Stars!

A photo, hand colored, postal card size, of a popular screen star, the seven fundamental rules for scenario writing and details of our course for writing Moving Picture plays, mailed for one dime. No stamps and none free. Address,

THE BEAUX-ARTS ASSOCIATES,
P. O. Box 373 Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting, we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
211 Ryrie Building, Yonge & Shuter Streets,
TORONTO, - - - CANADA

HAIR ON THE FACE
PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment $5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

LOURIM COMPANY, Dept. B, Litchfield St., Bay City, Michigan

WEAR GENUINE DIA-GEMS

Genuine **DIA-GEMS** are now offered direct to you from importers at wholesale prices. **We guarantee that if you can tell a Genuine DIA-GEM from high priced blue white diamond we'll refund your money.** Compare a **DIA-GEM** with your diamond. See the marvelous resemblance. Notice the same fiery radiance, gleaming brilliance, fascinating sparkle. **All rings guaranteed to be SOLID GOLD.**

SEND NO MONEY—10 DAYS FREE

DIA-GEMS are absolutely perfect in color and cutting; no flaws or imperfections. **Stand all diamond tests.** So marvelous is the resemblance that you will be amazed. **Your friends will be fooled.** Don't tell them it's not a real diamond, and they will never know. The snappy, fiery, dazzling brilliance and color are guaranteed forever. Each is set in a real solid gold ring, like diamonds. **DIA-GEMS can be had in any desired weight at proportionate prices.** Mention weight wanted.

Just Send Your Name

Select ring, **give your finger size** and show your full address. We'll send a **DIA-GEM** weighing about one carat to you by parcel post the same day. You deposit **only $4.50** with the postmaster to show your good faith or you can send cash with order. **It is only a deposit, not a payment.** Take 10 days to decide. If you or your friends **can tell a genuine DIA-GEM from a diamond, send it back within ten days and we'll refund your deposit at once.** If you are satisfied, **pay only $3.00** each month for only four months. **Send Order Today.**

DIA-GEM COMPANY, DIV. 546, WORLD BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.
WHOLESALE JEWELERS

On the Camera Coa

(*Continued from page* 71)

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Edward Martindale, Al Wilkie, Hezikah Cullen Tate and other classy notables from the Lasky atelier.

But the real thriller was staged by

FRANK AND DAGMAR

So accustomed are Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky to the ways of Universal thrillers that they married as if providing a fadeout "punch" to a picture.

As Frank obtained his divorce from the previous Mrs. Mayo, whose conjugal pastime it was to throw lamps at him, the pair dashed to Tia Juana, Mexico, to be tied immediately upon the tidings of the court's decree.

A decree of divorce, a tank of gasoline, and thou beside me saying *"oui"*—oh, Tia Juana were paradise enow!

(Being a bachelor, I allus get poetic over weddings.)

"Oh, it was so romantic!" says Dagmar. "When you get married in Mexico you dont stand up and swear——"

(How much more polite and restful Mexico is!)

"You just sit down and talk it over quietly. We sat on mail sacks. We were married in the post office—and the post office was the grocery store——"

(Prunes for wedding guests—how perfectly conventional!)

"The Mexican justice of the peace who married us could not speak a word of English and we could not speak a word of Spanish. So we had to get a Japanese boy from the bath house next door to act as interpreter——"

(Truly, an international alliance!)

"The Japanese boy would say, 'The Judge, he say, I, Frank, take thee, Dagmar—the Judge, he say—to be my lawful wife—the Judge, he say, to have and to hold—the Judge, he say, for better or for worse.'

"The Japanese boy didn't leave a thing undone. After the ceremony, he ripped open a sack in the store and showered us with rice, then jumped on his motorcycle and paul-revered around to all the amusement places to tell them to play the wedding march when we came in——"

(There's nothing like a Jap for efficiency; I shall never marry until I can afford one.)

And so endeth—pardon me, Dagmar—*commenceth* the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo.

Oh, yes, Leopold Godowsky, a pianist, is the father of the famous Dagmar Mayo

NOT ALL ORANGE BLOSSOMS

But all is not orange blossoms, even in California. Even in this effete climate, the warlike spirit still survives.

Clara Whipple Young has divorced James Young, the director. Mrs. Young told the court that her husband would not talk to her, remained away from home at night, called her names—and, well, acted just like directors are supposed to act.

Mr. Young was once the husband of Clara Kimball Young. What? No, he is no relation to Brigham Young.

MARY AND DOUG LEAVE US FLAT

The hardest blow old Hollywood has had is the desertion of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. They've gone over to the Germans. Yep, going to make foreign pictures to take the food right out of our babies' mouths—I mean our poodle mouths—here in Hollywood. We thought they had just gone to Europe, so the post office over there wouldn't think Cha

Chaplin was the only star of the screen. *Mais, non!* It was a dirty trick. After they had heard the call of the wild in Paris, they stayed to listen, and Doug wires back that they are going to keep on listening for six months anyhow. He ordered the Fairbanks home put up for sale, and his studio leased.

To add to our unhappiness, came the news that Mary was ill. A Parisian doctor says she has "screenitis," something newer than teeth trouble and thyroid gland malfunction. They *say*—and *They* ought to know—that an heir to the throne is expected. Anyhow, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are now living the life of civilians, but the active Doug is liable to burst loose with a camera and start shooting up France.

And Charlie Chaplin, our wandering boy, is now home once more.

CHARLIE ALSO AILING

Charlie evidently has an attack of screenitis also. He says he is sick of the sight of studios and cameras.

By my haledom and my belfry, the boy has gone wrong!

And this is the way he wrote home:

"Had I been free to choose my own occupation, in the light of what I know now, it would have been different. Not even the measure of success I have achieved with its promise of being taken out of the squalid surroundings against which my whole being revolts, would have induced me to enter on the career into which fate forced me."

He goes on to say that he loathes his profession of buffoonery.

"I have long aspired to succeed in real histrionic art," he continues. "I do not for a moment imagine I can rank with the great dramatists, but I am sure that I can succeed moderately well in interpreting on the stage some of the works of the great master of playwrights.

"All I know is that I am sick of the very sight of a studio, and a film camera makes me want to run away. I have before me a number of suggestions for audible plays, and my hope is that some of my dreams in this direction will be realized quickly."

That Mr. Chaplin is unhappy with his lot many people know. Perhaps it is simply the discontent of the artist who is always reaching for that something beyond. Perhaps it is the philosopher's sense of the futility of all things, for Charlie is a philosopher, a natural one. He once said:

"No one cares a thing for me—only for the famous Charlie Chaplin, the clown."

This is not pathos to one who knows the mockery of fame—and the artificiality and hypocrisy of the film world.

HOLLYWOOD DEADER THAN FLANDERS

Not only have we been deserted by Kid Chaplin, Monsieur D'Artagnan Fairbanks and Madame Fauntleroy Fairbanks—nay, you dont know the half of it, Margie. All the Arabs have been silently folding their steamer trunks and stealing away. Elinor Glyn, the royal life of the party, has gone back to her House of Lords. Gone, too, is Rubye de Remer, "the most beautiful girl in America," according to Helleu. She sailed away on the *Aquitania* for several months in Europe, during which she will appear in a picture or more. On the same boat sailed Lottie Pickford, to join sister Mary in France. Jim Kirkwood, Elliott Dexter, Sir Gilbert Parker, also vamoosed for London. It looks like Bernard Shaw was right about the glory of Los Angeles passing out like that of Babylon.

WE STILL HAVE ANITA

But there's some return of joy to Hollywood—Anita Stewart, to be specific. She and Ruddy are with us once more. Ruddy is, as you know, Mr. Rudolph Cameron,

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends can see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

Date.....

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	2.50	3.00	3.50
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three...	8.00	9.50	11.00

Payable in United States Funds

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells *how* to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, *10 cents*. Think of it, only *10 cents!* It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

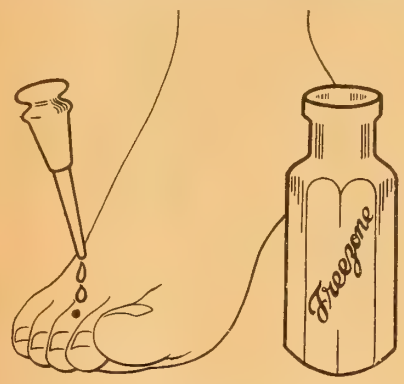
It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

Send us a 10 cent piece (stamps will do) and we will mail this valuable booklet to you at once. Dont wait, do it now. We assure you you wont be sorry.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. **HER MAKE-UP RAN.** Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. **WILL NOT RUN.** Colors: Black and Brown. By mail $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. A, 24 EAST 21ST ST., NEW YORK

For 57 years these little marchers have led band instrument buyers to better quality and value!

FREE—84-Page BAND CATALOG

Pictures, describes, prices everything for the band—from single instrument to complete equipment. Used by Army and Navy. Sold by leading music merchants everywhere. *Freetrial.* Easy payments. State instrument interested in. Write for Book today!
LYON & HEALY, 69-98 Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

Clear Your Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write Today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years. ***$1,000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.***
E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue • • New York City

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch.** Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns 1521 Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

general manager of the Anita Stewart Productions, the husband of Anita Stewart, a capitalist and the man who looks like Dick Barthelmess. The Princess Anita is being directed by Fred Niblo, so you may await her coming in "Rose of the Sea," with more than the usual interest.

JUST AN IRISH TRICK

John McCormick is ardently rushing Colleen Moore. I dont know why I note this, except that, being Irish, I like to note a Colleen and a McCormick.

THEY CAN TALK

Proof that screen actors have voices and can speak English fit for Vassar is being submitted at the Community Theater, the Little Theater of Hollywood. Miss Nealy Dickson is the manageress. She says she is just responsible for the shell. But it is a very pretty shell. There on a stilly night—and all nights are stilly in Hollywood—you can hear the voices of such as Conrad Nagel, Mary Alden, Alma Francis (Mrs. Robert Gordon) and others celebrated. Recently Mary Alden appeared in "Ropes," a one-act play, which Paul Scardon is filming at Universal, with Miss Dupont as star. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Robert Gordon appeared in an act by William de Mille, called "In 1999." Margaret Loomis likewise graced the stage as première danseuse of the brilliant Spanish Fandango.

MARY MILES MINTER ARRESTED

It's a dull day in the Los Angeles courts when some star doesn't appear moaning at the bar. Mary Miles Minter holds the record to date. She was arrested four times within twelve hours; thus was featured four times on the police blotter. The charge: violation of speed laws. She was awarded two tags for speeding and two tags for driving without an operator's license. Early in the morning—say, eleven o'clock—an officer arrested the screen star on Wiltshire boulevard for driving thirty-five miles an hour. He also gave her a tag for failure to show operator's license. In the evening another officer got her for going thirty miles an hour over a fifteen-mile crossing. He also gave her two tags. The offender put up forty dollars to insure her appearance in police court.

N. B. This is the smallest sum for which Miss Minter has ever made an appearance, and she wishes it to be known that she has not made a permanent slash in rates. In fact, she didn't appear for the forty dollars.

A FREE STORY FOR DE MILLE

Recently when a fireman attempted to rescue an L. A. lady from the bathroom of a burning house she fought him off, because she was not dressed to pass the censors. This shows the deadly effect of censorship. I offer this story without charge to Cecil B. de Mille for production with Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Phyllis Haver or any other sightly subject as the star. As a title, I suggest "From the Bathtub to the Grave" or "Her Fatal Modesty."

THE CLASSIC MEDAL FOR RUTH

The Boulevardier herewith awards the Classic medal for bravery to Miss Ruth Reneck, playing the leading feminine rôle in "The Lagoon of Desire," a Far East production made in the South Seas. While *en route* to the Friendly Isles, Miss Reneck kept a diary, which, I judge, will be more sensational in nature than those kept by our most popular murderesses. Miss Reneck sends me the following page:

First day out: Sea rough, but am not seasick.

Second day: Gave the first-class passengers the once-over, and found them rather uninteresting.

Third day: Met the captain, and found him exceedingly interesting.

Fourth day: Walked with the captain on the promenade deck. He wanted to kiss me but nothing doing.

Fifth day: The captain swore he would sink the ship if I refused to kiss him.

Sixth day: Saved a thousand lives.

SHE WAS A. W. O. L.

An archaic production of "The Three Musketeers" has been re-issued. In a suburban theater of Los Angeles it was advertised thus:

"The Three Musketeers," with Louise Glaum and Dorothy Dalton.

"Who do you suppose the third musketeer is?" asks Tony Moreno.

"A PAIR OF SEXES"

After completing a twin-baby comedy, "A Pair of Sexes," Vera Steadman, Christie comedy belle, became the mother of twins. She is the wife of Jack Taylor, orchestral leader at the Ship Café. The Taylors now believe in pre-natal influence.

MORE BABY TALK

Gloria Swanson Somborn II celebrated her first birthday anniversary by entertaining eleven sons and daughters of celebrities at her exclusive home in Hollywood. One pink candle adorned the cake. Miss Swanson made a charming after-luncheon address. She said "blah-blah." Whether she intended to cast aspersions upon the guests or was merely discussing some pictures, no one seems to know.

WANTED: ONE ACTOR

The above advertisement is inserted free of charge for Rex Ingram, who has been trying to find an actor not too feeble in imagination and aspect to play Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He has aged visibly in the trying. Try it yourself, if you dont believe it's wearing.

N. B. Since inserting this ad., Mr. Ingram tottered to the 'phone to tell me he has decided upon Lewis Stone.

ONLY ONE ACTOR

Why is it that when we attempt to find an actor qualified to play a great character—such as Dorian Grey or Rupert or Alexander the Great—we never can bring ourselves to say aught but "John Barrymore"? Can it be we have only one actor?

LILA LEE ENGAGED

Lila Lee and Jack Gilbert deny that they are engaged, so they probably are. Somebody saw them together some place, so it must be true. I supposed Jack was married to Leatrice Joy. But, as my dear teacher used to say, what's the use of supposing?

L. A. FRONT-PAGE STUFF

Betty Blythe, upon beholding a picture of William Shakespeare on the front page of a Los Angeles paper:

"Heavens! What's the scandal about *him?*"

WHOSE LEGS IS WHOSE?

Linton Wells, dramatic critic of the Los Angeles *Record,* ran a novel contest recently. He printed the picture of a pair of legs, the problem being to determine whose they were. Hollywood was their home, he said. It looked like an easy contest, easier than if a face had been depicted. And a further key was offered: Property of a movie star who was once a "Follies" star. They were beautiful legs. I sat up nights thinking of well-known classics—such as those of Kay Laurel, Rubye de Remer, Mary Hay, Jacqueline Logan——

The contest closed.

I lost.

So did everybody else.

They were Will Rogers'!

PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings

With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel **AUTOMATIC REVOLVER** $9.75

Regular Price $22.50 *OUR PRICE* While they last

Keep one of these safety brand new revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises down stairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always **fully protected.** Handsome blue steel, gunmetal finish. **HAS DOUBLE SAFETY** and is practically **"fool-proof"** against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. **Shoots the famous Colt Auto Cartridges.**

SEND NO MONEY

Order to-day. Just send your name and address and say which revolver you want.

No. 370 is 25 calibre, 7 shot. Regular price $22.50. Our price..... **$9.75**

No. 770 is larger size, 32 calibre military model. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Regular price $25.00. Our special price only..... **$12**

Don't wait. Order this bargain to-day. Write clearly your name, address and the Number of the Revolver you want to order. **Send no cash.** We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival, our price, plus postage. Send for free catalogue.

Paramount Trading Co.

34 West 28th Street, New York

The Photoplaywright's Primer

By L. CASE RUSSELL

Only a few copies left. We will mail one to you if you will send us fifty cents in stamps.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ethel Clayton, Photoplay Star, one of the many famous American Beauties who know the value of

Maybelline

YOUR EYES WILL BE BEAUTIFUL

also if you will follow the example of thousands of other girls and women. "MAYBELLINE" instantly darkens and beautifies the eyelashes and brows, making them appear naturally long and luxurious. How much "MAYBELLINE" will add to your beauty, charm and expression will never be appreciated until you have tried it. Unlike other preparations, is absolutely greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face, perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades: *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us. Accept ONLY genuine "MAYBELLINE" and you will be delighted.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES

4305-13 Grand Blvd. CHICAGO

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 78)

JAMES A. S.—Your letter was very interesting. Thanks, a lot.

TEDDY.—You say you haven't had your picture taken since Grant was a cadet. Well, I haven't had one taken since Columbus was a boy. Thanks for the verses; have passed them along. Let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails. Niles Welch is with Ince, playing in "The Cup of Life."

JUST CORINNE.—Well, you certainly know what you want. You think that Gloria Swanson is a cruel mistake. I wouldn't say that. Elliott Dexter has gone to play for Famous Players in Europe. So you think Rudolph Valentino is a wonderful lover, but then you think that Antonio Moreno could do just as well if he were given the parts. I'll say so.

INQUISITIVE ANN.—You are kind enough to say that you think I do not get enough rest. What do I want of rest? As Carlyle says, "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" I am eighty, and there are no signs of my wearing out or burning out. You say that Burns burnt out at thirty-eight, but you forget that Scott never wrote a novel until he was over forty. Yes, William Hart is back in pictures. You want an interview with Jackie Coogan. Dear me!

MARCELIA.—All rightie, you want more child pictures to appear. When the editor sees this, perhaps she will see to it. Adele, attention.

I'LL GET 'EM YET.—Dont expect that everything you read in this department is bright. I dont have the time to polish it up. Your letter was so bright that I suspect you used sapolio. Tell me about the puzzle. Nazimova is doing "A Doll's House."

ALBERTINE.—No, I am not a Socialist. So Proudhon says, does he, "Property is theft." That being the case, I wish that all of my readers might become efficient thieves. Thomas Meighan's next picture is "If You Believe It, It's So." Pauline Starke, opposite him.

S. C. F.—Your motto was very good, but the editor says, "By his false teeth, ye shall know him."

ZORRO.—The greater part of the musk of commerce comes from Tachienlu, a Chinese town that is known as the "Gateway to Tibet." Three thousand pounds of this odoriferous substance is exported annually. The bulk of it goes to France, where it is used in the manufacture of perfumery. Mary Miles Minter is on the Coast now. Constance Binney, in "Beautiful Eyes."

A NEW ONE.—Come along. Kenneth Harlan is with the Talmadges. Bobby Vernon was with Christie last. A number of the States derived their names from the Spanish. Florida means blooming; Montana, a mountain; Nevada, snow-clad; Colorado, ruddy; Oregon, wild majoram. I cant tell you why we dont hear and see more of Earle Williams. I would like to know why. He is still young and, I suspect, handsome, and he was once very popular. Can he come back? Will he?

ANDREW G. HARDY, Drakesville, Iowa.—Greetings to thee, oh, gifted brother of the pen. You should be an Answer Man yourself. No, Mary Philbin has not yet arrived in our gallery, nor in chatville, but from all reports, she's due. Mary, wake up, you're paged. No, I have not yet discovered a method of reupholstering a shiny cranium. If I had, I would apply it to my own silver dome, and then let you in on the secret. Please propose me for membership

(*Continued on page* 110)

Stars of Popular Music Play the Conn

TED LEWIS

PAUL WHITEMAN

JOSEPH SMITH

PAUL BIESE

ISHAM JONES

What greater proof of superiority than the fact that these artists and their orchestras all use Conn instruments! Yet these are only a few of those who, personally and through phonograph records, are thrilling millions with the brilliant beauty of their music.

You, too, can win popularity, double your income, playing whole or part time in band or orchestra. Take a tip from the world's greatest artists; play a Conn. Exclusive processes make them ***easiest of all to master.***

Free Trial; Easy Payments

All exclusive Conn features at no greater cost. Highest honors at world expositions. Used in great concert and symphony organizations.

FREE BOOK "Success in Music and How to Win It" by Sousa and nine others. Send coupon for your copy and details of free trial offer.

An Ideal Christmas Gift

C. G. Conn Ltd.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

125 Conn Bldg. Elkhart Ind.

Agencies in all large cities

New York Conn Co. 233-5-7 W. 47th St.

C. G. Conn Ltd. 125 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: Please send my copy of "Success in Music" and details of your free trial plan. (Mention Instrument.)

Name.....

St. or Rural Route.....

City, State.....

County.....

Instrument.....

PEARLS FREE 10 DAYS

Send no money—your name and receive a Genuine French Indestructible

RIVOLI PEARL NECKLACE

The peer of perfection, like the magic man which changed the ridiculous to the sublime, so the French scientist has produced in the Rivoli Pearl the exact reproduction of ocean depth's most beautiful Oriental, guaranteed indestructible, insoluble. Will not break, peel or discolor. 18 inches long, solid gold clasp. Deposit with the Postman $3.75; wear them 10 days. If not satisfied your money will be refunded.

Other Values at $5.00 to $100.00

RIVOLI PEARL COMPANY., Dept. B, City Hall Box 179, New York City

"ZEE BEAUTIFUL GIRL PICTURES"

10 wonderful poses, $1; 18 specials, $2. Genuine "Taken from Life" Photographs. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

BAIRART CO., Dept. 953, St. Louis, Mo.

BEAD YOUR EYELASHES

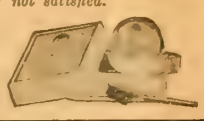
No woman is more beautiful than her eyes. You can have radiant, lovely eyes with the fascinating lure of romance if you use Poirier Eyelash Creme, perfumed and greaseless, applied with the patented Poirier Eyelash Beader. Makes eyelashes appear silky and luxuriant. Will not smart or burn the eyes.

Send $1.00 for Poirier Beauty Set for eyelashes and eyebrows, which includes one silver plated Poirier Eyelash Beader, one box Poirier Eyelash and Eyebrow Creme, dainty eyebrow brush and mirror.

Full instructions. Mention color of hair. Money refunded if not satisfied.

POIRIER BEAUTY SPECIALTY CO.

132 Fountain Bldg. Fountain Court Cleveland, Ohio



A Better Way Than Diets and Exercise For Reducing

Diets and exercise are sometimes helpful for reducing. But they are inconvenient and unpleasant, and usually produce only temporary results. Then, too, they are merely corrective measures. A better way is to aid the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone, and sinew, and not into corpulent tissue. This method allows you to eat many kinds of food which others eat and does not require strenuous exercise.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Tablets* give relief from obesity in just this way. *Marmola Tablets* are made from the same formula as the famous Marmola Prescription. If taken after meals and at bedtime, they retard the development of fat by helping the digestive system to obtain full nutriment from food. When the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Tablets* at one dollar per box. Ask your druggist for them, or order them direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
277 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

"Looking more fascinating than ever, a famous prima-donna returned from abroad with bobbed hair."—From a New York news item

EVEN the stately beauties of the operatic stage have turned to bobbed hair for additional charm and fascination.

Just picture yourself, too, in an artistic mass of bobbed hair, with the lovely little curls making you beautiful and attractive (and underneath the bob, your own hair *safe*).

With the bewitching **NATIONAL BOB** your hair can be

BOBBED—WITHOUT BOBBING
(For the girl whose hair is uncut)
CURLED—WITHOUT CURLING
(For the girl whose hair is already cut)

The **NATIONAL BOB** slips on in a jiffy. It will bring to you the irresistible fascination—the charm and loveliness you have long sought! Tuck the tiny combs into place—lightly pat the invisible pins and be radiantly beautiful in your **NATIONAL BOB.**

Send us a strand of your hair and $10.00. The Bob will be sent to you at once postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"The National Bob is an Investment in Personal Charm"

Send for free hair goods catalogue.

Artificial Eyelashes—$1.50 per pair.

NATIONAL HAIR GOODS CO.
Dept. O. 368 Sixth Avenue New York

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 67)

desires with an immobile expression. It will be remembered that Mr. Wegner also played the name rôle in "The Golem."

The settings are the weird atmospheric things which we have come to expect from the German producers. The photography is wretched, but, if we remember correctly, this was true of the other importations. However, they overshadowed this fact.

"One Arabian Night" is not so successful.

FOOTLIGHTS—PARAMOUNT

"Footlights," built about the splendid characterization given by Elsie Ferguson, is an interesting picture without making any pretense at being a great picture. It is a relief when there is no persistent attempt at greatness.

The story, which is by Rita Weiman, is said to be based on the life of one of our own actresses, but whether or not this is true, we cannot tell. Suffice it to say that it gives a good idea of just what can be done when a clever theatrical manager wills to do it. The transformation of little Lizzie Parsons from New England into Lisa Parsinova, the rage of New York, is replete with interest.

And where Lizzie Parsons dreamed daydreams over the portrait of a great star, Lisa Parsinova dreams over a picture of an awkward New England girl. The heart of Lisa Parsinova eventually proves to be the heart of the little Lizzie who has gone before.

We liked the psychology of the story. But more than this, we liked the varied characterization of Miss Ferguson; first the little New England girl, then the earnest vaudeville artist doing imitations; then as the Russian tragedienne, Lisa Parsinova. Of a certainty, she has a great gift!

The rest of the cast, including Reginald Denny, Marc MacDermott and Octavia Handworth, was excellent.

And more splendid things are to be said of the direction of John Robertson.

THE CHILD THOU GAVEST ME—FIRST NATIONAL

To tell the story of "The Child Thou Gavest Me" might be helpful, but, on the other hand, it would make it futile to see the picture. As a matter of fact, it was some time before we could straighten things out satisfactorily in our mind. Others may fare better. It is not the "And a little child shall lead them" affair. Quite the opposite, as a matter of fact, and for this we are duly grateful, even tho the production was quite as banal in many ways.

The cast possesses many well-known players, among them Barbara Castleton, Winter Hall, Adele Farrington, Lewis Stone, William Desmond and Richard Headrick, who plays the child. Richard did well and was quite unconscious of the camera. Nevertheless, he often gets directly in the way of the plot. This, however, is probably not his fault. If he must do cute tricks, he must do cute tricks. Be it said to his credit, that he is cute doing them. That is an achievement.

THE SHEIK—PARAMOUNT

Almost everyone has read "The Sheik." And almost everyone tells you, "Of course, I know it isn't a great book, but it *is* exciting." And, having read "The Sheik" yourself, you admit that much, anyway.

Rudolph Valentino plays the title rôle in the screen production. Agnes Ayres plays the heroine, Diana. George Melford is responsible for the direction.

Needless to say, the motion picture is not so exciting. Remembering censorship, we wondered why they ever bought the motion picture rights in the first place. Then George Melford made statements declaring that there would be no cause for censorial complaint. There isn't. Nor is there any of the mystery or high adventure which you might expect. Diana meets the sheik before he abducts her and makes her his prisoner in his desert village. As a matter of fact, she dresses up in the native costume and steals into the casino where he is stopping while at Biska. Except for this, and the fact that the sheik repents once he has her in his striped tent, and acts for all the world like a Continental gentleman, the screen story coincides fairly well with the novel.

Rudolph Valentino seemed an ideal choice for the name part, but he has not invested his characterization with the indomitable spirit and sphinx-like mien which might be expected. He smiles often. And you wonder why Diana is ever afraid of him.

If there is anybody anywhere who has not, as we said before, read "The Sheik," they'll probably enjoy the picture far more than they otherwise would.

I ACCUSE—UNITED ARTISTS

"I Accuse," too, is an importation. It is the work of Abel Gance, the French poet and author. Undoubtedly, there was, originally, a strong foundation to the story. It has disappeared, because it was probably questioned whether or not it would offend.

The story tells of two soldiers, follows them thru the trenches and right up to the firing-line. One, a poet, dearly loves the other's wife. Before their companionship in the trenches, they were enemies, but the horror of their experiences brings them together and cements undying friendship.

There are high points in the story, but it is well to let a thing alone entirely unless you are ready to stand firm. To detract here and there, is to weaken any creation irreparably. We do not know definitely that this was done to "I Accuse," but everything would indicate that it was.

It is the poet who returns home after the armistice who accuses. Demented, he gathers together the people of the township. He tells them of the battlefields strewn with their dead. He accuses—and accusing, asks whether their sacrifice has been made in vain.

However, despite its expurgation, "I Accuse" deals vitally with truths and leaves its audience heavy-hearted.

THE SHADOW WORLD

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There is a world of shadows;
We see it on the screen
—A world of grassy meadows,
With sunlit streams between,
Streams flowing to the ocean.
They come from everywhere.
Love, hope, despair, devotion,
Joy, sorrow—all are there.

This world of wondrous seeming
Is not a distant place.
'Tis a new way of dreaming
To walk in it a space,
To tread its flow'ring meadows,
To sit beside its streams.
It is a world of shadows,
And yet how real it seems!

Start the New Year Right

Does 1922 Mean SUCCESS or FAILURE?

IT is up to you, right now to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this minute. Don't let another year pass by. It is within your power to make yourself what you will. Let this be the beginning of a new life and a better one.

I Will Give You Wealth, Health and Happiness

I will take that body of yours and make it physically perfect. I will make a new man of you. I will fill out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders, and give you the large muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will strengthen your back and every vital organ within you. You will be bubbling over with life, having the keen, alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. Passers by will stop and admire you for your physical make up; and you will be the favorite in both the business and social world—you will be a leader of men, and the good things in life will naturally come your way.

I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.

Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman

Send for My New Book
"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"
It Is Free

It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 26 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c, stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Don't miss this opportunity. Sit right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to health the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 301, 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 301, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly).

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. **And I do it in a few days.** My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.

My method is absolutely different. It has to be to warrant my statements. **You know that.** I get away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers, or other implements. There is nothing to take. No diet, fasting or any interference whatsoever with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe. It cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No messy, greasy, inconvenient applications. Only a few minutes a day required. Yet, results are astounding.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today!

DOROTHY RAY
14 E. Jackson Blvd. Suite 26, CHICAGO, ILL.

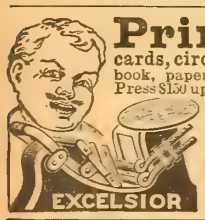
Dorothy Ray,
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Suite 26, Chicago, Ill.

Free and without obligation send me your booklet "Complexion Beautiful" telling of your scientific, harmless method of cleansing and beautifying the complexion.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



Print Your Own cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35. Job Press $150 up. CUTS EXPENSE IN HALF. SMALL OUTLAY. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Print for others, BIG PROFIT. Write factory TODAY for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, envelopes.
THE PRESS CO., D-44, Meriden, Conn.

DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT

Diamond Prices Reduced 33⅓ %
Diamonds for Holiday Gifts
Write for Free Wonderful Bargain Catalog today. Credit Terms fully explained. Amazing money-saving prices on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Diamond Rings, $25, $50 and up. Satisfaction guaranteed. LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., National Jewelers
Dept. H-615 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 107)

in the Sacred Order of the Sons of Absalom, or in the Brothers of Elijah. Adux!

RUTH W. MC.—It is hard to make money easy, and you have just discovered it. I could have told you that fifty years ago. No, I have never been on the stage. What could I do there, pray tell me? You actually make me laff.

HERBERT H.—Creighton Hale is playing in "The Two Orphans" for D. W. Griffith.

LITTLE KIDDIE.—I'm sorry. Let's go out and play. Yes, Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree, and they expect a little Tom, jr. Kathryn Perry is Mrs. Owen Moore, and she is playing with Anna Q. Nilsson in "Why Girls Leave Home." A brand-new title for a picture. Never thought of it before. Ha ha, he he, and likewise ho ho!

BABY DOLL.—You say "I am not particularly pretty, but very expressive, and I am a high-school girl." You seem to have all the requirements of a player. Better give up the idea. I have seen at least a thousand applicants for pictures this summer, and I can safely say that only six of them have any chance to get into pictures. One especially beautiful girl, after being screened, looked matronly, large-faced and had big features. Better give up the idea. Marguerite Clayton was Kate in "The Inside of the Cup."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—I would call that false modesty, but even so, it is the most decent of falsehoods. Yes, I guess I am younger than Santa Claus and Rip Van Winkle. June Caprice is not playing now.

JOHN S.—Pedro de Cordoba is playing Launcelot in Tennyson's "Launcelot and Elaine," on the stage in New York. He is wonderful in the part, and I wish you could see it. He is also playing with Marion Davies in "The Young Diana." Priscilla Dean, with Universal.

CHESTER, S. C.—You have a keen perception. Some people look at things. Others see them. A few see thru them. All things are transparent to those who have eyes backed up with brains. John Holliday was Jim in "The Love Expert."

GERRY.—Wallace Beery, in "The Mollycoddle." He also was the German in "Behind the Door."

LOUISE K.—I advise you to abandon the idea of leaving home for the pictures. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others. No record of Ward Crane. You should see "Camille." Yes, so am I waiting for "The Sheik."

BRIGHT EYES.—Oh, I manage to get to the pictures at least twice a week. This week I saw the private showing of Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night." Sorry I cant rave about it, but I will say there are some wonderful characterizations—better than we Americans have done in some time. You can reach Corliss Palmer at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., but I doubt if you can get her to take on a new correspondent, poor girl.

NEWMAN R.—You do admire Bebe Daniels, dont you? I received the beautiful naturally-colored silks. I understand that silk of varied colors can be produced by feeding the silkworms on different leaves. Worms fed on vine leaves, produce a silk of magnificent red color. Lettuce has been found to produce an emerald green colored silk. Lillian Russell is traveling just now.

E. G., Fargo.—Yes, there was a picture of Elliott Dexter in the November issue. Why dont you write to him personally?

RUAHINE.—How can I thank you? Such a clever letter! You ask if my feet are as ready as my tongue. I only have two cylinders in my motor, but I manage to get

(*Continued on page* 112)

Restore YOUR Pep and Power!

Resist the forces that are sapping your vital powers. Banish the weaknesses that make your life a wretched failure. Stop experimenting with dangerous dope and drugs and foolish fads. Shake off Catarrh, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bad Blood, Rupture Nervousness, Youthful Errors, Vital Depletion, Impotency and the other results of neglect and abuse (see consultation coupon). Rebuild your Body and Brain and fit yourself for the joys of a healthy, happy, successful life. I want to help you—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in Restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for the Joys of Life. I guarantee it—no matter what your condition is, or what caused it.

Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want **special confidential information** and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book—**"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."** It's a man builder and a life-saver. Send for it **Right Now.**

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
STRONGFORT The Perfect Man DEPT. 608, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 608, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Female Disorders	..Youthful Errors
..Catarrh	..Increased Height	..Vital Losses
..Asthma	..Pimples	..Impotency
..Hay Fever	..Blackheads	..Failing Hair
..Obesity	..Insomnia	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Short Wind	..Gastritis
..Thinness	..Flat Feet	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Stomach Disorders	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Biliousness	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Torpid Liver	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Indigestion	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Nervousness	..Stoop Shoulders
	..Poor Memory	..Muscular Development
..Successful Marriage	..Rheumatism ..Manhood Restored	..Great Strength

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Dont Miss These Plays

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once

Love's Redemption

From Farm To Fame

A Two-Reel Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer

THE CLARK-CORNELIUS CORPORATION
117 West 46th Street, New York City

Ask Your Theater Manager to show

Shadowland Screen Review

"The Film Magazine of Amusements and Arts"

SHADOWLAND SCREEN REVIEW
17 West 42nd Street, New York

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-158, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

110-Piece Dinner Set

Superb Bluebird Monogram Design

$1.00 Down

A Complete Service for 12 People

A wonderful, exclusive bargain for Straus & Schram customers. A dinner set which combines the exquisite Bluebird design, that emblem of happiness, with the distinctive monogram, all woven together with a harmonious floral pattern in pink, green and lavender. Lovely blue border on each piece. Popular Colonial shape. **Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze.** That splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that indestructible, snow-white glaze.

Your Initial on Every Piece FREE

Yes, we will furnish you this set with your choice of any initial in the distinctive shaded Puritan letter on every one of the 110 pieces—and no extra charge! This wonderful dinner set is yours for only $1.00 down and $2.70 a month; $29.90 in all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE! This set is guaranteed first quality, standard pattern. Replacements may be secured from us for three years.

30 Days Trial

Just $1 with the coupon brings you this set for 30 days use in your own home. Our guarantee protects you. If not satisfied after 30 days, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1, plus any freight or express charges you paid.

Easy Payments

If satisfied, pay balance of rock-bottom price on small monthly payments. **Almost a year to pay!** We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D. Easy terms on everything in our bargain catalog.

This splendid set consists of:

12 dinner plates, 9 in.	1 gravy boat stand.
12 breakfast plates, 7 in.	1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces).
12 coupe soups, 7⅛ in.	1 oval open vegetable dish, 8½ in.
12 fruit saucers, 6¼ in.	1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in.
12 cups.	1 bowl, 1 pint.
12 saucers.	1 sugar bowl and cover, 2 pieces.
12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in.	1 cream pitcher.
12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.	1 pickle dish.
1 platter, 11½ in.	1 butter dish, 7½ in.
1 platter, 13¼ in.	
1 gravy boat.	

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight packed, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G6702A. Send $1.00 with order, $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.90. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Cut Price—Send Now

Rock bottom prices now. Lowest since before the war. So send coupon at once with only $1 and we will ship this complete 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set at once to you on 30 days trial. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send coupon today.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1521 W. 35th St., Chicago

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1521 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set, **No. G6702A.** I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $2.70 monthly, **$29.90** in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

State Initial desired. (One letter only).....

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

If You Only Want Catalog, Put X in Box Below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing

Corliss Palmer Powder

CORLISS PALMER

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that *does not look like powder*—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 110)

there. Rod La Rocque is playing in "Nice People," on the stage.

A REEL FAN.—I usually rise at seven. If I arose any later, my watch would be gone, because it is always going when I get up. I need no alarm clock, except my appetite and thirst for buttermilk. Yes, that was Kenneth Harlan in "Mama's Affair." Percy Marmont, in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" You ask to what I attribute my old age. Years. Also, buttermilk.

LOUISE B.—As Glen Buck says, "People who exalt art above nature, know nothing of either." But art can improve on nature. So you approve of Norman Kerry. That settles it, then. Charles Meredith is playing opposite Ethel Clayton, in "The Cradle."

BOBBED HAIR.—Yes, I approve of it. Solitude is the religion of the soul. Pearl White is playing in "Open Your Eyes." Gloria Swanson, in "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glyn.

MITCH.—Oh, yes, I have a wonderful disposition. Just as you say, I never scratch, bite or bark, and when nice little ladies like you write me complimentary things, I smile from ear to ear, until my beard gets all tangled up. You say you would like to see me. Dont; dont spoil the illusion. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Why Girls Leave Home." Sounds familiar.

EN AMI.—William Hinckley, in "The Amazon"; Vernon Steele, in "Silks and Satin," and William Courtleigh, in "Pollyanna." Richard Travers is not playing now. Yes, an exact likeness of me. Send me another. Well, how would you like to be in the southwestern coast of Persia, where for a month at a time the thermometer never registers below 100 degrees, night and day.

ANTIE CLIMAX.—Does this mean the end? Yes, it is true that Dempsey is part Indian. Fletcher, in "Prisoners of Love," was not on the cast. Oh yes, it is possible to get foreign current events in this country in less than two weeks. Write me again.

IMA FLIRT.—You say, "The hell for women who are only handsome is old age." I dont agree with you. Mahlon Hamilton was Jarvis in "Daddy Long Legs." Edith Storey did play in "The Greater Profit."

SIOUX CITY.—Mary Pickford stands five feet and so does Gladys Leslie. Thanks, I'll take the tip. Alice Brady is playing in "Little Italy." Gloria Swanson's "Shulamite" has been changed to "Under the Lash."

K. M., New Orleans.—Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities. Well, you will see Earle Williams in "The Flower of the North," with Betty Ross Clarke.

ANGELINA.—I cheerfully supply you with the unusual information you desire. The Erie Canal runs between Buffalo and Albany, N. Y., and it is 287 miles long and cost $52,540,800, most of which is said to have been graft. The Florida East Coast Canal is 350 miles long and cost $3,500,000. Edith Roberts, in "Luring Lips," directed by King Baggot. Do write me again.

ETC.—You're right; it is the silent partner who sometimes makes the most noise about running a business. So you saw "The Dancing Fool" for the fourth time. Did he dance as well each time? Of course, I can swim. Who cant? Shirley Mason, in "Queenie." Elsie Ferguson is working on "Varying Shores."

You Can Win $1000.00

Larger Puzzle Sent on Request—FREE

Costs Nothing to Try—Everybody Join In

Answer this Puzzle—Cash Prizes Given

How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter "B"? For instance, there is a boy, broom, basket, etc., and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list of words shown in this picture starting with the letter "B" will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each of them a pencil and sheet of paper, and see who can find the most "B-words." We venture to say you will never have as much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes' study. Sit down and try it—then send in your list and try for the big prizes.

You don't need to send in a penny to win. This is an advertising campaign to increase the popularity of our Famous "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe. As a reward for boosting our goods, we are making this special offer, whereby you can win LARGE CASH PRIZES by purchasing ONE or TWO of our "No-Seam" Hot Water Bottles.

YOU CAN WIN $1,000.00

If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win $20.00, but if you would like to win more than $20.00, we are making some special cash prize offers during the Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win more than $20.00 by sending in an order for one or two of our "No-Seam" Hot Water Bottles.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis, who is not an employee of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 30th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the W. M. Rubber Co., who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three registered Minnesota school teachers, now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition: Miss Mable Claire Kline, Miss Meta Goetsche, Miss Laura Johnson.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a W. M. Rubber Bag is purchased.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person purchasing a Hot Water Bottle.

Here's the Plan

If your answer wins first prize and you have purchased ONE of our $3.00 Water Bottles you will receive $300 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $150; third prize, $75, etc. Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all $6.00), you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $500; third prize, $250, etc.
Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

Note the Low Price

Our "No-Seam" Combination Hot water Bottle and Fountain Syringe is an excellent value for the money. Only $3.00 for the complete outfit, including all attachments.

Two Bags for $6.00

Our Guarantee

We guarantee our "No-Seam" Combination Hot Water Bags and Fountain Syringe not to leak. If the bag leaks, or the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the bag free of charge any time within one year.

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	If no bags are purchased	If ONE $3 bag is purchased	If TWO $3 bags are purchased
1st prize	$20.00	$300.00	$1,000.00
2nd prize	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd prize	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th prize	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th prize	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th prize	3.00	10.00	20.00
9th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
11th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
12th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
13th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
14th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00
15th prize	2.00	10.00	20.00

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given

W.-M. RUBBER CO.

232 SIXTH AVENUE, NORTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Get Thin *to music!*

To prove it's easy, I'll reduce you 5 lbs. FREE, in five days, in your home, with your own phonograph!

My reduction method is safe and sane. It is quick; it is *sure*, for I've reduced five thousand men and women without a single failure!

This wonderful way or taking off flesh works hand in hand with Nature. That's why it brings glorious health; I ask no drastic denials; no punishment of the system.

Food Does Not Cause Fat

If it did, you would not see stout men and women who eat less than a child of ten. My method *lets you eat*. But it causes your system to use all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Your new powers of elimination dispose of all waste. Nothing is left from which fat can be made. Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is *nothing*. For 50, 60, or 75 lbs. I require a little longer. But the result is always the same. A normal figure, remaining flesh firm and smooth, symetric body and limbs.

Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. and I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all. You have brought a blessing into my life.
[Mrs.] Mildred M. Sykes,
300 N. Florida Ave.,
Atlantic City, N. J.

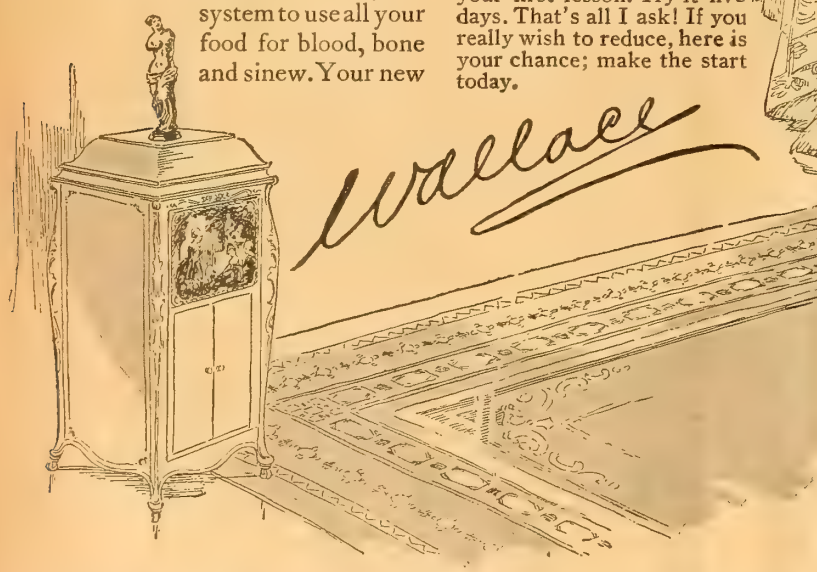
Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger.
[Mrs.] Grace Horchler,
4625 Indiana Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I have reducd 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter.
[Mrs.] Esta Arbaugh,
Mandamin, Ia.

FREE PROOF

I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I *will* reduce you by Nature's own laws, with pleasing, permanent results.

Fill in coupon below and I'll send prepaid, *free*, plainly wrapped, full-size record for your first lesson. Try it five days. That's all I ask! If you really wish to reduce, here is your chance; make the start today.



WALLACE 178 W. Jackson Boulevard **Chicago**

Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
[94]
St. & No......
P. O...... *State*.....

The above advertisement is guaranteed in every particular and readers of this magazine may place entire confidence in Wallace's offer. His reduction records are in use everywhere, and the success of his method established beyond all doubt.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

A few of the 100 Simonson Toilette Products—for years the exclusive choice of women who set Fifth Avenue standards:

FOR THE COMPLEXION

Astringent Toilette Water
Helps reduce enlarged pores. Highly astringent and fragrantly scented.

Skin Invigorator
Soothes, refines and beautifies any skin. An excellent, non-greasy massage cream.

Cold Cream
Better because it is finer. Overcomes chapped, rough conditions. Faintly scented with a dainty rose odor.

FOR THE FINGER NAILS

Cuticle Remover
A liquid that softens and removes excess cuticle quickly, harmlessly and without cutting.

Nail Polish
Powder, liquid, cake and cream. Each will give a waterproof lasting gloss. Liquid and cream forms also impart a pink tint.

Nail Whitener
Whitens the under edges of nail tips. Scented with a delightful, elusive odor.

FOR THE HAIR

Henna Shampoo
Not a dye nor a bleach. Imparts beautiful sheen to the hair and cleanses the scalp.

Pine Shampoo
For oily hair. An efficient and refreshing cleanser exhaling the fresh odor of the pines.

Lemon Blossom Shampoo
Makes hair fluffy, silky and attractive. Faintly scented with the exhilarating, cleanly odor of the lemon.

FOR THE SCALP

Tonic for Dry Hair
Encourages the secretion and helps to increase the flow of the natural oil to the hair.

Dandruff Salve
A soothing corrective for aiding in the removal of dandruff from hair and scalp.

Quinine Tonic
A balmy, cooling lotion for neglected hair and scalp. Helps to relieve scalp irritations while offering substantial nourishment to the hair roots.

Courtesy of Schaeffer-Ross Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

Is Youthful Beauty Worth a Minute a Day?

WITH just a little care every day, you can bring the bloom of youth to your complexion; the gleaming lustre of life and attractiveness to your hair. With just a little daily care, you can add a dainty white transparency to your hands, and a pretty pink glow to your finger nails.

You can attain all these charms, and baffle Father Time, by using the proper beauty aids—just a minute a day.

SIMONSON'S TOILETTE PRODUCTS will appeal to you at once for their indefinable charm, for the fascinating fragrance and, most of all, for their unfailing effectiveness. They really help to soften the touch of time.

Try them once and you will love them always.

A. SIMONSON
Chemist Since 1860
506 Fifth Avenue **New York City**

All of the 100 Simonson Toilette Products are sold everywhere in Greater New York, and by our EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES listed here.

50 Cents Each Regular Size **75** Cents Each Double Size

BY MAIL, ADD 10 CENTS EXTRA FOR POSTAGE, PACKING AND TAX

Simonson Toilette Products are sold at the LEADING STORE in the leading cities throughout the country.

ALBANY, GA., Robinson Drug Store.
ALBERT LEA, MINN., L. W. Spicer
ALLENTOWN, PA., Hess Bros.
ANNISTON, ALA., Alabama Drug Co.
ASHTABULA, O., C. F. Schaffner.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Steacy's.
AUSTIN, MINN., K. O. Wold Drug Co.
BALTIMORE, MD., Hutzler Bros.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., L. W. Robinson Co.
BETHLEHEM, PA., Prosser's Drug Store.
BIG RAPIDS, MICH., Geo. W. Milner.
BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co.
BOSTON, MASS., Wm. Filene's Sons.
BRUNSWICK, GA., Collier's Drug Store.
CADILLAC, MICH., McCormick's Drug Store.
CAMBRIDGE, O., The Potter-Davis Co.
CHARLEVOIX, MICH., F. J. Fessenden.
CHICAGO, ILL., Marshall Field & Co.
CINCINNATI, O., The H. S. Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND, O., The May Co.
CORNING, N. Y., Terbell-Calkins Drug Co.
CUMBERLAND, MD., Rosenbaum Bros.
DAYTON, O., The Rike-Kumler Co.
DETROIT, MICH., J. L. Hudson Co.
DOTHAN, ALA., The Hilden.
EASTON, PA., Wm. Laubach & Sons.
ELGIN, ILL., Joseph Spiess Co.
ELMIRA, N. Y., Sheehan, Dean Co.
ELYRIA, O., The Lewis Mercantile Co.
ERIE, PA., Warner Bros. Co.
GADSDEN, ALA., E. H. Cross.
GAINESVILLE, FLA., The Wilson Co.
GREENVILLE, MICH., Zank's Pharmacy.
HAZLETON, PA., P. Deisroth's Sons.
HIBBLING, MINN., The Golden Rule.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., L. S. Ayres & Company.
JACKSON, MICH., Gaylord-Alderman Co.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., Belmont Pharmacy.
LA PORTE, IND., The Boston Store Company.
LAKELAND, FLA., City Drug Store.
LANSING, MICH., Robinson Co.
LIVE OAK, FLA., Wynn Drug Co.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jenss Bros.
MACON, GA., Burden-Smith Co.
MADISON, FLA., Johnson-Hay Drug Company.
MADISON, WIS., Keeley, Neckerman & Company.
MANISTEE, MICH., City Drug Store.
MERIDIAN, MISS., Caver's Drug Store.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., L. S. Donaldson Co.
MONROE, MICH., Hagans Drug Co.
NEWARK, N. J., Petty's Pharmacy.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Maison Blanche.
NIAGARA N. Y., Niagara Dry Goods Co., Inc.
NORFOLK, VA., Watts Rettew, Clay, Inc.
OWEGO, N. Y., The Woodford Pharmacy.
PAINESVILLE, O., Gail G. Grant Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA., Joseph Horne Co.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., The Shepherd Co.
RANGELEY, ME., B. Wesley Offen.
ROCHESTER, MINN., Hargesheimer Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Clara Palmer Oliver.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., McCurdy & Co.
ROCKFORD, ILL., Charles V. Weise Company.
RICHMOND, VA., The Cohen Co., Inc.
ROME, GA., Fifth Avenue Drug Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Famous-Barr Co.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Henry Schutz.
SAVANNAH, GA., Leopold Adler.
SHREVEPORT, LA., Peyton Drug Co.
SUSQUEHANNA, PA., Frank J. Reddon.
TAMPA, FLA., Maas Bros.
TERRE HAUTE, IND., A. Herz, Inc.
THOMASVILLE, GA., N. T. Pike Drug Co.
TRAVERSE CITY, MICH., Hannah & Lay Merc.
VALPARAISO, IND., Specht, Finney Co.
VINELAND, N. J., Vineland Drug Co.
WASECA, MINN., Anton Stucky.
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., Edmund J. Zink.
WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Sterling Pharmacy.
WHEELING, W. VA., Stone & Thomas Co
WILKES-BARRE, PA., W. D. White & Co.
WILMINGTON, DEL., Crosby & Hill Company.
ZANESVILLE, O., The H. H. Sturtevant Co.

A. Simonson's

The Aristocrats Among FINE

TOILETTE PRODUCTS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 007 551 364 1